# Victor Hugo's Novels

Illustrated

Undergraduate
PQ
2283
A54+
1880
V.1

CORNELL
UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY




GIFT OF

ALISON P. CASARETT

Cornell University Library
PQ 2283.A54 1880
The novels of Victor Hugo.
3 1924 008 126 900
uris

DATE DUE

URIS MAR 1 2 1988
URIS

GAYLORD
PRINTED IN U.S.A.




The original of this book is in
the Cornell University Library.

There are no known copyright restrictions in
the United States on the use of the text.

http://www.archive.org/details/cu31924008126900



THE PLACE DE GRÈVE.

Frontispiece. vol. I.

THE

# NOVELS OF VICTOR HUGO.

## NOTRE-DAME.

## THE HISTORY OF A CRIME:

### THE TESTIMONY OF AN EYE-WITNESS.

*PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED WITH ELEGANT WOOD ENGRAVINGS.*

VOLUME I.

APR 17 1981
URIS LIBRARY

NEW YORK:
P. F. COLLIER, PUBLISHER.

# LIST OF CONTENTS—NOTRE-DAME.


AUTHOR'S PREFACE ..... 5

*BOOK I.*

CHAPTER. PAGE.

I. The Great Hall ..... 5
II. Pierre Gringoire ..... 13
III. The Cardinal ..... 18
IV. Master Jacques Coppenole ..... 22
V. Quasimodo, the Hunchback ..... 27
VI. Esmeralda ..... 30

*BOOK II.*

I. From Charybdis into Scylla ..... 32
II. The Place de Greve ..... 33
III. Besos Para Golpes ..... 34
IV. The Danger of Following a Pretty Woman in the Streets by Night ..... 40
V. Sequel of the Dangers ..... 42
VI. The Broken Leg ..... 43
VII. A Wedding Night ..... 53

*BOOK III.*

I. The Cathedral of Notre-Dame ..... 58
II. A Bird's-Eye View of Paris ..... 63

*BOOK IV.*

I. A Foundling ..... 77
II. Claude Frollo ..... 79
III. Immanis Pecoris Custos, Immanior Ipse ..... 82
IV. The Dog and his Master ..... 86
V. Further Particulars of Claude Frollo ..... 87
VI. Unpopularity ..... 90

*BOOK V.*

I. A Glance at the Ancient Magistracy ..... 91
II. The Rat-Hole ..... 96
III. Sister Gudule ..... 99
IV. A Tear for a Drop of Water ..... 110
V. The Catastrophe of the Cake ..... 115

*BOOK VI.*

I. Showing the Danger of Confiding One's Secret to a Goat ..... 116
II. Showing that a Priest and a Philosopher are Different Things ..... 124
III. The Bells ..... 129
IV. Fatality ..... 130
V. The Two Men in Black ..... 137
VI. Captain Phœbus ..... 140
VII. The Spectre Monk ..... 142
VIII. Convenience of the Windows Looking upon the River ..... 146

*BOOK VII.*

I. The Crown Transformed into a Withered Leaf 151
II. The Question Chamber ..... 156
III. The Sentence ..... 158
IV. Lasciate Ogni Speranza ..... 160
V. The Mother ..... 167
VI. Three Hearts of Different Kinds ..... 169

*BOOK VIII.*

I. Delirium ..... 179
II. Hump-Backed, Blear-Eyed, and Lame ..... 185
III. The Sylph and the Gnome ..... 187
IV. Earthenware and Crystal ..... 189
V. The Key of the Porte-Rouge ..... 194
VI. Sequel to the Key of the Porte-Rouge ..... 195

*BOOK IX.*

I. Gringoire has Several Bright Ideas One After the Other in the Rue des Bernardins ..... 197
II. Turn Vagabond! ..... 203
III. Vive la Joie! ..... 204
IV. An Awkward Friend ..... 208
V. The Retreat in which Monsieur Louis of France Says His Prayers ..... 219
VI. The Password ..... 235
VII. Chateaupers to the Rescue ..... 236

*BOOK X.*

I. The Little Shoe ..... 237
II. La Creatura Bella, Bianico Vestita ..... 255
III. The Marriage of Captain Phœbus ..... 266
IV. The Marriage of Quasimodo ..... 260


# LIST OF CONTENTS—THE HISTORY OF A CRIME.


PREFACE ..... 262

NOTE ..... 262

*THE FIRST DAY.—THE AMBUSH.*

I. "Security" ..... 262
II. Paris Sleeps—The Bell Rings ..... 264
III. What had Happened During the Night ..... 265
IV. Other Doings of the Night ..... 274
V. The Darkness of the Crime ..... 275
VI. "Placards" ..... 276
VII. No. 70, Rue Blanche ..... 278
VIII. "Violation of the Chamber" ..... 282
IX. An End Worse than Death ..... 288
X. The Black Door ..... 288
XI. The High Court of Justice ..... 290
XII. The Marie of the Tenth Arrondissement ..... 296
XIII. Louis Bonaparte's Side-Face ..... 307
XIV. The D'Orsay Barracks ..... 308
XV. Mazas ..... 314
XVI. The Episode of the Boulevard St. Martin ..... 317
XVII. The Rebound of the 24th June, 1848, on the 2nd December, 1851 ..... 322
XVIII. Representatives Hunted Down ..... 325
XIX. One Foot in the Tomb ..... 329
XX. The Burial of a Great Anniversary ..... 334

### THE SECOND DAY.—THE STRUGGLE.


| CHAPTER. | | PAGE. |
|---|---|---|
| I. | They Come to Arrest Me | 335 |
| II. | From the Bastille to the Rue de Cotte | 339 |
| III. | The St. Antoine Barricade | 341 |
| IV. | The Workmen's Societies Ask Us for the Order to Fight | 349 |
| V. | Baudin's Corpse | 351 |
| VI. | The Decrees of the Representatives Who Remained Free | 354 |
| VII. | The Archbishop | 363 |
| VIII. | Mount Valérien | 366 |
| IX. | The Lightning Begins to Flash Amongst the People | 368 |
| X. | What Fleury Went to do at Mazas | 371 |
| XI. | The End of the Second Day | 375 |


### THE THIRD DAY.—THE MASSACRE.


| | | |
|---|---|---|
| I. | Those Who Sleep and He Who Does Not Sleep | 377 |
| II. | The Proceedings of the Committee | 378 |
| III. | Inside the Elysée | 382 |
| IV. | Bonaparte's Familiar Spirits | 384 |
| V. | A Wavering Ally | 387 |
| VI. | Denis Dussoubs | 388 |
| VII. | Items and Interviews | 389 |
| VIII. | The Situation | 391 |
| IX. | The Porte Saint Martin | 394 |
| X. | My Visit to the Barricades | 395 |
| XI. | The Barricade of the Rue Meslay | 398 |
| XII. | The Barricade of the Mairie of the Fifth Arrondissement | 400 |
| XIII | The Barricade of the Rue Thévenot | 401 |
| XIV. | Ossian and Scipio | 403 |
| XV. | The Question Presents Itself | 406 |
| XVI. | The Massacre | 409 |
| XVII. | The Appointment Made with the Workmen's Societies | 414 |
| XVIII. | The Verification of Moral Laws | 417 |


### THE FOURTH DAY.—THE VICTORY.


| CHAPTER. | | PAGE. |
|---|---|---|
| I. | What Happened During the Night—The Rue Tiquetonne | 418 |
| II. | What Happened During the Night—The Marked Quarter | 420 |
| III. | What Happened During the Night—The Petit Carreau | 427 |
| IV. | What Was Done During the Night—The Passage du Saumon | 433 |
| V. | Other Deeds of Darkness | 437 |
| VI. | The Consultative Committee | 441 |
| VII. | The Other List | 444 |
| VIII. | David D'Angers | 445 |
| IX. | Our Last Meeting | 446 |
| X. | Duty Can Have Two Aspects | 448 |
| XI. | The Combat Finished, the Ordeal Begins | 453 |
| XII. | The Exiled | 453 |
| XIII. | The Military Commissions and the Mixed Commissions | 461 |
| XIV. | A Religious Incident | 463 |
| XV. | How They Came Out of Ham | 463 |
| XVI. | A Retrospect | 468 |
| XVII. | Conduct of the Left | 469 |
| XVIII. | A Page Written at Brussels | 474 |
| XIX. | The Infallible Benediction | 476 |


### CONCLUSION.—THE FALL.


| | | |
|---|---|---|
| I. | | 476 |
| II. | | 477 |
| III. | | 479 |
| IV. | | 480 |
| V. | | 480 |
| VI. | | 481 |
| VII. | | 483 |
| VIII. | | 484 |
| IX. | | 485 |
| X. | | 486 |


# LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

## NOTRE-DAME.


The Place de Greve ..... Frontispiece.

PAGE.

Pierre Gringoire ..... 14
Claude Frollo Teaching Quasimodo ..... 86
The Flogging of Quasimodo ..... 110
Captain Phœbus ..... 140
Esmeralda Put to the Torture ..... 157
Four Stories Underground ..... 160
Montfaucon ..... 250


## THE HISTORY OF A CRIME.


Maupas ..... 269
Death of Baudin ..... 347
The Charge of the Police ..... 369
The Massacre ..... 377
The Carnage of the Boulevard Montmartre ..... 409
The Old Woman had Reseated Herself Near the Little Girl ..... 424
Montmartre Cemetery ..... 441
A Prussian Soldier Brought Him a Glass of Water ..... 484

# NOTRE-DAME.

## AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

Some years ago, while visiting the Cathedral of Notre-Dame, or, to speak more properly, exploring every corner of it, the author of this book discovered, in a dark corner in one of the towers, this word, in Greek capital letters, engraven upon the wall—

*'ΑΝΑΓΚΗ.*

These characters, black with age and deeply cut into the stone, with certain peculiarities of form and posture belonging to the Gothic calligraphy, as if to declare that they had been traced there by some hand of the middle ages—and, above all, the dismal and fatal meaning they conveyed—struck the author forcibly.

He asked himself, he strove to imagine, what suffering spirit it might be, who had determined not to quit this life without stamping this memento of crime or misfortune on the walls of the old cathedral.

Since then the wall has been washed over, or scraped—I remember not which—and the inscription has disappeared. For thus it is that the wonderful churches of the middle ages have been dealt with for two hundred years past. Mutilation attacks them in every direction, from within as well as from without, the priest smears them over—the architect scrapes them—then come the people and demolish them.

Thus, excepting only the frail memory here preserved of it by the author of this book, nothing now remains of the mysterious word engraven in the gloomy tower of Notre-Dame—nothing of the unknown destiny which it so mournfully recorded. The man who wrote that word upon the wall, passed away several centuries ago from among men—the word, in its turn, has passed away from the walls of the church—the church itself will soon, perhaps, pass away from the face of the earth.

It is upon the text of that word that this book has been written.

## BOOK I.

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE GREAT HALL.

EXACTLY three hundred and forty-eight years, six months and nineteen days have passed away since the Parisians were awakened by the noise of all the bells within the triple walls of the city, the university, and the town, ringing a full peal. Yet the 6th of January, 1482, was not a day of which history has preserved any record. There was nothing remarkable in the event which thus put in agitation so early in the morning the bells and the good people of Paris. It was neither an assault of Picards or of Burgundians; nor a shrine carried in procession; nor a revolt of scholars in the *vigne de Laas*, nor an entry of their most dread lord the king; nor a grand hanging up of thieves, male and female, at the Justice de Paris. Neither was it the sudden arrival, so frequent in the fifteenth century, of some ambassador and his train, all covered with lace and plumes. Scarcely two days had elapsed since the last cavalcade of this sort, that of the Flemish envoys commissioned to conclude the marriage treaty between the Dauphin and Margaret of Flanders, had made its entry into Paris, to the great annoyance of Monsieur le Cardinal de Bourbon, who, to please the king, had been obliged to give a gracious reception to that rude train of Flemish burgomasters, and entertain them at his Hôtel de Bourbon, with one of the rude dramatic exhibitions of the time, while a beating rain drenched the magnificent tapestry at his door.

But on the 6th of January, that which set in motion the whole *populaire* of Paris, as old Jean de Troyes phrases it, was the double holiday, united since time im-

memorial, of the *jour des rois*, or festival of the kings, and the *fête des fous*, or festival of fools.

On that day, then, the last of the Christmas holidays, in 1482, a bonfire was to be made in the Place de Grève, a maypole planted at the Chapelle de Braque, and a mystery performed at the Palais de Justice. Proclamation to that effect had been made the day before, by sound of trumpet, at the crossings of the streets, by the provost's men, dressed in fine hacqueton, or sleeveless frocks, of violet colored camlet, with large white crosses on the breast.

The crowd of people accordingly took their way in the morning from all quarters of the town, leaving their houses and shops shut up, toward one of the three places appointed. Each one had made his choice, for the bonfire, the maypole, or the mystery. It must be said, however, to the praise of the ancient good sense of the Parisian cockneys, that the greater part of the multitude directed their steps toward the bonfire, which was perfectly seasonable, or toward the mystery, which was to be performed in the Grande Salle, or great hall of the Palais de Justice, well roofed and windowed; judiciously leaving the poor ill-dressed maypole to shiver all alone, under a January sky, in the cemetery of the Chapelle de Braque.

The people flocked chiefly into the approaches of the Palais de Justice, because it was known that the Flemish ambassadors, who had arrived the day but one before, intended to be present at the performance of the mystery and the election of the Fools' Pope, which was likewise to take place in the Grande Salle.

It was no easy matter, on the day with which our narrative opens, for a person to make his way into that great hall, although it was then reputed to be the largest single apartment in the world—whence its popular designation as La Grande Salle, the great hall *par excellence*. It is true that Sauval had not yet measured the great hall of the castle of Montargis. The open space in front of the Palais, thronged with people, presented to the gazers from the windows the appearance of a sea, into which five or six streets, like the mouths of so many rivers, were every moment discharging fresh floods of human heads. The waves of this multitude, incessantly swelling, broke against the angles of the houses, which projected here and there like so many promontories, into the irregularly-shaped basin of the Place. In the center of the high Gothic front of the Palais, the great steps, incessantly ascended and descended by a double stream, which, after being broken by the intermediate *perron* or staircase leading from the basement story, spread in broad waves over its two lateral declivities—the great steps, we say, poured their stream incessantly into the Place, like a cascade into a lake. The shouts, the peals of laughter, the clattering of those thousands of feet, made all together a great noise and clamor. From time to time this noise and clamor were redoubled; the stream which carried all the multitude toward the steps of entrance was checked, disturbed, and thrown into an eddy. This was occasioned by the thrust of some archer, or the horse of some one of the provost's sergeants, prancing about to restore order, which admirable expedient the *prevôté* has handed down to the *connétablie*, the *connétablie* to the *maréchaussée*, and the *maréchaussée* to our gendarmerie of Paris.

At the doors, at the casements and small round attic windows, and on the roofs, swarmed thousands of goodly bourgeois faces, looking calmly and soberly at the Palais or at the crowd, and exhibiting a most perfect satisfaction; for many of the good people of Paris are quite content with the spectacle of the spectators—nay, even a wall behind which something is going on is to them an object of no small interest.

If it could be given to us to mingle, in imagination, among those Parisians of the fifteenth century, and to enter along with them, all thrust about, squeezed, and elbowed by the crowd, into that immense hall of the Palais, which was found so small on the 6th of January, 1842, the spectacle would have both interest and attraction for us, for we should find around us the most striking kind of novelty, that of great antiquity brought suddenly before the eye.

With the reader's permission we will endeavor to retrace, in idea, the impression which he would have received in crossing with us the threshold of that great hall, amidst that motley throng in surcoat, hacqueton, and cotte-hardie.

And first of all our ears are filled with the buzzing of the multitude, and our eyes dazzled by the objects around us. Over our head is a double vault of Gothic groining, lined with carved wainscoting, painted azure, and sprinkled with golden fleurs-de-lis. Under our feet, a pavement of black and white marble in alternate squares. A few paces from us, an enormous pillar—then another—then another, making, in all, seven pillars in the length of the hall, supporting, in a central line, the internal extremities of the double vaulting. Around the four first pillars are little shops or stalls, all glittering with glass and trinkets; and around the three last are oaken benches, worn and polished by the breeches of the pleaders and the gowns of the procureurs. Around the hall, along the lofty walls, between the doors, between the windows, between the pillars, we behold the interminable range of the statues of all the Frech kings, from Pharamond downward; the *rois fainéans*, or do-nothing kings, with their eyes upon the ground and their arms hanging down; the valiant and battling kings, with their faces and hands boldly lifted up to heaven. Then, in the long pointed windows, glows painted glass of a thousand colors; at the large entrances of the hall are rich doors finely carved; and the whole—vaults, pillars, walls, cornices, and door-cases, wainscoting, doors, and statues—are splendidly illuminated from top to bottom with blue and gold which, already a little tarnished at the period to which we have carried ourselves back, had almost entirely disappeared under dust and cobwebs in the year of grace 1549, in which the early Parisian antiquary, Du Breuil, still admired it by tradition.

Let the reader now imagine that immense oblong hall, made visible by the wan light of a January day, and entered by a motley and noisy crowd, pouring along by the walls and circling round the pillars; and he will at once have a general idea of the scene, of which we will endeavor to point out more precisely the curious particulars.

It is certain that if Ravaillac had not assassinated Henry IV., there would have been no documents relative to the trial of Ravaillac deposited in the registry of the Palais de Justice, no accomplices interested in causing the disappearance of the said documents, and therefore no incendiaries obliged, for want of any better expedient, to burn the registry for the sake of burning the documents, and to burn the Palais de Justice for the sake of burning the registry—in short, no fire of 1618. The whole Palais would have been still standing, with its old Grande Salle; we might have said to the reader: "You have only to go to Paris and see it;" and so neither we should have been under the necessity of writing, nor he of reading, any description of it whatever. All which proves this very novel truth—that great events have incalculable consequences.

It is indeed very possible that Ravaillac's accomplices had nothing at all to do with the fire of 1618. We have two other very plausible explanations of it. The first is, the great fiery star, a foot broad and half a yard high, which, as every Parisian knows, fell from the sky right upon the Palais, on the 7th of March, just after midnight.

The other is, this noble quatrain of the old humorist Theophile:

> "Certes, ce fut un triste jeu
> Quand à Paris dame Justice,
> Pour avoir mange trop d'epice,
> Se mit tout le palais en feu."*

Whatever may be thought of this triple explanation, politicial, physical, and poetical, of the conflagration of the Palais de Justice in 1618; the fact of which unfortunately there is no doubt, is the conflagration itself. Owing to that catastrophe, and above all to the divers successive restorations which have made away with what it had spared, there now remains very little of that original residence of the

* This stanza is unfortunately not translatable. The sense depends on a play of words, the word epice signifying "spice" and also fees.—TRANS.

kings of France, of that palace the elder sister of the Louvre, and so ancient even in the time of Philippe-le-Bel, that it was then sought to discover the traces of the magnificent buildings erected there by King Robert, and described by Helgaldus. Nearly all has disappeared. What has become of the chancery chamber? What of the garden in which St. Louis administered justice, "clad in a cotte of camlet, a surcoat of tiretaine without sleeves, and over it a mantel of black sendal, lying upon carpets with Joinville?" Where is the chamber of the Emperor Sigismund?—that of Charles IV.?—that of Jean-sans-Terre? Where is the staircase from which Charles VI. promulgated his edict of pardon?—the flag-stone on which Marcel, in the presence of the Dauphin, murdered Robert de Clermont and the Marshal de Champagne?—the wicket at which the bulls of the anti-pope Benedict were torn, and through which the bearers of them set out on their return coped and mitred in derision, and thus making the *amende honorable* through all Paris?—and the great hall itself, with its gildings, its azure, its pointed arches, its pillars, its immense vaults all variegated with carving?—and the gilded chamber?—and the stone lion which knelt at its door, with his head bowed down and his tail between his legs, like the lions of Solomon's throne, in the posture of humiliation appropriate to Strength in the presence of Justice?—and the rich doors?—and the beautiful stained glass?—and the carved iron-work, the perfection of which discouraged Biscornette?—and the delicate cabinet-work of Du Hancey? "What has time, what has man done with all those wonders?" asks our author. "What has been given us in exchange for all this, for all that Gaulish history, for all that Gothic art? In art we have the heavy, lowering arches of M. de Brosse, the awkward architect of the Portail Saint-Gervais; and as for history, we have the gabbling reminiscences of the great pillar, still resounding with the prattle of the Patrus. Here is not much to boast of. Let us go back to the real Grand Salle of the real old Palais."

The two extremities of that vast parallelogram were occupied, the one by the famous marble table of a single piece, so long, so broad, and so thick that, say the old court-rolls in a style which might have given an appetite to Rabelais' Gargantua, "never was there such a slice of marble seen in the world,"—the other by the chapel in which the reigning king, Louis XI., had caused his own figure to be sculptured kneeling before the Virgin, and into which he had conveyed, regardless that he was leaving two niches empty in the file of the royal statues, those of Charlemagne and St. Louis, two saints whom, as kings of France, he supposed to be very influential in heaven. This chapel, which was still quite new, having scarcely been built six years, was all in that charming taste of delicate architecture, miraculous sculpture, and bold and exquisite carving, which characterizes the close of the Gothic era, and which we find perpetuated through the first half of the sixteenth century in the fantastic fairy-work of the period of the revival. The little pierced *rosace* or rose-shaped window above the entrance of the chapel was, in particular, a masterpiece of grace and lightness; it had almost the airiness of lace. In the middle of the hall, opposite to the great door, an *estrade* or short projecting gallery, covered with gold brocade, fixed against the wall, and a private entrance to which has been contrived by means of a funnel window of the gilded chamber, had been erected for the Flemish envoys and the other personages invited to the performance of the mystery.

It was upon the marble table that, according to custom, this exhibition was to take place. It had been prepared for that purpose early in the morning; and the rich slab of marble, scrawled all over by the heels of the lawyers' clerks, supported a high wooden frame-work, the upper surface of which, visible from every part of the hall, was to form the stage, while its interior, hidden by drapery, was to serve the actors as a dressing-room. A ladder, placed with great simplicity, outside, established a communication between the stage and the dressing-room, serving alike for entrance and for exit. No character ever so unexpected, no turn of events, no



PIERRE GRINGOIRE.

Hugo. vol. I., p. 14.

stroke of stage effect, but had to ascend this ladder. Innocent and venerable infancy of the art and of machinery!

Four sergeants of the bailiff of the Palais, the appointed guardians of all the popular pleasures, whether on holidays or on execution days, stood on duty at the four corners of the marble table.

The piece was not to commence until the twelfth stroke of noon from the great clock of the Palais. This was undoubtedly thought very late for a theatrical performance; but it had been necessary to consult the convenience of the ambassadors.

Now all this multitude had been waiting since the early morning. A good many of these worthy people, in the greatness of their curiosity, had stood shivering since daybreak before the great steps of the Palais; some even affirmed that they had lain all night against the great door, to be sure of getting in first. The crowd was growing denser every moment; and, like a body of water overflowing its borders, began to ascend the walls, to squeeze round the pillars, to inundate the architraves, the cornices, the window-cases, every architectural or scriptural projection. The general impatience and uncomfortableness, the freedom allowed by a licentious holiday, the quarrels incessantly produced by the pressure of some sharp elbow or iron heel, and the wearisomeness of long expectation, infused, long before the hour at which the ambassadors were to arrive, a tone of sourness and bitterness into the clamors of this shut-up, squeezed, trodden and stifled multitude. Nothing was heard but complaints and imprecations against the Flemings—the *prevôt des marchands*—the Cardinal de Bourbon—the bailiff of the Palais—the Lady Marguerite d'Autriche—the sergeants of the wand—the cold—the heat—the bad weather—the Bishop of Paris—the fools' pope—the pillars—the statues—a door shut here—a window open there—all to the great amusement of the tribes of scholars from the University, and of lackeys from all quarters, scattered among the crowd, who mingled up with this mass of dissatisfaction all their mischievous tricks and jests, thus goading, as it were, the general ill-humor.

Amongst others, there was a group of these merry devils, who, after bursting out the glass of a window, had boldly seated themselves upon the entablature, and from thence cast their looks and their railleries by turns within and without the hall, upon the internal and the external crowd. By their mimic gestures, their peals of laughter, and the jocoseness with which they exchanged calls with their comrades the whole length of the hall, it was evident enough that those young clerks did not share the weariness and exhaustion of the rest of the assemblage, and that they very well knew how, for their own particular enjoyment, to extract from what was already under their eyes an entertainment which enabled them to wait patiently for the other.

"Upon my soul, it's you, Joannes Frollo de Molendino," shouted one of them to a little light-complexioned fellow, with a pretty, roguish face, clinging to the foliage of one of the capitals; "rightly are you called John of the Mill, for your arms and legs look very much like the sails. How long have you been here?"

"By the devil's mercy," answered Jehan Frollo, commonly called *Du Moulin*, or of the Mill, "above four hours; and I'm in good hopes that they'll be deducted from my time in purgatory. I heard the King of Sicily's eight chanters strike up the first verse of the high mass of seven hours, in the Sainte Chapelle."

"Fine chanters, truly," returned the other, "with voices still sharper than the points of their caps. Before founding a mass in honor of St. John, it would have been as well if the king had inquired whether St. John be fond of hearing Latin droned out with a Provençal accent."

"It was all for the sake of employing those cursed chanters of the King of Sicily that he did it," screamed an old woman in the crowd beneath the window. "What think you of a thousand livres parisis for a mass, and charged, too, upon the farm of the salt-water fish of the fish-market of Paris!"

"Peace, old woman!" replied a portly personage, who was stopping his nose at the side of the fish-seller; it was quite

necessary to found a mass. Would you have had the king fall sick again?"

"Bravely spoken, Sir Gilles *Lecornu*, master furrier to the king's wardrobe!" cried the little scholar clinging to the capital.

A burst of laughter from the whole tribe of the scholars greeted the unlucky name of the poor furrier to the king's wardrobe.

"Lecornu! Gilles Lecornu!" said some.

"*Cornutus et hirsutus*," answered another.

"Oh, to be sure," continued the little imp at the top of the pillar; "what have they to laugh at? Is not worthy Gilles Lecornu brother to Maître Jehan Lecornu, provost of the king's household, son of Maître Mahiet Lecornu, first porter of the Bois de Vincennes—all citizens of Paris—all married, from father to son?"

This grave appeal redoubled their gayety. The fat furrier, without answering a word, strove to escape the looks fixed upon him from all sides; but he exerted himself in vain, for all his efforts served only to wedge more solidly between the shoulders of his neighbors his great apoplectic face, purple with anger and vexation.

One of these neighbors, however, fat, short and reverend looking, like himself, at length raised his voice on his behalf.

"Abominable!" he exclaimed, "that scholars should talk thus to a townsman. In my time they would have been first beaten with a fagot and then burned with it."

At this the whole tribe burst out afresh.

"Hollo! who sings that stave! who's that ill-boding screech-owl?"

"Oh! I see who it is," said one; "it's Maître Andry Musnier."

"Because he's one of the four sworn booksellers to the University," said the other.

"All goes by fours in that shop," cried a third; "there are four nations, the four faculties, the four attorneys, and the four booksellers."

"Well, then," resumed Jehan Frollo, "we must play four hundred devils with them all."

"Musnier, we'll burn thy books."

"Musnier, we'll beat thy lackey."

"Musnier, we'll kiss thy wife——"

"The good fat Mademoiselle Oudarde——"

"Who's as fresh and buxom as if she were a widow."

"The devil take you!" muttered Maître Andry Musnier.

"Maître Andry," said Jehan, still hanging by the capital, "hold your tongue, or I'll drop upon your head."

Maître Andry looked up, seemed to calculate for a moment the height of the pillar and the weight of the young rogue, multiplied in his mind that height by the square of the velocity, and was silent.

Jehan, being thus master of the field, continued triumphantly—

"Yes, I would do it, though I am brother to an arch deacon."

"Fine fellows, in truth, are our gentlemen of the University, not even to have taken care that our privileges were respected on a day like this: for here are a maypole and a bonfire in the Town; a mystery, a fools' pope, and Flemish ambassadors, in the City; and in the University, nothing at all!"

"And yet the Place Maubert is large enough," observed one of the young clerks posted in the recess of the window.

"Down with the rector, the electors, and the attorneys!" cried Joannes.

"We must make a bonfire to-night in the Champ-Gaillard," continued the other, "with Maître Andry's books."

"And the desks of the scribes," said his neighbor.

"And the wands of the beadles."

"And the spitting-boxes of the deans."

"And the buffets of the attorneys."

"And the tubs of the electors."

"And the rector's stools."

"Down, then," said little Jehan, winding up the stave, "down with Maître Andry, the beadles, and the scribes—the theologians, the physicians, and the decretists—the attorneys, the electors, and the rector!"

"Ah! then the world is at end," muttered Maître Andry, stopping his ears.

"Apropos! the rector himself! here he comes through the Place!" cried one of those in the window-case.

They all now strove to turn themselves toward the Place.

"Is it really our venerable rector, Maître Thibaut?" asked Jehan Frollo du Moulin, who, as he was clinging to one of the internal pillars, could not see what was passing outside.

"Yes, yes," answered all the rest, "it is he—he himself—Maître Thibaut, the rector."

It was, in fact, the rector and all the dignitaries going in procession to meet the ambassadors, and crossing at that moment the Place of the Palais. The scholars, all crowded together at the window, greeted them as they passed by with sarcasms and ironical plaudits. The rector, marching at the head of his band, received the first broadside, and it was a rough one.

"Good-day, monsieur le recteur! Hollo! good-day to you!"

"How has the old gambler contrived to be here? has he really quitted his dice?"

"How he goes trotting along on his mule—its ears are not so long as his."

"Hollo! good-day to you, monsieur le recteur Thibaut! *Tybalde aleator!*—Ah! you old noodle! you old gamester!"

"God preserve you! did you often throw twelve last night?"

"Oh! what a scarecrow countenance; all blue and battered through his love of dice and gaming."

"Where are you going to now, Thibaut, *Tybalde aa dados*—turning your back on the University and trotting toward the town?"

"No doubt he's going to seek a lodging in the Rue Thibautodé," cried Jehan du Moulin.

The whole gang repeated the pun with a voice of thunder and a furious clapping of hands.

"You are going to seek lodgings in the Rue Thibautodé, aren't you, monsieur le recteur, the devil's own gamester?"

Then came the turn of the other dignitaries.

"Down with the beadles! down with the mace-bearers!"

"Tell me, Robin Poussepain, who's that man there?"

"It's Gilbert de Suilly. *Gilbertus de Soliaco*, chancellor of the college of Autun."

"Here, take my shoe—you're better placed than I am—throw it in his face."

"*Saturnalitias, mittimus ecce nuces.*"

"Down with the six theologians with their white surplices!"

"Are those the theologians? I thought they were the six white geese that Ste. Geneviève gave to the Town for the fief of Roogny."

"Down with the physicians!"

"Down with the disputations, cardinal, and quadlibetary!"

"Here goes my cap at yon chancellor of Saint Geneviève—I owe him a grudge."

"True—and he gave my place in the nation of Normandy to little Ascanio Falzaspada, belonging to the province of Bourges, because he's an Italian."

"It's an injustice!" exclaimed all the scholars.

"Ho, there! Maître Joachim de Ladehors! Ho! Louis Dalmille! Ho! Lambert Hoctement!"

"The devil smother the attorney of the nation of Germany!"

"And the chaplains of the Sainte Chapelle, with their gray amices, *cum tunicis grisis?*"

"*Seu de pellibus grisis fourratis.*"

"Hollo! the masters of arts! All the fine black copes; all the fine red copes!"

"That makes the rector a fine tail!"

"It might be a doge of Venice going to marry the sea."

"Now, again, Jehan! the canons of St. Geneviève!"

"The devil take all the canons together!"

"Abbé Claude Choart! Doctor Claude Choart, are you seeking Marie-la-Giffarde?"

"She's in the Rue de Glatigny."

"She's making the bed for the king of the ribalds."

"She's paying her four deniers, *quatuor denarios.*"

"*Aut unum bombum.*"

"Would you have her pay you in the nose?"

"Comrades, there goes Maître Simon

Sanguin, elector of Picardy, with his wife mounted behind him."

"*Post equitem sedet atra cura.*"

"Courage, Maître Simon!"

"Good-day to you, monsieur l'électeur."

"Good-night, madame l'électrice."

"Now, aren't they happy, to be seeing all that?" said Joannes de Molendino, with a sigh, from his perch on the capital.

Meanwhile the sworn bookseller to the University, Maître Andry Musnier, whispered in the ear of the king's furrier, Maître Gilles Lecornu:

"I tell you, monsieur, the world's at an end. Never were there seen such breakings-out of the scholars! It's the accursed inventions of the age that are ruining everything—the artillery—the serpentines—the bombards—and, above all, the printing-press, that German pest! No more manuscripts—no more books! Printing puts an end to bookselling—the end of the world is coming!"

"I see it is, by velvet's coming so much into fashion," sighed the furrier.

At that moment it struck twelve.

"Ha!" exclaimed the whole crowd, with one voice of satisfaction.

The scholars held their peace.

Then there was a great shuffling about, a great movement of feet and heads, a general detonation of coughing and blowing of noses, each one striving to place himself to the best advantage for the spectacle. Then there was a deep silence, every neck remaining outstretched, every mouth opened, every eye turned toward the marble table—but nothing appeared. The bailiff's four sergeants still kept their posts, as stiff and motionless as if they had been four painted statues. All eyes then turned toward the gallery reserved for the Flemish envoys. The door remained shut, and the gallery empty. The multitude had been waiting since the early morning for three things, that is to say, for the hour of noon, for the French embassy, and for the mystery; but only the first of the three had kept its time.

This was rather too bad.

They waited one—two—three—five minutes—a quarter of an hour—but nothing came. The estrade remained solitary; the stage, mute. Meanwhile impatience was succeeded by displeasure. Angry words circulated about, though as yet only in whispers. "The mystery! the mystery!" was uttered in an undertone. The heads of the multitude began to ferment. A storm, which as yet only growled, was agitating the surface of the human sea. It was our friend Jehan du Moulin that elicited the first explosion.

"The mystery! and the devil take the Flemings!" cried he, with the whole force of his lungs, twisting himself, like a serpent, about his pillar.

The multitude clapped their hands. "The mystery!" they all shouted, "and let Flanders go to all the devils!"

"We must have the mystery!" immediately resumed the scholar; "else, for my part, I would have us hang up the bailiff of the Palais by way of play and morality."

"Well said!" exclaimed the people, "and let us begin the hanging with his sergeants?"

A great acclamation followed. The four poor devils of sergeants began to turn pale and look anxiously at each other. The multitude pressed toward them, and they already saw the slight wooden balustrade which separated them from the crowd bending inwards under the pressure.

The moment was critical.

"Bag them! bag them!" was shouted from all sides.

At that instant the hangings of the dressing-room which we have described above were lifted up to make way for the advance of a personage, the first sight of whom sufficed to stop the eager multitude, and changed their anger into curiosity as if by enchantment.

"Silence! silence!" was now the cry.

This personage, but little reassured, and trembling in every limb, came forward to the edge of the marble table, making a profusion of bows, which, the nearer he approached, approximated more and more to genuflexions.

Tranquillity, however, was almost restored. Only that slight murmur was heard which is always exhaled from the silence of a great crowd.

"Messieurs les bourgeois," said he, "and

mesdemoiselles les bourgeoises; we shall have the honor of declaiming and performing before his eminence monsieur le cardinal, a very fine morality, entitled The Good Award of our Lady the Virgin Mary. I play Jupiter. His eminence is at this moment accompanying the most honorable embassy from monsieur the Duke of Austria, which is just now detained by hearing the harangue of monsieur the rector of the University, at the Bandets gate. As soon as the most eminent cardinal is arrived, we shall begin."

It is certain that nothing less than the intervention of Jupiter was necessary to save the four unhappy sergeants of the bailiff of the Palais. If we had had the happiness of inventing this very true and veritable history, and had consequently been responsible for it before Our Lady of Criticism, it is not in this place, at all events, that we should have incurred any citation against us of the classical precept, *nec Deus intersit*, etc. Besides, the costume of Seigneur Jupiter was a very fine one, and had contributed not a little to calm the irritated assemblage by attracting all their attention. Jupiter was clad in a brigandine covered with black velvet and gilt nails; his head-dress was a bicoquet decorated with silver-gilt buttons; and but for the rouge and the great beard which covered each one-half of his face—but for the scroll of gilt pasteboard strewed with passequilles and stuck all over with shreds of tinsel, which he carried in his hand, and in which experienced eyes easily recognized his thunderbolts—and but for his flesh-colored feet, sandal-bound with ribbons *à la Grecque*—he might have borne a comparison, for the severity of his aspect, with a Breton archer of that day, of Monsieur de Berry's corps.

---

## CHAPTER II.

### PIERRE GRINGOIRE.

However, while Jupiter was delivering his speech, the satisfaction, the admiration unanimously excited by his costume, were dissipated by his words; and when he arrived at that unlucky conclusion, "as soon as the most eminent cardinal is arrived, we shall begin," his voice was lost in a thunder of hooting.

"Begin directly! The mystery! the mystery directly!" cried the people. And above all the other voices was heard that of Joannes de Molendino, piercing through the general uproar, like the sound of the fife in a charivari at Nimes. Begin directly!" squeaked the scholar.

"Down with Jupiter and the Cardinal de Bourbon!" vociferated Robin Poussepain and the other young clerks nestling in the window.

"The morality directly!" repeated the crowd immediately; "begin! begin! The sack and the rope for the players and the cardinal!"

Poor Jupiter, all haggard, aghast, pale under his rouge, let fall his thunderbolts, took his bicoquet in his hand; then, bowing and trembling, he stammered out: "His eminence . . . . the ambassadors . . . . the Lady Margaret of Flanders . . . ."—he knew not what to say. But the fact was, he was afraid he should be hanged—hanged by the populace for waiting, or hanged by the cardinal for not having waited—on either hand he beheld an abyss.

Happily, some one came forward to extricate him and take the responsibility on himself.

An individual who stood within the balustrade, in the space which it left clear around the marble table, and whom no one had yet perceived, so completely was his long and slender person sheltered from every visual ray by the diameter of the pillar against which he had set his back—this individual, we say, tall, thin, pale, light complexioned—still young, though wrinkles were already visible in his forehead and his cheeks—with sparkling eyes and a smiling mouth—clad in a garment of black serge, threadbare with age—approached the marble table, and made a sign to the poor sufferer; but the other, in his perturbation, did not observe it.

The new-comer advanced another step forward.

"Jupiter," said he, "my dear Jupiter!"

The other did not hear him.

At last the tall, fair man, losing all patience, shouted in his ear, "Michel Giborne!"

"Who calls me?" said Jupiter, as if starting from a trance.

"I do," answered the other personage.

"Ah!" exclaimed Jupiter.

"Begin directly," returned the other, "satisfy the people, and I take upon myself to appease monsieur the bailiff, who will appease monsieur the cardinal.

Jupiter now took breath. "Messeigneurs les bourgeois," cried he, at the utmost stretch of his lungs, to the multitude who continued to hoot him, "we are going to begin directly."

"*Evoe! Jupiter! plaudite, cives!*" cried the scholars.

"Noël! Noël!" cried the people; that cry being the burden of a canticle sung in the churches at Christmas, in honor of the Nativity, whence, apparently, it was adopted by the populace as a general mark of approbation and jubilation as long as the season lasted.

Then followed a deafening clapping of hands, and the hall still shook with acclamations when Jupiter had withdrawn behind his tapestry.

Meanwhile, the unknown, who had so magically changed the tempest into a calm, had modestly retired under the penumbra of his pillar, and would no doubt have remained there, invisible, and motionless, and mute as before, if he had not been drawn from it by two young women, who, being in the first line of the spectators, had remarked his colloquy with Michel Giborne Jupiter.

"Maître," said one of them, beckoning to him to approach.

"Hush! my dear Liénarde," said her fair neighbor, pretty, blooming, and quite courageous by virtue of her holiday attire —"it is not a clerk, it is a layman. You should not say *Maître*, but *Messire*."

"Messire!" then said Liénarde.

The unknown approached the balustrade.

"What is your pleasure with me, mesdemoiselles?" asked he, with an air of complaisance.

"Oh, nothing," said Liénarde, all confused. "It's my neighbor here, Gisquette-la-Gencienne, that wants to speak to you."

"No, no," rejoined Gisquette, blushing; "it was Liénarde that said '*Maître*' to you—I only taught her that she ought to say, *Messire*."

The two girls cast down their eyes. The gentleman, who felt quite disposed to enter into conversation with them, looked at them, smiling: "You have nothing to say to me, then, mesdemoiselles?"

"Oh no, nothing at all," answered Gisquette.

"No, nothing," said Liénarde.

The tall, fair young man now made a step to retire; but the two curious damsels were not inclined to let him go so soon.

"Messire," said Gisquette, with the impetuosity of water escaping through a sluice, or a woman taking a resolution, "then you're acquainted with that soldier that's going to play Our Lady the Virgin in the mystery?"

"You mean the part of Jupiter," returned the unknown.

"Oh, dear, yes," said Liénarde: "is she stupid? You're acquainted with Jupiter, then?"

"With Michel Giborne," answered the unknown, "yes, madam."

"He has a fierce-looking beard," answered Liénarde.

"Will it be very fine, what they are all going to say?" asked Gisquette, timidly.

"Very fine, indeed, mademoiselle," answered the informant without the least hesitation.

"What will it be?" said Liénarde.

"The Good Award of Our Lady the Virgin—a morality, if it please you, mademoiselle."

"Ah! that's different," returned Liénarde.

A short silence followed, which was broken by the stranger. "It is a morality entirely new," said he, "which has never yet been played."

"Then it's not the same," said Gisquette, "as what was played two years ago on the day of the entry of monsieur the legate, and in which three beautiful girls performed——"

"As sirens," interrupted Liénarde.

"And quite naked," added the young man.

Liénarde modestly cast down her eyes. Gisquette looked at her, and did likewise. The other continued, smiling, "It was a very pretty thing to see. But to-day it is a morality made on purpose for the Lady of Flanders."

"Will they sing bergerettes?" asked Gisquette.

"Oh, fie!" said the unknown. "What! in a morality! We must not confound one kind of pieces with another. In a *sottie*, indeed, it would be quite right."

"That's a pity," rejoined Gisquette. "That day there were, at the fountain du Ponceau, savage men and women fighting, and making different motions, singing little motets and bergerettes all the while."

"That which is suitable for a legate," said the stranger, very dryly, "is not suitable for a princess."

"And near them," continued Liénarde, "was playing a number of bass instruments, that gave out wonderful melodies."

"And to refresh the passengers," resumed Gisquette, "the fountain threw out by three mouths, wine, milk, and hyppocrass, and everybody drank that liked."

"And a little below the Ponceau fountain," continued Liénarde, "at the Trinity fountain, there was a Passion performed without any speaking."

"Oh, yes, don't I remember it!" exclaimed Gisquette: "God on the cross, and the two thieves on each side of Him!"

Here the young gossips, getting warm in the recollection of the legate's entry, began to talk both at once.

"And further on, at the Porte-aux-Peintres, there were other characters very richly dressed——"

"And do you remember, at St. Innocent's fountain, that huntsman following a hind, with a great noise of dogs and hunting-trumpets?"

"And then at the Bouchere de Paris, those scaffolds that presented the Bastile of Dieppe——"

"And when the legate was going by, you know, Gisquette, that gave the assault, and the English all had their throats cut——"

"And what fine characters there were against the Châtelet gate!"

"And on the Pont-au-Change, which was all covered over with carpeting from one end to the other."

"And when the legate went over it, they let fly from the bridge above two hundred dozen of all kinds of birds. Wasn't that a fine sight, Liénarde?"

"There will be a finer to-day," at length interrupted their interlocutor, who seemed to listen to them with impatience.

"You promise us that this mystery shall be a fine one," said Gisquette.

"Assuredly," returned he. And then he added with peculiar emphasis, "Mesdemoiselles, 'tis *I* who am the author of it."

"Really!" said the young woman, all amazed.

"Yes, really," answered the poet, bridling up a little—"that is to say, there are two of us — Jehan Marchand, who has sawn the planks and put together the woodwork of the theatre; and myself, who have written the piece. My name is *Pierre Gringoire*.

The author of the Cid himself could not have said with a loftier air, "My name is Pierre Corneille."

Our readers may have observed that some time must already have elapsed since the moment at which Jupiter retired behind the drapery, and that at which the author of the new morality revealed himself thus abruptly to the simple admiration of Gisquette and Liénarde. It is worthy of remark that all that multitude, who a few minutes before had been so tumultuous, now waited quietly on the faith of the player's promise—an evidence of this everlasting truth, still daily experienced in our theatres—that the best means of making the audience wait patiently is, to assure them that the performance will commence immediately.

However, the scholar Joannes was not asleep. "Hollo!" shouted he suddenly, amidst the peaceful expectation which had succeeded the disturbance. "Jupiter! madame the Virgin! you rowers of the

devil's boat! are you joking to one another? The piece! the piece! Begin! or we'll begin again!"

This was enough. A music of high and low-keyed instruments now struck up in the apartment underneath the stage; the hangings were lifted up; and four characters in motley attire, with painted faces, came out, clambered up the steep ladder already mentioned, arrived safe upon the upper platform, and drew up in line before the audience, whom they saluted with a profound obeisance, whereupon the symphony was silent, for the mystery was now really commencing.

The four characters, after receiving abundant payment for their obeisances in the plaudits of the multitude, commenced, amidst a profound silence, the delivery of a prologue, which we willingly spare the reader. However, as still happens in our own time, the audience paid more attention to the dresses they wore than to the parts they were enacting—and in truth they did right. They were all four dressed in gowns half yellow and half white, differing from each other only in the nature of the material; the first being of gold and silver brocade, the second of silk, and the third of wool, and the fourth of linen. The first character carried in the right hand a sword; the second, two golden keys; the third, a pair of scales, and the fourth a spade: and in order to assist such indolent understanding as might not have seen clearly through the transparency of these attributes, there might be read in large black letters worked at the bottom of the brocade dress, JE M'APPELLE NOBLESSE (my name is Nobility); at the bottom of the silk dress, JE M'APPELLE CLERGÉ (my name is Clergy); at the bottom of the woolen dress, JE M'APPELLE MARCHANDISE (my name is Trade); and at the bottom of the linen garment, JE M'APPELLE LABOR (my name is Tillage). The sex of the two male characters, Clergé and Labor, was clearly indicated to every judicious spectator by the comparative shortness of their garments and the *cramignole* which they wore upon their heads; while the two female ones, besides that their robes were of ampler length, were distinguishable by their hoods.

It would also have argued great perverseness, not to have discovered through the poetic drapery of the prologue, that Labor was married to Merchandise, and Clergé to Noblesse, and that these two happy couples possessed in common a magnificent golden dolphin which they intended to adjudge only to the most beautiful damsel. Accordingly, they were going all over the world in search of this beauty; and after successfully rejecting the Queen of Golconda, the Princess of Trebizond, the daughter of the Cham of Tartary, etc., etc., Labor and Clergé, Noblesse and Marchandise, were come to rest themselves upon the marble table of the Palais de Justice, and deliver at the same time to the worthy auditory as many moral sentences and maxims as might in that day be expended upon the members of the faculty of arts, at the examinations, sophisms, determinances, figures, and acts, at which the masters took their degrees.

All this was in truth very fine.

Meanwhile, in all that assemblage upon which the four allegorical personages seemed to be striving which could pour out the most copious floods of metaphor, no ear was so attentive, no heart so palpitating, no eye so eager, no neck so outstretched, as were the eye, ear, neck, and heart of the author, the poet, the brave Pierre Gringoire, who a moment before had been unable to forego the satisfaction of telling his name to two pretty girls.

He had returned to the distance of a few paces from them, behind his pillar; and there it was that he listened, looked, and enjoyed. The benevolent plaudits which had greeted the opening of his prologue, were still resounding in his breast; and he was completely absorbed in that species of ecstatic contemplation with which a dramatic author marks his ideas dropping one by one from the lips of the actor, amid the silence of a crowded auditory. Happy Pierre Gringoire!

It pains us to relate it—but this first ecstasy was very soon disturbed. Scarcely had the lips of Gringoire approached this intoxicating cup of joy and triumph, be-

fore a drop of bitterness was cruelly mingled in it.

A tattered mendicant who, lost as he was among the crowd, could receive no contributions, and who, we may suppose, had not found sufficient indemnity in the pockets of his neighbors, had bethought himself of finding some conspicuous perch from which to attract the attention and the alms of the good people. Accordingly, while the first lines of the prologue were delivering, he had hoisted himself up by means of the pillars that supported the reserve estrade, to the cornice which ran along the bottom of its balustrade; and there he had seated himself, soliciting the attention and the pity of the multitude by the display of his rags, and of a hideous sore that covered his right arm. However, he did not utter a word.

The silence which he kept allowed the prologue to proceed without any distraction; and no sensible disorder would have occurred but that, as ill luck would have it, the scholar Joannes espied, from his own perch upon one of the great pillars, the beggar and his grimaces. The young wag was seized with an immoderate fit of laughter; and, regardless of the interruption to the performance, and the disturbance to the general attention, he cried out in a tone of gayety, "Look at that sham leper there asking alms!"

Any one that has ever thrown a stone into a pond full of frogs, or fired a gun among a flock of birds, may form an idea of the effect produced by these unseasonable words dropped in the midst of the universal attention fixed upon the heroes of the mystery. Gringoire started as if he had felt an electric shock. The prologue was cut short; and all heads were turned tumultuously toward the mendicant; who, far from being disconcerted, found in this incident a good opportunity of making a harvest, and began to cry out with a doleful look, half shutting his eyes, "Charity! if you please."

"Why, on my soul," cried Joannes, "it's Clopin Troillefou. Hollo! friend—so thy sore wasn't comfortable on thy leg, that thou'st put it on thy arm."

So saying he threw, with the dexterity of a monkey, a small white coin into the old greasy hat which the beggar held out with his diseased limb. The beggar received without flinching both the alms and the sarcasm, and continued in a piteous tone, "Charity! if you please."

This episode had considerably distracted the auditory; and a good many of the spectators, with Robin Poussepain and all the clerks at their head, merrily applauded this whimsical duet which had been struck up thus unexpectedly in the middle of the prologue, between the scholar with his shrill clamorous voice, and the beggar with his imperturbable drone.

Gringoire was grievously dissatisfied. Having recovered from his first stupefaction, he was tearing his lungs with crying out to the four characters on the stage, "Go on!—what the devil!—go on;" without even deigning to cast a look of disdain upon the two interrupters.

At that moment he felt some one pulling at the skirt of his coat; he turned round, not without some little ill-humor, and had much ado to smile. Nevertheless he found it necessary to do so, for it was the pretty arm of Gisquette-la-Gencienne, which, extended through the balustrade, thus solicited his attention.

"Monsieur," said the girl, "will they go on?"

"To be sure," answered Gringoire, much shocked at the question.

"Oh, then, messire," she resumed, "would you just have the courtesy to explain to me——"

"What they are going to say?" interrupted Gringoire. "Well—listen."

"No," said Gisquette, "but what they have said already."

Gringoire started as if touched to the quick. "A plague on the little stupid witless wench!" muttered he, and from that moment Gisquette was utterly ruined in his estimation.

Meanwhile the actors had obeyed his injunction; and the audience, observing that they were once more trying to make themselves heard, had again set themselves to listen—not, however, without the loss of many a poetic beauty, in the sort of soldering that had been made of the

two parts of the piece which had been so abruptly cut short. Gringoire whispered to himself this bitter reflection. However, tranquillity had been gradually restored; the scholar held his tongue, the beggar was counting some coin in his hat, and the piece had resumed its ascendency.

It was really a very fine composition, and we really think it might be turned to some account, even now, by means of a few modifications. The exposition, rather long indeed, and rather dry, was simple; and Gringoire, in the candid sanctuary of his own judgment, admired its clearness. As may well be supposed, the four allegorical personages were a little fatigued with traveling over the three known quarters of the world without finding an opportunity of suitably disposing of their golden dolphin. Hence a long eulogy upon the marvelous fish, with numberless delicate allusions to the young prince betrothed to Margaret of Flanders—which young prince was at that time in very dismal seclusion at Amboise, without the slightest suspicion that Labor and Clergé, Noblesse and Marchandise, had just been making the tour of the world on his account. The dolphin aforesaid, then, was young, was handsome, was vigorous, and above all (magnificent origin of all the royal virtues!) was son of the lion of France. "Now, I declare," says our author, "that this bold metaphor is admirable, and that dramatic natural history, on a day of allegory and of a royal epithalamium, finds nothing at all shocking in a dolphin the son of a lion. On the contrary, it is precisely those rare and pindaric mixtures that prove the poet's enthusiasm. However, to have disarmed criticism altogether, the poet might have developed this fine idea in less than two hundred lines. It is true that the mystery was to last, according to the order of monsieur the provost, from noon till four o'clock, and that it was necessary to say something. Besides, it was very patiently listened to.

All at once, just in the middle of a fine quarrel between Mademoiselle Marchandise and Madame Noblesse, at the moment when Maître Labor was pronouncing this wondrous line,

Beast more triumphant ne'er in woods I've seen,

the door of the reserved gallery, which had until then been so unseasonably shut, opened more unseasonably still, and the stentorian voice of the *huissier*, door-keeper or usher, abruptly announced, "Son Eminence Monseigneur le Cardinal de Bourbon!"

---

## CHAPTER III.

### THE CARDINAL.

Poor Gringoire! The noise of all the great double petards let off on St. John's day—the discharge of a score of cracking arquebusses — the report of that famous serpentine of the Tour de Billy, which, at the time of the siege of Paris, on Sunday, the 29th of September, 1465, killed seven Burgundians at a shot—the explosion of all the gunpowder stored up at the Temple gate—would have split his ears less violently at that solemn and dramatic moment, than those few words from the lips of an usher, "His Eminence Monseigneur le Cardinal de Bourbon."

Not that Pierre Gringoire either feared the cardinal or despised him; he was neither weak enough to do the one, nor self-sufficient enough to do the other. A true eclectic, as he would nowadays be called, Gringoire was one of those firm and elevated spirits, calm and temperate, who can preserve their composure under all circumstances—*stare in dimidio rerum*—and who are full of reason and of a liberal philosophy even while making some account of cardinals. Invaluable and uninterrupted line of philosophers—to whom wisdom, like another Ariana, seems to have given a clew, which they have gone on unwinding from the beginning of the world through the labyrinth of human affairs. They are to be found in all times, and ever the same—that is to say, ever conforming themselves to the time. And not to mention our Pierre Gringoire, who would be their representative of the fifteenth century if we could succeed in obtaining for him the distinc-

tion which he deserves, it was certainly their spirit which animated Father du Breul in the sixteenth, when writing these words of sublime simplicity, worthy of any age: "I am a Parisian by my birth-place, and a *parrhisian* by my speech; for *parrhisia* in Greek signifies liberty of speech, which liberty I have used even to messeigneurs the cardinals, uncle and brother to monseigneur the Prince of Conti, albeit with respect for their greatness, and without offending any one of their train, and that is a great deal to say."

So there was neither hatred for the cardinal, nor contempt of his presence, in the disagreeable impression which it made upon Pierre Gringoire. On the contrary, our poet had too much good sense and too threadbare a frock not to attach a particular value to the circumstance, that many an allusion in his prologue, and in particular the glorification of the dolphin, son of the lion of France, would fall upon the ear of an *éminentissime*. But interest is not the ruling motive in the noble nature of poets. Supposing the entity of a poet to be represented by the number ten, it is certain that a chemist, on analyzing and pharmacopœizing it, as Rabelais says, would find it to be composed of one part of self-interest with nine parts of self-esteem. Now, at the moment that the door opened for the entrance of his eminence, Gringoire's nine parts of self-esteem, inflated and expanded by the breath of popular admiration, were in a state of prodigious enlargement, quite overwhelming and smothering that imperceptible particle of self-interest which we just now discriminated in the constitution of poets—an invaluable ingredient, by-the-way, a ballast of reality and humanity, without which they would never touch the earth. It was enjoyment for Gringoire to see and feel that an entire assemblage (of poor creatures, it is true, but what then?) were stupefied, petrified, and asphyxiated by the immeasurable tirades which burst from every part of his epithalamium. We affirm that he himself shared the general beatitude; and that, quite the reverse of La Fontaine, who, at the performance of his play of "The Florentine," asked, "What poor wretch has written that rhapsody?" Gringoire would willingly have asked the person nearest to him, "Whose masterpiece is this?" Hence it may be supposed what sort of effect was produced upon him by the sudden and untimely arrival of the cardinal.

All his fears were but too fully realized. His eminence's entrance threw the whole auditory into motion. All eyes were turned toward the estrade, and there was a general buzz: "The cardinal! the cardinal!" repeated every tongue. The unfortunate prologue was cut short a second time.

The cardinal stopped a moment upon the threshold of the gallery; and while casting his eyes with great indifference over the assemblage, the tumult redoubled. Everybody wanted to obtain a better view of him, each one stretching his neck over his neighbor's shoulder.

He was in truth an exalted personage, the sight of whom was worth almost any other spectacle. Charles, Cardinal de Bourbon, Archbishop and Count of Lyons, and Primate of Gaul, was allied both to Louis XI., through his brother Pierre, Seigneur of Beaujeu, who had espoused the king's eldest daughter, and at the same time to the Burgundian duke, Charles-le-Téméraire, through his mother Agnes of Burgundy. Now, the ruling, the characteristic, the distinctive feature in the character of the Primate of Gaul, was his courtier-like spirit and his devotedness to power. Hence, it may well be supposed in what numberless perplexities this double relationship had involved him, and among how many temporal shoals his spiritual bark must have tacked about, to have escaped foundering either upon Louis or upon Charles, the Charybdis and the Scylla which had swallowed up the Duke of Nemours and the Constable of Saint-Pol. However, Heaven be praised! he had got happily through his voyage, and had reached Rome without any cross accident. But although he was now in port—and indeed, precisely because he was in port—he never recollected, without a feeling of uneasiness, the various chances of his political life, which had so long been perilous and laborious. So, also, he used

to say, that the year 1476 had been to him both a black and white year; meaning thereby that he had lost in that one year his mother, the Duchess of Bourbonnais, and his cousin, the Duke of Burgundy, and that one mourning had consoled him for the other.

However, he was a very worthy man; he led a joyous cardinal's life; was wont to make merry with wine of the royal vintage of Challuau; had no dislike to Richarde-la Gamoise and Thomasse-la-Saillarde; gave alms to pretty girls in preference to old women; and for all these reasons was in great favor with the good people of Paris. He always went surrounded by a little court of bishops and abbots of high lineage, gallant, jovial, and fond of good eating; and more than once had the good devotees of Saint Germain d'Auxerre, in passing at night under the windows of the Hôtel de Bourbon, all blazing with light, been scandalized by hearing the same voices which had been singing vespers to them in the daytime, striking up, to the sound of glasses, the bacchanalian sentiment of Benedict XII., the pope who had added a third crown to to the tiara—*Bisbamus papaliter*.

No doubt it was this popularity, so justly acquired, which preserved him at his entrance from anything like ill reception on the part of the crowd, who a few moments before had been so dissatisfied, and so little disposed to pay respect to a cardinal, even on the day when they were going to elect a pope. But the Parisians bear little malice; and besides, by making the performance begin of their own authority, the good citizens had had the better of the cardinal, and this triumph satisfied them. Moreover, Monsieur le Cardinal de Bourbon was a handsome man—he had on a very handsome scarlet gown, which he wore in excellent style—which is as much as to say, that he had in his favor all the women, and, consequently, the better part of the audience. Certainly it would be both injustice and bad taste, to hoot a cardinal for being too late at the play, when he is a handsome man, and wears handsomely his scarlet robe.

He entered, then; saluted the company with that hereditary smile which the great have always in readiness for the people; and stepped slowly towards the *fauteuil* or state chair of scarlet velvet placed for his reception; looking as if some other matter occupied his mind. His train—what a Frenchman might now call his staff—of bishops and abbots, issued after him upon the estrade, not without exciting redoubled tumult and curiosity among the spectators below. All were busied in pointing them out, or in telling their names, each one striving to show that he knew at least some one of them; some pointing to the Bishop of Marseilles (Alaudet, if we remember right); some to the *Primicier* of Dean of St. Denis; others to Robert de Lespinasse, Abbot of the great neighboring monastery of Saint-Germain-des-Près, the libertine brother of a mistress of Louis XI.—all their names being repeated with a thousand mistakes and mispronunciations. As for the scholars, they swore. It was their own day—their feast of fools—their saturnalia—the annual orgies of the *basoche* and the *école*. No turpitude but was a matter of right, to be held sacred that day. And then there were mad gossips among the growd—Simone Quatre-livres, Agnès-la-Gadine, Robine Piédebou. Was it not the least that could be expected, that they should swear at their ease, and profane God's name a little, on such a day as that, in such good company with churchmen and courtezans? And accordingly, they made no mincing of the matter; but amidst the uproarious applause a frightful din of blasphemies and enormities proceeded from all those tongues let loose, those tongues of clerks and scholars, tied up all the rest of the year by the fear of St. Louis's branding-iron. Poor St. Louis! how did they banter him in his own Palais de Justice! Each one of them had singled out among the newly-arrived company some one of the cassocks, black, gray, white, or violet. As for Joannes Frollo de Molendino, and his being brother to an arch-deacon, it was the red robe that he audaciously assailed, singing out as loud as he could bawl, and fixing his shameless eyes upon the cardinal, "*Cappa repleta mero!*"

All these particulars, which are thus clearly detailed for the reader's edification, were so completely drowned in the general hum of the multitude, that they were lost before they could reach the reserved gallery; though, indeed, the cardinal would have been little moved by them; so intimately did the license of the day belong to the manners of the age. He had something else to think of, which pre-occupation appeared in his countenance—another cause of solicitude, which followed closely behind him and made its appearance in the gallery almost at the same time as himself. This was the Flemish embassy.

Not that he was a profound politician, or concerned himself about the possible consequences of the marriage of madame, his cousin, Margaret of Burgundy, with monsieur, his cousin, Charles, Dauphin of Vienne—nor how long the patched-up reconciliation between the Duke of Austria and the French King might endure—nor how the King of England would receive this slight toward his daughter. All that gave him little anxiety; and he did honor every night to the wine of the royal vineyard of Chaillot without ever suspecting that a few flasks of that same wine, revised and corrected a little by the physician Coictier, and cordially presented to Edward IV. by Louis XI., might possibly, some fine morning, rid Louis XI. of Edward IV. *La moult honorée ambassade de Monsieur le Duc d'Autriche* brought none of these cares to the Cardinal's mind, but annoyed him in another respect. It was, in truth, rather too bad, and we have already said a word or two about it in the first pages of this volume, that he should be obliged to give good reception and entertainment—he, Charles de Bourbon—to obscure burghers; he, a cardinal, to a pack of scurvy échevins—he, a Frenchman and a connoisseur in good living, to Flemish beer-drinkers—and in public too! Certes, it was one of the most irksome parts he had ever gone through for the *bon plaisir* of the king.

However, he had so perfectly studied it, that he turned toward the door with the best grace in the world, when the usher announced in a sonorous voice, "Messieurs the Envoys of the Duke of Austria!" It is needless to say that the whole hall did likewise.

Then appeared, two by two, with a gravity which strongly contrasted with the flippant air of the cardinal's ecclesiastical train, the forty-eight ambassadors from Maximilian of Austria, having at their head the reverend father in God, Jehan, Abbott of Saint-Bertin, chancellor of the Golden Fleece, and Jacques de Goy, Sieur Dauby, high bailiff of Ghent. A deep silence now took place in the assemblage, a general titter being suppressed, in order to listen to all the uncouth names and mercantile additions which each one of these personages transmitted with imperturbable gravity to the usher, who then gave out their names and callings, pell-mell and with all sorts of mutilations, to the crowd below. They were Maitre Loys Roelof, échevin of the town of Louvain; Messire Clays d'Etuelde, échevin of Brussels; Messire Paul de Baeust, sieur of Voirmizelle, president of Flanders; Maitre Jehan Coleghens, burgomaster of the city of Antwerp; Maitre George de la Moere, principal échvin of of the *kuere* of the city of Ghent; Maitre Gheldolf vander Hage, principal échevin of the *parchons* of the said city; and the Sieur de Bierbecque, and Jehan Pinnock, and Jehan Dimaerzelle, etc., etc., etc., bailiffs, échevins, and burgomasters—burgomasters, échevins, and bailiffs—all stiff, sturdy, drawn-up figures, dressed out in velvet and damask, and hooded with black velvet *cramignoles* decorated with great tufts of gold thread of Cyprus—good Flemish heads after all, with severe and respectable countenances, akin to those which Rembrandt has made stand out with such force and gravity from the dark background of his picture of "Going the rounds at night"—personages on every one of whose foreheads it was written, that Maximilian of Austria had done right in "confiding to the full," as his manifesto expressed it, "in their sense, valor, experience, loyalty, and good endowments."

There was one exception, however, to

this description; it was a subtle, intelligent, crafty-looking face—a sort of mixture of the monkey and the diplomatist—to whom the cardinal made three steps in advance and a low bow, but who, nevertheless, was called simply Guillaume or William Rym, counselor and pensionary of the town of Ghent.

Few persons at the time knew anything about Guillaume Rym—a rare genius, who, in a time of revolution, would have appeared with *éclat* on the surface of events; but who, in the fifteenth century, was confined to the practice of covert intrigue and to "live in the mines," as the Duke de Saint-Simon expresses it. However, he was appreciated by the first "miner" in Europe—he was familiarly associated in the secret operations of Louis XI.—all which was perfectly unknown to this multitude, who were amazed at the cardinal's politeness to that sorry-looking Flemish bailiff.

## CHAPTER IV.

### MASTER JACQUES COPPENOLE.

WHILE the pensionary of Ghent and his eminence were exchanging a very low bow, and a few words in a tone still lower, a man of lofty stature, large-featured, and broad-shouldered, presented himself to enter abreast with Guillaume Rym, looking something like a mastiff dog by the side of a fox. His bicoquet of felt and his leathern jerkin were oddly conspicuous amidst the velvet and silk that surrounded him. Presuming it to be some groom who knew not whither he was going, the usher stopped him with "Hold, friend! you can't pass here."

The man of the leathern jerkin shouldered him aside. "What would this fellow with me?" said he, in a thundering voice, which drew the attention of the whole hall to this strange colloquy. "Seest thou not I'm one of them?"

"Your name?" demanded the usher.

"Jacques Coppenole."

"Your description?"

"A hosier, at the sign of the Three Chains at Ghent."

The usher shrank back. To announce échevins and burgomasters might indeed be endured—but a hosier!—it was rather too bad. The cardinal was upon thorns. All the people were looking and listening. For two days his eminence had been doing his utmost to lick these Flemish bears into rather more presentable shape, and this freak was too much for him. Meanwhile Guillaume Rym, with his cunning smile, went up to the usher: "Announce Maître Jacques Coppenole, clerk to the échevins of the city of Ghent," said he to the officer in a very low whisper.

"Usher," then said the cardinal aloud, "announce Maître Jacques Coppenole, clerk to the échevins of the illustrious city of Ghent."

This was an error. Guillaume Rym, by himself, would have snatched the difficulty out of the way; but Coppenole had heard the cardinal's direction. "No! *Croix-Dieu!*" he cried, with his voice of thunder: "Jacques Coppenole, hosier. Dost thou hear, usher? Neither more nor less. Croix-Dieu! a hosier—that's fine enough. Monsieur the archduke has more than once looked for his *gant* in my hose."

This play upon the word *gant*, a glove, pronounced exactly alike *Gand* or *Ghent*, the great manufacturing town in Flanders, occasioned a burst of laughter and applause from the people below.

We must add that Coppenole was one of the people, and that the auditory around him were of the people also; so that the communication between them and him had been quick, electric, and, as it were, on equal footing. This lofty air which the Flemish hosier gave himself, by humbling the courtiers, had stirred in the plebeian breasts a certain latent feeling of dignity, which, in the fifteenth century, was as yet vague and undefined. They beheld one of their equals in this hosier, who had just borne himself so sturdily before the cardinal—a welcome reflection to poor devils accustomed to pay respect and obedience to the servants of the sergeants of the bailiff of the abbot of Sainte-Geneviève, the cardinal's train-bearer.

Coppenole made a stiff bow to his eminence, who returned the salute of the all-powerful burgher, formidable to Louis XI. Then, while Guillaume Rym *sage homme et malicieux*, as Philippe de Comines expresses it, followed them both with a smile of raillery and superiority, they moved each to his place—the cardinal thoughtful and out of countenance — Coppenole quite at his ease, thinking, no doubt, that, after all, his title of hosier was as good as any other, and that Mary of Burgundy, mother of that Margaret for whose marriage he was now treating, would have feared him less as a cardinal than as a hosier, for no cardinal would have stirred up the people of Ghent against the favorites of the daughter of Charles the Rash; nor could any cardinal, by a single word, have fortified the multitude against her tears and prayers, when the Lady of Flanders came and supplicated her people on their behalf, even to the foot of their scaffold, while the hosier had only had to raise his leathern elbow to cause both your heads to be struck off, most illustrious seigneurs, Guy d'Hymbercourt and Chancellor Guillaume Hugonet.

Yet the poor cardinal had not gone through all his penance; he was doomed to drain the cup of being in such bad company, even to the dregs.

The reader has doubtless not forgotten the audacious mendicant, who at the time of the commencement of the prologue, had climbed up to the fringes of the gallery reserved for the cardinal. The arrival of the illustrious guests had not in the least disturbed him; and while the prelates and the ambassadors were barreling themselves up like real Flemish herrings within the narrow compass of the gallery, he had put himself quite at his ease, with his legs bravely crossed upon the architrave. This piece of insolence was extraordinary; yet nobody had remarked it at the first moment, every one's attention being fixed elsewhere. He, for his part, took notice of nothing in the hall; he was moving his head backward and forward with the unconcern of a Neapolitan, repeating, from time to time, amidst the general hum, and as if by a mechanical habit, "Charity, if you please!" and indeed, among all present, he was probably the only one who would not have deigned to turn his head on hearing the altercation between Coppenole and the usher. Now it so chanced that his hosiership of Ghent, with whom the people already so warmly sympathized, and upon whom all eyes were fixed, went and seated himself in the front line of the gallery, just over the place where the beggar was sitting; and it excited no small astonishment to see the Flemish ambassador, after scrutinizing the fellow beneath him, give him a friendly slap upon his ragged shoulder. The beggar turned round. Surprise, mutual recognition, and kindly gratulation, were visible in both faces; then, without giving themselves the slightest concern about the spectators, the hosier and the leper fell into conversation in a low voice, holding each other by the hand; while the tattered arm of Clopin Trouillefou, displayed at length upon the cloth of gold that decorated the gallery, had somewhat the appearance of a caterpillar upon an orange.

The novelty of this singular scene excited such noisy mirth among the crowd, that the cardinal quickly remarked it: he leaned gently aside; and as, from the point where he was situated, he caught only an imperfect glimpse of Trouillefou's ignominious garment, he exclaimed, "Monsieur the bailiff of the Palace, throw me that fellow into the river."

"Croix-Dieu! monseigneur le cardinal," said Coppenole, without leaving hold of Clopin's hand, "this is one of my friends."

"Noël! Noël!" cried the mob. And from that moment Maître Coppenole was at Paris, as at Ghent, "in great favor with the people; for men of great stature are so," says Philippe de Comines, "when they are thus disorderly."

The cardinal bit his lip. He leaned toward the Abbot of Sainte Geneviève, who sat next him, and said in a half-whisper: "Pretty ambassadors, truly, monsieur the archduke sends us to announce the Lady Margaret."

"Your eminence's politeness," returned the abbot, "is thrown away upon these Flemish grunters—*Margaritas ante porcus.*"

"Say rather," rejoined the cardinal, smiling, "*porcus ante Margaritam.*"

The whole of the little court of churchmen were in ecstasy at this *jeu de mot.* The cardinal felt a little relieved. He was now even with Coppenole, for he too had had his pun applauded.

And now, such of our readers as have the power of generalizing an image or an idea, as we say nowadays, will permit us to ask them whether they figure to themselves quite clearly the spectacle presented, at the moment at which we give this pause to their attention, by the vast parallelogram of the great hall of the Palais.

In the middle of the western side is a spacious and magnificent gallery, with drapery of gold brocade, which is entered, in procession, through a small Gothic doorway, by a series of grave-looking personages, announced successively by the clamorous voice of the usher; while on the first benches are already seated a number of reverend figures wrapped in velvet, ermine, and scarlet cloth. Below and all about this gallery, which remains still and stately —below, in front, and around, are a great multitude and a great hum of voices. A thousand looks are cast from the crowd upon every face in the gallery—a thousand muttered repetitions are made of every name. The spectacle is indeed curious and well worthy the attention of the spectators. But, at the same time, what is that down there, quite at the extremity of the hall—that sort of mountebank stage, with four puppets in motley upon it, and four others below? And at one side of the stage, who is that white-faced man in a long black coat? Alas! dear reader, it is Pierre Gringoire with his prologue.

We had all utterly forgotten him; and that is just what he had apprehended.

From the moment at which the cardinal entered, Gringoire had been incessantly exerting himself for the salvation of his prologue. He had first of all enjoined the actors to proceed, and elevate their voices; then, finding that no one listened, he had stopped them; and for nearly a quarter of an hour during which the interruption had continued, he had been constantly beating with his foot and gesticulating, calling upon Gisquette and Liénarde, and urging those near him to have the prologue proceeded with—but all in vain. No one could be turned aside from the cardinal, the embassy, and the gallery—the sole center of that vast circle of visual rays. It is also credible, we regret to say it, that the prologue was beginning to be a little tiresome to the auditory at the moment that his eminence's arrival had made so terrible a distraction. And after all, in the gallery itself, as on the marble table, it was still in fact the same spectacle—the conflict of Labor with Clergé, of Noblesse with Marchandise; and many people liked better to see them in downright reality, living, breathing, acting, elbowing one another in plain flesh and blood, in that Flemish embassy, in that episcopal court, under the cardinal's robe, under Coppenole's jerkin, than tricked out, painted, talked in verse, and packed up, as it were, in straw, under the yellow and white gowns in which Gringoire had muffled them.

Nevertheless, when our poet saw tranquillity a little restored, he bethought himself of a stratagem which might have saved the performance.

"Monsieur," said he, turning to one of the persons nearest him, of fair round figure, with a patient-looking countenance, "suppose they were to begin again?"

"Begin what?" said the man.

"Why, the mystery," said Gringoire.

"Just as you please," returned the other.

This demi-approbation was enough for Gringoire, and taking the affair into his own hands, he began to call out, confounding himself at the same time as much as possible with the multitude. "Begin the mystery again!—begin again!"

"The devil!" said Joannes de Molendino; "what is it they're singing out at yon end?" for Gringoire made as much noise as four people. "Tell me, comrades, isn't the mystery finished? They want to begin it again; that's not fair."

"No! no!" cried all the scholars together, "down with the mystery!—down with it!"

But Gringoire only multiplied himself the more, and cried out the louder—"Begin again!—begin again!"

These clamors attracted the attention of the cardinal. "Monsieur the bailiff of the Palais," said he to a tall, dark man standing a few paces from him, "what possesses those fellows that they make that infernal noise?"

The bailiff of the Palais was a kind of amphibious magistrate, a sort of bat of the judicial order, a sort of compound of the rat and the bird, of the judge and the soldier. He approached his eminence, and with no small apprehension of his displeasure, he stammered out to him an explanation of the people's refractoriness—that noon had arrived before his eminence, and that the players had been forced to begin without waiting for his eminence.

The cardinal laughed aloud. "I'faith," said he, "monsieur the rector of the University should e'en have done likewise. What say you, Maître Guillaume Rym?"

"Monseigneur," answered Rym, "let us be satisfied with having escaped one-half of the play. 'Tis so much gained, at any rate."

"May those rogues go on with their farce?" asked the bailiff.

"Go on—go on," said the cardinal, "'tis all the same to me; I will be reading my breviary the while."

The bailiff advanced to the edge of the gallery, and called out, after procuring silence by a motion of his hand—"Townsmen! householders! and inhabitants!—to satisfy those who desire the play to begin again, and those who desire it to finish, his eminence orders that it shall go on."

Thus both parties were obliged to yield, although both the author and the auditors long bore a grudge on this score against the cardinal. The characters on the stage accordingly took up their text where they had laid it down; and Gringoire hoped that at least the remainder of his composition would be listened to. This hope, however, was soon dispelled, like the rest of his illusions. Silence had indeed been somehow or other restored in the auditory; but Gringoire had not observed that, at the moment when the cardinal had given his order for the continuance of the play, the gallery was far from being full, and that subsequently to the arrival of the Flemish envoys, there were come other persons forming part of the cardinal's train, whose names and descriptions, thrown out in the midst of his dialogue by the intermitted bawling of the usher, made considerable ravage in it. Only imagine, indeed, in the midst of a dramatic piece, the yelp of a doorkeeper, throwing in, between the two lines of a couplet, and often between the first half of a line and the last, such parentheses as these:

"Maître Jacques Charmolue, king's attorney in the ecclesiastical court!"

"Jehan de Harlay, esquire, keeper of the office of horseman of the night-watch of the town of Paris!"

"Messire Galiot de Genoilhac, knight, seigneur of Brussac, master of the king's artillery!"

"Maître Dreux-Raguier, commissioner of our lord the king's waters and forests in the domains of France, Champagne, and Brie!"

"Messire Louis de Graville, knight, councillor, and chamberlain to the king, admiral of France, keeper of the Bois de Vincennes!"

"Maître Denis le Mercier, keeper of the house of the blind at Paris!" etc., etc., etc.

This became insupportable. All this strange accompaniment, which made it difficult to follow the tenor of the piece, was the more provoking to Gringoire, as he could not disguise from himself that the interest was going on increasing, and that nothing was wanting to his composition but to be listened to. It was, indeed, difficult to imagine a plot more ingeniously or dramatically woven. While the four personages of the prologue were bewailing their hopeless perplexity, Venus in person —*vera incessu patuit dea*—had presented herself before them, clad in a fine cottehardie, having blazoned fair upon its front the ship displayed on the old city escutcheon of Paris. She was come to claim for herself the dolphin promised to the most beautiful. She was supported by Jupiter, whose thunder was heard to rumble in the dressing-room; and the goddess was about to bear away the prize—that is, in plain terms, to espouse monsieur the dauphin—

when a little girl dressed in white damask, and carrying a marguerite or daisy in her hand, a lucid personification of the Lady of Flanders, had come to contend with Venus. Here were at once *coup-de-théâtre* and preparation for the catastrophe. After a proper dispute, Venus, Margaret, and those behind the scenes, had agreed to refer the matter to the award of the Holy Virgin. There was another fine part, that of Don Pedro, King of Mesopotamia; but amid so many interruptions it was difficult to discover what was his share of the action. All these personages climbed up the ladder to the stage.

But it was all over with the play; not one of these beauties was felt or understood. It seemed as if, at the cardinal's entrance, some invisible and magical thread had suddenly drawn away every look from the marble table to the gallery, from the southern extremity of the hall to its western side. Nothing could disenchant the auditory; all eyes remained fixed in that direction; and the persons who successively arrived on that side, with their cursed names, and their faces, and their dresses, made a continual diversion. The case was desperate. Except Gisquette and Liénarde, who turned aside from time to time when Gringoire pulled them by the sleeve—except the lusty patient man that stood near him—no one listened to, no one looked at, the poor abandoned morality. Gringoire could see in the faces of the auditory nothing but profiles.

With what bitterness did he see all his fabric of poetry and of glory thus falling to pieces! Only to think that this multitude had been on the point of rebelling against monsieur the bailiff through their impatience to hear his composition: and now that they had it, they cared nothing about it—that same performance which had begun amid such unanimous acclamation! Everlasting ebb and flow of the popular favor! Only to think, that they had been near hanging the bailiff's sergeants!—what would he not have given to have recalled that blissful moment! However, the usher's brutal monologue ceased at length; everybody had arrived: so that Gringoire took breath; and the actors were going on bravely, when all at once Maître Coppenole, the hosier, got upon his legs, and Gringoire heard him deliver, in the midst of the universal attention to his piece, this abominable harangue:

"Messieurs the bourgeois and hobereaux of Paris—Croix-Dieu! I know not what we're doing here. I do indeed see, down in that corner, upon that stage, some people who look as if they wanted to fight. I know not whether that be what you call a mystery; but I do know it's not amusing. They belabor one another with their tongues, but that's all. For this quarter of an hour I've been waiting to see the first blow—but nothing comes—they're cowards, and maul one another only with foul words. You should have had boxers from London or Rotterdam; and then indeed we should have had hard knocks, which you might have heard the length of this hall—but those creatures there are quite pitiful. They should at least give us a morris-dance or some other piece of mummery. This is not what I was told it was to be—I'd been promised a feast of fools with an election of a pope. We at Ghent, too, have our fools' pope; and in that, Croix-Dieu! we're behind nobody. But we do thus:—a mob gets together, as here for instance; then each in his turn goes and puts his head through a hole and makes faces at the others; he that makes the ugliest face according to general acclamation, is chosen pope. That's our way, and it's very diverting. Shall we make your pope after the fashion of my country? At any rate it will not be so tiresome as listening to those babblers. If they've a mind to come and try their hands at face-making, they shall have their turn. What say you, my masters? Here's a droll sample enough of both sexes to give us a right hearty Flemish laugh, and we can show ugly phizzes enow to give us hopes of a fine grinning match."

Gringoire would fain have replied, but amazement, resentment, and indignation deprived him of utterance. Besides, the motion made by the popular hosier was received with such enthusiasm by those

townsfolk flattered at being called hobereaux (a term in that day somewhat approaching to a gentleman as now used in England in addressing a mixed multitude, though in this day it is no longer used complimentarily), that all resistance would have been unavailing. All that could now be done was to go with the stream. Gringoire hid his face with both his hands, not being so fortunate as to possess a mantle wherewith to veil his countenance like the Agamemnon of Timanthes.

## CHAPTER V.

### QUASIMODO, THE HUNCHBACK.

In the twinkling of an eye, everything was ready for putting Coppenole's idea into execution. Townspeople, scholars, and basochians had all set themselves to work. The small chapel, situated opposite to the marble table, was fixed upon to be the scene of the grinning match. The glass being broken out of one the divisions of the pretty rose-shaped window over the door-way, left open a circle of stone through which it was agreed that the candidates should pass their heads. To get up to it they had only to climb upon two casks which had been laid hold of somewhere or other, and set one upon another just as it happened. It was settled that each candidate, whether man or woman (for they might make a she-pope), in order to leave fresh and entire the impression of their grin, should cover their face and keep themselves unseen in the chapel until the moment of making their appearance at the hole. In a moment the chapel was filled with competitors, and the door was closed upon them.

Coppenole, from his place in the gallery, ordered everything, directed everything, arranged everything. During the noisy applause that followed his proposal, the cardinal, no less out of countenance than Gringoire himself, had, on pretext of business, and of the hour of vespers, retired with all his suite; while the crowd, among whom his arrival had caused so strong a sensation, seemed not to be in the slightest degree interested by his departure. Guillaume Rym was the only one who remarked the discomfiture of his eminence. The popular attention, like the sun, pursued its revolution; after setting out at one end of the hall, it had stayed for awhile at the middle of it, and was now at the other end. The marble table, the brocaded gallery, had each had its season of interest; and it was now the turn of Louis XI.'s chapel. The field was henceforward clear for every sort of extravagance; the Flemings and the mob had it all to themselves.

The grinning commenced. The first face that appeared at the hole, with eyelids turned up with red, a mouth gaping like the swallow of an ox, and a forehead wrinkled in large folds like our hussar boots in the time of the Empire, excited such an inextinguishable burst of laughter, that Homer would have taken all those boors for gods. Nevertheless the Grand Salle was anything but an Olympus, as no one could better testify than Gringoire's own poor Jupiter. A second face, and a third, succeeded—then another—then another—the spectators each time laughing and stamping with their feet with redoubled violence. There was in this spectacle a certain peculiar whirling of the brain—a certain power of intoxication and fascination—of which it is difficult to give an idea to the reader of the present day, and the frequenter of our modern drawing-rooms. Imagine a series of visages, presenting in succession every geometrical figure, from the triangle to the trapezium, from the cone to the polyhedron—every human expression, from that of anger to that of lust—every age, from the wrinkles of the new-born infant to those of extreme old age—every religious phantasm, from Faunus to Beelzebub—every animal profile, from the jowl to the beak, from the snout to the muzzle. Figure to yourself all the grotesque heads carved on the Pont-Neuf, those nightmares petrified under the hand of Germain Pilon, taking life and breath, and coming one after another to look you in the face with flaming eyes—all the masks of a Venetian carnival passing successively before your eyeglass—in short, a sort of human kaleidoscope.

The orgie became more and more Flemish. Teniers himself would have given but a very imperfect idea of it. Imagine, if you can, the "battle" of Salvator Rosa bacchanalized. There was no longer any distinction of scholars, ambassadors, townspeople, men, or women. There was now neither Clopin Trouillefou, nor Giles Lecornu, nor Marie Quatre-Livres, nor Robin Poussepain. All was confounded in the common license. The Grande Salle had become, as it were, one vast furnace of audacity and joviality, in which every mouth was a shout, every eye a flash, every face a grin, every figure a gesticulation—all was bellowing and roaring. The strange visages that came one after another to grind their teeth at the broken window, were like so many fresh brands cast upon the fire; and from all that effervescent multitude there escaped, as the exhalation of the furnace, a humming noise, like the buzzing of the wings of ten thousand gnats.

"Curse me," cries one, "if ever I saw anything like that."

"Only look at that phiz," cries another.

"It's good for nothing."

"Let's have another."

"Guillemette Maugerepuis, just look at that pretty bull's head—it wants nothing but horns. It can't be thy husband."

"Here comes another."

"Bless the pope! what sort of a grin's that?"

"Hollo! that's not fair. You must show nothing but your face."

"That devil, Perette Calebotte! That must be one of her tricks."

"Noël! noël!"

"Oh! I'm smothered!"

"There's one that can't get his ears through"—etc., etc.

We must, however, do justice to our friend Jehan. In the midst of this infernal revel, he was still to be seen at the top of his pillar like a ship-boy on a top-sail. He was exerting himself with incredible fury. His mouth was wide open, and there issued from it a cry which, however, was not audible—not that it was drowned by the general clamor, all intense as that was—but because, no doubt, it attained the utmost limit of perceptible sharp sounds, of the twelve thousand vibrations of Sauveur, or the eight thousand of Biot.

As for Gringoire—as soon as the first moment of depression was over, he had resumed his self-possession. He had hardened himself against adversity. "Go on," he had said for the third time to his players—"go on, you talking machines," then pacing with great strides before the marble table, he felt some temptation to go and take his turn at the hole in the chapel-window, if only to have the pleasure of making faces at the ungrateful people. "But no—that would be unworthy of us—no revenge—let us struggle to the last," muttered he to himself—"the power of poetry over the people is great—I will bring them back. We will see which of the two shall prevail—grinning, or the belles-lettres."

Alas! he was left the sole spectator of his piece.

This was worse than before; for instead of profiles, he now saw nothing but backs.

We mistake. The big, patient man whom he had already consulted at one critical moment had remained with his face toward the stage; as for Gisquette and Liénarde, they had deserted long ago.

Gringoire was touched to the soul by the fidelity of his only remaining spectator; he went up to and accosted him, giving him at the same time a slight shake of the arm, for the good man had leaned himself against the balustrade, and was taking a gentle nap.

"Monsieur," said Gringoire, "I thank you."

"Monsieur," answered the big man with a yawn, "what for?"

"I see what annoys you," returned the poet; "all that noise prevents you from hearing as you could wish; but make yourself easy—your name shall go down to posterity. Will you please to favor me with your name?"

"Renauld Château, seal-keeper of the Châtelet of Paris, at your service."

"Monsieur," said Gringoire, "you are here the sole representative of the Muses."

"You are too polite, monsieur," answered the seal-keeper of the Châtelet.

"You are the only one," continued Gringoire, "who has given suitable attention to the piece. What do you think of it?"

"Why — why," returned the portly magistrate, but half awake—"it's very diverting indeed."

Gringoire was obliged to content himself with this eulogy; for a thunder of applause, mingled with a prodigious exclamation, cut short their conversation. The fool's pope was at last elected.

"Noël! noël! noël!" cried the people from all sides.

It was indeed a miraculous grin that now beamed through the circular aperture. After all the figures, pentagonal, hexagonal, and heteroclite, which had succeeded each other at the round hole, without realizing that idea of the grotesque which had formed itself in the imagination of the people excited by the orgie, it required nothing less to gain their suffrages than the sublime grin which had just dazzled the assemblage. Maître Coppenole himself applauded; and Clopin Trouillefou, who had been a candidate (and God knows his visage could attain an intensity of ugliness) acknowledged himself to be outdone. We shall do likewise. We shall not attempt to give the reader an idea of that tetrahedron nose — that horse-shoe mouth—that small left eye overshadowed by a red bushy brow, while the right eye disappeared entirely under an enormous wart — of those straggling teeth with breaches here and there like the battlements of a fortress—of that horny lip, over which one of those teeth projected like the tusk of an elephant — of that forked chin—and, above all, of the expression diffused over the whole—that mixture of malice, astonishment, and melancholy. Let the reader, if he can, figure to himself this combination.

The acclamation was unanimous; the crowd rushed toward the chapel, and the blessed pope of the fools was led out in triumph. And now the surprise and admiration of the people rose still higher, for they found the wondrous grin to be nothing but his ordinary face.

Or rather, his whole person was a grimace. His large head, all bristling with red hair—between his shoulders an enormous hump, to which he had a corresponding projection in front—a framework of thighs and legs, so strangely gone astray that they could touch one another only at the knees, and when viewed in front, looked like two pairs of sickles brought together at the handles—sprawling feet—monstrous hands—and yet, with all that deformity, a certain gait denoting formidable vigor, agility and courage—a strange exception to the everlasting rule which prescribes that strength, like beauty, shall result from harmony. Such was the pope whom the fools had just chosen. He looked like a giant that had been broken and awkwardly mended.

When this sort of cyclop appeared on the threshold of the chapel, motionless, squat, and almost as broad as he was high—squared by the base, as a great man has expressed it—the populace, by his coat half red and half violet, figured over with little silver bells, and still more by the perfection of his ugliness—the populace recognized him at once, and exclaimed with one voice: "It's Quasimodo the ringer! It's Quasimodo the hunchback of Notre-Dame! Quasimodo the one-eyed! Quasimodo the bandy-legged! Noël! noël!" The poor devil, it seems, had a choice of surnames.

"All ye pregnant women get out of the way!" cried the scholars.

"And all that want to be so," added Joannes.

The women, in fact, hid their faces.

"Oh, the horrid baboon!" said one.

"As mischievous as he's ugly," added another.

"It's the devil!" cried a third.

"I've the misfortune to live near Notre-Dame; and at night I hear him scrambling in the gutter."

"With the cats."

"He's constantly upon our roofs."

"He's cast spells at us down the chimneys."

"The other night he came and grinned at me through my attic window. I thought it was a man. I was in such a fright!"

"I'm sure he goes to meet the witches

— he once left a broomstick on my leads."

"Oh, the shocking face of the hunchback!"

"Oh, the horrid creature!"

The men, on the contrary, were delighted, and made great applause.

Quasimodo, the object of the tumult, kept standing in the doorway of the chapel, gloomy and grave, letting himself be admired.

One of the scholars (Robin Poussepain, we believe) came and laughed in his face, rather too near him. Quasimodo quietly took him by the waist and threw him half-a-score yards off among the crowd, without uttering a word.

Maître Coppenole, wondering, now went up to him. "Croix-Dieu! Holy Father! why, thou hast the prettiest ugliness I ever saw in my life! Thou wouldst deserve to be pope at Rome as well as at Paris."

So saying, he clapped his hand merrily upon the other's shoulder. Quasimodo stirred not an inch. Coppenole continued: "Thou art a fellow whom I long to feast with, though it should cost me a new douzain of twelve livres tournois. What say'st thou to it?"

Quasimodo made no answer.

"Croix-Dieu!" cried the hosier, "art thou deaf?"

He was indeed deaf.

However, he began to be impatient at Coppenole's motions, and he all at once turned toward him with so formidable a grinding of his teeth, that the Flemish giant recoiled like a bull-dog before a cat.

A circle of terror and respect was thne made round the strange personage, the radius of which was at least fifteen geometrical paces. And an old woman explained to Maître Coppenole that Quasimodo was deaf.

"Deaf?" cried the hosier, with his boisterous Flemish laugh. "Croix-Dieu! then he's a pope complete!"

"Ha! I know him," cried Jehan, who was at last come down from his capital to have a nearer look at the new pope: "it's my brother the archdeacon's ringer. Good-day to you, Quasimodo."

"What a devil of a man," said Robin Poussepain, who was all bruised with his fall. "He shows himself—and you see he's a hunchback. He walks—and you see he's bow-legged. He looks at you—and you see he's short of an eye. You talk to him—and you find he's deaf. Why, what does the Polyphemus do with his tongue?"

"He talks when he likes," said the old woman. "He's lost his hearing with ringing the bells. He's not dumb."

"No—he's that perfection short," observed Jehan.

"And he's an eye too many," added Robin Poussepain.

"No, no," said Jehan, judiciously; "a one-eyed man is much more incomplete than a blind man, for he knows what it is that's wanting."

Meanwhile, all the beggars, all the lackeys, all the cut-purses, together with the scholars, had gone in procession to fetch from the wardrobe of the basoche, the pasteboard tiara and the mock robe appropriated to the Fools' Pope. Quasimodo allowed himself to be arrayed in them without a frown, and with a sort of proud docility. They then seated him upon a parti-colored chair. Twelve officers of the brotherhood of Fools, laying hold of the poles that were attached to it, hoisted him upon their shoulders; and a sort of bitter and disdainful joy seemed to spread itself over the sullen face of the cyclops when he beheld under his deformed feet all those heads of good-looking and well-shaped men. Then the whole bawling and tattered procession set out to make, according to custom, the internal circuit of the galleries of the Palais, before parading through the streets.

---

## CHAPTER VI.

### ESMERALDA.

We are delighted to have to inform our readers that during all this scene Gringoire and his piece had held out. His actors, goaded on by himself, had not dis-

continued the enacting of his play, nor had he ceased to listen to it; he had taken his part in the uproar, and was determined to go to the end, not despairing of a return of public attention. This gleam of hope revived when he saw Quasimodo, Coppenole, and the deafening train of the Fools' Pope march with great clamor out of the hall, while the rest of the crowd rushed eagerly after them. "Good!" said he to himself —"there go all the disturbers at last!" But, unfortunately, all the disturbers made the whole assemblage; and in a twinkling the great hall was empty.

It is true there still remained a few spectators, some scattered about, and others grouped around the pillars—women, old men, and children—weary and exhausted with the squeezing and the clamor. A few of the scholars, too, still remained, mounted on the entablature of the windows, and looking out into the Place.

"Well," thought Gringoire, "here are still enow of them to hear the end of my mystery. They are few, but they are a chosen, a lettered audience."

But a moment afterward, a symphony which was to have had the greatest effect at the arrival of the Holy Virgin, was missing. Gringoire discovered that his music had been carried off by the procession of the Fools' Pope. "Pass it over," said he, stoically.

He approached a group of townspeople who seemed to him to be talking about his piece, and caught the following fragment of their conversation:

"Maître Cheneteau, you know the Hôtel de Navarre, which belonged to Monsieur de Nemours?"

"Oh, yes—opposite to the Chapelle de Braque."

"Well—the Government have just let it to Guillaume Alixandre, heraldry-painter, for six livres eight sols parisis a year."

"How rents are rising!"

"So!" said Gringoire, with a sigh—"but the others are listening."

"Comrades!" suddenly cried one of the young fellows at the windows, "La Esmeralda! La Esmeralda in the Place!"

This word produced a magical effect. All who remained in the hall rushed toward the windows, climbing up the walls to see, and repeating, "La Esmeralda! la Esmeralda!" At the same time was heard a great noise of applauses outside.

"What is the meaning of La Esmeralda?" said Gringoire, clasping his hands in despair. "Ah, my God! it seems to be the turn of the windows now!"

He returned toward the marble table, and saw that the performance was interrupted. It was precisely the moment at which Jupiter was to enter with his thunder. But Jupiter remained motionless at the foot of the stage.

"Michel Giborne!" cried the irritated poet, "what are you doing there? is that your part?—go up, I say."

"Alas!" exclaimed Jupiter, "one of the scholars has just taken away the ladder."

Gringoire looked. It was but too true. All communication between his plot and his catastrophe was cut off. "The fellow!" muttered he; "and why did he take that ladder?"

"To go and see La Esmeralda," cried Jupiter, in a piteous tone. "He came and said, 'Here's a ladder that nobody's using;' and away he went with it."

This was the finishing blow. Gringoire received it with resignation. "The devil take you all!" said he to the players; "and if they pay me, I'll pay you."

Then he made his retreat, hanging his head, indeed, but still the last in the field, like a general who has fought well. And as he descended the winding stairs of the Palais, "What a fine drove of asses and dolts are these Parisians!" grumbled he. "They come to hear a mystery, and pay no attention to it. They've attended to everybody else—to Clopin Trouillefou—to the cardinal—to Coppenole—to Quasimodo —to the devil!—but to our Lady, the Virgin, not at all. If I'd known it, I'd have given you Virgin Mary, I dare say, you wretched cockneys! And then, for me to come here to see faces, and see nothing but backs!—to be a poet, and have the success of an apothecary! True it is that Homerus begged his bread through the villages of Greece, and that Naso died in exile among the Muscovites. But the

devil flay me if I understand what they mean with their Esmeralda. Of what language can that word be?—it must be Egyptian!"

## BOOK II.

### CHAPTER I.

#### FROM CHARYBDIS INTO SCYLLA.

THE night comes on early in January. The streets were already growing dark when Gringoire quitted the Palias. This nightfall pleased him; he longed to reach some obscure and solitary alley, that he might there meditate at his ease, and that the philosopher might lay the first unction to the wound of the poet. Besides, philosophy was now his only refuge; for he knew not where to find a lodging for the night. After the signal miscarriage of his first dramatic attempt, he dared not return to that which he occupied in the Rue Grenier-sur-l'Eau, opposite to the Port-au-Foin; having relied upon what the provost was to give him for his epithalamium to enable him to pay to Maître Guillaume Doulx-Sire, farmer of the duty upon cloven-footed beasts brought into Paris, the six months' rent which he owed him; that is to say, twelve sols parisis, twelve times the value of all he possessed in the world, including his breeches, his shirt and his bicoquet hat. After considering, then, for a moment, provisionally sheltered under the wicket-gate of the prison belonging to the treasurer of the Sainte-Chapelle, as to what place of lodging he should select for the night, all the pavements of Paris being at his service, he recollected having espied, the week before, in the Rue de la Savaterie, at the door of a counselor to the parliament, a footstone for mounting on mule-back, and having said to himself that this stone might serve upon occasion as an excellent pillow for a beggar or a poet. He thanked Providence for having sent him this happy idea; but as he was preparing to cross the Place du Palais in order to reach the tortuous labyrinth of the City, formed by the windings of all those sister streets, the Rue de la Barillerie, Rue de la Vieille-Draperie, Rue de la Savaterie, Rue de la Juiverie, etc., which are yet standing, with their houses of nine stories, he saw the procession of the Fools' Pope, which was also issuing from the Palais, and rushing across the Place with loud cries, with great glare of torches, and with Gringoire's own band of music. The sight revived his anguish, and he fled away from it. In the bitterness of his dramatic misadventure, everything which recalled to his mind the festival of the day irritated his wound, and made it bleed afresh.

He turned to cross the Point Saint-Michel, but found boys running up and down it with squibs and crackers.

"A plague on the fireworks!" said Gringoire; and he turned back upon the Pont-au-Change. There were attached to the front of the houses at the entrance of the bridge, three drapels or pieces of painted cloth, representing the king, the dauphin, and Margaret of Flanders, and six smaller pieces of drapelets, on which were portrayed the Duke of Austria, and the Cardinal de Bourbon, and Monsieur de Beaujeu, and Madame Jeanne of France, and Monsieur the bastard of Bourbon, and we know not who besides, all lighted by torches—and a crowd stood admiring them.

"Happy painter, Jeanne Fourbault!" said Gringoire with a heavy sigh; and he turned his back upon the drapels and drapelets. A street lay before him; and it seemed so dark and forsaken, that he hoped there to forget all his mental sufferings by escaping every ray of the illuminations, and he plunged down it accordingly. He had not gone far before he struck his foot against some obstacle; he stumbled and fell. It was the bundle of may which the clerks of the basoche had placed in the morning at the door of a president of the parliament in honor of the day. Gringoire bore this new accident heroically; he arose, and reached the

water-side. After leaving behind him the Tournelle Civile and the Tour Crimiñelle, and passing along by the great wall of the king's gardens, on that unpaved strand in which he sank to the ankles in mud, he arrived at the western point of the City, and gazed for some time upon the small island of the Passeur-aux-Vaches, or ferryman of the cows, which has since disappeared under the brazen horse and the esplanade of the Pont-Neuf. The islet appeared to his eyes in the darkness as a black mass beyond the narrow stream of whitish water which separated him from it. He could discern upon it, by the rays of a small glimmering light, a sort of hut in the form of a beehive, in which the ferryman sheltered himself during the night.

"Happy ferryman!" thought Gringoire, "thou dreamest not of glory! thou writest not epithalamiums!—what are royal marriages, of Duchesses of Burgundy, to thee! Thou knowest no Marguerites, but the daisies which thy April greensward gives thy cows to crop!—while I, a poet, am hooted—and shiver—and owe twelve sous—and my shoe-sole is so transparent that thou mightest use it to glaze thy lantern! I thank thee, ferryman! thy cabin gives rest to my eyes, and makes me forget Paris!"

He was awakened from his almost lyric ecstasy by a great double St. John's rocket (so called from the custom of discharging it on St. John's day) which suddenly issued from the blessed cabin. It was the ferryman himself, taking his share in the festivities of the day, and letting off his firework.

This rocket made Gringoire's hair stand on end.

"Oh, cursed holiday!" cried he, "wilt thou follow me everywhere—oh, my God! even to the ferryman's hut?"

Then he looked upon the Seine at his feet, and felt a horrible temptation.

"Oh!" said he, "how gladly would I drown myself—if the water were not so cold!"

Then he took a desperate resolution. It was—since he found that he could not escape the fools' pope, Jehan Fourbault's paintings, the bundles of may, the squibs and the rockets—to plunge boldly into the very heart of the illumination, and go to the Place de Grève.

"At least," thought he, "I shall perhaps get a brand there to warm my fingers; and I shall manage to sup on some morsel from the three great chests of sugar plums that will have been set out there on the public sideboard of the town."

## CHAPTER II.

### THE PLACE DE GRÉVE.

THERE now remains but a very small and scarcely perceptible vestige of the Place de Grève, such as it existed formerly; and that is, the charming turret which occupies the northern angle of the Place, and which, already buried under the ignoble washing which encrusts the delicate lines of its carving, will soon, perhaps, have totally disappeared, under that increase of new houses which is so rapidly consuming all the old fronts in Paris.

Those who, like ourselves, never pass over the Place de Grève without casting a look of pity and sympathy on this poor turret, squeezed between two paltry houses of the time of Louis XV., can easily reconstruct in their mind's eye the assemblage of edifices to which it belonged, and thus imagine themselves in the old Gothic Place of the fifteenth century.

It was then, as now, an irregular square, bounded on one side by the quay, and on the three others by a series of lofty houses, narrow and gloomy. In the daytime you might admire the variety of these buildings, all carved in stone or in wood, and already presenting complete specimens of the various kinds of domestic architecture of the Middle Ages, going back from the fifteenth to the eleventh century—from the perpendicular window which was beginning to supersede the Gothic, to the circular arch which the Gothic had supplanted, and which still occupied underneath it the first story of that ancient house of the Tour-Rolland or Roland's Tower, at the angle

of the Place adjoining to the Seine, on the side of the Rue de la Tannerie. By night, nothing was distinguishable of that mass of buildings but the black indentation of their line of gables, extending its range of acute angles round three sides of the Place. For it is one of the essential differences between the towns of that day and those of the present, that now it is the fronts of the houses that look to the squares and streets, but then it was the backs. For two centuries past they have been turned fairly round.

In the center of the eastern side of the Place rose a heavy and heterogeneous pile formed by three masses of buildings in juxtaposition. The whole was called by three several names, expressing its history, its purpose, and its architecture; it was called the Maison-au-Dauphin, or Dauphin's House, because Charles V., when dauphin, had lived in it—the Marchandise, because it was used as the Hôtel-de-Ville, or Town House—and the Maison-aux-Piliers (*domus ad piloria*) or Pillared House, on account of a series of large pillars which supported its three stories. The Town had there all that a good town like Paris wants; a chapel to pray in; a plaidoyer, or court-room, for holding magisterial sittings; and, on occasion, reprimanding the king's officers; and, at the top of all, a magazine stored with artillery and ammunition. For the good people of Paris, well knowing that it was not sufficient, in every emergency, to plead and to pray for the franchises of their city, had always in reserve, in the garrets of the Hôtel-de-Ville, some few good rusty arquebusses or other.

La Grève (as this ancient square was familiarly and elliptically called) had then that sinister aspect which it still derives from the execrable ideas which it awakens and from the gloomy-looking Hôtel-de-Ville, of Dominique Bocador's erection, which has taken the place of the Maison-aux-Piliers. It must be observed that a permanent gibbet and pillory, a justice and an échelle, as they were then called, erected side by side in the middle of the square, contributed not a little to make the passenger avert his eyes from this fatal spot, where so many beings in full life and health had suffered their last agony; and which was to give birth, fifty years later, to that St. Vallier's fever, as it was called, that terror of the scaffold, the most monstrous of all maladies, because it is inflicted not by the hand of God, but by that of man.

"It is consolatory," here observes our author, "to reflect that the punishment of death, which, three centuries back, still encumbered with its iron wheels, with its stone gibbets, with all its apparatus for execution permanently fixed in the ground, the Grève, the Halles, the Place Dauphine, the Croix du Trahoir, the Marché aux Pourceaux, or Hog Market, the hideous Montfauçon, the Barrière des Sergens, the Place aux Chats, the Porte Saint-Denis, Champeaux, the Porte Baudets, the Porte Saint-Jacques—not to mention the innumerable échelles of the provosts, of the bishop, of the chapters, of the abbots, of the priors having justice—not to mention the judicial drownings in the River Seine—it is consolatory to reflect that now, after losing, one after another, every piece of her panoply—her profusion of executions—her refined and fanciful torments—her torture, for applying which she made afresh every five years a bed of leather in the Grand-Châtelet—this old queen of feudal society, nearly thrust out of our laws and of our towns, tracked from code to code, driven from place to place, now possesses, in our vast metropolis of Paris, but one dishonored corner of the Grève—but one miserable guillotine—stealthy—anxious—ashamed—which seems always afraid of being taken in the fact, so quickly does it disappear after giving its blow."

## CHAPTER III.

### BESOS PARA GOLPES.

When Pierre Gringoire arrived at the Place de Grève, he was in a shiver. He had gone over the Pont-aux-Meuniers, or Miller's Bridge, to avoid the crowd on the Pont-au-Change and Jehan Fourbault's drapelets; but the wheels of all the bish-

op's mills had splashed him as he went by, so that his coat was wet through; and he thought that the fate of his piece had rendered him yet more chilly. Accordingly, he hastened toward the bonfire which was burning magnificently in the middle of the Place, but a considerable crowd encircled it.

"You damned Parisians!" said he to himself (for Gringoire, like a true dramatic poet, was subject to monologues), "so, now you keep me from the fire! And yet I've some occasion for a chimney-corner. My shoes let in wet—and then, all those cursed mills have been raining upon me. The devil take the Bishop of Paris with his mills! I wonder what a bishop can do with a mill! Does he expect, from being a bishop, to turn miller? If he only wants my malediction to do so, I heartily give it him, and his cathedral, and his mills! Let us see, now, if any of those cockneys will stand aside. What are they doing there all this while? Warming themselves—a fine pleasure, truly! Looking at a hundred logs burning—a fine sight, to be sure!"

On looking nearer, however, he perceived that the circle was much wider than was requisite to warm themselves comfortably at the bonfire, and that this concourse of spectators were not attracted solely by the beauty of a hundred blazing logs.

In a wide space left clear between the fire and the crowd, a young girl was dancing. Whether she was a human being, a fairy, or an angel, was what Gringoire, skeptical philosopher and ironical poet as he was, could not at the first moment decide, so much was he fascinated by this dazzling vision.

She was not tall, but the elasticity of her slender shape made her appear so. She was brown; but it was evident that, in the daylight, her complexion would have that golden glow seen upon the women of Andalusia and of the Roman States. Her small foot, too, was Andalusian; for it was at once tight and easy in its light and graceful shoe. She was dancing, turning, whirling upon an old Persian carpet spread negligently under her feet; and each time that, in turning round, her radiant countenance passed before you, her large black eyes seemed to flash upon you.

Around, every look was fixed upon her, every mouth was open; and, indeed, while she was dancing thus, to the sound of the tambourine which her two round and delicate arms lifted aloft above her head—slender, fragile, brisk, as a wasp in the sunshine—with her golden corset without a plait—her parti-colored skirt swelling out below her slender waist—her bare shoulders—her fine-formed legs, of which her dress gave momentary glimpses—her black hair and her sparkling eyes—she looked like something more than human.

"Truly," thought Gringoire, "'tis a salamander—a nymph—a goddess—a bacchante of Mount Mænalus!"

At that moment one of the braids of the salamander's hair came undone, and a small piece of brass that had been attached to it rolled upon the ground.

"Ah! no," said he, "it's a gypsy." All the illusion had disappeared.

She resumed her dance. She took up from the ground two swords, the points of which she supported upon her forehead, making them turn in one direction while she turned in the other. It was indeed no other than a gypsy. Yet, disenchanted as Gringoire found himself, the scene, taken altogether, was not without its charm, not without its magic. The bonfire cast upon her a red flaring light, which flickered brightly upon the circle of faces of the crowd and the brown forehead of the girl, and, at the extremities of the Place threw a pale reflection, mingled with the wavering of their shadows—on one side, upon the old, dark, wrinkled front of the Maison-aux-Piliers—on the other, upon the stone arms of the gibbet.

Among the thousand visages which this light tinged with scarlet, there was one which seemed to be more than all the rest absorbed in the contemplation of the dancer. It was the face of a man, austere, calm, and sombre. This man, whose dress was hidden by the crowd that surrounded him, seemed to be not more than thirty-five years of age; yet he was bald, having only a few thin tufts of hair about his temples, which were already gray; his

broad and high forehead was beginning to be furrowed with wrinkles; but in his deep-sunken eyes there shone an extraordinary youth, an ardent animation, a depth of passion. He kept them constantly fixed upon the gypsy; and while the sportive girl of sixteen was dancing and bounding to the delight of all, his revery seemed to grow more and more gloomy. From time to time a smile and a sigh encountered each other on his lips, but the smile was yet more dismal than the sigh.

The girl, having at length danced herself quite out of breath, stopped, and the people applauded with fondness.

"Djali!" cried the gypsy.

Gringoire then saw come up to her a little white she-goat, lively, brisk, and glossy, with gilt horns, gilt feet, and a gilt collar, which he had not before observed; as, until that moment it had been lying squat upon one corner of the carpet, looking at his mistress dance.

"Djali," said the dancer, "it's your turn now;" and sitting down, she gracefully held out her tambourine to the goat. "Djali," she continued, "what month of the year is this?"

The animal lifted its fore foot and struck one stroke upon the tambourine. It was, in fact, the first month of the year. The crowd applauded.

"Djali!" resumed the girl, turning her tambourine another way, "what day of the month is it?"

Djali lifted her little golden foot, and struck six times upon the tambourine.

"Djali!" said the gypsy, each time altering the position of the tambourine, "what hour of the day is it?"

Djali struck seven strokes, and at that very moment the clock of the Maison-aux-Piliers struck seven. The people were wonderstruck.

"There is witchcraft in all that," said a sinister voice in the crowd. It was that of the bald man who had his eyes constantly upon the gypsy.

She shuddered and turned away. But the plaudits burst forth and smothered the sullen exclamation. Indeed, they so completely effaced it from her mind, that she continued to interrogate her goat.

"Djali!" said she, "how does Maître Guichard Grand-Remy, captain of the town pistoliers, go in the procession at Candlemas?"

Djali reared up on her hind legs and began to bleat, marching at the same time with so seemly a gravity that the whole circle of spectators burst into a laugh at this mimicry of the self-interested devotion of the captain of pistoliers.

"Djali!" resumed the girl, emboldened by this increased success, "how does Maître Jacques Charmolue, the king's attorney in the ecclesiastical court—how does he preach?"

The goat sat down upon his posteriors and began to bleat, shaking its fore-paws after so strange a fashion, that, with the exception of the bad French and worse Latin of the preacher, it was Jacques Charmolue to the life, gesture, accent, and attitude; and the crowd applauded with all their might.

"Sacrilege! profanation!" cried the voice of the bald-headed man.

The gypsy turned away once more. "Ah!" said she, "it's that odious man!" Then putting out her lower lip beyond her upper, she made a little pouting grimace which seemed familiar to her, turned upon her heel, and began to collect in her tambourine the contributions of the multitude.

All sorts of small coins, grands blancs, petits blancs, targes, liards à l'aigle, were now showered upon her. In taking her round, she all at once came before Gringoire; and as he, in perfect absence of mind, put his hand into his pocket, she stopped, expecting something. "Diable!" exclaimed the poet, finding at the bottom of his pocket the reality, that is to say, nothing at all; the pretty girl standing before him all the while, looking at him with her large eyes, holding out her tambourine, and waiting. Gringoire perspired profusely. Had all Peru been in his pocket, he would assuredly have given it to the dancer; but Gringoire had not Peru in his pocket—nor, indeed, was America yet discovered.

Fortunately an unexpected incident came to his relief. "Wilt thou be gone, thou Egyptian locust?" cried a harsh voice

from the darkest corner of the Place. The girl turned away affrighted. This was not the voice of the bald-headed man; it was the voice of a woman—it was one, too, of devotion and of malice.

However, this cry, which frightened the gypsy, highly delighted a troop of children that were rambling about there. "It's the recluse of the Tour-Rolland," cried they with inordinate bursts of laughter—"it's the sachette that's scolding. Hasn't she had her supper? Let's carry her something from the town sideboard." And they all ran toward the Maison-aux-Piliers.

Meanwhile, Gringoire availed himself of this disturbance of the dancer to disappear among the crowd. The shouts of the children reminded him that he too had not supped. He therefore hastened to the public buffet or sideboard. But the little rogues had better legs than he, and when he arrived they had cleared the table. They had not even left one wretched camichon at five sous the pound. There was nothing now against the wall, but the light fleurs-de-lys intermingled with rose-trees painted there in 1434 by Mathieu Biterne; and they offered but a meager supper.

'Tis an unpleasant thing, after going without one's dinner, to go to bed supperless. 'Tis less gratifying still, to go without one's supper, and not know where to go to bed. Yet so it was with Gringoire. Without food, without lodging, he found himself pressed by Necessity on every side, and he thought Necessity very ungracious. He had long discovered this truth—that Jupiter created man in a fit of misanthropy, and that throughout the life of the wisest man his destiny keeps his philosophy in a state of siege. For his own part, he had never found the blockade so complete. He heard his stomach sound a parley, and he thought it very ill ordained, that his evil destiny should reduce his philosophy by simple starvation. He was sinking more and more deeply into this melancholy revery, when he was suddenly startled from it by the sound of a fantastically warbling voice. It was the young gypsy singing.

Her voice had the same character as her dance and as her beauty. It had an undefinable charm—something clear, sonorous, aërial—winged, as it were. There was a continued succession of swells, of melodies, of unexpected falls—then simple strains, interspersed with sharp and whistling notes—then a running over the gamut that would have bewildered a nightingale, yet ever harmonious—then soft octave undulations, which rose and fell like the bosom of the youthful songstress. The expression of her fine countenance followed with singular flexibility every capricious variation of her song, from the wildest inspiration to the most chastened dignity. She seemed now all frolic, and now all majesty.

The words that she sang were in Spanish, a language unintelligible to Gringoire, and which seemed to be unknown to herself, so little did the expression which she gave in singing correspond with the sense of the words. For instance, she gave these four lines, from an old ballad of the time of the Moors, with the most sportive gayety—

Un cofre de gran riqueza
Hallaron dentro un pilar;
Dentro del, nuevas banderas
Con figuras de espantar.

And then, a moment after, at the tone which she gave to this stanza—

Alarabes de cavallo
Sin poderse menear,
Con espadas, y a los cuellos
Ballestas de buen echar.

Gringoire felt the tears come to his eyes. Yet joyfulness predominated in her tones, and she seemed to warble, like a bird, from pure lightness of heart.

The gypsy's song had disturbed Gringoire's revery, but it was as the swan disturbs the water. He listened to it with a sort of ravishment and forgetfulness of everything else. It was the first moment, for several hours, in which he felt no suffering.

The moment was a short one, the same female voice which had interrupted the gypsy's dance, now interrupted her song.

"Wilt thou be silent, thou hell cricket?" it cried, still from the same dark corner of the Place.

The poor cricket stopped short, and Gringoire stopped his ears. "Oh!" he cried, "thou cursed, broken-toothed saw, that comest to break the lyre!"

The rest of the bystanders murmured like himself. "The devil take the sachette!" cried some of them. And the old invisible disturber might have found cause to repent of her attacks upon the gypsy, had not their attention been diverted at that moment by the procession of the Fools' Pope, which, after traversing many a street, was now debouching upon the Place de Grève, with all its torches and all its clamor.

The procession, which our readers have seen take its departure from the Palais, had organized itself on the way, and been recruited with all the ragamuffins, the unemployed thieves, and disposable vagabonds in Paris, so that when it reached the Grève it presented a most respectable aspect.

First of all marched the tribes of Egypt. The Duke of Egypt was at their head, with his counts on foot, holding his bridle and stirrup; behind them came the Egyptians, men and women, pell-mell, with their little children squalling upon their shoulders; all of them, duke, counts, and people, covered with rags and tinsel. Then followed the kingdom of Argot, that is, all the rest of the vagabond community, arranged in bands according to the order of their dignities, the moines or monks walking first. Thus marched on, four abreast, with the different insignia of their degrees in that strange faculty, most of them crippled in some way or other—some limping, some with only one hand—the courtaux de boutanche, the coquillarts, the hubins, the sabouleux, the calots, the francmitoux, the polissons, the piètres, the capons, the malingreux, the rifodés, the marcandiers, the narquois, the orphelins, the archisuppôts, the cagoux—denominations enough to have wearied Homer himself to enumerate, and some explanation of which will occur as we proceed. It was with some difficulty that you could discern, in the center of the band of cagoux and archisuppôts, the King of Argot himself, the grandcoësre, as he was called, sitting squat in a little wagon drawn by two large dogs. After the nation of the Argotiers came the empire of Galilee. Guillaume Rousseau, Emperor of the empire of Galilee, walked majestically in his robe of purple stained with wine, preceded by mummers dancing warlike dances, and surrounded by his mace-bearers, his suppôts, and the clerks of the chambre des comptes. Lastly came the members of the basoche, with their garlanded may-poles, their black gowns, their music, worthy of a witches' meeting, and their great candles of yellow wax. In the center of this latter crowd, the great officers of the brotherhood of Fools bore upon their shoulders a brancard, or chair carried upon poles, more loaded with wax-tapers than was the shrine of Ste. Geneviève in time of pestilence; and upon this chair shone, crosiered, and mitred, the new Fools' Pope, the ringer of Notre-Dame, Quasimodo the hunchback.

Each division of this grotesque procession had its particular music. The Egyptians sounded their balafos and their African tambourines. The Argotiers, a very unmusical race, had advanced no further than the viol, the bugle-horn, and the Gothic rubebbe of the twelfth century. The empire of Galilee had not made much greater progress. You could but just distinguish in its music some wretched rebeck of the infancy of the art still confined to the re, la, mi. But it was around the Fools' Pope that were displayed, in magnificent discordance, all the musical riches of the age; there were rebeck trebles, rebeck tenors, and rebeck countertenors; not to mention the flutes and the cuivres. Alas! our readers will recollect that it was poor Gringoire's orchestra.

It is not easy to give an idea of the expression of proud and beatific satisfaction, to which the melancholy and hideous visage of Quasimodo had attained in the journey from the Palais to the Grève. It was the first feeling of self-love that he had ever enjoyed. He had hitherto experienced nothing but humiliation, disdain for his condition, disgust for his person.

So that, deaf as he was, he nevertheless relished, like a true pope, the acclamations of that crowd whom he hated because he felt himself hated by them. What though his people were a people of fools, an assemblage of cripples, thieves, and beggars—still they were a people, and he was a sovereign. And he took in earnest all the ironical applause and mock reverence which they gave him; with which, at the same time, we must not forget to observe that there was mingled, in the minds of the crowd, a degree of fear perfectly real; for the hunchback was strong; though bow-legged, he was active; though deaf, he was malicious—three qualities which have the effect of moderating ridicule.

However, that the new Pope of the Fools analyzed the feelings which he experienced, and those which he inspired, we by no means imagine. The spirit that was lodged in that misshapen body, was necessarily itself incomplete and dull of hearing; so that what it felt at that moment was to itself absolutely vague, indistinct, and confused. Only, joy beamed through, and pride predominated. Around that dismal and unhappy countenance there was a perfect radiance.

It was, therefore, not without surprise and dread that all at once, at the moment when Quasimodo, in that state of demi-intoxication, was passing triumphantly before the Maison-aux-Piliers, a man was seen to issue from the crowd, and, with an angry gesture, snatch from his hands his crosier of gilt wood, the ensign of his mock papacy.

The person who had this temerity was the man with the bald forehead, who, the moment before, standing in the crowd that encircled the gypsy, had chilled the poor girl's blood with his words of menace and hatred. He was in an ecclesiastical dress. The moment he stood forth from the crowd, he was recognized by Gringoire, who had not before observed him. "What!" said he, with a cry of astonishment. "Why, 'tis my master in Hermes, Dom Claude Frollo, the archdeacon! What the devil can he want with that one-eyed brute? He's going to get himself devoured!"

Indeed, a cry of terror proceeded from the multitude. The formidable Quasimodo had leaped down from his chair; and the women turned away their eyes, that they might not see him tear the archdeacon to pieces.

He made one bound up to the priest, looked in his face, and then fell upon his knees before him. The priest snatched his tiara from his head, broke his crosier, and rent his tinsel cope. Quasimodo remained upon his knees, bowed down his head, and clasped his hands. They then entered into a strange dialogue of signs and gestures, for neither of them uttered a word; the priest erect, angry, threatening, imperious; Quasimodo prostrate, humble, suppliant. And yet it is certain that Quasimodo could have crushed the priest with a single grip. At last the priest, roughly shaking Quasimodo's powerful shoulder, made him a sign to rise and follow him, and Quasimodo rose accordingly.

Then the brotherhood of Fools, their first amazement being over, offered to defend their pope, thus abruptly dethroned. The Egyptians, the Argotiers, and all the Basoche, came yelping round the priest. But Quasimodo, placing himself before the priest, put the muscles of his athletic fists in play, and faced the assailants, gnashing his teeth like an enraged tiger. The priest resumed his sombre gravity, made a sign to Quasimodo and withdrew in silence. Quasimodo walked before him, scattering the crowd as he passed along.

When they had made their way through the populace and across the Place, the mob of the curious and the idle offered to follow them. Quasimodo then placed himself in the rear, and followed the archdeacon backwards, looking squat, snarling, monstrous, shaggy, gathering up his limbs, licking his tusks, growling like a wild beast, and impressing immense vibrations on the crowd by a mere look or gesture.

At length they both plunged down a dark narrow street, into which no one ventured after them; so effectually was its entrance barred by the mere image of Quasimodo gnashing his teeth.

"All this is wonderful enough," said Gringoire to himself, "but where the devil shall I find a supper?"

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE DANGER OF FOLLOWING A PRETTY WOMAN IN THE STREETS BY NIGHT.

GRINGOIRE, at a venture, had set himself to follow the gypsy girl. He had seen her, with her goat, turn down the Rue de la Contellerie; and, accordingly, he turned into the Rue de la Contellerie likewise—"Why not?" said he to himself.

As a practical philosopher of the streets of Paris, Gringoire had remarked that nothing is more favorable to a state of revery than to follow a pretty woman without knowing whither she is going. In this voluntary abdication of one's free-will—in this fancy subjecting itself to the fancy of another, while that other is totally unconscious of it—there is a mixture of fantastic independence with blind obedience, a something intermediate between slavery and freedom, which was pleasing to the mind of Gringoire, a mind essentially mixed, undecided, and complex—holding the medium between all extremes—in constant suspense amongst all human propensities, and neutralizing one of them by another. He likened himself with satisfaction to the tomb of Mahomet, attracted by the two lodestones in opposite directions, and hesitating eternally between the top and the bottom, between the roof and the pavement, between fall and ascension, between the zenith and the nadir.

Had Gringoire been living in our time, what a fine medium, what a *juste milieu*, he would have kept between the classic and the romantic! But he was not primitive enough to live three hundred years; and 'tis really a pity. His absence leaves a void which, in these days of ours, is but too sensibly felt.

However, for thus following the passengers through the streets, especially the female ones, which Gringoire readily did, there is nothing that better disposes a man than not to know where to go to bed.

He walked along, therefore, all pensive, behind the young girl, who quickened her step, making her pretty little four-footed companion trot beside her, as she saw the townspeople reaching home, and the taverns shutting up, the only shops that had been opened that day. "After all," he half thought to himself, "she must have a lodging somewhere — the gypsy women have good hearts—who knows?"—And there were some points of suspension about which he went on weaving this web in his mind — certain very flattering ideas, or shadows of ideas.

Meanwhile, at intervals, as he passed by the last groups of bourgeois closing their doors, he caught some fragment of their conversation which snapped the thread of his pleasing hypotheses.

Now, it was two old men accosting each other.

"Maître Thibaut Fernicle, do you know, it's very cold?"

(Gringoire had known it ever since the winter had set in.)

"Yes, indeed, Maître Boniface Disome. Are we going to have such a winter as we had three years ago, in the year '80, when wood rose to eight sols a load, think you?"

"Bah! it's nothing at all, Maître Thibaut, to the winter of 1407, when it froze from Martinmas to Candlemas—and so sharp that the ink in the pen in the parliament's registrar's hands froze, in the Grande Chambre, at every three words—which interrupted the registering of the judgments!"

Then farther on, there were two good female neighbors, talking to each other through their windows with candles in their hands that glimmered through the fog.

"Has your husband told you of the mishap, Mademoiselle la Boudraque?"

"No, Mademoiselle Turquant, what is it?"

"The horse of Monsieur Giles Godin, notary at the Châtalet, took fright at the Flemings and their procession, and ran over Maître Philipot Avrillot, lay-brother of the Celestines."

"Did it indeed?"

"Yes, indeed."

"A paltry hack-horse, too! That was rather too bad—had it been a cavalry horse, now, it would not have been so much amiss."

And the windows were shut again. But Gringoire had completely lost the thread of his ideas.

Luckily, he soon found it again, and easily pieced it together, at the sight of the gypsy girl and of Djali, who were still trotting on before him, two slender, delicate, and charming creatures, whose small feet, pretty figures, and graceful motions he gazed at with admiration, almost confounding them together in his contemplation; their common intelligence and mutual affection seeming those of two young girls; while for their light, quick, graceful step, they might have been both young hinds.

Meanwhile, the streets were every moment becoming darker and more solitary. The curfew had long ceased to ring, and now it was only at long intervals that a person passed you on the pavement, or a light was to be seen at a window. Gringoire, in following the gypsy, had involved himself in that inextricable labyrinth of alleys, courts, and crossings which surrounds the ancient sepulchre of the Holy Innocents, and may be compared to a skein of thread raveled by the playing of a kitten. "Very illogical streets, in truth!" muttered Gringoire, quite lost in the thousand windings which seemed to be everlastingly turning back upon themselves, but through which the girl followed a track that seemed to be well known to her, and with a pace of increasing rapidity. For his own part, he would have been perfectly ignorant as to his "whereabout," had he not observed, at the bend of a street, the octagonal mass of the pillory of the Halles, the perforated top of which traced its dark outline upon a solitary patch of light yet visible in a window of the Rue Verdelet.

A few minutes before, his step had attracted the girl's attention: she had several times turned her head towards him, as if with uneasiness: once, too, she had stopped short; had availed herself of a ray of light that escaped from a half-open bakehouse, to survey him steadily from head to foot; then, when she had taken that glance, Gringoire had observed her make that little mow which he had already remarked, and she had gone on without more ado.

This same little mow furnished Gringoire with a subject of reflection. There certainly was disdain and mockery in that pretty little grimace. So that he was beginning to hang down his head, to count the paving-stones, and to follow the girl at a rather greater distance; when, just after she had made a turn into a street which took her for a moment out of his sight, he heard her utter a piercing shriek.

He quickened his pace. The street was quite dark. However, a twist of tow steeped in oil, which was burning in a sort of iron cage, at the foot of a statue of the Virgin at the corner of the street, enabled Gringoire to discern the gypsy struggling in the arms of two men, who were endeavoring to stifle her cries, while the poor little goat, all wild with affright, hung down its head, bleating.

"Hither! hither! gentlemen of the watch!" cried Gringoire; and he advanced bravely. One of the men who had laid hold of the girl, turned toward him. It was the formidable visage of Quasimodo. Gringoire did not fly—but he did not advance another step.

Quasimodo came up to him, threw him four paces off upon the pavement with a backstroke of his hand, and plunged rapidly into the darkness, bearing off the girl, her figure dropping over his arm almost as flexibly as a silken scarf. His companion followed him, and the poor goat ran behind with its plaintive bleat.

"Murder! murder!" cried the unfortunate gypsy.

"Stand, there! you scoundrels! and let that wench go!" was all at once heard in a voice of thunder, from a horseman, who suddenly made his appearance from the neighboring crossway.

It was a captain of that description of household troops which were still called archers (from the cross-bows which they carried before the invention of fire-arms), armed cap-à-pie, with his espadon, or great two-edged sword in his hand. He snatched the gypsy from the grasp of the amazed Quasimodo, laid her across his saddle; and, at the moment when the redoubtable

hunchback, having recovered from his surprise, was rushing upon him to seize his prey a second time, fifteen or sixteen archers, who followed close upon their captain, made their appearance, each brandishing his broadsword. They were a detachment going the counter-watch, by order of Messire Robert d'Estouteville, keeper of the provostry of Paris.

Quasimodo was surrounded, seized and bound. He roared, he foamed, he bit; and had it been daylight, no doubt his visage alone, rendered yet more hideous by rage, would have put the whole detachment to flight. But, being in the dark, he was disarmed of his most formidable weapon, his ugliness. His companion had disappeared during the struggle.

The gypsy girl gracefully gained her seat upon the officer's saddle; leaned both her hands upon the young man's shoulders, and looked fixedly at him for a few seconds, as if delighted with his fine countenance and the effectual succor he had rendered her. Then speaking first, and making her sweet voice still sweeter, she said to him, "Monsieur le gendarme, what is your name?"

"Captain Phœbus de Chateaupers, at your service, my fair one," said the officer, drawing himself up.

"Thank you," said she.

And while Captain Phœbus was curling his moustache *à la Bourguignonne*, she glided down from the horse like an arrow falling to the ground, and fled with the speed of lightning.

"*Nombril du Pape!*" exclaimed the captain, while he made them tighten the bands upon the limbs of Quasimodo, "I'd rather have kept the wench."

"Why, captain," said one of the gendarmes, "what would you have? The linnet is flown—we've made sure of the bat."

---

## CHAPTER V.

### SEQUEL OF THE DANGERS.

GRINGOIRE, quite stunned with his fall, had remained stretched upon the pavement before the good Virgin of the corner of the street. By degrees, however, he recovered his senses. At first, he was for some minutes in a sort of half-somnolent revery, which was not altogether disagreeable, and in which the airy figures of the gypsy and the goat were confounded in his imagination with the weight of Quasimodo's fist. This state of his feelings, however, was of short duration. A very lively impression of cold upon that part of his body which was in contact with the ground, suddenly awoke him, and brought back his mind to the surface. "Whence is this coolness that I feel?" said he hastily to himself. He then perceived that he lay somewhere about the middle of the gutter.

"The devil take the humpbacked Cyclop!" grumbled he, and he strove to get up. But he was too much stunned, and too much bruised; so that he was forced to remain where he was. Having, however, the free use of his hand, he stopped his nose, and resigned himself to his situation.

"The mud of Paris," thought he (for he now believed it to be decided that the kennel was to be his lodging:

Et que faire en un gite à moins que l'on ne songe?)

"the mud of Paris is particularly offensive. It must contain a large proportion of volatile and nitrous salts. Such too is the opinion of Maître Nicholas Flamel and the hermetics."

This word hermetics reminded him of the Archdeacon Claude Frollo. He reflected on the scene of violence of which he had just before had a glimpse; that he had seen the gypsy struggling between two men; that Quasimodo had a companion with him; and the sullen and haughty countenance of the archdeacon floated confusedly in his recollection. "That would be strange," thought he; and then, with this datum and upon this basis, he began to rear the fantastic framework of hypothesis, that house of cards of the philosophers; then suddenly returning once more to reality, "Oh, I freeze!" he cried.

The position was in fact becoming less

and less tenable. Each particle of water in the channel carried off a particle of caloric from the loins of Gringoire; and an equality of temperature between his body and the fluid that ran under it was beginning to establish itself without mercy.

All at once he was assailed by an annoyance of quite a different nature. A troop of children, of those little barefooted savages that have in all times run about the streets of Paris, with the everlasting name of gamins, "and who," says our author, "when we were children also, used to throw stones at us all as we were leaving school in the evening, because our trowsers were not torn,"—a swarm of these young rogues ran to the crossway where Gringoire was lying, laughing and shouting in a manner that showed very little concern about the sleep of the neighbors. They were dragging after them some sort of a shapeless pack; and the noise of their wooden shoes alone were enough to waken the dead. Gringoire, who was not quite dead yet, half raised himself up.

"Hollo! Hennequin Dandèche! Hollo! Jehan Princebourde!" cried they as loud as they could bawl; "old Eustache Moubon, the old ironseller at the corner is just dead. We've got his straw mattress, and we're going to make a bonfire with it. This is the Flamings' day!"

And so saying, they threw down the mattress precisely upon Gringoire, whom they had come up to without perceiving him. At the same time one of them took a handful of straw, and went to light it at the Blessed Virgin's torch.

"*Mort - Christ!*" muttered Gringoire, "am I now going to be too hot?"

The moment was critical. He was about to be fixed between fire and water. He made a supernatural effort, such as a coiner might have made in trying to escape when they were going to boil him to death. He rose up, threw back the mattress upon the gamins, and took to his heels.

"Holy Virgin!" cried the boys, "it's the old ironseller's ghost!" And they ran away.

The mattress remained master of the field. Those judicious historians, Belleforêt, Father Le Juge, and Corrozet, assure us that the next morning it was taken up with great solemnity by the clergy of that part of the town, and carried in great pomp to the treasury of Sainte-Opportune's church, where until the year 1789, the sacristan drew a very handsome income from the great miracle worked by the statue of the Virgin at the corner of the Rue Mauconseil, which, by its presence alone, in the memorable night between the 6th and the 7th of January, 1482, had exorcised the deceased Jehan Moubon, who, to cheat the devil, had, when dying, slyly hidden his soul within his mattress.

---

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE BROKEN LEG.

AFTER running for some time as fast as his legs would carry him, without knowing whither, whisking round many a corner, striding over many a gutter, traversing many a court and alley, seeking flight and passage through all the meanders of the old pavement of the Halles, exploring what are called in the elegant Latin of the charters *tota via, cheminum, et viaria*, our poet all at once made a halt, first because he was out of breath, and then because a dilemma had suddenly arisen in his mind. "It seems to me, Maître Pierre Gringoire," said he to himself, applying his finger to his forehead, "that you are running all this while like a brainless fellow that you are. The little rogues were no less afraid of you than you were of them—it seems to me, I say, that you heard the clatter of their wooden shoes running away southward while you were running away northward. Now, one of two things must have taken place; either they have run away, and then the mattress which they must have forgotten in their fright is precisely that hospitable couch after which you have been hunting ever since the morning, and which the Lady Virgin miraculously sends you to

reward you for having composed, in honor of her, a morality, accompanied with triumphs and mummeries—or the boys have not run away, and in that case they will have set a light to the mattress, and that will be exactly the excellent fire that you're in want of, to comfort, warm, and dry you. In either case — good bed or good fire—the mattress is a present from heaven. The ever-blessed Virgin Mary that stands at the corner of the Rue Mauconseil, perhaps caused Jehan Moubon to die for the very purpose; and 'tis folly in you to scamper away at such a rate, like a Picard running from a Frenchman, leaving behind you what you are running forward to seek—blockhead that you are!"

Then he began to retrace his steps, and ferreting about to discover where he was —snuffing the wind, and laying down his ears—he strove to find his way back to the blessed mattress—but in vain. All was intersections of houses, courts, and clustering streets, amongst which he incessantly doubted and hesitated, more entangled in that strange network of dark alleys than he would have been in the labyrinth of the Hôtel des Tournelles itself. At length he lost patience, and vehemently exclaimed, "A curse upon the crossings! the devil himself has made them after the image of his pitchfork!"

This exclamation relieved him a little; and a sort of reddish reflection, which he at that moment discovered at the end of a long and very narrow street, completed the restoration of his courage. "God be praised," said he, "there it is! There is my blazing mattress!" And, likening himself to the pilot foundering in the nighttime, "*Salve*," added he, piously, "*salve, maris stelle!*"

Did he address this fragment of a litany to the Holy Virgin, or to the straw mattress? We really can not say.

He had no sooner advanced a few paces down the long street or lane, which was on a declivity, unpaved, descending quicker and becoming more miry the farther he proceeded, than he observed something very singular. The street was not quite solitary; for here and there were to be seen crawling in it, certain vague, shapeless masses, all moving toward the light which was flickering at the end of the street; like those heavy insects which drag themselves along at night, from one blade of grass to another, toward a shepherd's fire.

Nothing makes a man so adventurous as an empty stomach. Gringoire went forward, and soon came up with that one of the larvæ which seemed to be dragging itself along most indolently after the others. On approaching it, he found that it was nothing other than a miserable stump of a man, without legs or thighs, jumping along upon his two hands, like a mutilated father-long-legs with only two of its feet remaining. The moment he came up to this sort of spider with a human face, it lifted up to him a lamentable voice: "*La buona mancia, signor! la buona mancia!*"

"The devil take thee!" said Gringoire, "and me along with thee, if I know what you mean." And he passed on.

He came up to another of these ambulatory masses, and examined it. It was a cripple, both legless and armless, after such a manner that the complicated machinery of crutches and wooden legs that supported him made him look for all the world like a mason's scaffolding walking along. Gringoire, being fond of noble and classical similes, compared him, in his mind, to the living tripod of Vulcan.

This living tripod saluted him as he went by; but staying his hat just at the height of Gringoire's chin, after the manner of a shaving dish, and shouting in his ears, "*Senor Cabarellero, para comprar un pedaso de pan!*"

"It appears," said Gringoire, "that this one talks too; but it's a barbarous language, and he's more lucky than I am if he understands it." Then striking his forehead through a sudden transition of idea: "Apropos! what the devil did they mean this morning with their Esmeralda?"

He resolved to double his pace; but for the third time something blocked up the way. This something, or rather this somebody, was a blind man, a little man, with a bearded Jewish face, who, rowing in the space about him with a great stick, and towed along by a great dog, snuffled out

to him with a Hungarian accent, "*Facitote caritatem!*"

"Oh, come!" said Pierre Gringoire, "here is one at last that talks a Christian language. Truly, I must have a most almsgiving mien, that they should just ask charity of me in the present extenuated state of my purse. My friend," said he, turning to the blind man, "last week I sold my last shirt; that is to say, as you understand no language but that of Cicero, *Vendidi hebdomade nuper transitâ meam ultimam chemisam.*"

Then, turning his back upon the blind man, he went forward on his way. But the blind man quickened his pace at the same time; and now, also, the cripple and the stump came up in great haste, with great clatter of the platter that carried one of them, and the crutches that carried the other. Then all three, shoving one another aside at the heels of poor Gringoire, began to sing him their several staves:

"*Caritatem!*" sang the blind man.

"*La buona mancia!*" sang the stump.

And the man of the wooden legs took up the stave with, "*Un pedasode pan!*"

Gringoire stopped his ears. "Oh, tower of Babel!" he cried.

He began to run. The blind man ran. The wooden legs ran. The stump ran.

And then, as he advanced still farther down the street, stump men, wooden-legged men, and blind men came swarming around him—and one-handed men, and one-eyed men, and lepers with their sores—some coming out of the houses, some from the little adjacent streets, some from the cellar-holes—howling, bellowing, yelping—all hobbling along, making their way toward the light, and wallowing in the mire like so many slugs after the rain.

Gringoire, still followed by his three persecutors, and not well knowing what was to come of all this, walked on affrighted among the others, turning aside the limpers, striding over the stumpies, his feet entangled in that ant-hill of cripples, like the English captain who found himself beset by a legion of crabs.

The idea just occurred to him of trying to retrace his steps. But it was too late; all this army had closed upon his rear, and his three beggars were still upon him. He went on, therefore, urged forward at once by that irresistible flood, by fear, and by a dizziness which made it all seem to him like a sort of horrible dream.

At last he reached the extremity of the street. It opened into an extensive place, in which a thousand scattered lights were waving in the thick gloom of the night. Gringoire threw himself into it, hoping to escape by the speed of his legs from the three deformed specters that had fixed themselves upon him.

"*Onde vas, hombre?*" cried the wooden legs, throwing aside his scaffolding, and running after him with as good a pair of legs as ever measured a geometrical pace upon the pavement of Paris. Meanwhile the stump-man, erect upon his feet, clapped his heavy iron-sheathed platter upon his head, while the blind man stared him in the face with great, flaming eyes.

"Where am I?" said the terrified poet.

"In the Court of Miracles," answered a fourth specter who had accosted them.

"On my soul," returned Gringoire, "I do indeed find here that the blind see and the lame walk—but where is the Saviour?"

They answered him with a burst of laughter of a sinister kind.

The poor poet cast his eyes around him. He was, in fact, in that same terrible Cour des Miracles, or Cours of Miracles, into which no honest man had ever penetrated at such an hour—a magic circle, in which the officers of the Châtelet and the sergeants of the provosery, when they ventured thither, disappeared in morsels—the city of the thieves—a hideous wen on the face of Paris—a sink from whence escaped every morning, and to which returned to stagnate every night, that stream of vice, mendicity and vagrancy which ever flows through the streets of a capital—a monstrous hive, into which all the petty hornets of society returned each evening with their booty—a lying hospital, in which the gypsy, the unfrocked monk, the abandoned scholar—the worthless of every nation, Spaniards, Italians, Germans—of every religion, Jews, Christians, Mahometans, idolaters—covered with simulated sores,

beggars in the daytime, transformed themselves at night into robbers—an immense dressing-room, in short, in which dressed and undressed at that period all the actors in that everlasting drama which robbery, prostitution, and murder enacted upon the pavements of Paris.

It was a large open space, irregular and ill-paved, as was at that time every place in Paris. Fires, around which strange groups were gathered, were gleaming here and there. All was motion and clamor. There were shrieks of laughter, squalling of children, and screaming of women. The arms and heads of this crowd cast a thousand fantastic gestures in dark outline upon the luminous background. Now and then, upon the ground, over which the light of the fires was wavering, intermingled with great undefined shadows, was seen to pass a dog resembling a man, or a man resembling a dog. The limits of the different races and species seemed to be effaced in this commonwealth as in a pandemonium. Men, women, beasts; age, sex; health, sickness; all seemed to be in common among this people; all went together mingled, confounded, placed one upon another, each one participating in all.

The weak and wavering rays that streamed from the fires enabled Gringoire, amid his perturbation, to distinguish, all around the extensive enclosure, a hideous range of old houses, the decayed, shriveled, and stooping fronts of which, each perforated by one or two circular attic windows with lights behind them, seemed to him, in the dark, like enormous old women's heads, ranged in a circle, looking monstrous and crabbed, and winking upon the diabolical rebel.

It was like a new world, unknown, unheard-of, deformed, creeping, swarming, fantastic.

Gringoire, growing wilder and wilder with affright, held by the three mendicants as by three pairs of pincers and deafened by a crowd of other vagrants that flocked barking round him—the unlucky Gringoire strove to muster presence of mind enough to recollect whether he was really at a witches' sabbath or not; but his efforts were vain; the thread of his memory and his thoughts was broken; and, doubting of everything—floating between what he saw and what he felt—he put the insoluble question to himself—"Am I really in being? do I really exist?"

At that moment a distinct shout was raised from the buzzing crowd that surrounded him, of "Let's take him to the king! let's take him to the king!"

"Holy Virgin!" muttered Gringoire, "the king of this place must surely be a he-goat!"

"To the king! to the king!" repeated every voice.

They dragged him along, each striving to fix his talons upon him. But the three beggars kept their hold, and tore him away from the others, vociferating, "He is ours!"

The poet's poor doublet, already in piteous plight, gave up the ghost in this struggle.

In crossing the horrible place his dizziness left him. After proceeding a few paces the feeling of reality had returned to him. His apprehension began to adapt itself to the atmosphere of the place. At the first moment, from his poet's head, or perhaps, indeed, quite simply and prosaically, from his empty stomach, there had risen a fume, a vapor, as it were, which, spreading itself between him and the surrounding objects, had allowed him to survey them only in the incoherent mist of a nightmare in that dark shrouding of our dreams, which distorts every outline, and clusters the objects together in disproportioned groups, dilating things into chimeras, and human figures into phantoms. By degrees this hallucination gave way to a less bewildered and less magnifying state of vision. The real made its way to his organs—struck upon his eyes—struck against his feet—and demolished, piece by piece, all the frightful poetry with which he had at first thought himself surrounded. He could not but perceive at last that he was walking, not in the Styx, but in the mud; that he was elbowed, not by demons but by thieves; that not his soul, but, in simple sooth, his life was in danger—seeing that he was unaccompanied by that invaluable conciliator who places himself

so effectually between the robber and the honest man—the purse. In short, on examining the orgie more closely and more coolly, he found that he descended from the witches' revel to the pot-house.

The Court of Miracles was, in truth, no other than one great public-house—but it was a public-house, a cabaret, of brigands, in which blood flowed almost as frequently as wine.

The spectacle which presented itself to him when his tattered escort at length deposited him at the term of its march, was little adapted to bring back his mind to poetry, though it were the poetry of hell. It was more than ever the prosaic and brutal reality of the tavern. Were we not writing of the fifteenth century, we should say that Gringoire had descended from Michael Angelo to Callot.

Round a great fire which was burning upon a large round flagstone, and the blaze of which had heated red-hot the legs of an iron trivet which was empty for the moment, some worm-eaten tables were set out here and there, as if by chance, without the smallest geometrician of a waiter having condescended to adjust their parallelism, or mind that, at least, they should not meet at too unaccustomed angles. Upon these tables shone some pots flowing with wine and beer, around which were grouped a number of bacchanalian visages, reddened by the fire and the wine. There was one man with a fair round belly and a jovial face, noisily throwing his arms round a girl of the town, thick-set and brawny. Then there was a sort of false soldier, a *narquois*, as he was called in the Argotian tongue, who whistled away while he was undoing the bandages of his false wound, and unstiffening his sound and vigorous knee, which had been bound up since the morning in a thousand ligatures. On the other hand there was a malingreux preparing, with celandine and ox-blood, his *jambe de Dieu*, or sore leg, for the morrow. Two tables higher up, a coquillart, with his complete pilgrim's habit (from the coquilles or shells of which this denomination arose) was conning a spiritual song, the complaint of Sainte-Reine, the psalmody and the nasal drone included. In another place a young hubin was taking a lesson in epilepsy from an old sabouleux, or hustler, who was teaching him the art of foaming at the mouth by chewing a piece of soap; while four or five women thieves, just by them, were contending, at the same table, for the possession of a child stolen in the course of the evening. All which circumstances, two centuries later, "seemed so laughable at court," says Sauval, "that they furnished pastime to the king, and an opening to the royal ballet entitled 'Night,' which was divided into four parts, and danced upon the stage of the Petit Bourbon." And "never," adds an eye-witness in the year 1653, "were sudden metamorphoses of the Court of Miracles more happily represented. Benserade prepared us for them by some very pleasant verses."

The loud laugh everywhere burst forth, and the obscene song. Each one let off his own exclamation, passing his remark, and swearing, without attending to his neighbor. The pots rattled, and quarrels were struck out of their collision, the smashing of pots thus leading to the tearing of rags.

A large dog, sitting on his tail, was looking into the fire. There were some children mingled in this orgie. The stolen child was crying. Another, a bouncing boy of four years old, was seated with his legs dangling upon a bench which was too high for him, with his chin just above the table, said not a word. A third was gravely spreading over the table with his finger the melted tallow running from a candle. And a fourth, a very little one, squatting in the mud, was almost lost in a great iron pot which he was scraping with a tile, drawing from it a sound, enough certainly to have agonized the most obdurate nerves.

There was a barrel near the fire, and upon the barrel was seated one of the beggars. This was the king upon his throne.

The three who had possession of Gringoire brought him before this cask, and the whole bacchanalia were silent for a moment, excepting the caldron tenanted by the child.

Gringoire was afraid to breathe or to lift up his eyes.

"*Hombre, quita tu sombrero!*" said one of the three fellows who had told of him; and before he could understand what that meant, another of them had taken off his hat—a wretched covering, it is true, but still of use on a day of sunshine or a day of rain. Gringoire heaved a sigh.

Meanwhile the king, from the top of his barrel, put the interrogatory, "What is this rascal?"

Gringoire started. This voice, though speaking in a tone of menace, reminded him of another voice which that very morning had struck the first blow at his mystery, by droning out in the midst of the audience, "Charity, if you please!" He raised his eyes—it was indeed Clopin Trouillefou.

Clopin Trouillefou, arrayed in his regal ensigns, had not one rag more or less upon him. His sore on the arm had indeed disappeared. He held in his hand one of those whips with lashes of whitleather, which were, at that time, used by the sergeants of the wand to drive back the crowd, and were called boullayes. He had upon his head a sort of coiffure formed into a circle and closed at the top; but it was difficult to distinguish whether it was a child's cushion or a king's crown, the two things are so much alike.

However, Gringoire, without knowing why, had felt some revival of hope on recognizing in the king of the Court of Miracles his cursed beggar of the Grand Salle. "Maître," stammered he, "——Monseigneur——Sire——How must I call you?" said he at last, having mounted to his utmost stretch of ascent, and neither knowing how to mount higher nor how to come down again.

"Monseigneur—Your Majesty—or Comrade—call me what you like, only despatch. What hast thou to say in thy defense?"

"In my defense!" thought Gringoire, "I don't like that." He replied, hesitating, "I am he—he who this morning——"

"By the devil's claws!" interrupted Clopin, "thy name, rascal! and nothing more. Hark ye—thou art before three mighty sovereigns: me, Clopin Trouillefou, King of Tunis, successor to the Grand Coësre, supreme sovereign of the kingdom of Argot; Mathias Hungadi Spicali, Duke of Egypt and Bohemia, that yellow old fellow that thou seest there with a clout round his head; and Guillaume Rousseau, Emperor of Galilee, that fat fellow, that's not attending to us, but to that wench. We are thy judges. Thou hast entered into the kingdom of Argot without being an Argotier—thou hast violated the privileges of our city. Thou must be punished, unless thou art either capon, a franc-mitou, or a rifodé, that is to say, in the Argot of the honest men, either a thief, a beggar, or a vagrant. Art thou anything of that sort? Justify thyself—tell over thy qualifications."

"Alas!" said Gringoire, "I have not that honor. I am the author——"

"That's enough," interrupted Trouillefou; "thou shalt be hanged. It's a matter of course, messieurs the honest townsfolk. Just as you treat our people amongst you, so we treat yours amongst us. Such law as you give to the Truands, the Truands give to you. If it's a bad law, it's your own fault. It's quite necessary that an honest man or two should now and then grin through the hempen collar—that makes the thing honorable. Come, my friend, merrily share thy tatters among these young ladies. I'll have thee hanged for the amusement of the Truands, and thou shalt give them thy purse to drink thy health. If thou hast any mumming to do first, there is down there, in that mortar, a very good stone God the Father that we stole from Saint-Pierre-aux-Bœufs. Thou hast four minutes' time to throw thy soul at his head."

This was a formidable harangue.

"Well said! upon my soul. Clopin Trouillefou preaches like a holy father the Pope!" cried the Emperor of Galilee, breaking his pot at the same time to prop his table-leg.

"Messeigneurs the emperors and kings!" said Gringoire coolly, for his resolution had somehow or other returned to him, and he spoke quite firmly, "you do not consider. My name is Pierre Gringoire—I am the poet whose morality was per-

formed this morning in the Grande Salle of the Palais."

"Ah! it's you, master, is it? I was there, *par la tête Dieu!* Well, comrade, is it any reason, because thou tiredst us to death this morning, that thou shouldst not be hanged to-night?"

"I shall not so easily get off," thought Gringoire. However, he made another effort.

"I don't very well see," said he, "why the poets are not classed among the Truands. A vagrant, forsooth—why, Æsopus was a vagrant. A beggar—well, Homerus was a beggar. A thief—was not Mercurius a thief?"

Clopin interrupted him. "Methinks," said he, "thou'st a mind to matagrabolize us with thy gibberish. *Pardieu!* Be hanged quietly, man; and don't make so much ado about nothing."

"Pardon me, monseigneur the king of Tunis," replied Gringoire, disputing the ground inch by inch; "it's really worth your while—Only one moment—Hear me—You'll not condemn me without hearing me——"

His unfortunate voice was in fact drowned by the uproar that was made around him; the little boy was scraping his kettle with more alacrity than ever; and, as the climax, an old woman had just come and set upon the red-hot trivet a frying-pan full of fat, which yelped over the fire with a noise like the shouts of a flock of children running after a mask in carnival time.

Meanwhile, Clopin Trouillefou seemed to confer a moment with the duke of Egypt, and with the emperor of Galilee, who was completely drunk. Then he called out sharply, "Silence!" and as the pot and the frying-pan paid no attention to him, but continued their duet, he jumped down from his barrel, gave the caldron a kick which rolled it and the child half a score yards off; gave the frying-pan another, which upset all the fat into the fire; and then gravely reascended his throne, regardless of the smothered cries of the child, and of the grunting of the old woman, whose supper was evaporating in a beautiful white flame.

Trouillefou made a sign; whereupon the duke, and the emperor, and the archisuppôts, and the cagoux, came and ranged themselves about him in the form of a horseshoe, of which Gringoire, upon whom they still kept rough hands, occupied the center. It was a semi-circle of rags, tatters, and tinsel—of pitchforks and hatchets—of reeling legs and great naked arms—of sordid, dull, and sottish faces. In the midst of this Round Table of beggarhood, Clopin Trouillefou, as the doge of this senate, the king of this peerage, the pope of this conclave, predominated—in the first place, by the whole height of his cask—and then, by a certain lofty, fierce, and formidable air, which made his eyeballs flash, and corrected in his savage profile the bestial type of the Truand race. He might be compared to a wild boar among swine.

"Hark ye," said he to Gringoire, at the same time shaking his shapeless chin with his horny hand, "I don't see why thou shouldst not be hanged. To be sure, thou dost not seem to like it, and that's but natural—you bourgeois aren't used to it. You think it very shocking. After all, we don't wish thee any harm. There's one way of getting off for the moment. Wilt thou be one of us?"

It may be supposed what an effect this proposal produced upon Gringoire, who saw life just about to escape him, and felt his grasp of it beginning to fail. He caught at it energetically. "That I will—certainly, assuredly," said he.

"You consent," said Clopin, "to enlist yourself among the men of the petite flambe?"

"Of the petite flambe—exactly so," responded Gringoire.

You acknowledge yourself a member of the franche-bourgeoisie?" added the king of Tunis.

"Of the franche-bourgeoisie."

"A subject of the kingdom of Argot?"

"Of the kingdom of Argot."

"A Truand?"

"A Truand."

"In your soul?"

"In my soul."

"I will just observe to thee," resumed

the king, "that thou wilt be none the less hanged for all that."

"The devil!" exclaimed the poet.

"Only," continued Clopin, quite imperturbably, "thou wilt be hanged later, with more ceremony, at the expense of the good town of Paris, upon a good stone gibbet, and by honest men. That's some consolation."

"Just so," answered Gringoire.

"There are other advantages. As being a franc-bourgeois, a free burgess, thou wilt have to pay neither toward the pavements, the lamps, nor the poor; to which the burgess of Paris are subject."

"Be it so," said the poet; "I consent. I am a Truand, an Argotier, a franc-bourgeois, a petite-flambe, whatever you please—and indeed I was all that beforehand, monsieur the king of Tunis; for I am a philosopher; and, as you know, *Omnia in philosophiâ, omnes in philosopho continentur*——"

The king of Tunis knit his brows. "What dost thou take me for, friend? What Jew of Hungary's cant art thou singing us now? I don't understand Hebrew. Because a man's a robber, he's not obliged to be a Jew. Nay, I don't even rob now—I'm above all that—a cut-throat, if you like, but no cut-purse."

Gringoire strove to slip in some sort of an excuse between these brief ejaculations, of which each succeeding one came bouncing out with increased momentum. "I ask your pardon, monseigneur—it's not Hebrew, it's Latin."

"I tell thee," rejoined Clopin, in a rage, "that I'm no Jew, and that I'll have thee hanged, *ventre de synagogue!* as well as that little marcandier of Judea that stands by thee, and whom I hope to see, one of these days, nailed to a counter like a piece of bad coin as he is!"

So saying, he pointed with his finger to the little bearded Hungarian Jew, who had accosted Gringoire with his *Facitote caritatem!* and who, understanding no other language, was surprised to see the ill-humor of the king of Tunis vent itself upon him.

At length, Monsieur Clopin's passion subsided. "Rascal," said he to our poet, "then thou'rt willing to be a Truand?"

"Undoubtedly," answered the poet.

"Willing isn't all," said Clopin, surlily. "Good-will doesn't put one onion more into the soup, and's of no use at all but for going to heaven—and there's a difference between heaven and Argot. To be received in Argot thou must prove that thou art good for something; and to do that, thou must feel the mannequin."

"I'll feel anything you like," said Gringoire.

Clopin made a sign; whereupon some Argotiers detached themselves from the circle, and returned in a minute. They brought two posts, terminated at the lower extremity by two broad feet, which made them stand firm on the ground. To the upper extremities of these two posts they applied a cross-beam; and the whole formed a very pretty portable gallows, which Gringoire had the satisfaction of seeing erected before him in the twinkling of an eye. Everything was there, including the rope, which gracefully depended from the transverse beam.

"What can be their meaning?" thought Gringoire to himself, with some uneasiness. But a noise of little bells which he heard at that moment put an end to his anxiety, for it proceeded from a stuffed figure of a man which the Truands were suspending by the neck to the rope, a sort of scarecrow, clothed in red, and so completely covered with little bells, and hollow jingling brasses, that there were enough to have harnessed thirty Castilian mules. These thousand miniature bells jingled for a time under the vibrations of the rope, their sound dying away gradually into a profound silence, which resulted from the state of perfect rest into which the body of the mannequin was speedily brought by that law of the pendulum which has superseded the use of the hour-glass.

Then Clopin, pointing to an old tottering joint-stool, placed underneath the mannequin, said to Gringoire, "Get upon that."

"*Mort-diable!*" objected Gringoire, "I shall break my neck. Your stool halts

like one of Martial's distichs—it has one hexameter leg and one pentameter."

"Get up," repeated Clopin.

Gringoire mounted upon the stool, and succeeded, not without some oscillations of his head and his arms, in recovering his center of gravity.

"Now," proceeded the king of Tunis, "turn thy right foot round thy left leg, and spring up on the toe of thy left foot."

"Monseigneur," said Gringoire, "you are then absolutely determined that I shall break some of my limbs!"

Clopin shook his head. "Hark ye, friend," said he, "you talk too much. It all amounts to this: you're to spring up on your toe—you'll then just be able to reach up to the mannequin's pocket—you'll put your hand into it—pull out a purse that's in it—and if you do all that without jingling one of the bells, well and good—thou shalt be a Truand. We shall then have nothing more to do but belabor thee soundly for a week."

"*Ventre-Dieu!* I shall not care to do it," said Gringoire. "And suppose I make the bells jingle?"

"Then thou shalt be hanged. Dost thou understand?"

"No, I don't understand it at all," answered Gringoire.

"Hark ye once more. You're to put your hand in the mannequin's pocket and take out his purse. If one single bell stirs while you're doing it, you shall be hanged. Now do you understand?"

"Well," said Gringoire, "I understand that. What next?"

"If you manage to draw out the purse without making any jingle at all, you're a Truand, and will be soundly belabored for eight days together. You understand now, I dare say."

"No, monseigneur, I don't understand this time. Where is my advantage? To be hanged in one case, or beaten in the other!"

"And to be a Truand into the bargain," rejoined Clopin—"to be a Truand! Is that nothing? It's for thy own advantage we shall beat thee, to harden thee against stripes."

"I am greatly obliged to you," answered the poet.

"Come, quick!" said the king, striking his barrel with his foot, and making it ring. "Pick the mannequin's pocket, and let's have done with it. I tell thee, once for all, that if I hear the smallest tinkle, thou shalt take the mannequin's place."

The whole company of Argotiers applauded the words of Clopin, and ranged themselves in a circle round the gallows with so pitiless a laugh that Gringoire saw plainly enough that he gave them too much amusement not to have everything to fear from them. He had, therefore, no hope left but in the faint chance of succeeding in the terrible operation which was imposed upon him. He resolved to risk it: but he first addressed a fervent prayer to the man of straw from whose person he was going to do his best to steal, and whose heart was even more likely to be softened than those of the Truands. That myriad of bells, with their little brazen tongues, looked like so many asps with their mouths open, ready to hiss and to sting.

"Oh!" said he, in a low voice, "and can it be that my life depends upon the smallest vibration of the smallest of those bits of metal? Oh!" he added, clasping his hands, "ye bells, tinkle not—ye balls, jingle not!"

He made one more effort with Trouillefou. "And if there come a breath of wind," said he.

"Thou shalt be hanged," replied the other, without hesitation.

Finding that there was no respite, delay, or subterfuge whatsoever, he bravely set about the feat. He turned his right foot about his left leg, sprang up on the toe of his left foot, and stretched out his arm: but the moment that he touched the mannequin, his body, which was now supported only by one foot, tottered upon the stool, which had only three, he mechanically caught at the mannequin, lost his balance, and fell heavily to the ground, quite deafened by the violent vibration of the scarecrow's thousand bells; while the figure, yielding to the impulse which his hand had given it, first revolved on his

own axis, and then swung majestically backwards and forwards between the two posts.

"*Malédiction!*" he exclaimed as he fell; and he lay with his face to the ground as if he were dead.

However, he heard the awful chime above him, and the diabolical laughter of the Truands, and the voice of Trouillefou, saying, "Lift the fellow up, and hang him in a trice."

He rose of himself. They had already unhooked the mannequin to make room for him. The Argotiers made him get upon the stool again. Clopin came up to him, passed the rope round his neck, and, slapping him on the shoulder, "Good-bye, friend," said he; "thou'lt not get away now, though thou shouldst be as clever as the pope himself."

The word "Mercy!" expired on Gringoire's lips—he cast his eyes round, but saw no gleam of hope—all were laughing.

"Bellevigne de l'Etoile," said the king of Tunis to an enormous Truand, who stepped out of the ranks, "do you get upon the cross-beam."

Bellevigne de l'Etoile climbed nimbly up to the transvere bar; and an instant after, Gringoire, looking up, saw him with terror squatted just above his head.

"Now," continued Clopin Trouillefou, "as soon as I clap my hands do you, Andry-le-Rouge, push down the stool with your knee; you, François Chante-Prune, hang at the rascal's feet; and you, Bellevigne, drop upon his shoulders; and all three at the same time—do you hear?"

Gringoire shuddered.

"Are you ready?" said Clopin Trouillefou to the three Argotiers, about to throw themselves upon the poet. The poor sufferer had a moment of horrible expectation, while Clopin was quietly pushing into the fire with the point of his shoe some twigs which the flame had not reached. "Are you ready?" he repeated, and he held his hand ready to give the signal. A second more, and all would have been over.

But he stopped as if something suddenly occurred to him. "Wait a moment," said he; "I'd forgotten. It's customary for us not to hang a man without first asking him if there be a woman that'll have anything to say to him. Comrade, it's thy last chance! thou must marry either a she-Truand or the halter."

Gringoire took breath. This was the second time he had come to life again within half an hour; so that he could not venture to rely very much on it.

"Hollo!" shouted Clopin, who had reascended his task: "hollo, there! women! females! is there among you all, from the witch to her cat, ever a jade that'll have anything to say to this rogue? Hollo! Collette la Charonne! Elizabeth Trouvain! Simone Jodouyne! Marie Piédebou! Thonne-la-Longue! Bérarde Fanouel! Michelle Genaille! Claude Rougeorielle! Mathurine Girorou! — Hollo! Isabeau-la-Thierrye! Come and see! A man for nothing! Who'll have him?"

Gringoire, in this miserable plight, was, it may be supposed, not over inviting. The Truandesses displayed no great enthusiasm at the proposal. The unhappy fellow heard them answer: "No, no—hang him! it'll please us all!"

Three of them, however, stepped out of the crowd, and came to reconnoiter him. The first was a large, square-faced young woman. She carefully examined the philosopher's deplorable doublet. The coat was threadbare, and had more holes in it that a chestnut-roaster. The woman made a wry face at it. "An old rag!" muttered she; and then, addressing Gringoire, "Let's see thy cope."

"I've lost it," said Gringoire.

"Thy hat?"

"They've taken it from me."

"Thy shoes?"

"They've hardly a bit of sole left."

"Thy purse?"

"Alas!" stammered Gringoire, "I've not a single denier parisis."

"Let them hang thee—and be thankful," replied the Truandess, turning her back upon him.

The second woman, old, dark, wrinkled, of an ugliness conspicuous even in the Court of Miracles, now made the circuit of Gringoire. He almost trembled lest she should want to have him. But she

only muttered, "He's too lean," and went her way.

The third that came was a young girl, fresh-complexioned, and not very ill-looking. "Save me!" whispered the poor devil. She looked at him for a moment with an air of pity, then cast down her eyes, made a plait in her skirt, and remained undecided. He watched her every motion—it was his last gleam of hope. "No," said the girl at last; "no—Guillaume Longue-joue would beat me." And she returned into the crowd.

"Comrade," said Clopin, "thou'rt unlucky." Then, standing up on his barrel, "So nobody bids?" cried he, mimicking the tone of an auctioneer, to the great diversion of them all—"so nobody bids? Going—going—going—" then turning toward the gallows with a motion of his head, "gone."

Bellevigne de l'Etoile, Andry-le-Rouge, and François Chante-Prune again approached Gringoire. At that moment a cry was raised among the Argotiers, of "La Esmeralda! la Esmeralda!"

Gringoire started, and turned toward the side from which the shout proceeded. The crowd opened, and made way for a clear and dazzling countenance. It was that of the gypsy girl.

"La Esmeralda!" said Gringoire, amazed, in the midst of his emotions, by the instantaneousness with which that magic word linked together all the recollections of that day.

This fascinating creature seemed to exercise, even over the Court of Miracles, her sway of grace and beauty. Argotiers, male and female, drew up gently to let her pass by; and their brutal countenances grew kindly at her look.

She approached the sufferer with her elastic step, her pretty Djali following her. Gringoire was more dead than alive. She gazed at him for a moment in silence.

"So you're going to hang that man," said she gravely to Clopin.

"Yes, sister," answered the king of Tunis, "unless thou wilt take him for thy husband."

She made her pretty little grimace with her under lip. "I take him," she said.

And now Gringoire was firmly persuaded that he must have been in a dream ever since the morning, and that this was but a continuation of it. In fact, the turn of events, though gratifying, was a violent one. They undid the noose, and let the poet descend from the stool. The violence of his emotion obliged him to sit down.

The duke of Egypt, without uttering a word, brought forth a clay pitcher. The gypsy girl presented it to Gringoire. "Throw it on the ground," she said. The pitcher broke in four pieces. "Brother," then said the duke of Egypt, laying his hands upon their foreheads, "she is thy wife—sister, he is thy husband—for four years. Go your way."

---

## CHAPTER VII.

### A WEDDING NIGHT.

In a few minutes, our poet found himself in a little chamber with a Gothic-vaulted ceiling, the windows and doors well closed, and comfortably warm, seated before a table which seemed quite ready to borrow a few articles from a sort of small pantry or safe suspended just by; having a good bed in prospect, and tête-à-tête with a pretty girl. The adventure had something of enchantment. He began seriously to take himself to be a personage of the fairy tales; and now and then he cast his eyes around him, as if to see whether the fiery chariot drawn by two hippogriffs, which alone could have conveyed him so rapidly from Tartarus to Paradise, were still there. At intervals, too, he fixed his eyes steadfastly upon the holes in his coat, by way of clinging to reality, so as not to let the earth altogether slip from under him. His reason, tossed to and fro in imaginative space, had only that thread left to hold by.

The girl seemed to pay no attention to him. She was going backwards and forwards, shifting first one article and then another, talking to her goat, making her little mow here and there. At length she

came and sat down near the table, and Gringoire could contemplate her at leisure.

"You have been a boy, reader," our authority here exclaims, "and perhaps you have the happiness to be so still. It is quite certain, then, that you have more than once (and for my own part, I can say that I have passed whole days in that manner, the best spent days of my life), that you have followed from brier to brier, or the brink of a rivulet, on a sunshiny day, some pretty demoiselle fly, green or blue, checking its flight at acute angles, and kissing the extremity of every spray. You recollect with what amorous curiosity your thoughts and your looks were fixed upon that little whirl of whiz and hum, of wings of purple and azure, in the midst of which floated a form which your eyes could not seize, veiled as it was by the very rapidity of its motion. The aërial being confusedly perceptible through all that fluttering of wings, appeared chimerical, imaginary, impossible to touch, impossible to see. But when, at last, the demoiselle settled on the point of a reed, and you could examine, holding in your breath all the while, the long gauze pinions, the long enamel robe, the two globes of crystal, what astonishment did you not experience, and what fear lest you should again see the form go off in shadow, and the being in chimera! Recall to your mind these impressions, and then you will easily understand what were the feelings of Gringoire in contemplating, under her visible and palpable form, that Esmeralda of whom, until then, he had only caught a glimpse amid a whirl of dance, song, and flutter."

Sinking deeper and deeper into his revery—

"So, then," said he to himself, as his eyes wandered over her, "I now see what this Esmeralda really is—a heavenly creature!—a dancer in the streets—so much, and yet so little! She it was who gave the finishing blow to my mystery this morning—she it is who saves my life to-night. My evil genius!—my good angel! A pretty woman, upon my word!—and who must love me to distraction, to have taken me as she has done. By-the-by," said he, suddenly rising up from his seat, with that feeling of the real which formed the substance of his character and of his philosophy, "I don't very well know how it happens—but I'm her husband!"

With this idea in his head, and in his eyes, he approached the young girl in so military and gallant a manner that she drew back. "What do you want with me?" said she.

"Can you ask me such a question, adorable Esmeralda?" returned Gringoire, in so impassioned a tone that he himself was astonished to hear himself utter it.

The gypsy opened her large eyes. "I don't know what you mean."

"What!" rejoined Gringoire, growing warmer and warmer, and reflecting that, after all, he had only to do with a virtue of the Court of Miracles, "am I not thine, my sweet friend?—art not thou mine?" And without more ado, he threw his arms around her waist.

The gypsy's corset slipped through his hands like the skin of an eel. She sprang from one end of the cell to the other, stooped down, and rose again with a small poniard in her hand, and all before Gringoire had even time to observe whence the poniard came—looking irritated and indignant, her lips puffed out, her nostrils distended, her checks all scarlet, and her eyeballs flashing. At the same time the little white goat placed itself before her, and presented a hostile front to Gringoire, lowering its two pretty gilt and very sharp horns. All this was done in the twinkling of an eye. The demoiselle turned wasp, and had every disposition to sting.

Our philosopher stood quite confused, looking sheepishly, first at the goat and then at its mistress. "Holy Virgin!" he exclaimed at last, as soon as his surprise permitted him to speak, "here are a pair of originals!"

The gypsy now broke silence. "You must be a very bold fellow!" she said.

"I ask your pardon, mademoiselle," said Gringoire, with a smile; "but why, then, did you take me for your husband?"

"Was I to let you be hanged?"

"So, then," rejoined the poet, a little

disappointed in his enormous expectations, "you had no other intention in marrying me but to save me from the gallows?"

"Why, what other intention should I have had?"

Gringoire bit his lip. "Humph!" said he, "I'm not yet quite so triumphant in Cupido as I thought. But then what was the use of breaking that poor pitcher?"

Meanwhile the poniard of La Esmeralda and the horns of the goat were still in a posture of defense.

"Mademoiselle Esmeralda," said the poet, "let us make a capitulation. As I am not registering clerk at the Châtelet, I shall not quibble with you about your thus carrying a dagger in Paris in the teeth of monsieur the provost's ordinances and prohibitions. You are aware, however, that Noël Lescrivain was condemned, only a week ago, to pay a fine of ten sous parisis for carrying a braquemard.* But that's no business of mine—and so, to the point. I swear to you, by my chance of salvation, that I will not approach you without your leave and permission. But pray, give me my supper."

The truth is, that Gringoire, like Despréaux, was "very little voluptuous." He was not of that cavalier and mousquetaire species who carry girls by assault. In a love affair, as in every other affair, he willingly resigned himself to temporizing and to middle terms; and a good supper, in comfortable tête-à-tête, appeared to him, especially when he was hungry, to be a very good interlude between the opening and the catastrophe of an amatory adventure.

The gypsy gave him no answer. She made her little disdainful mow; drew up her head like a bird; then burst into a laugh; and the little dagger disappeared, as it had come forth, without Gringoire's being able to discover whereabouts the wasp concealed its sting.

In a minute, there were upon the table a loaf of rye bread, a slice of bacon, some withered apples, and a jug of beer. Gringoire set to with perfect violence. To hear the furious clatter of his iron fork upon his earthen-ware plate, it seemed as if all his love had turned to hunger.

The girl, seated before him, witnessed his operations in silence, being evidently preoccupied by some other reflection, at which she smiled from time to time, while her delicate hand caressed the intelligent head of the goat pressed softly between her knees.

A candle of yellow wax lighted this scene of voracity and of musing.

And now, the first cravings of his stomach being appeased, Gringoire felt a twinge of false shame at seeing that there was only an apple left.

"Mademoiselle Esmeralda," said he, "you don't eat."

She answered by a negative motion of the head; and then her pensive look seemed to fix itself upon the vault of the chamber.

"What the devil is she attending to?" thought Gringoire; "it can't be that grinning dwarf's face carved upon that keystone, that attracts her so mightily. The devil's in it if I can't bear that comparison at any rate."

He spoke louder—"Mademoiselle!"

She seemed not to hear him.

He repeated, louder still, "Mademoiselle Esmeralda!" It was all in vain. The girl's mind was wandering elsewhere, and Gringoire's voice was unable to bring it back. Luckily, the goat interfered. It began to pull its mistress gently by the sleeve. "What do you want, Djali?" said the gypsy, sharply, as if starting out of her sleep.

"It's hungry," said Gringoire, delighted at an opportunity of entering into conversation.

La Esmeralda began to crumble some bread, which Djali gracefully ate out of the hollow of her hand.

Gringoire, however, allowed her no time to resume her revery. He ventured upon a delicate question: "You won't have me for your husband, then?"

The girl looked steadily at him, and answered, "No."

"For your lover?" proceeded Gringoire.

*A sort of short cutlass which was worn hanging down by the thigh.

She thrust out her lip, and again answered, "No."

"For your friend?" then demanded the poet.

Again she looked at him steadily; and, after a moment's reflection, she said, "Perhaps."

This perhaps, so dear to philosophers, encouraged Gringoire. "Do you know what friendship is?" he asked.

"Yes," answered the gypsy, "it is to be like brother and sister—two souls meeting without mingling—two fingers on the same hand."

"And love?" proceeded Gringoire.

"Oh, love!" said she—and her voice trembled, and her eye beamed—"that is to be two and yet but one—a man and woman mingled into an angel — it is heaven!"

The street dancing-girl, while saying this, had a character of beauty which singularly struck Gringoire, and seemed to him to be in perfect harmony with the almost Oriental exaltation of her words. Her pure and roseate lips were half smiling. Her clear, calm forehead was momentarily ruffled by her thoughts, like the mirror dimmed by a passing breath. And from her long, dark, drooping lashes there emanated a kind of ineffable light, giving her profile that ideal suavity which Raphael afterward found at the mystic point of intersection of virginity, maternity, and divinity.

Gringoire, nevertheless, continued, "What must a man be, then, to please you?"

"He must be a man."

"And what am I, then?"

"A man has a helmet on his head, a sword in his hand, and gilt spurs at his heels."

"Good!" said Gringoire; "the horse makes the man. Do you love anybody?"

"As a lover?"

"Yes—as a lover?"

She remained thoughtful for a moment. Then she said, with a peculiar expression, "I shall know that soon."

"Why not to-night?" rejoined the poet, in a tender tone. "Why not me?"

She gave him a grave look, and said: "I can never love a man who can not protect me."

Gringoire colored and took the reflection to himself. The girl evidently alluded to the feeble assistance he had lent her in the critical situation in which she had found herself two hours before. This recollection, effaced by his other adventures of the evening, now returned to him. He struck his forehead. "Apropos, mademoiselle," said he, "I ought to have begun with that—pardon my foolish distractions—how did you contrive to escape from the clutches of Quasimodo?"

At this question the gypsy started. "Oh! the horrid hunchback!" said she, hiding her face with her hands, and shivering violently.

"Horrid indeed!" said Gringoire, still pursuing his ideas. "But how did you manage to get away from him?"

La Esmeralda smiled, sighed, and was silent.

"Do you know why he had followed you?" asked Gringoire, striving to come round again to the object of his inquiry.

"I don't know," said the girl. Then she added sharply, "But you were following me too. Why did you follow me?"

"To speak honestly," replied Gringoire, "I don't know that either."

There was a pause. Gringoire was marking the table with his knife. The girl smiled, and seemed as if she had been looking at something through the wall. All at once she began to sing in a voice scarcely audible:

Quando las pintadas aves
Mudas estan, y la tierra . . . . .

She suddenly stopped short, and fell to caressing Djali.

"You've got a pretty animal there," said Gringoire.

"It's my sister," answered she.

"Why do they call you La Esmeralda?" asked the poet.

"I don't know at all."

"But why do they, though?"

She drew from her bosom a sort of small oblong bag, suspended from her neck by a chain of grains of adrezarach. A strong smell of camphor exhaled from the bag;

it was covered with green silk, and had in the center a large boss of green glass, in imitation of an emerald. "Perhaps it's on account of that," said she.

Gringoire offered to take the bag, but she drew back. "Touch it not," she said, "it's an amulet. You would do mischief to the charm, or the charm to you."

The poet's curiosity was more and more awakened. "Who gave it to you?" said he.

She placed her finger on her lip, and hid the amulet again in her bosom. He tried a few more questions, but could hardly obtain any answer.

"What's the meaning of that word, La Esmeralda?"

"I don't know," she replied.

"What language does it belong to?"

"I think it's Egyptian."

"I suspected so," said Gringoire; "you're not a native of France?"

"I don't know."

"Are your parents living?"

She began to sing, to an old tune:

"A bird was my mother;
My father, another;
Over the water I pass without ferry.
Over the water I pass without wherry.
A bird was my mother;
My father, another."

"Very good," said Gringoire. "At what age did you come to France?"

"A very little girl."

"And when to Paris?"

"Last year. At the moment we were coming in by the Porte Papale, I saw the reed linnet scud through the air—it was at the end of August—I said, it'll be a hard winter."

"It has been so," said Gringoire, delighted at this commencement of conversation—"I've done nothing but blow my fingers. So you've the gift of prophecy."

She fell into her laconics again. "No," she answered dryly.

"That man whom you call the duke of Egypt is the chief of your tribe?"

"Yes."

"It was he, however, that married us," observed the poet, timidly.

She made that pretty little habitual grimace of hers.

"I don't know so much as your name."

"My name?—If you wish to know it, it is this—Pierre Gringoire."

"I know a finer one," said she.

"Naughty girl!" rejoined the poet. "No matter—you shall not provoke me. Nay, you will perhaps love me when you know me better—and then, you have told me your history with such unreserved confidence that I am bound to give you some account of myself. You must know, then, that my name is Pierre Gringoire, and that I am the son of a farmer of the tabellionage of Gonesse, that is to say, of the office of notary in that seigneurial jurisdiction. My father was hanged by the Burgundians, and my mother ripped open by the Picards, at the time of the siege of Paris twenty years ago. At six years of age, then, I was an orphan, without any other sole to my foot than the pavement of Paris. How I got over the time from six years old to sixteen, I hardly know. Here a fruit woman used to give me a plum, and there a baker used to throw me a crust. At night I used to get myself picked up by the Onze-vingts, who put me in prison, and there I found a bundle of straw. All this did not prevent my growing tall and thin, as you see. In winter I warmed myself in the sun, under the porch of the Hôtel de Sens; and I thought it very ridiculous that the great fire on the feast of St. John should be reserved for the dog-days. At sixteen, I wished to choose a calling. I tried everything in succession. I turned soldier, but was not brave enough. I then turned monk, but was not devout enough—and besides, I'm a poor drinker. In despair, I apprenticed myself among the carpenters of the grande coignée, but I was not strong enough. I had more inclination to be a schoolmaster; to be sure, I couldn't read; but that needn't have hindered me. I perceived, at the end of a certain time, that I was in want of some requisite for everything—and so, finding that I was good for nothing, I, of my own free will and pleasure, turned poet and rhymester. 'Tis a calling that a man can always embrace when he's a vagabond; and it's better than robbing, as I was advised to do by some young

plunderers of my acquaintance. Fortunately, I met, one fine day, with Don Claude Frollo, the reverend archdeacon of Notre-Dame. He took an interest in me; and to him I owe it that I am now a true man of letters, acquainted with Latin, from Cicero's Offices to the Mortuology of the Celestine fathers, and not absolutely barbarous either in scholastics, in poetics, or in rhythmics, nor yet in hermetics, that science of sciences. I am the author of the mystery that was performed to-day, with great triumph and concourse of people, all in the Grande Salle of the Palais. I've also written a book that will make six hundred pages, upon the prodigious comet of 1465, about which one man went mad. These are not the only successes I have had; being something of an artillery carver, I worked upon that great bombard of Jean Maugue, which you know burst at the bridge of Charenton the first time it was tried, and killed four-and-twenty of the spectators. You see that I'm not so indifferent a match. I know many sorts of very clever tricks, which I will teach your goat—for instance, to mimic the bishop of Paris, that cursed pharisee whose mill-wheels splash the passengers the whole length of the Pont-aux-Meuniers. And then, my mystery will bring me a good lump of hard cash, if I get paid. In short, I'm at your service—I, and my wit, and my science, and my letters—ready to live with you, damsel, as it shall please you—chastely or otherwise—as man and wife, if you think good—as brother and sister, if you like it better."

Here Gringoire was silent, awaiting the effect of his harangue upon the gypsy girl. Her eyes were fixed upon the ground.

"Phœbus," said she, with an emphasis upon the word, though in a half-whisper; then, turning to the poet, "Phœbus," said she, "what does that mean?"

Gringoire, though not at all understanding what relation there could be between his address and this question, was not sorry to show off his erudition. He answered, bridling with dignity, "'Tis a Latin word, that signifies the sun."

"The sun!" repeated she.

"'Tis the name of a certain handsome archer, who was a god," added Gringoire.

"A god!" ejaculated his companion; and there was something pensive and impassioned in her tone.

At that moment, one of the bracelets came unfastened and dropped on the floor. Gringoire eagerly stooped to pick it up; and when he rose again, the girl and the goat had both disappeared. He heard the shoot of a bolt. It was a small door, communicating no doubt with an adjoining chamber, which some one was fastening outside.

"Has she, at any rate, left me a bed?" said our philosopher.

He made the tour of the chamber. There was no piece of furniture at all adapted to repose, except a very long wooden chest; and the lid of that was carved; so that it gave Gringoire, when he stretched himself upon it, a sensation much like that which the Micromegas of Voltaire's tale would experience, lying all his length upon the Alps.

"Come!" said he, making the best he could of it, "there's nothing for it but resignation. And yet this is a strange wedding night. 'Tis pity, too. That broken-pitcher marriage had something sweetly simple and antediluvian about it that quite pleased me."

---

# BOOK III.

---

## CHAPTER I.

### THE CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE-DAME.

ASSUREDLY, the church of Our Lady at Paris is still, at this day, a majestic and sublime edifice. Yet, noble an aspect as it has preserved in growing old, it is difficult to suppress feelings of sorrow and indignation at the numberless degradations and mutilations which the hand of Time and that of man have inflicted upon the venerable monument, regardless alike of Charlemagne, who laid the first stone of it, and of Philip-Augustus, who laid the last.

Upon the face of this old queen of the French cathedrals, beside each wrinkle we constantly find a scar. *Tempus edax, homo edacior*—which we would willingly render thus—Time is blind, but man is stupid.

If we had leisure to examine one by one, with the reader, the traces of destruction imprinted on this ancient church, the work of Time would be found to form the lesser portion—the worst destruction has been perpetrated by men—especially by men of art. We are under the necessity of using the expression, men of art, seeing that there have been individuals who have assumed the character of architects in the two last centuries.

And first of all—to cite only a few leading examples—there are, assuredly, few finer architectural pages than that front of that cathedral, in which, successively and at once, the three receding pointed gateways; the decorated and indented band of the twenty-eight royal niches; the vast central circular window, flanked by the two lateral ones, like the priest by the deacon and sub-deacon; the lofty and slender gallery of trifoliated arcades, supporting a heavy platform upon its light and delicate columns; and the two dark and massive towers, with their eaves of slate—harmonious parts of one magnificent whole—rising one above another in five gigantic stories—unfold themselves to the eye, in combination unconfused—with their innumerable details of statuary, sculpture, and carving, in powerful alliance with the grandeur of the whole—a vast symphony in stone, if we may so express it—the colossal work of a man and of a nation—combining unity with complexity, like the Iliads and the Romanceros to which it is a sister production—the prodigious result of a draught upon the whole resources of an era—in which, upon every stone, is seen displayed, in a hundred varieties, the fancy of the workman disciplined by the genius of the artist—a sort of human Creation, in short, mighty and prolific as the Divine Creation, of which it seems to have caught the double character—variety and eternity.

And what is here said of the front must be said of the whole church—and what we say of the cathedral church of Paris must be said of all the churches of Christendom in the Middle Ages. Everything is in its place in that art, self-created, logical, and well-proportioned. By measuring the toe we estimate the giant.

But to return to the front of Notre-Dame, as it still appears to us when we go to gaze in pious admiration upon the solemn and mighty cathedral, looking terrible, as its chroniclers express it—*quæ mole suâ terrorem incutit spectantibus.*

Three things of importance are now wanting to this front: first, the flight of eleven steps by which it formerly rose above the level of the ground; then, the lower range of statues, which occupied the niches of the three portals; and lastly, the upper series, of the twenty-eight more ancient kings of France, which filled the gallery on the first story, beginning with Childebert and ending with Philip-Augustus, each holding in his hand the imperial ball.

As for the flight of steps, it is Time that has made it disappear, by raising, with slow but resistless progress, the level of the ground in the City. But while thus swallowing up, one after another, in this mounting tide of the pavement of Paris, the eleven steps which added to the majestic elevation of the structure, Time has given to the church, perhaps, yet more than he has taken from it; for it is he who has spread over its face that dark gray tint of centuries which makes of the old age of architectural monuments their season of beauty.

But who has thrown down the two ranges of statues? who has left the niches empty? who has cut, in the middle of the central portal, that new and bastard pointed arch? who has dared to hang in it that heavy, unmeaning wooden gate, carved, *à la* Louis XV., beside the arabesques of Biscornette? The men, the architects, the artists of our times.

And—if we enter the interior of the edifice—who has overturned the colossal St. Christopher, proverbial for his magnitude among statues as the Grande Salle of the Palais was among halls—as the spire of Strasburg among steeples? And those

myriads of statues which thronged all the inter-columniations of the nave and the choir — kneeling — standing — equestrian — men, women, children—kings, bishops, warriors—in stone, in marble, in gold, in silver, in brass, and even in wax—who has brutally swept them out? It is not Time that has done it.

And who has substituted for the old Gothic altar, splendidly loaded with shrines and reliquaries, that heavy sarcophagus of marble, with angels' heads, and clouds, which looks like an unmatched specimen from the Val-de-Grâce or the Invalides? Who has stupidly fixed that heavy anachronism of stone into the Carlovingian pavement of Hercandus? Was it not Louis XIV. fulfilling the vow of Louis XIII?

And who has put cold white glass in place of those deep-tinctured panes which made the wandering eyes of our forefathers hesitate between the round window over the grand doorway and the pointed ones of the chancel? And what would a subchanter of the sixteenth century say could he see that fine yellow-washing with which the Vandal Archbishops have besmeared their cathedral? He would remember that it was the color with which the hangman brushed over such buildings as were adjudged to be infamous—he would recollect the hôtel of the Petit-Bourbon, which had thus been washed all over yellow for the treason of the constable—"yellow, after all, so well mixed," says Sauval, "and so well applied, that the lapse of a century and more has not yet taken its color." He would believe that the holy place had become infamous, and would flee away from it.

And, then, if we ascend the cathedral—not to mention a thousand other barbarisms of every kind—what have they done with that charming small steeple which rose from the intersection of the cross, and which, no less bold and light than its neighbor, the spire (destroyed also) of the Sainte Chapelle, pierced into the sky yet further than the towers — perforated, sharp, sonorous, airy? An architect *de bon goût* amputated it in 1787, and thought it was sufficient to hide the wound with that great plaster of lead which resembles the lid of a porridge-pot.

Thus it is that the wondrous art of the Middle Ages has been treated in almost every country, and especially in France. In its ruin three sorts of inroads are distinguishable, and have made breaches of different depths; first, Time, which has gradually made deficiencies here and there, and has gnawed over its whole surface; then, religious and political revolutions, which, blind and angry in their nature, have tumultuously wreaked their fury upon it, torn its rich garment of sculpture and carving, burst its rose-shaped windows, broken its bands of arabesques and miniature figures, torn down its statues, here for their mitre, there for their crown; and lastly, changes of fashion, growing more and more grotesque and stupid, which, commencing with the anarchical yet splendid deviations of the revival, have succeeded one another in the necessary decline of architecture. Fashion has done more mischief than revolutions. It has cut to the quick—it has attacked the very bone and framework of the art. It has mangled, dislocated, killed the edifice—in its form as well as in its meaning—in its consistency as well as in its beauty. And then, it has remade—which at least neither Time nor revolutions have pretended to do. It has audaciously fitted into the wounds of Gothic architecture its wretched gewgaws of a day—its marble ribands—its metal pompoons—a very leprosy of ovolos, volutes, and entournements—of draperies, garlands, and fringes—of stone flames, brazen clouds, fleshy Cupids, and chubby cherubim—which we find beginning to devour the face of art in the oratory of Catherine de Médicis, and making it expire two centuries after, tortured and convulsed, in the boudoir of Madame Dubarry.

Thus, to sum up the points which we have here laid down, three kinds of ravages now disfigure Gothic architecture: wrinkles and knobs on the surface—these are the work of Time: violences, brutalities, contusions, fractures—these are the work of revolutions, from Luther down to Mirabeau: mutilations, amputations, dis-

location of members, restorations—these are the labors, Grecian, Roman, and barbaric, of the professors according to Vitruvius and Vignola. That magnificent art which the Vandals had produced, the academies have murdered. To the operations of ages and of revolutions, which, at all events, devastate with impartiality and grandeur, have been added those of the cloud of school-trained architects, licensed, privileged, and patented, degrading with all the discernment and selection of bad taste—substituting, for instance, the *chichorées* of Louis XV. for the Gothic lacework, to the greater glory of the Parthenon. This is the kick of the ass at the expiring lion. 'Tis the old oak which, in the last stage of decay, is stung and gnawed by the caterpillars.

How remote is all this from the time when Robert Cenalis, comparing Notre-Dame at Paris to the famous temple of Diana at Ephesus, "so much vaunted by the ancient pagans," which immortalized Erostratus, thought the Gaulish cathedral "more excellent in length, breadth, height, and structure."

Notre-Dame, however, as an architectural monument, is not one of those which can be called complete, definite, belonging to a class. It is not a Roman church, nor is it a Gothic church. It is not a model of any individual order. It has not, like the abbey of Tournus, the solemn and massive squareness, the round broad vault, the icy bareness, the majestic simplicity, of the edifices which have the circular arch for their basis. Nor is it, like the cathedral of Bourges, the magnificent, airy, multiform, tufted, pinnacled, florid production of the pointed arch. It can not be ranked among that antique family of churches, gloomy, mysterious, lowering, crushed, as it were, by the weight of the circular arch—almost Egyptian, even to their ceilings—all hieroglyphical, all sacerdotal, all symbolical—more abounding, in their ornaments, with lozenges and zigzags than with flowers—with flowers than with animals—with animals than with human figures—the work not so much of the architect as of the bishop—the first transformation of the art—all stamped with theocratical and military discipline—having its root in the Lower Empire, and stopping at the time of William the Conqueror. Nor can this cathedral be ranked in that other family of lofty, airy churches, rich in sculpture and painted windows, of pointed forms and bold disposition—as political symbols, communal and citizen—as works of art, free, capricious, licentious—the second transformation of ecclesiastical architecture—no longer hieroglyphical, immutable, and sacerdotal, but artistical, progressive and popular—beginning at the return from the crusades, and ending with Louis XI. Notre-Dame, then, is not of purely Roman race like the former, nor of purely Arabic race like the latter.

It is an edifice of the transition period. The Saxon architect was just finishing off the first pillars of the nave, when the pointed arch, arriving from the crusade, came and seated itself as a conqueror upon the broad Roman capitals which had been designed to support only circular arches. The pointed arch, thenceforward master of the field, constructed the remainder of the building. However, inexperienced and timid at its commencement, we find it widening its compass, and, as it were, restraining itself, as not yet daring to spring up into arrows and lances, as it afterward did in so many wonderful cathedrals. It might be said to have been sensible of the neighborhood of the heavy Roman pillars.

However, these edifices of the transition from the Roman to the Gothic are not less valuable studies than the pure models are. They express a gradation of the art which would be lost without them. It is the pointed species engrafted upon the circular.

Notre-Dame, in particular, is a curious specimen of this variety. Each face, each stone, of this venerable monument, is a page of the history, not only of the country, but of the science and the art. Thus, to point out here only some of the principal details; while the small Porte-Rouge attains almost to the limits of the Gothic delicacy of the fifteenth century, the pillars of the nave, in their amplitude and solemnity, go back almost as far as the

Carlovingian abbey of St. Germain-des-Près. One would think there were six centuries between that door and those pillars. Not even the hermetics fail to find, in the emblematical devices of the great portal, a satisfactory compendium of their science, of which the church of St. Jacques-de-la-Boucherie was so complete a hieroglyphic. Thus the Roman abbey—the hermetical church—Gothic art—Saxon art—the heavy round pillar, which carries us back to Gregory VII.—the hermetical symbolism by which Nicholas Flamel anticipated Luther—papal unity, and schism—St. Germain-des-Près, and St. Jacques-de-la-Boucherie—all are mingled, combined, and amalgamated in Notre-Dame. This central and maternal church is, among the other old churches of Paris, a sort of chimera; she has the head of one, the limbs of another, the back of a third—something of every one.

We repeat it, these compound fabrics are not the least interesting to the artist, the antiquary, and the historian. They make us feel in how great a degree architecture is a primitive matter—demonstrating (as the Cyclopean vestiges, the Egyptian pyramids, and the gigantic Hindoo pagods likewise demonstrate) that the greatest productions of architecture are not so much the work of individuals as of society—the offspring rather of national efforts than of the conceptions of particular minds—a deposit left by a whole people—the accumulation of ages—the residue of the successive evaporations of human society—in short, a sort of formations. Each wave of time leaves its alluvion—each race deposits its strata upon the monument—each individual contributes his stone. So do the beavers—so do the bees—so does man. The great symbol of architecture, Babel, is a hive.

Gread edifices, like great mountains, are the work of ages. Often the art undergoes a transformation while they are yet pending—*pendant opera interrupta*—they go on again quietly, in accordance with the change in the art. The altered art takes up the fabric, incrusts itself upon it, assimilates it to itself, develops it after its own fashion, and finishes it if it can. The thing is accomplished without disturbance, without effort, without reaction, according to a law natural and tranquil. It is a graft that shoots out—a sap that circulates—a vegetation that goes forward. Certainly there is matter for very large volumes, and often for the universal history of human nature, in those successive engraftings of several species of art at different elevations upon the same fabric. The man, the artist, the individual, are lost and disappear upon those great masses, leaving no name of an author behind. Human intelligence is there to be traced only in its aggregate. Time is the architect—the nation is the builder.

To consider in this place only the architecture of Christian Europe, the younger sister of the great masonries of the East; it presents to us an immense formation, divided into three superincumbent zones, clearly defined; the Roman* zone; the Gothic zone; and the zone of the Revival, which we would willingly entitle the Greco-Roman. The Roman stratum, the most ancient and the deepest, is occupied by the circular arch; which reappears rising from the Grecian column, in the modern and upper stratum of the Revival. The pointed arch is found between the two. The edifices which belong to one or other of these three strata exclusively, are perfectly distinct, uniform, and complete. Such is the abbey of Jumièges; such is the cathedral of Rheims; such is the church of Sainte-Croix at Orleans. But the three zones mingle and combine at their borders, like the colors of the prism. And hence the complex fabrics—the edifices of gradation and transition. One is Roman in its feet, Gothic in the middle, and Greco-Roman in the head. This is when it has taken six hundred years to build it. This variety is rare: the donjon tower of Etampes is a specimen of it. But the

* The same which is also called, according to place, climate, and species, Lombard, Saxon, or Byzantine. These are four sister architectures, parallel to one another, having each its particular character, but all deriving from the same principle, the circular arch.

Facies non omnibus una,
Non diversa tamen, qualem, etc.

fabrics of two formations are more frequent. Such is the Notre-Dame of Paris, an edifice of the pointed arch, which, in its earliest pillars, dips into that Roman zone in which the portal of Saint-Denis and the nave of St. Germain-des-Près are entirely immersed. Such is the charming semi-Gothic chapter house of Bocherville, which the Roman layer mounts half-way up. Such is the cathedral of Rouen, which would have been entirely Gothic, had not the extremity of its central spire pierced into the zone of the Revival.*

However, all these gradations, all these differences, affect only the surface of the structures. It is only the art that has changed its coat—the conformation of the Christian temple itself has remained untouched. It is ever the same internal framework, the same logical disposition of parts. Whatever be the sculptured and decorated envelope of a cathedral, we constantly find underneath it at least the germ and rudiment of the Roman basilic. It eternally develops itself upon the ground according to the same law. There are invariably two naves crossing each other at right angles, the upper extremity of which cross is rounded into a chancel; there are constantly two low sides for the internal processions and for the chapels—a sort of lateral ambulatories communicating with the principal nave by the intercolumniations. This being once laid down, the number of the chapels, of the doorways, of the steeples, of the spires, is variable to infinity, according to the fancy of the age, of the nation, of the art. The performance of the worship being once provided for and ensured, architecture is at liberty to do what she pleases. Statues, painted glass, rose-shaped windows, arabesques, indentations, capitals, and bas-reliefs—all these objects of imagination she combines in such arrangement as best suits her. Hence the prodigious external variety of these edifices, in the main structure of which dwells so much order and uniformity. The trunk of the tree is unchanging—the vegetation is capricious.

*This part of the spire, which was of timber, is precisely that which was consumed by lightning in 1823.

## CHAPTER II.

### A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF PARIS.

We have endeavored to repair for the reader the admirable church of Our Lady at Paris. We have briefly pointed out the greater part of the beauties which it possessed in the fifteenth century, and which are wanting to it now; but we have omitted the principal—the view of Paris as it then appeared from the summit of the towers.

Indeed, when, after feeling your way up the long spiral staircase that perpendicularly perforates the thick walls of the steeples, you at last emerged all at once upon one of the two elevated platforms inundated with light and air, it was a fine picture that opened upon you on every side, a spectacle *sui generis*, some idea of which may easily be formed by such of our readers as have had the good fortune to see a Gothic town, entire, complete, homogeneous—of which description there are still a few remaining, as Nuremberg in Bavaria, and Vittoria in Spain—or even any smaller specimens, provided they be in good preservation, as Vitré in Brittany, and Nordhausen in Prussia.

The Paris of three hundred and fifty years ago, the Paris of the fifteenth century, was already a giant city. The Parisians in general are mistaken as to the ground which they think they have gained. Since the time of Louis XI., Paris has not increased much more than a third, and certainly it has lost much more in beauty than it has gained in size.

Paris took its birth in that anciently-inhabited island of the Cité, or City, which has indeed the form of a cradle, lying about the center of the present town, and embraced between the two channels of the Seine, which, dividing at its eastern, meet again at its western extremity. The strand of this island was its first enclosure; the Seine its first trench. And for several centuries Paris remained in its island state; with two bridges, one on the north, the other on the south; and two *têtes-de-ponts*, which were at once its gates and its fortresses—the Grand Châtelet on the right bank of the northern channel of the river,

and the Petit Châtelet on the left bank of the southern channel.

In the next place, under the first line of French kings, being too much confined within the limits of its island, behind which it could never return, Paris crossed the water. Then on each side, beyond either Châtelet, a first line of walls and towers began to cut into the country on both sides of the Seine. Of this ancient enclosure some vestiges were still remaining as late as the last century; but now there is nothing left but the memory of it, with here and there a local tradition, as the Baudets or Baudoyer gate—*porta Bagauda*.

By degrees, the flood of houses, constantly impelled from the heart of the town toward the exterior, overflowed and wore away this enclosure. Philip-Augustus drew a fresh line of circumvallation. He imprisoned Paris within a circular chain of great towers, lofty and massive. For upwards of a century the houses pressed upon one another, accumulated, and rose higher in this basin, like water in a reservoir. They began to deepen—to pile story on story—to climb, as it were, one upon another. They shot out in height, like every growth that is compressed laterally; and strove each to lift its head above its neighbors, in order to get a breath of air. The streets became deeper and narrower, and every open space was overrun by buildings and disappeared. At last, we find the houses overstepping the wall of Philip-Augustus, and spreading themselves merrily over the plain in all manner of positions, without plan or arrangement, taking their unrestricted ease, and slicing themselves gardens out of the surrounding fields.

In 1367, the suburbs were already so extensive that another enclosure became necessary, and one was built by Charles V. But a town like Paris is perpetually on the increase—and it is only such towns that become capitals. They are a sort of funnels, which receive all the drains, geographical, political, moral, and intellectual, of a country—all the natural tendencies of a people—wells of civilization, as it were—and also sinks—where commerce, manufactures, intelligence, population—all the vital juices of a state—filter and collect incessantly, drop by drop, and century after century.

The circumvallation of Charles V., then, had the same fate as that of Philip-Augustus. At the end of the fifteenth century, a new suburb had collected beyond it, and in the sixteenth we find it rapidly receding, and becoming buried deeper and deeper in the old town, so dense was the new town becoming outside it. Thus, in the fifteenth century—to stop there—Paris had already worn away the three concentric circles of walls which, in the time of Julian, falsely called the Apostate, may be said to have been in embryo in the two castella, since called the Grand Châtelet, and the Petit Châtelet. The growing city had successively burst its four girdles of walls, like a child grown too large for its last year's clothes. In the reign of Louis XI., were to be seen rising here and there amid that sea of houses, some groups of ruinous towers belonging to the ancient bulwarks, like archipelagoes of the old Paris submerged under the inundation of the new.

Since then, Paris has undergone another transformation, unhappily for the eye of Taste; but it has overleaped only one boundary more—that of Louis XV.—the wretched mud-wall, worthy of the king who built it, and of the poet who sang it in this magnificent line, too ingenious to be translatable—

"Le mur murant Paris rend Paris murmurant."

In the fifteenth century, Paris was still divided into three towns quite distinct and separate, having each its peculiar features, manners, customs, privileges, and history—the City, the University, and the Ville or Town properly so called. The City, which occupied the island, was the most ancient, the smallest, and the mother of the other two—looking squeezed (if we may be allowed such a comparison) like a little old woman between two fine flourishing daughters. The University covered the left bank of the Seine, from the Tournelle to the Tour de Nesle, the points answering to which, in modern Paris, are, to the former the Halleaux-Vins or Wine

Mart, and to the latter, the Monnaie or Mint. Its circuit included an ample slice of that tract in which Julian had constructed his baths, and comprised the hill of Ste. Geneviève. The apex of this curve of walls was the Porte Papale or Papal Gate, that is to say, very nearly, the site of the present Pantheon. The Town, which was the largest of the three portions of Paris, occupied the right bank. Its quay, in which there were several breaks and interruptions, ran along the Seine from the Tour de Billy to the Tour du Bois, that is, from the spot where the Grenier d'Abondance now stands, to that occupied by the Tuileries. These four points at which the Seine cut the circumference of the capital; on the left, the Tournelle and the Tour de Nesle; and on the right, the Tour de Billy and the Tour du Bois; were called, by distinction, the four towers of Paris. The Town projected yet more deeply into the territory bordering on the Seine than the University. The most salient points of its enclosure (the one constructed by Charles V.) were at the Portes St. Denis and St. Martin, the sites of which were precisely the same as those of the gates now so called.

As we have just before said, each one of these three great divisions of Paris was a town—but it was a town too peculiar to be complete in itself—a town which could not dispense with the vicinity of the other two. So, also, each had its characteristic aspect. In the City, the churches abounded; in the Town, the palaces; in the University, the colleges. Leaving apart the secondary original features of old Paris, and the capricious dispositions attaching to the *droit de voirie*, or right of road—and noting only the great masses in the chaos of the communal jurisdictions—we may say in general, that the island belonged to the bishop; the right bank, to the *prevôt des marchands* or provost of the traders; and the left bank to the rector of the University. The provost of Paris, a royal and not a municipal officer, had authority over all. Among the conspicuous edifices, the City had Notre-Dame; the Town, the Louvre and the Hôtel-de-Ville; and the University, the Sarbonne. Again, the Town had the Halles; the City, the Hôtel-Dieu; and the University, the Pré-aux-Clercs. Offenses committed by the scholars on the left bank, in their Pré-aux-Clercs, they were tried for in the island at the Palais de Justice, and punished for on the right bank at Montfaucon; unless, indeed, the rector, feeling the University to be strong at that particular time, and the king weak, thought proper to interfere—for it was a privilege of the scholars to be hanged at home, that is to say, within the University precincts.

Most of these privileges (we may observe in passing), and there were some of greater value than this, had been extorted from the kings by revolts and disturbances. Such has been the course of things time out of mind. As the French proverb saith, *Le roi ne lache que quand le peuple arrache*—in plain English, the king never leaves hold until the people pull too hard for him. In one of the old French charters we find this popular fidelity defined with great simplicity: *Civibus fidelitas in reges, quæ tamen aliquoties seditionibus interrupta, multa peperit privilegia.*

In the fifteenth century, the Seine embraced five islands within the circuits of Paris; the Ile Louviers, on which there were then living trees, though there are now only piles of wood; the Ile aux Vaches and the Ile Notre-Dame, both uninhabited, excepting only one sorry tenement, both fiefs of the bishop's, which two islands, in the seventeenth century, were made into one, since built upon, and now called the Ile St. Louis; and the City, having, at its western extremity, the islet of the Passeur-aux-Vaches, since lost under the esplanade of the Pont-Neuf. The City had, at that time, five bridges: three on the right, the Pont Notre-Dame, and the Pont-au-Change, of stone, and the Pont-aux-Meuniers, of wood; and two on the left, the Petit-Pont, of stone, and the Pont St. Michel, of wood; all of them laden with houses. The University had six gates, built by Philip-Augustus; which, to set out from the Tournelle, occurred in the following order: the Porte St. Victor, the Porte Bordelle, the Porte Papale, the Porte St. Jacques, the Porte

St. Michel, and the Porte St. Germain. The Town had also six gates, built by Charles V., viz., setting out from the Tour de Billy, the Porte St. Antoine, the Porte du Temple, the Porte St. Martin, the Porte St. Denis, the Porte Montmartre, and the Porte St. Honoré. All these gates were strong, and handsome withal—which latter attribute is by no means incompatible with strength. A wide and deep trench, having a running stream during the winter floods, washed the foot of the walls all round Paris; the Seine furnishing the water. At night the gates were shut, the river was barred at the two extremities of the town with massive iron chains, and Paris slept in tranquillity.

Seen in a bird's-eye view, these three great pieces of town, the City, the University, and the Ville, presented each an inextricable web of streets fantastically raveled. Yet a glance was sufficient to show the spectator that those three portions of a city formed but one complete whole. You at once distinguished two long parallel streets, without interruption or deviation, running almost in a straight line, and intersecting all the three towns, from one extremity to the other, from the south to the north, at right angles with the Seine, connecting and mingling them, and incessantly pouring the people of each into the precincts of the other, making the three but one. One of these two lines of street ran from the Porte St. Jacques to the Porte St. Martin; and was called in the University, Rue St. Jacques; in the City, Rue de la Juiverie (anglicè, Jewery or Jewry); and in the Town, Rue St. Martin. It crossed the water twice, under the names of Petit-Pont and Pont Notre-Dame. The other line, called, on the left bank, Rue de la Harpe; in the island, the Rue de la Barillerie; on the right bank, Rue St. Denis; over one arm of the Seine, Pont St. Michel, and over the other, Pont-au-Change; ran from the Porte St. Michel in the University, to the Porte St. Denis in the Town. However, though under so many different names, they were still, in fact, only two streets; but they were the two normal, the two mother streets—the two arteries of Paris, by which all the other veins of the triple city were fed, or into which they emptied themselves.

Independently of these two principal, diametrical streets, running quite across Paris, common to the entire capital, the Town and the University had each its own great street, running in the direction of their length, parallel to the Seine, and intersecting the two arterial streets at right angles. Thus, in the Town, you descended in a straight line from the Porte St. Antoine to the Porte St. Honoré; in the University, from the Porte St. Victor to the Porte St. Germain. These two great ways, crossing the two first-mentioned, formed with them the frame or skeleton upon which was laid, knotted, and drawn in every direction, the tangled network of the streets of Paris. In the unintelligible figure of this network, you might, however, also discover, upon attentive observation, two bunches, as it were, of large streets, the one in the University, the other in the Town, which ran diverging from the bridges to the gates. Somewhat of the same geometrical disposition still exists.

Now, what aspect did all this present when viewed from the top of the towers of Notre-Dame in 1482? We will endeavor to describe it.

The spectator, on arriving, out of breath, upon this summit, was first of all struck by a dazzling confusion of roofs, chimneys, streets, bridges, squares, spires, steeples. All burst upon the eye at once—the formally-cut gable, the acute-angled roofing, the hanging turret at the angles of the walls, the stone pyramid of the eleventh century, the slate obelisk of the fifteenth; the donjon tower, round and bare; the church tower, square and decorated; the large and the small, the massive and the airy. The gaze was for some time utterly bewildered by this labyrinth; in which there was nothing but proceeded from art—from the most inconsiderable carved and painted house-front, with external timbers, low doorway, and stories projecting each upon each, up to the royal Louvre itself, which, at that time, had a colonnade of towers. But the following were the principal masses that were distinguishable

when the eye became steady enough to examine this tumultuous assemblage of objects in detail.

First of all, the City. The island of the City, as is observed by Sauval, the most laborious of the old explorers of Parisian antiquity, who, amidst all his trashiness, has these occasional happinesses of expression—"The isle of the City is shaped like a great ship, sunk in the mud, and run aground lengthwise in the stream, about the middle of the Seine." We have already shown that, in the fifteenth century, this ship was moored to the two banks of the river by five bridges. This form of the hull of a vessel had also struck the heraldic scribes; for, from this circumstance, according to Favyn and Pasquier, and not from the siege by the Normans, came the ship emblazoned upon the old escutcheon of Paris. To him who can decipher it, heraldry is an emblematic language. The whole history of the latter half of the middle ages is written in heraldry, as that of the former half is in the symbolism of the churches of Roman architecture. 'Tis the hieroglyphics of feudality succeeding those of theocracy.

The City, then, first presented itself to the view, with its stern to the east and its prow to the west. Looking toward the prow, you had before you an innumerable congregation of old roofs, with the lead-covered bolster of Sainte-Chapelle rising above them broad and round, like an elephant's back with the tower upon it. Only that here the place of the elephant's tower was occupied by the boldest, openest, airiest, most notched and ornamented spire that ever showed the sky through its lace-work cone. Close before Notre-Dame, three streets terminated in the parvis, or part of the churchyard contiguous to the grand entrance—a fine square of old houses. The southern side of this Place was overhung by the furrowed and rugged front of the Hôtel-Dieu, and its roof, which looks as if covered with pimples and warts. And then, right and left, east and west, within that narrow circuit of the City, were ranged the steeples of its twenty-one churches, of all dates, forms, and sizes; from the low and decayed Roman campanile of St. Denis-du-Pas (*carcer Glaucini*) to the slender spires of St. Pierre-aux-Bœufs and St. Laundry. Behind Notre-Dame extended northward, the cloister with its Gothic galleries; southward, the demi-Roman palace of the bishop; and eastward, the uninhabited point of the island, called the terrain, or ground, by distinction. Amid that accumulation of houses the eye could also distinguish, by the high perforated mitres of stone, which at that period, placed aloft upon the roof itself, surmounted the highest range of palace windows, the mansion presented by the Parisians, in the Reign of Charles VI., to Juvénal des Ursins; a little farther on, the black, pitch-covered market-sheds of the Marché Palus; and in another direction, the new chancel of St. Germain-le-Vieux, lengthened, in 1458, by an encroachment upon one end of the Rue-aux-Febves; and then, here and there, were to be seen some cross-way crowded with people—some pillory erected at a corner of a street—some fine piece of the pavement of Philip-Augustus—a magnificent flagging, furrowed in the middle to prevent the horses from slipping, and so ill-replaced in the sixteenth century by the wretched pebbling called *pavé de la Ligue*—some solitary backyard, with one of those transparent staircase-turrets which they used to build in the fifteenth century, one of which is still to be seen in the Rue des Bourdonnais. And on the right of the Sainte-Chapelle, to the westward, the Palais de Justice rested its group of towers upon the water's brink. The groves of the royal gardens, which occupied the western point of the island, hid from view the islet of the Passeur. As for the water itself, it was hardly visible from the towers of Notre-Dame, on either side of the City; the Seine disappearing under the bridges, and the bridges under the houses.

And when you looked beyond those bridges, the roofs upon which were tinged with green, having contracted untimely mouldiness from the vapors of the water; if you cast your eye on the left hand, toward the University, the first edifice that struck it was a large low cluster of towers, the Petit Châtelet, the gaping

porch of which seemed to devour the extremity of the Petit-Pont. Then, if your view ranged along the shore from east to west, from the Tournelle to the Tour de Nesle, you beheld a long line of houses exhibiting sculptured beams, colored window-glass, each story overhanging that beneath it — an interminable zigzag of ordinary gables cut at frequent intervals by the end of some street, and now and then also by the front or the corner of some great stone-built mansion, which seemed to stand at its ease, with its courtyards and gardens, its wings and its compartments, amid that rabble of houses crowding and pinching one another, like a grand seigneur amidst a mob of rustics. There were five or six of these mansions upon the quay, from the Logis de Lorraine, which shared with the house of the Bernardines the great neighboring enclosure of the Tournelle, to the Hôtel de Nesle, the principal tower of which formed the limit of Paris on that side, and the pointed roofs of which were so situated as to cut with their dark triangles, during three months of the year, the scarlet disc of the setting sun.

That side of the Seine, however, was the least mercantile of the two; there was more noise and crowd of scholars than of artisans; and there was not, properly speaking, any quay, except from the Pont-Saint-Michel to the Tour de Nesle. The rest of the margin of the river was either a bare strand, as was the case beyond the Bernardines, or a close range of houses with the water at their foot, as between the two bridges. There was a great clamor of washerwomen along the water-side, talking, shouting, singing, from morning till night, and beating away at their linen—as they do at this day, contributing their full share to the gayety of Paris.

The University, from one end to the other, presented to the eye one dense mass forming a compact and homogeneous whole. Those thousand thick-set, angular roofs, nearly all composed of the same geometrical element, when seen from above, looked almost like one crystalization of the same substance. The capricious fissures formed by the streets did not cut this conglomeration of houses into slices too disproportionate. The forty-two colleges were distributed among them very equally, and were to be seen in every quarter. The amusingly varied summits of those fine buildings were a product of the same description of art as the ordinary roofs which they overtopped; being nothing more than a multiplication, into the square or cube, of the same geometrical figure. Thus they complicated the whole, without confusing it; completed without overloading it. Geometry itself is one kind of harmony. Several fine mansions, too, lifted their heads magnificently here and there above the picturesque attic stories of the left bank; as the Logis de Nevers, the Logis de Rome, the Logis de Reims, which have disappeared; and the Hôtel de Cluny, which still exists for the artist's consolation, but the tower of which was so stupidly shortened a few years ago. Near the Hôtel de Cluny, that Roman palace, with fine semicircular arches, were once the Baths of Julian. There were also a number of abbeys of a beauty more religious, of a grandeur more solemn, than the secular mansions, but not less beautiful nor less grand. Those which first caught the attention were that of the Bernardines, with its three steeples; that of Sainte-Geneviève, the square tower of which, still existing, makes us so much regret the disappearance of the remainder; the Sorbonne, half-college, half-monastery, so admirable a nave of which yet survives; the fine quadrilateral cloister of the Mathurins, and, adjacent to it, the cloister of St. Benedict's; the house of the Cordeliers, with its three enormous and contiguous gables; that of the Augustines, the graceful spire of which formed, after the Tour de Nesle, the next lofty projection on that side of Paris, commencing from the westward. The colleges—which are in fact the intermediate link between the cloister and the world—held the medium in the architectural series between the great mansions and the abbeys, exhibiting a severe elegance, a sculpture less airy than that of the palaces, an architecture less stern than that of the convents.

Unfortunately, scarcely anything remains of these structures, in which Gothic art held so just a balance between richness and economy. The churches (and they were numerous and splendid in the University, and of every architectural era, from the round arches of Saint-Julian to the Gothic ones of Saint-Severin)—the churches, we say, rose above the whole; and, as one harmony more in that harmonious mass, they pierced in close succession the multifarious indented outline of the roofs, with boldly-cut spires, with perforated steeples, and slender aiguilles, or needle spires, the lines of which were themselves but a magnificent exaggeration of the acute angle of the roofs.

The ground of the University was hilly. The Montagne Ste. Geneviève, on the southeast, made one grand swell; and it was curious to see, from the top of Notre-Dame, that crowd of narrow, winding streets (now the *pays Latin*), those clusters of houses which, scattered in every direction from the summit of that eminence, spread themselves in disorder, and almost precipitously down its sides, to the water's edge; looking, some as if they were falling, others as if they were climbing up, and all as if hanging to one another; while the continual motion of a thousand dark points crossing one another upon the pavement, gave the whole an appearance of life. These were the people in the streets, beheld thus from on high and at a distance.

And in the intervals between those roofs, those spires, those innumerable projections of buildings, which so fantastically bent, twisted, and indented the extreme line of the University, you distinguished here and there some great patch of moss-covered wall, some thick round tower, or some embattled, fortress-looking town gate—this was the enclosure of Philip-Augustus. Beyond extended the green meadows, across which the roads were seen diverging, having along their sides, at quitting the body of the town, a number of maisons de faubourg, or houses without the walls, which were seen more thinly scattered the greater their distances from the barriers. Some of these faubourgs were considerable. First of all (to go round from the Tournelle), there was the bourg St. Victor, with its bridge of one arch over the Bievre; its abbey, in which was to be read the epitaph of King Louis the Fat—*epitaphium Ludovici Grossi;* and its church with an octagonal spire flanked by four steeple turrets, of the eleventh century (such a one is still to be seen at Etampes). Then there was the bourg St. Marceau, which had already three churches and a convent. Then, leaving on the left the mill of the Gobelins and its four white walls, came the faubourg St. Jacques, with the fine sculptured cross in the middle of it; the church of St. Jacques du Haut-Pas, then a charming Gothic structure; that of St. Magloire, with its fine nave of the fourteenth century, which Napoleon turned into a hay-barn; and that of Notre-Dame des Champs, or Notre-Dame-in-the-Fields, in which were to be seen some byzantins. And after leaving in the open country the monastery of the Chartreux or Carthusians, a rich structure of the same period as the Palais de Justice, with its little compartmented gardens, and the haunted ruins of Vauvert, the eye fell toward the West, upon the three Roman-built spires of St. Germain-des-Près, St. Germain or Germanus-in-the-Meadows. The bourg St. Germain, already a large commune, formed fifteen or twenty streets in the rear, the sharp steeple of St. Sulpice indicating one of its corners. Close by it was to be distinguished the quadrilateral enclosure of the Foire St. Germain, where is now the market; then the abbot's pillory, a pretty little round tower, well-capped with a cone of lead; farther on was the tuilerie or tile-kiln; and the Rue du Four, which led to the four banal or manorial bakehouse, with the manorial mill perched upon its mound—a specimen of one of the most vexatiously tyrannical characteristics of "the good old times;" and the lazaretto, a small, detached, and half-seen building. But that which especially attracted the eye, and kept it long fixed upon this point, was the abbey itself. It is certain that this monastery, which had an aspect of grandeur both as a church and as a seigniory or temporal lordship—that abba-

tial palace, in which the bishops of Paris deemed themselves happy to sleep a single night—that refectory, to which the architect had given the air, the beauty, and the splendid rose-shaped window of a cathedral—that elegant chapel of the Virgin—that monumental dormitory—those spacious gardens—that frowning portcullis and jealous drawbridge—that circuit of battlements which marked its indented outline upon the verdure of the meadows around—those courts in which the mail of men-at-arms shone mingled with golden copes—the whole grouped and rallied, as it were, about the three round-arched spires, solidly based upon a Gothic chancel—made a magnificent figure in the horizon.

When at length, after long contemplating the University, you turned toward the right bank to the Town, properly so called, the character of the scene was suddenly changed. The Town was not only much larger than the University, but also less uniform. At first sight it appeared to be divided into several masses, singularly distinct from each other. First of all, on the east, in that part of the Town which still takes its name from the marais or marsh in which Camulogenes entangled Cæsar, there was a collection of palaces, the mass of which extended to the water-side. Four great mansions almost contiguous—the Hôtels de Jouy, de Sens, and de Barbeau, and the Logis de la Reine—cast upon the Seine the reflection of their slated tops intersected by slender turrets. These four edifices occupied the space from the Rue des Nonaindières to the abbey of the Celestines, the small spire of which formed a graceful relief to their line of gables and battlements. Some sorry, greenish-looking houses overhanging the water did not conceal from view the fine angles of their fronts, their great square stone-framed windows, their Gothic porches loaded with statues, the boldly-cut borderings about their walls, and all those charming accidents of architecture which make Gothic art seem as if it recommended its combinations at every fresh structure. Behind those palaces ran in every direction, in some places cloven, palisaded, and embattled, like a citadel, in others veiled by large trees like a Carthusian monastery, the vast and multiform circuit of that wonderful Hôtel de St. Pol, in which the French king had room to lodge superbly twenty-two princes of the rank of the dauphin and the Duke of Burgundy, with their trains and their domestics, besides the grands seigneurs or superior nobles, and the emperor when he came to visit Paris, and the lions, who had a mansion to themselves within the royal mansion. And we must here observe, that a prince's lodgings then consisted of not less than eleven principal apartments, from the audience-room to the chamber appropriated to prayer; besides all the galleries, baths, stove-rooms, and other "superfluous places," with which each suite of apartments was provided; besides the private gardens of each one of the king's guests; besides the kitchens, cellars, pantries, and general refectories of the household; the basses-cours or backyards, in which there were two-and-twenty general offices, from the fourille or bakehouse to the échansonnerie or butlery; places for games of fifty different kinds, as mall, tennis, riding at the ring, etc.; aviaries, fish-ponds, menageries, stables, cattle-stalls, libraries, armories, and foundries. Such was, at that day, a palais de roy—a Louvre—a Hôtel St. Pol; it was a city within a city.

From the tower upon which we have placed ourselves, the Hôtel St. Pol, though almost half hidden from view by the four great mansions of which we have just spoken, was, nevertheless, very considerable and very wonderful to behold. You could clearly distinguish in it, although they had been skillfully joined to the main building by means of long windowed and pillared galleries, the three several mansions which Charles V. had thrown into one, together with his former palace; the Hôtel du Petit-Muce, with the airy balustrade which gracefully bordered its roof; the hôtel of the abbot of St. Maur, presenting the variety of an entrance regularly fortified, with a massive tower, machicolations, shot-holes, moineaux de fer, and over the wide Saxony gateway, the abbot's escutcheon placed

between the two notches for the drawbridge; the hôtel of the Count d'Etampes, the keep of which, being ruinous at the top, looked rounded and indented, like the crest of a cock; here and there three or four old oaks, making together one great swelling tuft; haunts of swans amid the clear waters the fish preserves, all wavering in light and shade; the picturesque corner of many a court; the Hôtel des Lions, or mansions of the lions, with its low-pointed arches upon short Saxon pillars, its iron portcullises and its perpetual roaring; then, shooting up above this group of objects, the scaly spire of the Ave-Maria; on the left, the mansion of the provost of Paris, flanked by four turrets delicately moulded and perforated; and, in the center and heart of the whole, the Hôtel St. Pol itself, properly so called, with its multiplied fronts, its successive enrichments since the time of Charles V., the heterogeneous excrescences with which the fancy of the artists had loaded it in the course of two centuries; with all the chancels of its chapels, all the gables of its galleries, its thousand weathercocks, and its two contiguous towers, the conical roof of which, surrounded by battlements at its base, looked like a pointed hat with the brim turned up.

In continuing to ascend the steps of that amphitheater of palaces which thus displayed itself at a distance, after crossing a deep fissure in the roofs of the Town, which marked the course of the Rue St. Antoine, the eye traveled on to the Logis d'Angoulême, a vast structure of several different periods, in which there were some parts quite new and almost white, scarcely better harmonizing with the rest than a red waistcoat might with a blue doublet. However, the singularly sharp and elevated roof of the modern palace, bristling with carved sprout-ends, and covered with sheets of lead, over which ran sparkling incrustations of gilt copper in a thousand fantastic arabesques—that roof so curiously demaskened, sprang gracefully up from amid the brown ruins of the ancient edifice, the old massive towers of which were bellying with age into the shape of casks, their height shrunk with decrepitude, and breaking asunder from top to bottom. Behind rose the forest of spires of the Palais des Tournelles. Nor was any assemblage of objects in the world—not even at Chambord nor at the Alhambra—more magical, more aërial, more captivating, than that grove of spires, turrets, chimneys, weathercocks, spiral staircases, airy lanterns, pavilions, spindle-shaped turrets, or tournelles, as they were then called—all differing in form, height, and position.

To the right of the Tournelles, that bundle of enormous towers perfectly black, growing, as it were, one into another, and looking as if bound together by their circular fosse; that donjon tower, looped much more with shot-holes than with windows; that drawbridge always lifted; that portcullis always down;—those are the Bastille. Those objects like black beaks, projecting between the battlements, and which, at this distance, you would take for the mouth of spouts, are cannon. Under their fire, at the foot of the formidable structure, you may perceive the Porte St. Antoine, almost buried between its two towers.

Beyond the Tournelles, as far as the wall of Charles V., extended, in rich compartments of verdure and of flowers, a tufted carpet of garden-grounds and royal parks, in the midst of which was distinguishable, by its labyrinth of groves and walks, the famous Dædalus garden which Louis XI. had given to Coictier. The doctor's observatory rose above the labyrinth, like a great isolated column with a small house for its capital; and in that study had been practiced astrologies of terrible effect. That spot is now occupied by the Palace Royale.

As we have already observed, the Palace and its precincts, of which we have endeavored to give the reader some idea, though by specifying only its most prominent features, filled up the angle which Charles V.'s enclosure made with the Seine on the east. The center of the town was occupied by a heap of ordinary houses. Indeed, it was there that the three bridges of the City on the right bank discharged their stream of passengers; and the

bridges led to the building of houses before that of palaces. This accumulation of common dwelling-houses, pressed against one another like the cells in a hive, was not without its beauty. In the roofs of a capital, as in the waves of a sea, there is, at least, grandeur of outline. In the first place, then, the streets, crossed and intertwined, diversified the mass with a hundred amusing figures; around the Halles, it was like a star with a thousand rays. The Rues St. Denis and St. Martin, with their innumerable ramifications, ascended one after another, like two great trees mingling their branches; and then there were tortuous lines, the Rue de la Plâtrerie, etc., winding about over the whole. There were also fine edifices lifting their heads above the petrified undulation of this sea of gables. First, at the entrance of the Pont-aux-Changeurs, behind which the Seine was seen foaming under the mill-wheels at the Pont-aux-Meuniers, there was the Châtelet; no longer a Roman tower as under the Emperor Julian, but a feudal tower of the thirteenth century, and of a stone so hard, that in three hours the pick did not remove it to the depth of a man's fist. Then there was the rich square steeple of St. Jacques-de-la-Boucherie, its angles all rounded with sculptures, and already worthy of admiration, although it was finished in the fifteenth century. (It wanted in particular those four monsters which, still perched at the four corners of its roof, look like so many sphinxes, giving to the modern Paris the enigma of the ancient to unriddle. Rault, the sculptor, placed them there, not until the year 1526; and had twenty francs for his trouble.) Then, again, there was the Maison-aux-Piliers, overlooking that Place de Grève of which we have already given some description. There was the church of St. Gervais, which a doorway in good taste has since spoiled; that of St. Méry, the old pointed arches of which were almost approaching to the semicircular; and that of St. Jean, the magnificent spire of which was proverbial; besides twenty other structures which disdained not to bury their attractions in that chaos of deep, dark, and narrow streets. And to these the carved stone crosses, more abounding in the crossways even than the gibbets themselves; the cemetery of the Innocents, of which you discovered at a distance the architectural enclosure; the pillory of the Halles, the top of which was visible between the chimneys of the Rue de la Cossonnerie; the échelle of the Croix-du-Trahoir, in its carrefour or opening, which was constantly darkened with people; the circular hovels of the Halle-au-Blé or Corn-market; the broken fragments of the old wall of Philip-Augustus, distinguishable here and there, buried among the house — ivy-mantled towers, ruinous gateways—crumbling and shapeless pieces of wall; the quay with its thousand shops, and its bloody-looking écorcheries or skinning-yards; the Seine covered with boats, from the Port-au-Foin to the For-l'Evéque; and you will have some general idea of the appearance presented, in 1482, by the central trapezium or irregular quadrangle of the Town.

Together with these two quarters, the one of palaces, the other of houses, the third great feature then observable in the Ville, was a long zone or belt of abbeys which bordered it almost in its whole compass on the land side, from east to west, and, behind the line of fortification by which Paris was shut in, formed a second internal enclosure, consisting of convents and chapels. Thus, close to the park of the Tournelles, between the Rue St. Antoine, and the old Rue du Temple, there was St. Catherine's, with its immense grounds, bounded only by the wall of Paris. Between the old and the new Rue du Temple, there was the Temple itself, a frowning bundle of towers, lofty, erect, and isolated in the midst of an extensive embattled enclosure. Between the Rue Neuve du Temple and the Rue St. Martin, in the midst of its gardens, stood St. Martin's, a superb fortified church, whose girdle of towers, whose tiara of steeples, were second in strength and splendor only to St. Germain-des-Près. Between the two Rues, St. Martin and St. Denis, was displayed the circuit of the Trinité, or convent of the Trinity. And between the Rue

St. Denis and the Rue Montorgueil, was that of the Filles-Dieu. Close by the latter were to be distinguished the decayed roofs and unpaved enclosures of the Cour des Miracles, the only profane link that obtruded itself into that chain of religious houses.

Lastly, the fourth compartment which presented itself distinctly in the conglomeration of roofs upon the right bank, occupying the western angle of the great enclosure, and the water-side downward, was a fresh knot of palaces and great mansions crowding at the foot of the Louvre. The old Louvre of Philip-Augustus, that immense structure—the great tower of which mustered around it twenty-three principal towers, besides all the smaller ones—seemed, at a distance, to be enchased, as it were, within the Gothic summits of the Hôtel d'Alençon and the Petit-Bourbon. This hydra of towers, the giant keeper of Paris, with its four-and-twenty heads ever erect—with the monstrous ridges of its back sheathed in lead or scaled with slates, and all variegated with glittering metallic streaks—surprisingly terminated the configuration of the Town on the west.

This, an immense *pâté*—what the Romans called an insula or island—of ordinary dwelling-houses, flanked on either side by two great clusters of palaces, crowned, the one by the Louvre, the other by the Tournelles, and bordered on the north by a long belt of abbeys and cultivated enclosures—the whole mingled and amalgamated in one view—and over those thousands of buildings, whose tiled and slated roofs ran in so many fantastic chains, the steeples, engraved, embroidered, and inlaid, of the forty-four churches on the right bank—myriads of cross streets—the boundary, on one side, a line of lofty walls with square towers (those of the University wall being round), and on the other, the Seine, intersected by bridges and crowded with numberless boats—such was the Town of Paris in the fifteenth century.

Beyond the walls there were some faubourgs adjacent to the gates, but less numerous and more scattered than those on the University side. Thus, behind the Bastille, there were a score of mean houses clustered around the curious carvings of the cross called the Croix-Faubin, and the buttresses of the abbey of St. Antoine-des-Champs, or St. Anthony's-in-the-Fields; then there was Popincourt, lost amid the corn fields; then, La Courtille, a merry village of cabarets or public houses; the bourg St. Laurent, with its church, the steeple of which, at a distance, seemed in contact with the pointed towers of the Porte St. Martin; the Faubourg St. Denis, with the extensive enclosure of St. Ladre; then, out at the Porte Montmartre, the Grange-Batelière, encircled with white walls; and behind it Montmartre itself, with its chalky declivities—Montmartre, which had then almost as many churches as windmills, but which has retained only the windmills, "for," observes our author, "society now seeks only bread for the body"—an observation which the reader may interpret in his own way. And then, beyond the Louvre, you saw, stretching into the meadows, the Fauborg St. Honoré, even then of considerable extent; and, looking green, La Petite-Bretagne or Little Britain; and, spreading itself out, the Marché-aux-Porceaux, or Hog-market, in the center of which heaved the horrible boiler used for executing those convicted of coining. Between La Courtille and St. Laurent your eye had already remarked, on the summit of a rising ground that swelled amidst a solitary plain, a sort of structure, which looked at a distance like a ruinous colonnade standing upon a basement with its foundation laid bare. This, however, was neither a Parthenon, nor a temple of the Olympian Jupiter; it was the dismal Montfaucon, already alluded to, and hereafter to be described.

Now, if the enumeration of so many edifices, brief as we have sought to make it, has not shattered, in the reader's mind, the general image of old Paris as fast as we have endeavored to construct it, we will recapitulate it in a few words. In the the center was the island of the City, resembling in its form an enormous tortoise, extending on either side its bridges all scaly with tiles like so many feet, from under its gray shell of roofs. On the left, the close, dense, bristling, and homogene-

ous quadrangle of the University; and on the right, the vast semicircle of the Town, much more interspersed with gardens and great edifices. The three masses, City, University, and Town, are veined with innumerable streets. Across the whole runs the Seine, "the nursing Seine," as Father du Breul calls it, obstructed with islands, bridges, and boats. All around is an immense plain, checkered with a thousand different sorts of cultivation, and strewed with beautiful villages; on the left, Issy, Vanvres, Vaugirard, Montrouge, Gentilly, with its round tower and its square tower, etc.; and on the right, twenty others, from Conflans to Ville-l'Evêque. In the horizon a circle of hills formed, as it were, the rim of the vast basin. And in the distance, on the east, was Vincennes, with its seven quadrangular towers; on the south, the Bicêtre, with its pointed turrets; on the north, St. Denis and its spire; on the west, St. Cloud and its donjon. Such was the Paris beheld from the summit of the towers of Notre-Dame by the crows who lived in 1482.

And yet it is of this city that Voltaire has said, that "before the time of Louis XIV. it possessed only four fine pieces of architecture," that is to say, the dome of the Sarbonne, the Val-de-Grâce, the modern Louvre, and—we have forgotten which was the fourth—perhaps it was the Luxembourg. Voltaire, however, was not the less the author of "Candide" for having made this observation; nor is he the less, among all the men who have succeeded one another in the long series of human characters, the one who has possessed in the greatest perfection the *rire diabolique*, the sardonic smile. This opinion of his only affords one evidence, among so many others, that a man may be a fine genius, and yet understand nothing of an art which he has not studied. Did not Molière think he was doing great honor to Raphael and Michael Angelo when he called them "those Mingards of their age?"

But to return to Paris and to the fifteenth century. It was not then a fine town only—but it was a homogeneous town—an architectural and historical production of the Middle Ages—a chronicle in stone. It was a city composed of two architectural strata only, the Romanish and the Gothic layer—for the true Roman layer had long disappeared, except in the Baths of Julian, where it still pierced through the thick incrustation of the Middle Ages—and as for the Celtic stratum no specimen of that was now to be found, even in sinking a well.

Half a century later, when the Revival came and broke into that consistency so severe and yet so varied, with the dazzling profuseness of its systems and its fancies, rioting among Roman arches, Grecian columns, and Gothic depressions—its carving so delicate and so imaginative—its peculiar taste for arabesques and foliage—its architectural paganism contemporary with Luther—Paris was perhaps more beautiful still, though less harmonious to the eye and to the mind. But that splendid period was of short duration. The Revival was not impartial. Not content with erecting, it thought proper to pull down—it must be acknowledged, too, that it wanted room. So the Gothic Paris was complete but for a moment. Scarcely was the tower of St. Jacques-de-la-Boucherie finished, before the demolition of the old Louvre was begun.

Since then this great city has been daily sinking into deformity. The Gothic Paris, under which the Romanish Paris was disappearing, has disappeared in its turn; but what name shall we give to the Paris that has taken its place?

There is the Paris of Catherine de Medicis at the Tuileries, the Paris of Henry II. at the Hôtel-de-Ville—two edifices which are still in fine taste;—the Paris of Henry IV. at the Place Royale—a brick front, faced with stone, and roofed with slate—real tri-colored houses;—the Paris of Louis XIII. at the Val-de-Grâce—of architecture crushed and squat—with basket-handle vaults, big-bellied columns, and a hump-backed dome;—the Paris of Louis XIV. at the Invalides—great, rich, gilded, and cold;—the Paris of Louis XV. at St. Sulpice—with volutes, knots of ribbons, clouds, vermicelli and succory, all in stone;—the Paris of Louis XVI. at the Pantheon—St. Peter's at Rome ill-copied

—and the building has been awkwardly heightened, which has by no means rectified its lines;—the Paris of the Republic at the School of Medicine—a poor Greek and Roman style, just as much to be compared to the Coliseum or the Parthenon, as the constitution of the year III. is to the laws of Minos; the French denomination for which style in architecture is, *le goût messidor*;—the Paris of Napoleon, at the Place Vendôme—something sublime—a brazen column composed of melted cannon;—the Paris of the Restoration, at the Bourse or Exchange—a colonnade very white, supporting a frieze very smooth; the whole square, and costing twenty millions of francs.

To each of these characteristic structures is allied, by similarity of style, manner, and disposition of parts, a certain number of houses scattered over the different quarters of the town, which the eye of the connoisseur easily distinguishes and assigns to their respective dates. When a man understands the art of seeing, he can trace the spirit of an age and the features of a king even in the knocker on a door.

The present Paris has therefore no general physiognomy. It is a collection of specimens of several different ages, and the finest of all have disappeared. This capital is increasing in dwelling-houses only—and in what dwelling-houses! If it goes on as it is now doing, Paris will be renewed every fifty years. So, also, the historical meaning of its architecture is daily wearing away. Its great structures are becoming fewer and fewer, seeming to be swallowed up one after another by the flood of houses. "Our fathers," a Parisian of the present day might exclaim, "had a Paris of stone—our sons will have one of plaster."

As for the modern structures of the new Paris, we shall gladly decline enlarging upon them. Not, indeed, that we do not pay them all proper admiration. The Ste. Geneviève of M. Soufflot is certainly the finest Savoy cake that was ever made of stone. The Palace of the Legion of Honor is also a very distinguished piece of pastry. The Halle-au-Blé or Corn-market, is an English jockey-cap on a magnificent scale. The towers of Saint-Sulpice are two great clarinets; now, nobody can deny that a clarinet shape is a shape; and then, the telegraph, crooked and grinning, makes an admirable diversity upon the roof. The church of Saint-Rock has a doorway, with whose magnificence only that of St. Thomas d'Aquin can compare; it has also a plum-pudding Mount Calvary down in a cellar, and a sun of gilt wood; these, it must be owned, are things positively marvelous. The lantern of the labyrinth at the Jardin des Plantes, too, is vastly ingenious. As for the Palais de la Bourse or Exchange, which is Grecian in its colonnade, Roman by the circular arches of its doors and windows, and of the Revival by its great depressed ceiling, it is doubtless a structure in great correctness and purity of taste; one proof of which is, that it is crowned by an attic story such as was never seen at Athens, a fine straight line, gracefully intersected here and there by stovepipes. We must add, that if it be a rule that the architecture of a building should be so adapted to the purpose of the building itself, as that the aspect of the edifice should at once declare that purpose, we can not too much admire a structure which, from its appearance, might be either a royal palace, a chamber of deputies, a town-hall, a college, a riding-house, an academy, a repository, a court of justice, a museum, a barrack, a mausoleum, a temple, or a theater—and which, all the while, is an Exchange. It has been thought, too, that an edifice should be made appropriate to the climate—and so this one has evidently been built on purpose for a cold and rainy sky.

It has a roof almost flat, as they are in the East; and, consequently, in winter, when it snows, the roof has to be swept—and does any one doubt that roofs are intended to be swept? As for the purpose of which we have just now been speaking, the building fulfills it admirably. It is an Exchange in France, as it would have been a temple in Greece. True it is that the architect has had much ado to conceal the clock-face, which would have destroyed the purity of the noble lines of the façade;

but to make amends, we have that colonnade running round the whole structure, under which, on the grand days of religious solemnity, may be magnificently developed the schemes of money-brokers and stock-jobbers.

These, doubtless, are very superb structures. Add to these many a pretty street, amusing and diversified, like the Rue de Rivoli; and we need not despair that Paris shall one day present, as seen in a balloon flight, that richness of outline and opulence of detail—that peculiar diversity of aspect—that something surpassingly grand in the simple and striking in the beautiful—which distinguishes a draught-board.

However, admirable as you may think the present Paris, reconstruct in your imagination the Paris of the fifteenth century—look at the sky through that surprising forest of spires, towers, and steeples—spread out amidst the vast city, tear asunder at the points of the islands, and fold round the piers of the bridges, the Seine, with its broad green and yellow flakes, more variegated than the skin of a serpent—project distinctly upon a horizon of azure the Gothic profile of that old Paris—make its outline float in a wintry mist clinging to its innumerable chimneys—plunge it in deep night, and observe the fantastic play of the darkness and the lights in that gloomy labyrinth of buildings—cast upon it a ray of moonlight, showing it in glimmering vagueness, with its towers lifting their great heads from that foggy sea—or draw that dark veil aside, cast into shade the thousand sharp angles of its spires and its gables, and exhibit it all fantastically indented upon the glowing western sky at sunset—and then compare.

And if you would receive from the old city an impression which the modern one is quite incapable of giving you, ascend, on the morning of some great holiday, at sunrise, on Easter, or Whit-Sunday, to some elevated point from which your eye can command the whole capital—and attend the awakening of the chimes. Behold, at a signal from heaven—for it is the sun that gives it—those thousand churches starting from their sleep. At first you hear only scattered tinklings, going from church to church, as when musicians are giving one another notice to begin. Then, all on a sudden, behold—for there are moments when the ear itself seems to see—behold, ascending at the same moment, from every steeple, a column of sound, as it were, a cloud of harmony. At first the vibration of each bell mounts up direct, clear, and, as it were, isolated from the rest, into the splendid morning sky; then, by degrees, as they expand, they mingle, unite, are lost in each other, and confounded in one magnificent concert. Then it is all one mass of sonorous vibrations, incessantly sent forth from the innumerable steeples—floating, undulating, bounding, and eddying over the town, and extending far beyond the horizon the deafening circle of its oscillations. Yet that sea of harmony is not a chaos. Wide and deep as it is, it has not lost its transparency; you perceive the windings of each group of notes that escapes from the several rings; you can follow the dialogue, by turns grave and clamorous, of the crecelle and the bourdon; you perceive the octaves leaping from one steeple to another; you observe them springing aloft, winged, light, and whistling, from the bell of silver; falling broken and limping from the bell of wood. You admire among them the rich gamut incessantly descending and reascending the seven bells of Saint-Eustache; and you see clear and rapid notes, running across, as it were, in three or four luminous zigzags, and vanishing like flashes of lightning. Down there you see Saint-Martin's Abbey, a shrill and broken-voiced songstress; here is the sinister and sullen voice of the Bastille; and at the other end is the great tower of the Louvre, with its counter-tenor. The royal chime of the Palais unceasingly casts on every side resplendent trillings, upon which fall, at regular intervals, the heavy strokes from the great bell of Notre-Dame, which strike sparkles from them like the hammer upon the anvil. At intervals, you perceive sounds pass by, of every form, from the triple peal of Saint-Germain-des-Près. Then, again, from time to time, that mass of sublime sounds half opens, and gives pas-

sage to the stretto of the Ave-Maria, which glitters like an aigrette of stars. Below, in the deepest of the concert, you distinguish confusedly the internal music of the churches, exhaled through the vibrating pores of their vaulted roofs. Here, certainly, is an opera worth hearing. Ordinarily, the murmur that escapes from Paris in the day-time, is the city talking; in the night, it is the city breathing; but here, it is the city singing. Listen, then, to this tutti of the steeples—diffuse over the whole the murmur of half a million of people—the everlasting plaint of the river—the boundless breathings of the wind—the grave and far quartet of the four forests placed upon the hills, in the distance, like so many vast organs—immersing in them, as in a demi-tint, all in the central concert that would otherwise be too rugged or too sharp; and then say whether you know of anything in the world more rich, more joyous, more golden, more dazzling, than this tumult of bells and chimes—this furnace of music—these thousand voices of brass, all singing together in flutes of stone three hundred feet high—this city which is all one orchestra—this symphony as loud as a tempest.

---

# BOOK IV.

---

## CHAPTER I.

### A FOUNDLING.

It was sixteen years before the period of our story that, on a fine morning of the first Sunday after Easter—called in England Low Sunday, and in France, *le dimanche de la Quasimodo*, or Quasimodo Sunday, from the word Quasimodo, which commences the Latin offertory appropriated to the mass of that day—that a young child had been deposited, after mass, in the cathedral church of Notre-Dame, upon the bedstead fixed in the pavement on the left hand of the entrance, opposite to that great image of St. Christopher which the stone figure of Messire Antoine des Essarts, knight, had been contemplating on his knees since the year 1413, at the time that it was thought proper to throw down both the saint and his faithful adorer. Upon this bedstead it was customary to expose foundlings to the charity of the public; any one took them that chose; and in the front of the bedstead was placed a copper basin for the reception of alms.

The sort of living creature that was found lying upon these planks on Low Sunday morning, in the year of our Lord 1467, appeared to excite, in a high degree, the curiosity of a very considerable group of persons which had collected round the bedstead, and which consisted, in great measure, of individuals of the fair sex. Indeed, they were nearly all old women.

In the front line of the spectators, and stooping the most intently over the bedstead, were to be seen four of them, who by their gray cagoule (a sort of cassock), appeared to be attached to some devout sisterhood. We know not why history should not hand down to posterity the names of these discreet and venerable demoiselles. They were Agnès la Herme, Jehanne de la Tarme, Henriette la Gaultière, and Gauchère la Violette—all four widows, all four bonnes-femmes of the Chapelle Etienne Haudry, who had come thus far from their house, with their mistress's leave, and conformably to the statutes of Pierre d'Ailly, to hear the sermon.

However, if these good Haudriettes were observing for the moment the statutes of Pierre d'Ailly, assuredly they were violating, to the heart's content, those of Michel de Brache and the Cardinal of Pisa, which so inhumanly prescribed silence to them.

"What ever can that be, sister?" said Agnès to Gauchère, as she looked at the little exposed creature, which lay screaming and twisting itself about upon the bedstead, frightened at being looked at by so many people.

"Bless you!" said Jehanne, "what's to become of us all, if that's the way they make children now?"

"I'm no great judge of children," resumed Agnès, "but it must surely be a sin to look at such a one as this!"

"It's no child at all, Agnès——"

"It's a misshapen baboon," observed Gauchère.

"It's a miracle," said Henriette la Gaultière.

"Then," remarked Agnès, "this is the third since Lætare Sunday; for it's not a week since we had the miracle of the mocker of pilgrims divinely punished by Our Lady of Aubervilliers; and that was the second miracle of the month."

"This pretended foundling's a very monster of abomination," resumed Jehanne.

"He brawls loud enough to deafen a chanter," added Gauchère; "hold your tongue, you little bellower."

"To say that it's monsieur of Reims that sends this monstrosity to monsieur of Paris!" exclaimed La Gaultière, clasping her hands.

"I imagine," said Agnès la Herme, "that it's some strange animal—the offspring of some beastly Jew or other—something, at all events, that's not Christian, and so must be thrown into the water or into the fire."

"Surely," resumed La Gaultière, "nobody'll ask to have it!"

"Ah, my God!" exclaimed Agnès, "those poor nurses that live down there in the foundling-house at the bottom of the alley, going down to the river, close by the lord bishop's; suppose they were to go and take them this little monster to suckle! I'd rather give suck to a vampire."

"Is she a simpleton, that poor La Herme?" rejoined Jehanne. "Don't you see, my dear sister, that this little monster is at least four years old, and wouldn't have half so much appetite for your breast as for a piece of roast meat."

In fact, the "little monster" (for we ourselves should be much puzzled to give it any other denomination) was not a newborn infant. It was a little, angular, restless mass, imprisoned in a canvas bag marked with the cipher of Messire Guillaume Chartier, then bishop of Paris—with a head peeping out at one end of it. This head was very deformed, exhibiting only a forest of red hair, one eye, a mouth, and some teeth. The eye was weeping; the mouth was crying; and the teeth seemed to desire, above all things, to bite. The whole lump was struggling violently in the bag, to the great wonderment of the increasing and incessantly renewing crowd around it.

Dame Aloise de Gondelaurier, a wealthy and noble lady, holding by the hand a pretty little girl about six years of age, and drawing after her a long veil attached to the golden horn of her coif, stopped as she was passing before the bedstead, and looked for a moment at the unfortunate creature; while her charming little daughter, Fleur-de-Lys de Gondelaurier, all clad in silk and velvet, was spelling with her pretty finger, upon the permanent label attached to the bedstead, the words ENFANS TROUVES.

"Really," said the lady, turning away with disgust, "I thought they exposed here nothing but children."

She turned her back; at the same time throwing into the basin a silver florin, which rang among the liards, and opened wide the eyes of the poor bonnes-femmes of the Chapelle Etienne Haudry.

A moment afterward the grave and learned Robert Mistricolle, king's prothonotary, passed by, with an enormous missal under one arm, and his wife under the other (Damoiselle Guillemette-la-Mairesse), having thus at his side his two regulators, the spiritual and the temporal.

"Foundling, indeed!" said he, after examining the living lump; "yes—found apparently, upon the parapet of the river Phlegethon!"

"It has but one eye visible," observed Damoiselle Guillemette; "it has a great wart upon the other."

"It's no wart," exclaimed Maître Robert Mistricolle; "it's an egg, that contains just such another demon, which has upon its eye another little egg enclosing another devil—and so on."

"How do you know that?" asked Guillemette-la-Mairesse.

"I know it for very sufficient reasons," answered the prothonotary.

"Monsieur the prothonotary," asked Gauchère, "what do you prognosticate from this pretended foundling?"

The greatest calamities," answered Mistricolle.

"Ah, my God!" said an old woman among the bystanders, "withal that there was a considerable pestilence last year, and that they say the English are going to land in great company at Harfleur!"

"Perhaps that'll prevent the queen from coming to Paris in September," observed another; "and trade's so bad already!"

"I'm of opinion," cried Jehanne de la Tarme, "that it would be better for the inhabitants of Paris, for that little conjuror there to be lying upon a fagot than upon a board."

"A fine flaming fagot!" added the old woman.

"It would be more prudent," said Mistricolle.

For some minutes a young priest had been listening to the argument of the Haudriettes and the oracular sentences of the prothonotary.

He had a severe countenance, with a broad forehead and a penetrating eye. He made way silently through the crowd, examined the little conjuror with his eyes, and stretched out his hand over him. It was time; for all the devout old ladies were already regaling themselves with the anticipation of a fine flaming fagot.

"I adopt that child," said the priest. He wrapped it in his cassock, and carried it away with him; the bystanders gazing after him with looks of affright. In a minute he had disappeared through the Porte Rouge, or red door, which at that time led from the church into the cloisters.

When the first surprise was over, Jehanne de la Tarme whispered in the ear of La Gaultière, "Did I not tell you, sister, that that young clerk, Monsieur Claude Frollo, is a sorcerer?"

---

## CHAPTER II.

### CLAUDE FROLLO.

CLAUDE FROLLO was in fact no vulgar person. He belonged to one of those families of middle rank which were called indifferently, in the impertinent language of the last century, haute bourgeoisie or petite noblesse—that is, high commoners or petty nobility. This family had inherited from the brothers Paclet the fief of Tirechappe, which was held of the Bishop of Paris, and the twenty-one houses of which had been, in the thirteenth century, the object of so many pleadings before the official. As possessor of this fief, Claude Frollo was one of the septvingt-un, or hundred and forty-one seigneurs, claiming censive, or manorial dues, in Paris and its faubourgs; and in that capacity his name was long to be seen inscribed between that of the Hôtel de Tancarville, belonging to Maître François Le Rez, and that of the college of Tours, in the chartulary deposited at Saint Martin-des-Champs.

The parents of Claude Frollo had destined him, from his infancy, for the ecclesiastical state. He had been taught to read in Latin; and had been bred to cast down his eyes, and to speak low. While yet a child, his father had cloistered him in the college of Torchi, in the University; and there it was that he had grown up, over the missal and the lexicon.

He was, moreover, a melancholy, grave, and serious boy, who studied ardently and learned with rapidity; he never shouted loud when at play; he mixed little in the bacchanalia of the Rue du Fouarre; knew not what it was to *dare alapas et capillos laniare;* nor had figured in that mutiny of 1463, which the annalists gravely record under the title of "Sixième Trouble de l'Université." It did not often happen to him to rally the poor scholars of Montaign upon their cappettes, from which they derived their University nickname; nor the fellows of the college of Dormans, upon their smooth tonsure and their tripartite frock, made of cloth, blue gray, blue, and violet—*azurini coloris et bruni*, as the charter of Cardinal des Quatre-Couronnes expresses it.

But, on the other hand, he was assiduous at the great and the little schools of the Rue Saint-Jean-de-Beauvais. The first scholar whom the abbot of Saint-Pierre-de-Val, at the moment of commencing his reading in canon law, always observed intently fixed, opposite to his chair, against

a pillar of the école Saint-Vendregesile, was Claude Frollo, armed with his inkhorn, chewing his pen, scrawling upon his much-worn knee, and, in winter, blowing his fingers. The first auditor that Messire Miles d'Isliers, docteur en décret, saw arrive every Monday morning, quite out of breath, at the opening of the doors of the schools Du Chef Saint-Denis, was Claude Frollo. Thus, at the age of sixteen, the young clerk was a match, in mystical theology, for a father of the Church; in canonical theology, for a father of the Council; and in scholastic theology, for a doctor of the Sorbonne.

Theology being passed through, he had then rushed into the decrét, or study of the decretals. After the Master of the Sentences, he had fallen upon the capitularies of Charlemagne; and had successively devoured, in his appetite for knowledge, decretals upon decretals; those of Theodore, Bishop of Hispalis; those of Bouchard, Bishop of Worms; those of Yves, Bishop of Chartres; then the decrét of Gratian, which succeeded the capitularies of Charlemagne; then the collection by Gregory IX.; then the epistle Super specula of Honorius III. He made himself clearly familiar with that vast and tumultuous period of the civil and the canon law, in collision and at strife with each other in the chaos of the Middle Ages—a period which opens with Bishop Theodore, in 618, and closes, in 1227, with Pope Gregory.

Having digested the decretals, he plunged into medicine and the liberal arts. He studied the science of herbs, the science of unguents. He became expert in the treatment of fevers and of contusions, of wounds and of imposthumes. Jacques d'Espars would have admitted him as a physician; Richard Hellain, as a surgeon. In like manner he ran through every degree in the faculty of arts. He studied the languages Latin, Greek, Hebrew; a triple sanctuary, then but very little frequented. He was possessed by an absolute fever of acquiring and storing up science. At eighteen, he had made his way through the four faculties; it seemed to the young man that life had but one sole object, and that was, to know.

It was just about this period that the excessive heat of the summer of 1466 gave birth to the great plague which carried off more than forty thousand souls within the viscounty of Paris, and amongst others, says John of Troyes, "Maître Arnoul, the king's astrologer, a man full honest, wise, and pleasant." It was rumored in the University, that the Rue Tirechappe was one of those especially devastated by the pestilence. It was there, in the midst of their fief, that the parents of Claude resided. The young scholar hastened in great alarm to his paternal roof. On entering, he found that his father and his mother had both died the day before. A little brother, quite an infant, still in its swaddling clothes, was yet living, and crying, abandoned in its cradle. It was all that remained to Claude of his family. The young man took the child under his arm, and went away pensive. Hitherto, he had lived only in science; he was now beginning to live in the world.

This catastrophe was a crisis in Claude's existence. An older brother, an orphan, and the head of a family at nineteen, he felt himself rudely aroused from the reveries of the school to the realities of this life. Then, moved with pity, he was seized with passion and devotion for this infant brother; and strange at once and sweet was this human affection to him who had never yet loved anything but books.

This affection developed itself to a singular degree; in a soul so new to passion it was like a first love. Separated since his childhood from his parents, whom he had scarcely known — cloistered and walled up, as it were, in his books—eager above all things to study and to learn—exclusively attentive, until then, to his understanding, which dilated in science—to his imagination, which expanded in literature—the poor scholar had not yet had time to feel that he had a heart. This little brother, without father or mother—this infant which suddenly dropped, as it were, from heaven into his charge—made a new man of him; he discovered that there was something else in the world besides the speculations of the Sorbonne and

the verses of Homerus — that man has need of affections—that life without tenderness and without love, is but a piece of dry machinery, noisy and wearisome. Only he fancied—for he was still at that age when illusions are as yet replaced by illusions—that the affections of blood and kindred were the only ones necessary; and that a little brother to love, was sufficient to fill up his whole existence.

He threw himself, then, into the love of his little Jehan, with all the warmth of a character which was already deep, ardent, concentrated. This poor, helpless creature, pretty, fair-haired, rosy, and curly —this orphan with another orphan for its only support—moved him to the inmost soul; and, like a grave thinker as he was, he began to reflect upon Jehan with a feeling of the tenderest pity. He bestowed all his solicitude upon him, as upon something extremely fragile, especially commended to his care: he was more than a brother to the infant — he became a mother to it.

Now, little Jehan having lost his mother before he was weaned, Claude put him out to nurse. Besides the fief of Tirechappe, he inherited from his father that of Moulin, which was held of the square tower of Gentilly; it was a mill standing upon a hill, near the Château de Winchestre, since corrupted into Bicêtre. The miller's wife was suckling a fine boy; it was not far from the University, and Claude carried his little Jehan to her in his own arms.

Thenceforward, feeling that he had a burden to bear, he began to look on life as a serious matter. The thought of his little brother became not only his recreation from study, but the object of his studies themselves. He resolved to devote himself entirely to the future life of the being for whom he thought himself answerable before God, and never to have any other spouse, any other offspring, than the happiness and the fortune of his brother. He attached himself, therefore, more devotedly than ever to his clerical vocation. His merit, his learning, his quality as an immediate vassal of the Bishop of Paris, opened wide to him the gates of the Church. At twenty years of age, by special dispensation from the Holy See, he was ordained priest; and performed the service, as the youngest of the chaplains of Notre-Dame, at the altar called, on account of the late mass that was said at it, altare pigrorum, the altar of the lazy.

There, more than ever immersed in his dear books, which he quitted only to hasten for an hour to the fief Du Moulin, this mixture of learning and austerity, so rare at his age, had speedily gained him the admiration and reverence of the cloister. From the cloister his reputation for learning had been communicated to the people, amongst whom it had been in some degree converted, as not unfrequently happened in that day, into renown for sorcery.

It was at the moment of returning, on the Quasimodo Sunday, from saying his mass of the slothful at their altar, which was at the side of that gate of the choir which opened into the nave, on the right hand, near the image of the Virgin, that his attention had been awakened by the group of old women screaming around the bed of the foundlings.

Then it was that he had approached the unfortunate little creature, the object of so much hatred and menace. That distress, that deformity, that abandonment, the thought of his little brother—the idea which suddenly crossed his mind that, were he himself to die, his dear little Jehan, too, might chance to be miserably cast upon those boards — all that had rushed upon his heart at once — a deep feeling of pity had taken possession of him, and he had borne off the child.

When he drew the infant out of the bag, he found it to be very deformed indeed. The poor little imp had a great lump covering its left eye—the head compressed between the shoulders—the spine crooked —the breastbone prominent—and the legs bowed. Yet it seemed to be full of life; and, although it was impossible to discover what language it spluttered, yet its cry indicated a certain degree of health and strength. Claude's compassion was increased by this ugliness; and he vowed in his heart to bring up this child for the love

of his brother; in order that, whatever might in future time be the faults of little Jehan, there might be placed to his credit this piece of charity performed on his account. It was a sort of putting out of good works at interest, which he transacted in his brother's name—an investment of good actions which he wished to make for him beforehand — to provide against the chance of the little fellow's one day finding himself short of that sort of specie, the only kind taken at the gate of heaven.

He baptized his adopted child by the name of Quasimodo; whether it was that he chose thereby to commemorate the day which he had found him, or that he meant to mark by that name how incomplete and imperfectly moulded the poor little creature was. Indeed, Quasimodo, one-eyed, hump-backed, and bow-legged, could hardly be considered as anything more than an almost.

---

## CHAPTER III.

IMMANIS PECORIS CUSTOS, IMMANIOR IPSE.

Now, in 1482, Quasimodo had grown up, and had been for several years ringer of the bells of Notre-Dame, by the grace of his adoptive father, Claude Frollo; who was become Archdeacon of Joas, by the grace of his suzerain, Messire Louis de Beaumont; who had become Bishop of Paris in 1472, on the death of Guillaume Chartier, by the grace of his patron, Olivier le Daim, barber to Louis XI., king by the grace of God.

Quasimodo, then, was ringer general at Notre-Dame.

With time, a certain peculiar bond of intimacy had been contracted between the ringer and the church. Separated forever from the world by the double fatality of his unknown birth and his natural deformity—imprisoned from his infancy within that double and impassable circle — the poor unfortunate had been accustomed to see nothing on this earth beyond the religious walls which had received him into their shade. Notre-Dame had been to him successively, as he grew up, the egg—the nest—his house—his country—the world.

And certain it is, there was a sort of mysterious and pre-existing harmony between this creature and this edifice. When, while yet quite little, he used to drag himself along, tortuously and tumblingly, under the gloom of its arches, he seemed, with his human face and his bestial members, the native reptile of that damp, dark floor, upon which the shadows of the Saxon capitals projected so many fantastic forms.

And, afterwards, the first time that he clung mechanically to the bell-rope in the towers, hung himself upon it, and set the bell in motion, the effect upon Claude, his adoptive father, was that of a child finding its tongue and beginning to talk.

Thus it was that, gradually unfolding his being, which constantly took its mould from the cathedral—living in it—sleeping in it—scarcely ever going out of it—receiving every hour its mysterious impress—he came at length to resemble it, to be fashioned to it as it were, to make an integral part of it. His salient angles fitted themselves (if we may be allowed the expression) into the re-entering angles of the structure, and he seemed to be not only its inhabitant, but even the natural tenant of it. He might almost be said to have taken its form, as the snail takes that of its shell. It was his dwelling place—his hole—his envelope. Between the old church and himself, there was an instinctive sympathy so profound—so many affinities, magnetic as well as material—that he in some sort adhered to it, like the tortoise to its shell. The cathedral, with its time-roughened surface, was his carapace.

It is needless to hint to the reader, that he is not to accept literally the figures that we are here obliged to employ in order to express that singular assimilation, symmetrical—immediate—consubstantial, almost—of a man to a building. Nor is it less evident to what a degree he must have familiarized himself with the whole cathedral during so long and so intimate a cohabitation. This was his own peculiar dwelling place; it had no depth which Quasimodo had not penetrated, no height

which he had not scaled. Many a time had he clambered up its front to one story after another, with no other help than the projections of its architecture and sculpture; the towers, over the external surface of which he was sometimes seen creeping, like a lizard gliding upon a perpendicular wall—those two giant cheeks of the building—so lofty, so threatening, so formidable—had for him neither giddiness, nor dizziness, nor terror. To see them so gentle under his hand, so easy to scale, one would have said that he had tamed them. By dint of leaping, climbing, sporting amid the abysses of the gigantic cathedral, he was become in some sort both monkey and chamois—like the Calabrian child, which swims before it can run, and plays in its infancy with the sea.

Moreover, not only did his body seem to have fashioned itself according to the cathedral, but his mind also. In what state was that soul of his? what bend had it contracted, what form had it taken, under that close-drawn envelope, in that savage mode of life? This it would be difficult to determine. Quasimodo was born one-eyed, hump-backed, limping. It was with great difficulty and great patience that Claude Frollo had succeeded in teaching him to speak. But a fatality pursued the poor foundling. Made ringer of Notre-Dame at fourteen years of age, a fresh infirmity had come to complete his desolation—the bells had broken his tympanum, and he had become deaf. The only door that nature had left him open to the external world, had been suddenly closed forever.

And in closing, it intercepted the sole ray of joy and light that still penetrated to the soul of Quasimodo. That moonlight was veiled in deep night. The poor creature's melancholy became incurable and complete as his deformity; add to which, his deafness rendered him in some sort dumb. For, that he might not make himself laughed at by others, from the moment that he found himself deaf, he resolutely determined to observe a silence which he scarcely ever broke, except when he was alone. He tied up voluntarily that tongue which Claude Frollo had had so much trouble to untie. And hence it was that, when necessity compelled him to speak, his tongue moved stiffly and awkwardly, like a door of which the hinges have grown rusty.

We are now to endeavor to penetrate to Quasimodo's soul through that thick, hard rind—could we sound the depths of that ill-formed organization—were it possible for us to look, as it were, with a torch in our hands, behind the non-transparency of those organs—to explore the darksome interior of that opaque being—to elucidate its obscure corners and absurd no-thoroughfares, and throw all at once a strong light upon the Psyche chained down in that drear cavern—doubtless we should find the poor creature in some posture of decrepitude, stunted and rickety—like those prisoners that used to grow old in the low dungeons of Venice, bent double in a stone chest too low and too short for them either to stand or to lie at full length.

It is certain that the spirit pines in a misshapen body. Quasimodo scarcely felt, stirring blindly within him, a soul made after his own image. The impressions of external objects underwent a considerable refraction before they reached his apprehension. His brain was a peculiar medium; the ideas which passed through it issued forth completely distorted. The reflection which proceeded from that refraction was necessarily divergent and astray.

Hence, he was subject to a thousand optical illusions, a thousand aberrations of judgment, a thousand wanderings of idea, sometimes foolish, sometimes idiotic.

The first effect of this fatal organization was to disturb the look which he cast upon external objects. He received from them scarcely any immediate perception. The external world seemed to him much farther off than it does to us.

The second effect of his misfortune was to render him mischievous. He was mischievous, indeed, because he was savage; and he was savage because he was ugly. There was a consequentiality in his nature as well as in ours. His strength, too, developed in so extraordinary a degree, was

another cause of mischievousness, *malus puer robustus*, says Hobbes.

Besides, we must do him the justice to observe that mischievousness, perhaps, was not inherent in him. At his very first steps among mankind, he had felt himself—and then he had seen himself—repulsed, branded, spit upon. Human speech had ever been to him a scoff or a malediction. As he grew up, he had found naught around him but hatred. What wonder that he should have caught it! He had but contracted his share of malice—he had but picked up the weapon that had wounded him.

And, after all, he turned but reluctantly toward mankind—his cathedral was sufficient for him. It was peopled with figures in marble—with kings, saints, bishops—who, at all events, did not burst out laughing in his face, but looked upon him with uniform tranquillity and benevolence. The other figures, those of the monsters and demons, had no hatred for him, Quasimodo. He was too much like them for that. They seemed much rather to be scoffing at the rest of mankind. The saints were his friends, and blessed him; the monsters were his friends, and protected him. And, accordingly, he used to have long communings with them; he would sometimes pass whole hours squatted down before one of those statues, holding a solitary conversation with it; on which occasions, if any one happened to approach, he would fly like a lover surprised in his serenade.

And the cathedral was not only society to him—it was the world—it was all nature. He dreamt of no hedgerows but the stained windows ever in flower—no shades but the stone foliage which unfolds itself loaded with birds in the tufted Saxon capitals—no mountains but the colossal towers of the church—no ocean but Paris murmuring at their feet.

That which he loved above all in his maternal edifice—that which awakened his soul, and made it stretch forth its poor pinions, which it kept so miserably folded up within its cavern—that which sometimes made him happy—was, the bells. He loved them, caressed them, talked to them, understood them. From the carillon in the central steeple, to the great bell over the doorway, they all shared his affections. The central steeple and the two towers were to him three great cages, the birds in which, taught by himself, sang for him alone. It was, however, those same bells that had made him deaf. But a mother is often the fondest of that child which has cost her the most suffering.

It is true that their voices were the only ones that he was still capable of hearing. On this account, the great bell of all was his best beloved. She it was whom he preferred among this family of noisy sisters that fluttered about him on festival days. This great bell was named Marie. She was placed in the southern tower, where she had no companion but her sister Jacqueline, a bell of smaller dimensions, shut up in a smaller cage by the side of her own. This Jacqueline was so named after the wife of Jean Montagu, which Jean had given her to the church—a donation, however, which had not prevented him from going and figuring without his head at Montfaucon. In the northern tower were six other bells; while the six smallest inhabited the central steeple, over the choir, together with the wooden bell, which was rung only from the afternoon of Maunday-Thursday until the morning of Holy Saturday, or Easter-eve. Thus Quasimodo had fifteen bells in his seraglio; but the big Marie was his favorite.

It is not easy to give an idea of his delight on those days on which they rang in full peal. The moment the archdeacon had set him off with the word "Go," he ascended the spiral staircase of the steeple quicker than any other person would have descended it. He rushed, all breathless, into the aërial chamber of the large Marie; he gazed upon her for a moment intently and fondly; then he addressed her softly; patted her with his hand, like a good horse setting out on a long journey; expressing sorrow for the trouble he was going to give her. After these first caresses, he called out to his assistants, placed in the lower story of the tower, to begin. The latter then hung their weight

at the ropes, the capstan creaked, and the enormous round of metal swung slowly. Quasimodo, panting, followed it with his eye. The first stroke of the clapper against the brazen wall that encircled it shook the woodwork upon which he stood. Quasimodo vibrated with the bell. "Vah!" he would cry, with a burst of insensate laughter. Meanwhile, the motion of the bell went quicker; and as it went on, taking a wider and wider sweep, Quasimodo's eye, in like manner, opened wider and wider, and became more and more phosphoric and flaming. At length the great peal commenced—the whole tower trembled—wood, lead, stone—all shook together—from the piles of the foundation to the trifoliations at the summit. Quasimodo was now in a violent perspiration, running to and fro, and shaking, with the tower, from head to foot. The bell, now in full and furious swing, presented alternately to each wall of the tower its brazen throat, from whence escaped that tempest breath which was audible at four leagues' distance. Quasimodo placed himself before this gaping throat—squatted down and rose up again at each turn of the bell—inhaled that furious breath—looked by turns down upon the Place which was swarming with people two hundred feet below him, and upon the enormous brazen tongue which came, second after second, and bellowed in his ear. It was the only speech that he understood—the only sound that broke to him the universal silence. His soul dilated in it, like a bird in the sunshine. All at once he would catch the frenzy of the bell; and then his look became extraordinary—he would wait the next coming of the vast mass of metal, as the spider waits for the fly, and then throw himself headlong upon it. Now, suspended over the abyss, borne to and fro by the formidable swinging of the bell, he seized the brazen monster by the ears—griped it between his knees—spurred it with both his heels—and redoubled, with the whole shock and weight of his body, the fury of the peal. Meanwhile, the tower trembled while he shouted and ground his teeth—his red hair bristling up—his breath heaving like the blast of a forge—and his eye flaming—while his monstrous steed was neighing and palpitating under him. Then it was no longer either the great bell of Notre-Dame, or Quasimodo the ringer—it was a dream—a whirl—a tempest—dizziness astride upon clamor—a strange centaur, half man, half bell—a sort of horrible Astolpho, carried along upon a prodigious hippograff of living bronze.

The presence of this extraordinary being breathed, as it were, a breath of life through the whole cathedral. There seemed to escape from him—so at least said the exaggerating superstitions of the multitude—a mysterious emanation, which animated all the stones of Notre-Dame, and heaved the deep bosom of the ancient church. To know that he was there, was enough to make you think you saw life and motion in the thousand statues of the galleries and doorways. The old cathedral did indeed seem a creature docile and obedient to his hand; she waited his will, to lift up her loud voice; she was filled and possessed with Quasimodo as with a familiar spirit. One would have said that he made the immense building breathe. He was to be seen all over it; he multiplied himself upon every point of the structure. Sometimes you beheld with dread, at the very top of one of the towers, a fantastic dwarfish-looking figure—climbing—twisting—crawling about—descending outside over the abyss—leaping from projection to projection—and then thrusting his arm into the throat of some sculptured gorgon; it was Quasimodo pulling the crows from their nests. Sometimes, in a dark corner of the church, you would stumble against a sort of living chimera, squatting and dogged-looking—it was Quasimodo musing. Sometimes you espied, upon one of the steeples, an enormous head and a parcel of deranged limbs, swinging furiously at the end of a rope—it was Quasimodo ringing the vesper-bell, or the Angelus. Often, at night, a hideous form was seen wandering upon the light delicate balustrade which crowns the towers and borders the top of the chancel—it was still the hunchback of Notre-Dame. Then, the good women of the neighborhood would say, something

fantastic, supernatural, horrible, was to be seen in the whole church—eyes and mouths opened in it here and there—the stone dogs, griffons, and the rest, that watch day and night, with outstretched necks and open jaws, around the monstrous cathedral, were heard to bark. And if it was a Christmas night—while the great bell, that seemed to rattle in its throat was calling the faithful to the blazing midnight mass—there was such an air spread over the gloomy front, that the great doorway seemed to be devouring the multitude, while the round window above it was looking down upon him—and all this came from Quasimodo. Egypt would have taken him for the god of this temple—the Middle Ages believed him to be its demon—he was in fact its soul.

So much was this the case that, to those who know that Quasimodo has existed, Notre-Dame is now solitary, inanimate, dead. They feel that something has disappeared. That vast body is empty—it is a skeleton—the spirit has quitted it—they see the place of its habitation, but that is all. It is like a skull, which still has holes for the eyes, but no look shining through them.

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE DOG AND HIS MASTER.

THERE was, however, one human creature whom Quasimodo excepted from the malice and hatred for the rest, and whom he loved as much, perhaps more, than his cathedral: this was Claude Frollo.

The case was simple enough. Claude Frollo had received him, adopted him, nursed him, brought him up. While yet quite little, it was between Claude Frollo's knees that he had been accustomed to take refuge when the dogs and the children ran yelping after him. Claude Frollo had taught him to speak, to read, to write. Claude Frollo, in fine, had made him ringer of the bells—and to give the great bell in marriage to Quasimodo, was giving Juliet to Romeo.

Accordingly, Quasimodo's gratitude was deep, ardent, boundless; and although the countenance of his adoptive father was often clouded and severe—although his mode of speaking was habitually brief, harsh, imperious—never had that feeling of gratitude wavered for a single instant. The archdeacon had in Quasimodo the most submissive of slaves, the most tractable of servants, the most vigilant of watch-dogs. When the poor ringer had become deaf, there was established between him and Claude Frollo a language of signs, mysterious, and intelligible only to themselves. So that the archdeacon was the only human being with whom Quasimodo had preserved a communication. There were only two existences in this world with which he had any intercourse—Notre-Dame and Claude Frollo.

Unexampled were the sway of the archdeacon over the ringer, and the ringer's attachment to the archdeacon. One sign from Claude, and the idea of pleasing him would have sufficed to make Quasimodo throw himself from the top of the towers of Notre-Dame. There was something remarkable in all that physical strength, so extraordinarily developed in Quasimodo, and blindly placed by him at the disposal of another. In this there was undoubtedly filial devotion and domestic attachment; but there was also fascination of one mind by another mind. There was a poor, weak, awkward organization, hanging its head and casting down its eyes in the presence of a lofty and penetrating intellect, powerful and commanding. In fine, and above all the rest, there was gratitude—gratitude pushed to that extreme limit, that we know not to what to compare it. This virtue not being one of those of which the finest examples are found amongst mankind, we must therefore say that Quasimodo loved the archdeacon as no dog, no horse, no elephant ever loved his master.

## CHAPTER V.

### FURTHER PARTICULARS OF CLAUDE FROLLO.

In 1482, Quasimodo was about twenty years old, and Claude Frollo about thirty-six. The one had grown up; the other had grown old.

Claude Frollo was no longer the simple scholar of the Torchi college—the tender protector of a little boy—the young dreaming philosopher, who knew many things and was ignorant of many. He was a priest, austere, grave, morose — having cure, of souls—Monsieur the Archdeacon of Joas—the second acolyte of the bishop —having charge of the two deaneries of Montlhéry and Châteaufort and of a hundred and seventy-four curés ruraux or country parochial clergy. He was an imposing and sombre personage, before whom trembled the chorister boys in aube and jaquette, the machios, the brethren of St. Augustine, and the cercles matutinels of Notre-Dame, when he passed slowly under the lofty pointed arches of the choir, majestic, pensive, with his arms crossed, and his head so much inclined upon his breast that nothing could be seen of his face but his large bald forehead.

Dom Claude Frollo, however, had abandoned neither science nor the education of his brother, the two occupations of his life. But in the course of time, some bitterness had been mingled with these things which he had found so sweet. Little Jehan Frollo, surnamed Du Moulin from the place where he had been nursed, had not grown up in the direction which Claude had been desirious of giving him. The elder brother had reckoned upon a pupil pious, docile, learned, creditable. But the younger brother, like those young plants which baffle the endeavors of the gardener, and turn obstinately toward that side alone from which they receive air and sunshine—the younger brother grew up, and shot forth full and luxuriant branches, only on the side of idleness, ignorance, and debauchery. He was a very devil—extremely disorderly — which made Dom Claude knit his brows—but very droll and very cunning — which made the elder smile. Claude had consigned him to that same college de Torchi in which he himself had passed his earlier years in study and modest seclusion; and it grieved him that this sanctuary, once edified by the name of Frollo, should be scandalized by it now. He sometimes read Jehan very long and very severe lectures upon the subject, which the latter intrepidly sustained. After all the young rake had a good heart—as all our comedies take care to assure us on a like occasion. But when the lecture was over, he did not the less quietly resume the course of his seditions and enormities. Sometimes it was a béjaune or yellow-beak, as a new-comer at the University was called, whom he had plucked for his entrance-money—a precious tradition, which has been carefully handed down to the present day. Sometimes he had set in motion a band of scholars, who had classically fallen upon a cabaret—*quasi classico excitati*—then had beaten the tavern-keeper *avec bâtons offensifs*, and merrily pillaged the tavern, even to the staving in of the hogsheads of wine in the cellar. And then there was a fine report, drawn up in Latin, which the submonitor of the Torchi college brought piteously to Dom Claude, with this dolorous heading—*Rixa; prima causa vinum optimum potatum.* And, in fine, it was said—a thing quite horrible in a boy of sixteen—that his raking oftentimes led him as far as the Rue de Glatigny.

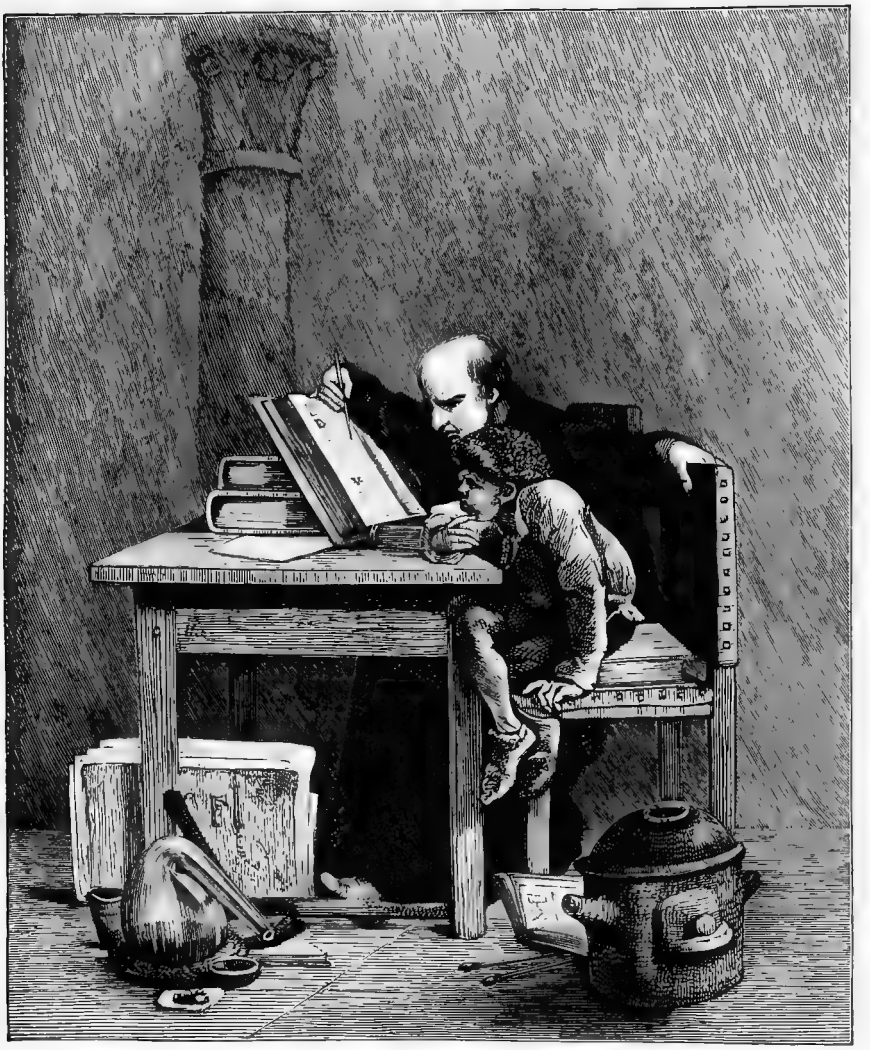
Owing to all this, Claude, saddened and discouraged in his human affections, had thrown himself the more ardently into the arms of science—that sister who, at all events, does not laugh in your face, but ever repays you (albeit in coin sometimes rather light) for the attention you have bestowed upon her. He became, then, more and more learned—and, at the same time, by a natural consequence, more and more rigid as a priest, more and more melancholy as a man. There are in each individual of us, certain parallelisms between our understanding, our manners, and our character, which develop themselves continuously, and are interrupted only by the greater disturbances of life.

As Claude Frollo had, in his youth, gone through nearly the whole circle of positive human knowledge, external and lawful, he was under the absolute necessity, unless he was to stop *ubi defuit orbis*, of going further, and seeking other food for the insatiable activity of his intellect. The ancient symbol of the serpent biting his tail is especially appropriate to science; and it seems that Claude Frollo had experienced this. Many grave persons affirmed, that after exhausting the *fas* of human knowledge, he had ventured to penetrate into the *nefas*. He had, they said, successfully tasted all the apples of the tree of knowledge; and, whether from hunger or disgust, he had ended with tasting of the forbidden fruit. He had taken his place by turns, as our readers have seen, at the conference of the theologians at the Sorbonne; at the meetings of the faculty of arts at the image of St. Hillary; at the disputations of the decretists at the image of St. Martin; at the congregations of the physicians at bénitier of Notre-Dame, *ad cupam nostræ dominæ*. All the viands, permitted and approved, which those four great cuisines called the four faculties could prepare and serve up to the understanding, he had devoured; and he had been satiated with them before his hunger was appeased. Then he had penetrated further—lower—underneath all that finite, material, limited science; he had perhaps risked his soul, and seated himself in the cavern at that mysterious table of the alchemists, the astrologers, the hermetics, of which Averroës, Guillaume de Paris, and Nicolas Flamel occupy the lower extremity in the Middle Ages, and which extends in the East, under the light of the seven-branched candlestick, up to Solomon, Pythagoras, and Zoroaster. So, at least, it was supposed, whether rightly or not.

It is certain that the archdeacon often visited the cemetery of the Holy Innocents; in which, it is true, his father and mother had been buried, with the other victims of the plague of 1466; but that he testified much less devotion to the cross at the head of their grave, than to the strange figures upon the tomb of Nicolas Flamel and his wife Claude Pernelle, which stood close by it.

It is certain that he had often been seen to pass along the Rue des Lombards, and enter stealthily into a small house at the corner of the two streets, the Rue des Ecrivains and the Rue Marivaux. It was the house which Nicolas Flamel had built, in which he had died about the year 1417, and which, uninhabited ever since, was beginning to fall into ruins, so much had the hermetics and alchemists of all countries worn away its walls by simply engraving their names on them. Some of the neighbors even affirmed that they had once seen, through an air-hole, the archdeacon Claude digging and turning over the earth at the bottom of those two cellars, the buttresses in which had been scrawled over with innumerable verses and hieroglyphics by Nicolas Flamel himself. It was supposed that Flamel had buried the philosopher's stone in these cellars; and the alchemists for two centuries, from Magistri down to Father Pacifique, never ceased to turn about the ground, until the house itself, so mercilessly ransacked and turned inside out, had at last crumbled into dust under their feet.

It is certain, too, that the archdeacon had been seized with a singular passion for the symbolical doorway of Notre-Dame, that page of conjuration written in stone by Bishop William of Paris, who has undoubtedly been damned for attaching so infernal a frontispiece to the sacred poem eternally chanted by the rest of the structure. Archdeacon Claude had also the credit of having sounded the mysteries of the colossal St. Christopher, and of that long enigmatical statue which then stood at the entrance of the Parvis, and which the people had nicknamed Monsieur Legris. But what everybody might have remarked, was, the interminable hours which he would often spend, seated upon the parapet of the Parvis, in contemplating the sculptured figures of the portal—now examining the light maidens with their lamps turned upside down, and the prudent ones with their lamps the right end up—at other times calculating the angle of vision of that crow which clings to the left side



CLAUDE FROLLO TEACHING QUASIMODO.

Hugo, vol. I, p. 86.

of the doorway, casting its eye upon a mysterious point within the church — where the philosopher's stone is certainly hidden, if it be not in Nicolas Flamel's cellar.

It was a singular destiny (we may remark in passing) for the church of Notre-Dame, at that period, to be thus beloved in two different ways, and with so much devotion, by two beings so unlike as Claude and Quasimodo—loved by the one, a sort of half-human creature, instinctive and savage, for its beauty, for its stature, for the harmonies dwelling in the magnificent whole—loved by the other, a being of cultivated and ardent imagination, for its signification, its mystic meaning, the symbolic language lurking under the sculpture on its front, like the first text under the second in a palimpsest—in short, for the enigma which it eternally proposes to the understanding.

And, furthermore, it is certain that the archdeacon had fitted himself up, in that one of the two towers which looks upon the Grève, close by the cage of the bells, a little cell of great secrecy, into which no one entered—not even the bishop, it was said—without his leave. This cell had been constructed of old, almost at the top of the tower, among the crows' nests, by Bishop Hugo de Besançon,* who had played the necromancer there in his time. What this cell contained, no one knew. But from the strand of the Terrain, at night, there was often seen to appear, disappear, and reappear, at short and regular intervals, at a small round window or luthern that admitted light into it from the back of the tower, a certain red, intermittent, singular glow, seeming as if it followed the successive puffings of a pair of bellows, and as if it proceeded from a flame rather than from a light. In the dark, at that elevation, it had a very odd appearance; and the good women of the neighborhood used to say: "There's the archdeacon blowing! Hell-fire's casting sparks up there!"

Not that here were, after all, any great proofs of sorcery; but still there was quite as much smoke as was necessary to make the good people suppose a flame; and the archdeacon had a reputation not a little formidable. We are bound to declare, however, that the sciences of Egypt —that necromancy—that magic—even the fairest and most innocent—had no more violent enemy, no more merciless denouncer before messieurs of the officiality of Notre-Dame, than himself. Whether it was sincere abhorrence, or merely the trick of the robber who cries Stop thief! this did not prevent the archdeacon from being considered by the learned heads of the chapter as one who had risked his soul upon the threshold of hell—as one lost in the caverns of the Cabala—feeling his way in the darkness of the occult sciences.

Neither were the people blinded to the real state of the case; to the mind of every one possessed of the smallest sagacity, Quasimodo was the demon, and Claude Frollo the sorcerer; it was evident that the ringer was to serve the archdeacon for a given time, at the expiration of which he was to carry off his soul by way of payment. So that the archdeacon, despite the excessive austerity of his life, was in bad odor with all pious souls; and there was never a nose of a devotee, however inexperienced, but could smell him for a magician.

And if, as he grew older, he had formed to himself abysses in science, others had opened themselves in his heart. So at least they had reason to believe who narrowly observed that face of his, in which his soul shone forth only through a murky cloud. Whence that large bald forehead —that head constantly bent forward—that breast constantly heaved with sighs? What secret thought wreathed that bitter smile about his lips, at the same moment that his lowering brows approached each other fierce as two encountering bulls? Why were his remaining hairs already gray? What internal fire was that which occasionally shone in his glance, to such a degree as to make his eye look like a hole pierced through the wall of a furnace?

These symptoms of a violent moral preoccupation had acquired an especially high degree of intensity at the period to which

* "Hugo de Bisuncio," 1326-1332.

our narrative refers. More than once had a chorister-boy fled affrighted at finding him alone in the church, so strange and fiery was his look. More than once, in the choir, at service-time, the occupant of the stall next his own had heard him mingle, in the plain-chant *ad omnem tonum*, unintelligible parentheses. More than once had the laundress of the Terrain, whose business it was "to wash the chapter," observe, not without dread, marks of finger-nails and clenched fingers in the surplice of Monsieur the Archdeacon of Joas.

However, he became doubly rigid, and had never been more exemplary. By character, as well as by calling, he had always kept at a distance from women; and now he seemed to hate them more than ever. The mere rustling of a silken cotte-hardie brought his hood down over his eyes. On this point so jealous were his austerity and reserve, that when the king's daughter, the Lady of Beaujeu, came in December, 1481, to visit the cloister of Notre-Dame, he gravely opposed her entrance, reminding the bishop of the statute in the Livre Noir or Black Book of the chapter, dated St. Bartholomew's Eve, 1344, forbidding access to the cloister to every woman "whatsoever, old or young, mistress or maid." Whereupon the bishop having been constrained to cite to him the ordinance of the legate, Odo, which makes an exception in favor of certain ladies of high rank—*aliquæ magnates mulieres, quæ sine scandalo evitari non possunt*—the archdeacon still protested; objecting that the legate's ordinance being dated as far back as the year 1207, was a hundred and twenty-seven years anterior to the Livre Noir, and was consequently, to all intents and purposes, abrogated by it. And accordingly he had refused to make his appearance before the princess.

It was moreover remarked that, for some time past, his abhorrence of gypsy-women and zingari had been redoubled. He had solicited from the bishop an edict expressly forbidding the gypsies from coming to dance and play the tambourine in the Place du Parvis; and for the same length of time he had been rummaging among the mouldy archives of the official, in order to collect together all the cases of wizards and witches condemned to the flames or the halter for having been accomplices in sorcery with he-goats, she-goats, or sows.

---

## CHAPTER VI.

### UNPOPULARITY.

THE archdeacon and the bell-ringer, as we have already said, were but little esteemed among the little and great folks of the environs of the cathedral. When Claude and Quasimodo walked abroad on divers occasions, and they were observed in company traversing the clean, but narrow and dusky, streets of the neighborhood of Notre-Dame, the servant following his master, more than one malicious word, or ironical smile, or insulting jest, greeted them on their way; unless Claude Frollo—though this happened rarely—walked with head erect, exhibiting his stern and almost noble brow to the gaze of the astonished gossips.

The pair were in that neighborhood almost like the "poets," of whom Regnier speaks:

> Toutes sortes de gens vont après les poètes,
> Comme après les hiboux vont criant les fauvettes.

Sometimes an ill-natured body would risk his head and bones for the ineffable pleasure of running a pin into Quasimodo's hump. Sometimes a pretty girl, more full of frolic and boldness than became her, would rustle the priest's black gown, singing to his face the sarcastic song beginning: "Nestle, nestle, the Devil is caught." Sometimes a squalid group of old women, crouching down in the dusk along the steps of a porch, grumbled aloud as the archdeacon and the bell-ringer passed, or called after them with curses—this encouraging greeting: "Ho! here comes one with a soul as crooked as the other's body." Sometimes a band of scholars playing at hopscotch would jump up together and salute them classically with some cry in Latin, as "*Eia! eia! Claudius cum claudo!*"

# BOOK V.

## CHAPTER I.

### A GLANCE AT THE ANCIENT MAGISTRACY.

A RIGHT enviable personage, in the year of grace 1482, was noble homme Robert d'Estouteville, knight, Sieur of Beyne, Baron of Ivry and Saint Andry in Marche, councilor and chamberlain to the king, and keeper of the provostry of Paris. Already it was nearly seventeen years since he had received from King Louis, on the 7th of November, 1465, the year of the comet, that fine place of Provost of Paris, which was regarded rather as a seigneurie than as an office — *Dignitas*, says Joanes Lœmnœus, *quæ cum non exiguâ potestate politiam concernente, atque prærogativis multis et juribus conjuncta est.* It was a thing quite marvelous, that, in the year '82, there should be a gentleman holding the king's commission, whose letters of institution were dated as far back as the time of the marriage of Louis XI's natural daughter with monsieur the bastard of Bourbon. On the same day that Robert d'Estouteville had taken the place of Jacques de Villiers in the provostry of Paris, Maître Jean Dauvet succeeded Messire Hélye de Thorrettes in the first presidency of the court of parliament, Jean Jouvénel des Ursins supplanted Pierre de Morvillers in the office of Chancellor of France, and Regnault des Dormans relieved Pierre Puy of the post of master of requests in ordinary to the king's household. Now, over how many heads had the presidency, the chancellorship, and the mastership traveled since Robert d'Estouteville had held the provostry of Paris? It had been "granted into his keeping," said the letters patent; and certainly he kept it well. He had clung to it, incorporated himself, identified himself with it, so thoroughly that he had escaped that rage for changes which possessed Louis XI., a distrustful, parsimonious, and laborious king, bent upon maintaining, by frequent appointments and dismissals, the elasticity of his power. Nay, more — the worthy chevalier had procured the reversion of his office for his son; and already, for two years, had the name of noble homme Jacques d'Estouteville, Esquire, figured at full length behind his own at the head of the register of the ordinary of the provostry of Paris—a rare, assuredly, and signal favor! True it is that Robert d'Estouteville was a good soldier; that he had loyally lifted his pennon against "the league of the public weal;" and that he had made a present to the queen, on the day of her entry into Paris in the year 14—, of a very wonderful stag, all made of confectionery. And, moreover, he had a good friend in Messire Tristan l'Hermite, provost-marshal of the king's household. So that Messire Robert enjoyed a very comfortable and agreeable existence. First of all, he had a very good salary; to which were attached, depending like so many additional branches from his vine, the revenues of the registries, civil and criminal, of the provostry; then, the revenues of the Auditoires d'Embas, or inferior courts, of the Châtelet; besides some little toll from the bridges of Mante and Corbeil, and the profits of the tru on the esgrin of Paris, and on the measures of firewood and the meters of salt. Add to all this the pleasure of displaying, in his official rides through the town, in contrast with the gowns, half red and half tawny, of the échevins and the quarteniers, his fine military dress, which you may still admire sculptured upon his tomb at the abbey of Valmont in Normandy, as you may his richly embossed morion at Montlhéry. And then, was it nothing to have all supremacy over the sergeants of the douzaine, the keeper and the watcher of the Châtelet (*auditores Castelleti*), the sixteen commissioners of the sixteen quarters of the city, the jailor of the Châtelet, the four enfeoffed sergeants, the hundred and twenty mounted sergeants, the hundred and twenty sergeants of the wand, and the knight of the watch, with his men of the watch, the under-watch, the counter-watch, and the rear-watch? Was it nothing to exercise high and low justice,

the right of turning, hanging, and drawing, besides the jurisdiction over minor offenses in the first resort (*in prima instantia*, as the characters have it), over that viscounty of Paris, to which were so gloriously appended seven noble bailiwicks? Can anything be imagined more gratifying than to pass judgment and sentence, as Messire Robert d'Estouteville daily did in the Grand Châtelet, under the wide, depressed, Gothic arches of Philip-Augustus; and to go, as was his wont, every evening to that charming house situated in the Rue Galilee, within the precincts of the Palais-Royal, which he held in right of his wife, Madame Ambroise de Loré, to repose from the fatigue of having sent some poor devil to pass his night in "that small cage in the Rue de l'Escorcherie, which the provosts and échevins of Paris were wont to make their prison; the dimensions of the same being eleven feet in length, seven feet, four inches in width, and eleven feet in height?"

And not only had Messire Robert d'Estouteville his particular justice as provost and viscount of Paris; but also he had his share, both by presence and action, in the grand justice of the king. There was no head of any elevated rank but had passed through his hands before it came into those of the executioner. It was he who had gone to the Bastille St. Antoine, to fetch Monsieur de Nemours from thence to the Halles; and to the same place, to carry from thence to the Grève Monsieur de St. Pol, who grumbled and complained, to the great joy of monsieur the provost, who was no friend to monsieur the constable.

Here, assuredly, was more than enough to make a man's life illustrious and happy, and to earn some day a notable page in that interesting history of the provosts of Paris, from which we learn that Oudard de Villeneuve had a house in the Rue des Boucheries, that Guillaume de Hangest bought the great and the little Savoie; that Guillaume Thiboust gave his houses in the Rue Clopin to the nuns of Ste. Geneviève; that Hugues Aubriot lived in the Hôtel du Porç-Epic; with other facts of the like importance.

And yet, with all these reasons for taking life patiently and cheerfully, Messire Robert d'Estouteville had waked on the morning of the 7th of January, 1482, very sulky — quite, indeed, in a massacring humor—though for what cause he himself could not well have told. Was it because the sky was dingy? or because the buckle of his old Montlhéry sword-belt was ill-fastened, and girded too militarily his provost-beseeming portliness? or because he had seen the army of ribalds marching through the street, four by four, under his window, jeering at him as they passed by, in doublets without shirts, under hats with their crowns out, and scrip and bottle at their sides? Was it a vague presentiment of the three hundred and seventy livres sixteen sols eight deniers, which the future king, Charles VIII., was to deduct the following year from the revenues of the provostry? Amongst these reasons, the reader is at liberty to choose; for our own parts, we are much inclined to believe that he was in an ill-humor simply because he was in an ill-humor.

Besides, it was the day after a holiday—a day of disgust for everybody, and especially for the magistrate whose business it was to sweep away all the filth, whether in the literal or the figurative sense of the word, that a holiday accumulated in Paris. And then he was to hold a sitting in the Grand Châtelet; and the reader will probably have remarked, that judges in general contrive matters so, that their day of sitting shall also be their day of ill-humor, in order that they may always have some one upon whom to vent it conveniently, in the name of the king and the law.

The magisterial operations, however, had commenced without him. His deputies, *au civil*, *au criminel*, and *au particulier*, were acting for him, according to custom; and as early as eight o'clock in the morning, some scores of townspeople, men, and women, crowded together in a dark corner of the Auditoire d'Embas of the Châtelet, between the wall and a strong barrier of oak, were blissfully attending at the varied and exhilarating spectacle of the administration of civil and criminal justice by Maître Florian

Barbedienne, auditor at the Châtelet, deputy of monsieur the provost—a little pell-mell, to be sure, and altogether at random.

The room was small, low, and vaulted. At the farther end was a table, figured over with fleur-de-lis, with a great arm-chair of carved oak for the provost, which was empty, and, on the left hand of it, a stool for the auditor, Maître Florian. Below sat the registrar, scribbling away. In front were the people; and before the door, and before the table, were a number of sergeants of the provostry in their violet hacquetons with white crosses upon them. Two sergeants of the Parloir-aux-Bourgeois, or Common-hall, in jackets half red and half blue, stood sentry before a low closed door, which was visible at the other end, behind the table. One solitary pointed window, straightly encased in the massive wall, threw a few pale January rays upon two grotesque countenances; that of the fantastic demon carved upon the key-stone of the vaulted ceiling, and that of the judge, seated at the extremity of the chamber, upon the fleurs-de-lis.

Indeed, figure to yourself, at the prevotal table, between two bundles of cases —leaning upon his elbows, with his foot upon the tail of his gown of plain, brown cloth, and his face in its lining of white lamb-skin, with which his brows seemed to be of a piece—red-faced—harsh-looking—winking, carrying majestically the load of flesh upon his cheeks, which met from either side under his chin—Maître Florian Barbedienne, auditor at the Châtelet.

Now, the auditor was deaf—a slight defect for an auditor, and Maître Florian did not the less decide without appeal and quite competently. It is certainly quite sufficient that a judge should appear to listen; and the venerable auditor the better fulfilled this condition, the only one essential to the good administration of justice, as his attention could not possibly be distracted by any noise.

However, there was among the audience a merciless censor of his deeds and gestures, in the person of our friend Jehan Frollo du Moulin, the little scholar of the day before—that stroller who was sure to be met with everywhere in Paris, except before the professor's chair.

"Look," said he to his companion, Robert Poussepain, who was tittering beside him while he commented on the scenes that were passing before them; "there's Jehannetun du Buisson, the pretty girl at the Cagnard-au-Marché-Neuf! On my soul, he's condemning her, the old fellow! Then he's no more eyes than ears! Fifteen sous four deniers parisis for wearing two strings of beads—that's rather dear. *Lex duri carminis*—Who's that?—Robin Chief-de-Ville, hauberk-maker, for being passed and admitted a master in the said art and mystery. It's his entrance-money. Ah! what! two gentlemen among these rascals—Aiglet de Soins, Hutin de Mailly, two esquires! — *Corpus Christi!* — Oh! they've been playing at dice. When shall we see our rector here, I wonder? Fined a hundred livres parisis to the king! Barbedienne hits like a deaf man as he is! May I be my brother, the archdeacon, if that shall hinder me from playing by day, playing by night, living at play, dying at play, and staking my soul when I've lost my shirt! Holy Virgin! what lots of girls! — one after another, my lambs. Ambrose Lécuyère! Isabeau-la-Paynette! Berarde Gironin! I know them all, *par Dieu!* Fine them! fine them! We'll teach you to wear gilt belts! Ten sols parisis a-piece, you coquettes!—Oh, the old muzzle of a judge, deaf and doting! Oh, Florian the lubber! Oh, Barbedienne the dolt! There you see him at table—he dines off the pleader—he dines off the case—he eats—he chews—he swallows — he fills himself! Fines — estrays — dues—expenses—costs—wages — damages —torture—jail and stocks—are to him Christmas camichons and midsummer marchpanes. Look at him, the pig! Go on. Good again!—another amorous lady! Thibaude-la-Thibaude, I declare, for going out of the Rue Glatigny. What's this youth? Gieffroy Mabonne, gendarme bearing the cross-bow—he's been profaning the name of the Father. A fine for La Thibaude! a fine for Gieffroy! a fine for them both! The old deaf boy!' he must have jumbled the two things to-

gether! Ten to one but he makes the girl pay for the oath, and the gendarme for the amour! Attention, Robin Poussepain! What are they bringing in now? Here are plenty of sergeants, by Jupiter! all the hounds of the pack. This must be the grand piece of game of all—a wild boar, at least! It is one, Robin—it is one! and a fine one, too!—Hercle! it's our prince of yesterday—our fool's pope—our ringer—our one-eye—our hunchback—our grin of grins! It's Quasimodo!"

It was he indeed. It was Quasimodo, bound, girded, hooped, pinioned, and well guarded. The detachment of sergeants that surrounded him were accompanied by the chevalier du guet or knight of the watch, in person, bearing the arms of France embroidered on his breast, and those of the Town of Paris on his back. However, there was nothing in Quasimodo, his deformity excepted, to justify all this display of halberts and arquebusses. He was gloomy, silent, and tranquil; his one eye only just throwing, from time to time, a sullen and resentful glance upon the bonds that covered him. He cast the same look around him; but it seemed so dull and sleepy, that the women pointed him out to each other with their fingers in derision only.

Meanwhile, Maître Florian, the auditor, turned over attentively the leaves of the written charge drawn up against Quasimodo, and presented to him by the registrar; and, after taking that glance, appeared to be meditating for a minute or two. Owing to this precaution, which he was always careful to take at the moment of proceeding to an interrogatory, he knew beforehand the name, quality, and offense of the accused, made premeditated replies to answers foreseen; and so contrived to find his way through all the sinuosities of the interrogatory without too much betraying his deafness. The written charge was to him as the dog to the blind man. If it so happened that his infirmity discovered itself here and there, by some incoherent apostrophe or unintelligible question, it passed with some for profundity, with others for imbecility. In either case the honor of the magistracy did not suffer; for a judge had better be considered either imbecile or profound than deaf. So he took great care to disguise his deafness from the observation of all; and he commonly succeeded so well that he had come at last even to deceive himself about the matter—a species of deception, indeed, which is not so difficult as it may be thought; all hunchbacks walk with head erect; all stammerers are given to speechifying; and the deaf always talk in a whisper. For his part, the utmost admission that he made to himself on this point was, that his hearing was not quite so quick as some people's—it was the only concession in this respect that he could bring himself to make to public opinion, in his moments of candor and examination of conscience.

Having, then, well ruminated on the affair of Quasimodo, he threw back his head and half closed his eyes, by way of greater majesty and impartiality; so that, at that moment, he was blind as well as deaf—a double condition, without which no judge is perfect. It was in this magisterial attitude that he commenced the interrogatory:

"Your name?"

Now here was a case which had not been "foreseen by the law," that of one deaf man interrogated by another.

Quasimodo, receiving no intimation of the question thus addressed to him, continued to look fixedly at the judge, without making any answer. The deaf judge, on the other hand, receiving no intimation of the deafness of the accused, thought that he had answered, as the prisoners generally did; and continued, with his mechanical and stupid right-forwardness.

"Well—your age?"

Quasimodo made no more answer to this question than to the preceding one; but the judge, thinking it replied to, went on:

"Now—your calling?"

The culprit was still silent. The bystanders, however, were beginning to whisper and to look at each other.

"Enough!" added the imperturbable auditor, when he supposed that the accused had consummated his third answer. "You stand charged before us—*primo*, with nocturnal disturbance; *secundo*, with

dishonest violence upon the person of a light woman—*in prejudicium meretricis; tertio*, of rebellion and disloyalty toward our lord the king's archers. Explain yourself on all these points. Registrar, have you taken down what the prisoner has said so far?"

At this unlucky question a burst of laughter was heard, caught by the audience from the registrar—so violent, so uncontrollable, so contagious, so universal, that neither of the deaf men could help perceiving it. Quasimodo turned round, shrugging up his hump in disdain; while Maître Florian, astonished like himself, and supposing that the laughter of the spectators had been excited by some irreverent reply from the accused, rendered visible to him by that shrug, apostrophized him indignantly.

"Fellow," said he, "you gave me an answer then that deserves the halter. Know you to whom you are speaking?"

This sally was not at all calculated to extinguish the explosion of the general merriment. It seemed to all present so incongruous and left-handed, that the wild laugh caught even the sergeants of the Parloir-aux-Bourgeois, a sort of serving-men carrying pikes, with whom stupidity was part of their uniform. Quasimodo alone preserved his gravity; for the very good reason, that he understood nothing at all of what was passing around him. The judge, growing more and more angry, thought himself bound to go on in the same tone, hoping thereby to strike a terror into the accused, which would react upon the bystanders, and bring them back to a proper sense of respect:

"So it seems, then, master, perverse and riotous that you are, that you presume to be impertinent to the auditor of the Châtelet; to the magistrate entrusted with the popular police of Paris; charged to make search into all crimes, offenses, and bad courses; to control all trades, and interdict monopolies; to repair the pavements; to prevent forestalling and regrating of poultry and wild-fowl; to superintend the measuring of firewood and other sorts of wood; to cleanse the town of mud, and the air of contagious distempers; in a word, to be doing continually the work of the public, without fee or reward, or expectation of any. Know you that my name is Florian Barbedienne, monsieur the provost's own proper deputy, and, moreover, commissioner, inquisitor, controller, and examiner, with equal power in provostry, bailiwick, conservatorship, and presidial court?"

There is no reason why a deaf man talking to a deaf man should ever stop. God only knows where and when Maître Florian would have come to anchor, launched thus in full career upon the main ocean of eloquence, had not the low door behind him opened all at once for the entrance of monsieur the provost in person.

At his entrance Maître Florian did not stop short; but, turning half round upon his heel, and suddenly aiming at the provost the harangue with which, the moment before, he had been battering Quasimodo, "Monsieur," said he, "I have to request such penalty as it shall please you, upon the accused here present, for flagrant and aggravated contempt of court."

Then he sat down again, quite out of breath, wiping away the big drops that fell from his forehead and moistened, like tears, the parchments spread out before him. Messire Robert d'Estouteville knitted his brow, and made a motion to Quasimodo to attend, in a manner so imperious and significant, that the deaf prisoner in some degree understood it.

The provost addressed him with severity. "Rascal, what hast thou done to be brought hither?"

The poor devil, supposing that the provost was asking him his name, now broke the silence which he habitually kept, and answered in a hoarse and guttural voice, "Quasimodo."

The answer so little corresponded to the question, that the loud laugh again began to go round; and Messire Robert exclaimed, all reddening with anger: "What, you arrant rogue, you jest at me, too, do you?"

"Ringer at Notre-Dame," answered Quasimodo, thinking that this time he was commanded to state to the judge who he was.

"Ringer!" returned the provost, who,

as we have already said, had got up that morning in so bad a humor that his fury needed not to be kindled by such unaccountable answers—"Ringer, indeed! I'll make them ring a peal of rods on thy back through every street in Paris—dost thou hear, rascal?"

"If it's my age you want to know," said Quasimodo, "I believe I shall be twenty next Martinmas."

This was rather too strong. The provost could endure it no longer.

"Ha! so you jeer at the provostry, you wretch! Messieurs the sergeants of the wand, you'll take this fellow to the pillory in the Grève, and there flog him and turn him for an hour. He shall pay for his impudence, *tête-Dieu!* And I order that this present sentence be proclaimed by four sworn trumpeters, in the seven castellanies of the viscounty of Paris."

The registrar set about drawing up the sentence forthwith.

"*Ventre Dieu!* but that's a good sentence," cried the little scholar, Jehan Frollo du Moulin, from his corner.

The provost turned round, and again fixed his eyes, all flashing, upon Quasimodo. "I believe the fellow said, *Ventre Dieu!* Registrar, add a fine of twelve deniers parisis for swearing; and let one-half of it go toward the repairs of St. Eustache's church—I've a particular devotion for St. Eustache."

In a few minutes the judgment was drawn out. The tenor of it was simple and brief. The custumel of the provostry and viscounty of Paris had not yet been elaborated by the president, Thibaut Baillet, and Roger Barmue, king's advocate; it was not yet obscured by that deep forest of chicanery and circumlocution which the two jurisconsults planted in it at the commencement of the sixteenth century. All was clear, expeditive, explicit, going direct to the point—and straight you saw before you, at the end of every path, without any thicket about it, or bend in the way to it, the wheel, the gibbet, or the pillory. You at least knew whither you were going.

The registrar presented the sentence to the provost, who affixed his seal to it, and then went away, to continue his round at the several auditories, in a temper of mind which seemed destined that day to fill every jail in Paris. Jehan Frollo and Robin Poussepain were laughing in their sleeves; while Quasimodo looked upon the whole with an air of indifference and astonishment.

However, the registrar, at the moment that Maître Florian Barbedienne was in his turn reading over the judgment previous to signing it, felt himself moved with pity for the poor devil under condemnation; and, in the hope of obtaining some mitigation of the penalty, he approached the auditor's ear as close as he could, and said to him, pointing to Quasimodo, "That man is deaf."

He hoped that a sense of their common infirmity would awaken some interest for the condemned in the breast of Maître Florian. But, in the first place, as we have already observed, Maître Florian did not care to have his deafness remarked; and, in the next place, his ear was so obtuse that he did not distinguish a single word of what the registrar said to him; nevertheless, choosing to seem as if he heard, he replied, "Ha, ha! that makes a difference—I didn't know that—in that case, let him have an hour more on the pillory." And he signed the sentence with this modification.

"Well done!" said Robin Poussepain, who still had a grudge against Quasimodo, "that'll teach him to handle folks so roughly."

---

## CHAPTER II.

### THE RAT-HOLE.

THE reader will now accompany us back to the Place de Grève, which we quitted yesterday with Gringoire, to follow La Esmeralda.

It is ten in the morning. We find everything denoting the day after a holiday. The ground is covered with shreds, ribbons, trimmings, feathers dropped from the plumes, drops of wax from the torch-lights, and fragments from the public banquet. A good many of the townspeople

are sauntering about—turning over with their feet the extinguished brands of the bonfire—bursting into rapture before the Maison-aux-Piliers, at the recollection of the fine hangings exhibited there the day before, and now contemplating the nails that fastened them, the only remnant of the ravishing spectacle. The venders of beer and cider are rolling about their barrels among the several groups. On the other hand, some individuals are going this way and some that, evidently on business. The tradespeople are talking and calling to one another from their shop-doors. The holiday, the ambassadors, Coppenole, the Fools' Pope, are in every one's mouth; they seem to be striving who shall make the smartest comments and laugh the most. Meanwhile, however, four sergeants on horseback, who have just now posted themselves at the four sides of the pillory, have already concentrated around them a good part of the *populaire* that had been scattered over the Place, which crowd are condemning themselves to stand wearisomely waiting, in expectation of witnessing the punishment of some criminal.

If the reader will now, after contemplating this stirring and clamorous scene which is enacting upon every point of the square, turn his eyes toward that ancient house of demi-Romanish architecture, of the Tour-Roland, which stands at the western corner next the quay, he may remark, at the angle of its front, a large public breviary richly illuminated, protected from the rain by a small penthouse, and from thieves by a grating, which, however, allows the passenger to turn over its leaves. Close by this breviary is a narrow, pointed window-hole, guarded by two iron bars placed crosswise, and looking toward the square—the only aperture by which a little air and light are admitted into a small cell without a door, constructed on the level of the ground, in the thickness of the wall of the old mansion—and filled with a stillness the more profound, a silence the more dead, inasmuch as a public square, the most populous and the noisiest in Paris, is swarming and clamoring around.

This cell had been famous in Paris for three centuries, since Madame Rolande, of Roland's Tower, in mourning for her father who died in the crusades, had caused it to be hollowed out of the wall of her own house, to shut herself up in it forever, keeping of all her palace only this wretched nook, the door of which was walled up, and the window open to the elements, in winter as in summer—giving all the rest to God and to the poor. The desolate lady had, in fact, awaited death for twenty years in that anticipated tomb, praying day and night for the soul of her father, sleeping in ashes, without even a stone for her pillow, clad in black sackcloth, and living only upon such bread and water as the pity of the passers-by deposited upon the edge of her window-place—thus receiving charity after she had given it. At her death—at the moment of her passing into the other sepulchre—she had bequeathed this one in perpetuity to women in affliction, mothers, widows, or maidens, who should have many prayers to offer up for others or for themselves, and should choose to bury themselves alive in the greatness of their grief or their penitence. The poor of her time had honored her funeral with tears and benedictions; but to their great regret, the poor maiden had been unable, for want of patronage, to obtain the honors of canonization. Such of them as were a little given to impiety, had hoped that the thing would be done more easily in heaven than at Rome, and had actually presumed to offer up their prayers for the deceased to God Himself, in default of the Pope. Most of them, however, had contented themselves with holding Rolande's memory sacred, and converting the rags she left behind her into relics. The Town of Paris, too, had founded, in pursuance of the lady's intention, a public breviary, which had been permanently fixed near to the window of the cell, in order that the passengers might stop at it now and then, if only to pray; that prayer might make them think of almsgiving; and that the poor female recluses, inheriting the stony cave of Madame Rolande, might not absolutely die of famine and neglect.

Nor was it very rarely that these sort of

tombs were to be found in the towns of the Middle Ages. There was not unfrequently to be met with, in the most frequented street, in the most crowded and noisy market-place—in the very midst—under the horses' feet and the wagon wheels, as it were—a cave—a well—a walled and grated cabin—at the bottom of which was praying, day and night, a human being, voluntarily devoted to some everlasting lamentation or some great expiation. And all the reflections that this strange spectacle would awaken in us of the present day—that horrid cell, a sort of intermediate link between the dwelling-house and the tomb, between the city and the cemetery—that living be cut off from the communion of mankind, and thenceforth numbered with the dead—that lamp consuming its last drop of oil in the darkness—that remnant of life already wavering in the grave—that breath, that voice, that everlasting prayer, encased in stone—that face forever turned toward the other world—that eye already illumined by another sun—that ear inclined intently to the walls of the sepulchre—that soul a prisoner in that body—that body a prisoner in that dungeon and under that double envelope of flesh and granite, the murmuring of that soul in pain—nothing of all that struck upon the apprehension of the multitude. The piety of that age, little reasoning and little refined, did not find in an act of religion so many different points of view. It took things in the gross; honoring, venerating, and, upon occasion, making the sacrifice; but not analyzing the sufferings attending it, nor feeling any depth of pity for them. It brought some pittance, from time to time, to the wretched penitent; looked through the hole, to see if he were yet living; knew not his name; scarcely knew how many years it was since he had begun to die; and to the stranger, who questioned them respecting the living skeleton rotting in that cave, the neighbors would simply answer, "It's the recluse."

Thus it was that everything was then seen—unmetaphysically—without exaggeration—through no magnifying glass, but with the naked eye. The microscope was not yet invented for objects of mind any more than for those of matter.

However, little wonder or speculation as they excited, the instances of this sort of seclusion in the heart of the towns, were, as we have already observed, in reality frequent. In Paris itself there were a considerable number of those cells of penitence and prayer; and nearly all of them were occupied. It is true that the clergy were rather solicitous that they should not be left empty, as that implied lukewarmness in the faithful; and that lepers were put into them when penitents were not to be had. Besides the logette or cell already described at the Grève, there were, one at Montfaucon, one at the charnel-house of the Holy Innocents, another we hardly recollect where—at the logis Clichon, we believe—and others at many different spots, where, in default of monuments, their memory is perpetuated by tradition. The University, too, had its share of them. On the Montagne Ste. Geneviève, a sort of Job of the Middle Ages, sang for thirty years the seven penitential psalms, upon a dung-heap at the bottom of a cistern, beginning again immediately each time that he came to the end—singing louder in the night time, *magna voce per umbras;* and the antiquary still fancies that he hears his voice, as he enters the Rue du Puits-qui-parle, or street of the talking well.

To confine ourselves here to the den in Roland's Tower—we are bound to declare that it had scarcely ever lain idle for want of a tenant. Since Madame Rolande's death, it had rarely been vacant even for a year or two. Many a woman had come and wept there until death over the memory of her parent, her lover, or her failings. The mischievousness of the Parisians, which meddles with everything, even with those things which concern them least, used to pretend that among the number there had been very few widows.

After the manner of the period, a Latin legend, inscribed upon the wall, indicated to the lettered passenger the pious purpose of the cell. This usage continued until the middle of the sixteenth century, of placing a brief explanatory motto above the en-

trance of a building. Thus in France we still read, over the wicket of the prison belonging to the seigniorial mansion of Tourville, *Sileto et spera;* in Ireland, under the escutcheon placed above the great gateway of Fortescue Castle, *Forte scutum, salus ducum;* and in England, over the principal entrance of the hospitable mansion of the Earls Cowper, *Tuum est.* Every edifice was then, as it were, a thought.

As there was no door to the walled-up cell of the Tour-Roland, there had been engraved, in great Roman capitals, over the window, these two words of invitation to prayer:

TU, ORA.

Whence it was that the people, whose straightforward good sense sees not so many subtleties in things, but readily translates Ludovico Magno into Porte-Saint-Denis, had given to this dark, damp, dismal cavity the name of Trou-aux-Rats* —an explanation less sublime, perhaps, than the other, but on the other hand, more picturesque.

## CHAPTER III.

### SISTER GUDULE.

At the period at which the principal events of this history occurred, the cell of the Tour-Roland was occupied. If the reader desires to know by whom, he has only to listen to the conversation of three fair gossips, who, at the moment that we have called his attention to the Trou-aux-Rats were directing their steps precisely to the same spot, going up the river side from the Châtelet toward the Grève.

Two of these women were attired after the manner of the good bourgeoises of Paris. The fine white gorget; the petticoat of the tiretaine, with red and blue stripes; the white knitted stockings, worked in colors at the ankles, and drawn tight upon the leg; the square-toed shoes, of brown leather with black soles; and especially their head-dress, that sort of tinsel-covered horn, loaded with ribbons and lace, which is still worn by the Champenoises, or women of Champagne, in common with the grenadiers of the Russian imperial guard; announced that they belonged to that class of rich tradeswomen who hold the medium between what Parisian lackeys call a woman and what they call a lady. They wore neither rings nor golden crosses; but it was easy to perceive that this was owing, not to their poverty, but simply to their apprehension of the fine incurred by so doing. Their companion was decked out nearly in the same manner; but there were, in her mise and her tournure, that is to say in the arrangement of her dress, and in her carriage, that certain something which indicates the wife of a notaire de province, or country attorney. It was evident, from the shortness of her waist, that she had not been long in Paris; to which were to be added a gorgrette pellissée—knots of ribbon upon her shoes—her skirt striped across instead of downward—and fifty other enormities revolting to *le bon goût.*

The two first walked with the step peculiar to Parisian women showing Paris to ladies from the country; and the provincial one held by the hand a big chubby boy, who carried in his hand a large, thin cake —and we are sorry to be obliged to add that, owing to the severity of the season, his tongue was performing the office of his pocket-handkerchief. This boy made his mother drag him along, *haud passibus æquis*, as Virgil says, and stumbling every moment, to her great outcrying. It is true that he looked more at the cake than upon the ground. Some grave reason, no doubt, prevented him from setting his teeth in it (in the cake), for he contented himself with looking at it affectionately. But the mother ought surely to have taken charge of the cake herself; it was cruel thus to make a Tantalus of the child.

Meanwhile the three damoiselles (for the epithet of dame or lady was then reserved

* Signifying rat-hole, a possible vulgarization of the French mode of pronouncing the Latin, "Tu, ora."

for women of the noblesse) were all talking at once.

"Let us make haste, Damoiselle Mahiette," said the youngest of the three, who was also the fattest, to the provincial. "I'm very much afraid we shall get there too late; they told us at the Châtelet that they were going to carry him to the pillory directly."

"Ah, bah! what are you talking about, Damoiselle Oudarde Musnier?" interrupted the other Parisian lady. "He'll be two hours on the pillory. We've time enough. My dear Mahiette, did you ever see anybody pilloried?"

"Yes," said the provincial; "I have at Reims."

"Ah, bah! what's that? What's your pillory at Reims? A paltry cage, where they turn nothing but clowns. That's a great thing, to be sure!"

"What clowns?" said Mahiette. "Clowns in the cloth-market at Reims! We've had very fine criminals there, I can tell you—that had killed both father and mother. Clowns indeed! What do you take us for, Gervaise?"

It is certain that the country dame was on the point of being in a passion for the honor of her pillory. Fortunately, the discreet Damoiselle Oudarde Musnier gave a timely turn to the conversation.

"By-the-by, Damoiselle Mahiette, what say you to our Flemish ambassadors? Have you any so fine at Reims?"

"I must acknowledge," answered Mahiette, "that it's only at Paris one can see such Flemings as those."

"Did you see, among the embassy, that great ambassador that's a hosier?" asked Oudarde.

"Yes," said Mahiette, "he looks like a very Saturn."

"And that fat one, with a face looking like a naked paunch? And that little one with little eyes, and red eyelids all jagged and bearded like the head of a thistle?"

"It's their horses that are fine to see," said Oudarde, "all dressed as they are, after their country fashion."

"Ah! my dear," interrupted the provincial Mahiette, assuming in her turn an air of superiority, "what would you say, then, if you'd seen, in '61, at the coronation at Reims, one-and-twenty years ago, the horses of the princess and all the king's company! There were housings and caparisons of all sorts—some of Damascus cloth, fine cloth of gold, trimmed with sables—some of velvet, trimmed with ermine—some all loaded with gold-work and great gold and silver fringe. And then, the money that it all cost—and the beautiful boys, the pages, that were upon them!"

"But, for all that," replied Damoiselle Oudarde dryly, "the Flemings have very fine horses—and yesterday they'd a splendid supper given them by monsieur the provost-merchant, at the Hôtel-de-Ville; where they served up sweetmeats, hippocrass, spices, and such like singularities."

"What are you talking of, my dear neighbor?" said Gervaise—"it was at the lord cardinal's, at the Petit-Bourbon, that the Flemings supped."

"No, no—it was at the Hôtel-de-Ville."

"Yes, yes, I tell you—it was at the Petit-Bourbon."

"So surely was it at the Hôtel-de-Ville," returned Oudarde sharply, "that Doctor Scourable made them a Latin speech, and they were very well pleased with it. It was my husband that told me so—and he's one of the sworn booksellers."

"So surely was it at the Petit-Bourbon," returned Gervaise no less warmly, "that I'll just tell you what my lord cardinal's attorney made them a present of—twelve double quarts of hippocrass, white claret, and vermilion; four-and-twenty cases of gilt double Lyons marchpane; four-and-twenty wax-torches of two pounds a piece; and six demi-queues of Baune wine, white and claret, the best that could be found. I hope that's proof enough. I had it from my husband, who's cinquantenier at the Parloir-aux-Bourgeois, and who was making a comparison this morning between the Flemish ambassadors and those of Prester John and the Emperor of Trebizond, that came to Paris from Mesopotamia, in the last king's time, and that had rings in their ears."

"So true is it that they supped at the Hôtel-de-Ville," replied Oudarde, not a

whit moved by all this display, "that never was there seen so fine a show of meat and sugar-plums."

"I tell you that they were waited on by Le Sec, town-sergeant, at the Hôtel du Petit-Bourbon—and that's what has deceived you."

"At the Hôtel-de-Ville, I tell you."

"At the Petit-Bourbon, my dear!—for they'd illuminated the word *Espérance*, that's written over the great doorway, with magical glasses."

"At the Hôtel-de-Ville! at the Hôtel-de-Ville!—for Hussen-le-Voir was playing the flute to them."

"I tell you, no."

"I tell you, yes."

"I tell you, no."

The good plump Oudarde was preparing to reply; and the quarrel would perhaps have gone on to the pulling of caps, if Mahiette had not all at once exclaimed, "Look at those people there, gathered together at the end of the bridge. There's something among them that they're all looking at."

"I do indeed hear a tambourining," said Gervaise. "I think it's little Smeralda, doing her mummeries with her goat. Make haste, Mahiette—double your pace, and pull your boy along. You're come here to see all the curiosities of Paris. Yesterday, you saw the Flemings—to-day you must see the little gypsy."

"The gypsy?" said Mahiette, turning sharply round, and forcibly grasping her son's arms. "God preserve me from her! She'd steal my child—Come along, Eustache!"

And she set off running along the quay toward the Grève, until she had left the bridge far enough behind her. The boy, too, whom she was dragging along, stumbled and fell upon his knees; and she herself was out of breath. Oudarde and Gervaise now came up with her."

"That gypsy steal your child!" said Gervaise; "that's an odd fancy of yours!"

Mahiette shook her head thoughtfully.

"It's curious enough," observed Oudarde, "that the Sachette has the same notion about the Egyptian women."

"What's the Sachette?" inquired Mahiette.

"Why," said Oudarde, "it's Sister Gudule."

"And who's Sister Gudule?" returned Mahiette.

"You must be very knowing—with your Reims—not to know that!" answered Oudarde, looking wise. "It's the recluse of the Trou-aux-Rats."

"What!" exclaimed Mahiette, "that poor woman that we're carrying this cake to?"

Oudarde nodded affirmatively. "Precisely," said she. "You'll see her directly, at her window-place on the Grève. She looks as you do upon those vagabonds of Egypt that go about tambourining and fortune-telling. Nobody knows what has given her this horror of zingari and Egyptians. But what makes you run away so, Mahiette, at the very sight of them?"

"Oh!" said Mahiette, taking in both hands the chubby head of her boy; "I wouldn't have that happen to me which happened to Pâquette-la-Chantefleurie!"

"Ha, now you're going to tell us a story, my good Mahiette," said Gervaise, taking her arm.

"I'm quite willing," answered Mahiette; "but you must be very knowing—with your Paris—not to know that. I must tell you, then—but we needn't stand still to go through our story—that Pâquette-la-Chantefleurie was a pretty girl of eighteen when I was one, too, that is to say eighteen years ago; and that it's her own fault if she's not now, as I am, a good, fat, fresh-looking mother of six-and-thirty, with a husband and a boy—but alack! from the time that she was fourteen years old, it was too late. I must tell you, then, that she was the daughter of Guybertaut, a boat-minstrel at Reims—the same who had played before King Charles VII. at his coronation; when he went down our river Vesle from Sillery to Muison, and Madame la Pucelle was in the boat. The old father died while Pâquette was quite a child, so that she had only her mother left, who was sister to Monsieur Matthieu Pradon, a master-brazier and tinman at Paris, Rue Parin-Garlin, who

died last year. You see that she was of some family. The mother was a good, simple woman, unfortunately, and taught Pâquette nothing but a little needle-work and toy-making, which did not hinder the little girl from growing very tall and remaining very poor. They lived both of them at Reims, by the river side, Rue de Folle-Peine—mark that! for, I believe that's what brought misfortune to Pâquette. In '61, the year of the coronation of our king Louis XI., whom God preserve! Pâquette was so gay and so pretty that everywhere they called her nothing but La Chantefleurie. Poor girl! she'd pretty teeth, and she was fond of laughing to show them. Now a girl that's fond of laughing is on the way to cry—fine teeth are the ruin of fine eyes; so she was La Chantefleurie. She and her mother got their bread hardly—they were fallen very low since the death of the musician—their needle-work brought them hardly above six deniers a week, which is not quite two liards à l'aigle. Where was the time when the father Guybertaut used to get twelve sols parisis, at a single coronation, for a song! One winter—it was in that same year '61—when the two women had neither logs nor fagots, and it was very cold—that gave such beautiful colors to La Chantefleurie, that the men would call after her 'Pâquette'—that some of them called her a 'Pâquerette'—and that she was ruined——Eustache, let me see you bite the cake, if you dare——We saw directly that she was ruined, one Sunday when she came to church with a gold cross on her neck. At fifteen!—only think of that! At first it was the young Viscount de Cormontreuil, who has his bell-tower three-quarters of a league from Reims; then Messire Henri de Traincourt, the king's master of the horse; then, going down lower, Chiart de Beaulion, sergeant-at-arms; then lower still, Guery Aubergeon, king's carver; then Macé de Frépus, monsieur the dauphin's barber; then Thévenin le Moine, the king's first cook; then, still going on, from one to another, from the younger to the older, and from more noble to less noble, she came to Guillaume Racine, viol-player—and to Thierry-de-Mer, lamp-maker. Then, poor Chantefleurie, she was all things to all men—she was come to the last sou of her piece of gold. What think you, mesdamoiselles? At the coronation, in the same year '61, it was she that made the bed for the king of the ribalds! In the same year!——"

Mahiette sighed, and wiped away a tear that had started to her eyes.

"Here's a story," said Gervaise, "that's not very uncommon; and I find nothing in all that neither about gypsies nor children."

"Patience!" resumed Mahiette—"As for a child there's one coming for you. In '66, it'll be sixteen years ago this month, on St. Paul's day, Pâquette was brought to bed of a little girl, unfortunate creature; she was in great joy at it—she'd long been wishing to have a child. Her mother, poor, simple woman, who'd never known how to do anything but shut her eyes, her mother was dead. Pâquette had nothing in the world left to love or anything that loved her. For five years past, since she had gone astray, poor Chantefleurie has been a wretched creature. She was lone, lone in this world; pointed at, shouted after, through the streets; beaten by the sergeants; laughed at by the little ragged boys. And then she had seen her twentieth year—and twenty is old age for your amorous women. Her way of life was beginning to bring her no more than her needle-work had brought formerly. For every wrinkle that came, a crown less found its way into her pocket; she was beginning again to find the winter severe; again was wood growing scarce in her fire-place, and bread in her cupboard. She couldn't work now; for in giving way to pleasure she'd given way to idleness, and she suffered much more than formerly, because while giving way to idleness she'd given way to pleasure. At least, that's the way that monsieur the curé of St. Remy explains how it is that those sort of women feel more cold and hungry than other poor females do, as they get old——"

"Yes," interrupted Gervaise; "but the gypsies?"

"Do wait a moment, Gervaise!" said Oudarde, whose attention was less impatient; "what should we have at the end, if everything was at the beginning? Pray, Mahiette, go on. That poor Chantefleurie!——"

Mahiette continued:

"Well, then—she was very sorrowful, very wretched, and furrowed her cheeks with her tears. But in her shame, her infamy, and her abandonment, she thought she would be less ashamed, less infamous, and less abandoned, if there were something in the world, or somebody, that she could love, and that could love her. She knew it must be a child, because only a child could be innocent enough for that. She was aware of this after trying to love a thief, the only sort of man that could have anything to say to her—but in a little time she had found out that the thief despised her. Those women of love must have a lover or a child to fill up their hearts, else they are very unhappy. As she could not have a lover, all her wishes turned toward having a child; and, as she had all along been pious, she prayed to God everlastingly to send her one. So God took pity on her and gave her a little girl. I can not tell you what was her joy—it was a fury of tears, kisses and caresses. She suckled the child herself; she made it swaddling-clothes out of her coverlet, the only one she had upon her bed; and now she felt neither cold nor hunger. Her beauty came again—an old maid makes a young mother—so poor Chantefleurie came into fashion again, and once more had visitors. And out of all those horrors she made baby-clothes—lace robes and little satin caps — without so much as thinking of buying herself another coverlet——Master Eustache, I've told you once not to bite of that cake——Sure enough it is, that little Agnès — that was the child's name—its christian name—for, as for a surname, it was long since La Chantefleurie had lost hers!—certain it is that the little thing was more wrapped about with ribbons and embroidery than a dauphiness of Dauphiny. Among other things, she'd a pair of little shoes, that it's certain King Louis himself never had the like. Her mother had stitched them and embroidered them herself; she'd spent upon them all the art of a seamstress and all the passequilles of a Holy Virgin's gown. Indeed, they were the two prettiest little rose-colored shoes that ever were seen. They were not longer than my thumb at the most; and unless you saw the infant's little feet come out of them, you could hardly have believed that they had ever gone in. To be sure, the little feet were so little, so pretty, so rosy—rosier than the satin of the shoes! When you have children, Oudarde, you'll know that nothing's so pretty as those little feet and those little hands."

"I wish for nothing better," said Oudarde, sighing; "but I must wait the good pleasure of Monsieur Andry Musnier."

"And then," resumed Mahiette, "Pâquette's infant had not pretty feet only. I saw her when she was only four months old—she was a perfect little love. She had eyes larger than her mouth, and such charming fine black hair, that was curling already. She had made a brave brunette at sixteen! Her mother grew fonder and fonder of her every day. She hugged her —kissed her—tickled her—washed her—dressed her out—devoured her. She thanked God for giving her this baby. In fact, it quite turned her head. Its pretty rosy feet especially—there was wondering without end—a very intoxication of joy. She was always pressing her lips to them —always admiring their littleness. She would put them into the little shoes—take them out again—admire them—wonder at them—hold them up to the light—pity them while she was teaching them to step one before the other upon her bed—and would glady have passed her life upon her knees, covering and uncovering those little feet, as if they'd been the feet of an infant Jesus."

"The tale's all very fine and very good," said Gervaise, in a half whisper, "but what is there about gypsies in all that?"

"You shall hear," replied Mahiette. "One day there came to Reims a very odd sort of gentry. They were beggars and truands, strolling about the country, led

by their duke and their counts. Their faces were tawny, their hair all curly, and they'd rings of silver in their ears. The women were still uglier than the men. Their faces were darker, and always uncovered; they wore a sorry roquet about their body; an old piece of linen cloth interwoven with cords, bound upon their shoulder; and their hair hanging like a horse's tail. The children that scrambled about their legs would have frightened as many monkeys. An excommunicated gang! They were all come in a straight line from lower Egypt to Reims, through Poland. The Pope had confessed them, it was said, and had set them for a penance to go through the world for seven years together without sleeping in a bed; and so they called themselves penitents, and smelt horribly. It seems they'd formerly been Saracens; and that's why they believed in Jupiter, and demanded ten livres tournois from all archbishops, bishops, and abbots that carried crosier and miter. It was a bull of the Pope that gave them that. They came to Reims to tell fortunes in the name of the King of Algiers and the Emperor of Germany. You may suppose that was quite enough for them to be forbidden to enter the town. Then the whole gang encamped of their own accord near the Braine gate, upon that mound where there's a windmill, close by the old chalk-pits. Then none of the folks in Reims could rest till they'd been to see them. They looked into your hand, and told you wonderful prophecies—they were bold enough to have foretold to Judas himself that he should be pope. At the same time there were shocking stories told about them—of child-stealing, purse-cutting, and eating of human flesh. The wise folks said to the foolish ones, 'Don't go!' and then went themselves by stealth. It was quite a rage. The fact is, that they said things enough to astonish a cardinal. Mothers made a great fuss with their children after the gypsy-woman had read in their hands all sorts of miracles, written in Turkish and Pagan. One of them had got an emperor—another a pope—another a captain. Poor Chantefleurie was taken with curiosity—she'd a mind to know what she had got, and whether her pretty little Agnès wasn't some day to be Empress of Armenia, or something. So she carried her to the gypsies; and the gypsy-women admired the child, fondled it, kissed it with their black mouths, and wondered over its little hand—alas! to the great joy of its mother. Above all things they were delighted with the pretty feet and the pretty shoes. The child was not yet a year old. She was already beginning to splutter—laughed at her mother like a little mad thing—was so fat and plump—and had a thousand little gestures of the angels in paradise. She was very much frightened at the gypsy-women, and cried. But her mother kissed her the harder, and went away delighted at the good fortune which the conjuring women had told her Agnès. She was to be a beauty—a virtue—a queen. So the mother went back to her garret in the Rue Folle Peine, quite proud to carry with her a queen. The next day, she seized a moment when the child was sleeping upon her bed (for she always had it to sleep with herself), pulled the door to softly, and left it ajar, for fear of disturbing the infant; and ran to relate it to one of her neighbors, in the Rue de la Séchesserie, that the day was to come when her daughter Agnès was to be waited on at table by the King of England and the Archduke of Ethiopia—and a hundred other marvels. When she came back, hearing no cry as she went up the staircase, she said to herself. 'Good—the child's asleep still.' She found her door more open than she had left it—the poor mother, however, went in and ran to the bed. The child was not there — the place was empty. Nothing was left of the baby but one of its pretty shoes. She rushed out of the room, flew down-stairs, and began to beat the walls with her head, crying out, 'My child! my child! who has taken my child?' The street was solitary—the house stood alone — nobody could tell her anything about it; she went through the town—she sought through every street—ran up and down the whole day, wild, mad, terrible, peeping at the doors and windows like a wild beast that has lost its little ones.

She was panting, disheveled, frightful to look upon—and in her eyes there was a fire that dried her tears. She stopped the people that she met, and cried, 'My girl! my girl! my pretty little girl!—he that will restore me my girl, I will be his servant—the servant of his dog, and he shall eat my heart if he likes.' She met monsieur the curé of St. Remy, and said to him, 'Monsieur le curé, I'll dig the ground with my nails—but do give me back my child!' It was heart-rending, Oudarde—and I saw a very hard-hearted man, Maître Ponce Lacabre, the attorney, that shed tears. Ah! the poor mother! At night she went back to her garret. While she was away, one of her neighbors had seen two gypsy-vomen steal up to it with a bundle in their arms; then go down again, after shutting the door, and make haste away. After they were gone, a sort of crying of a child was heard in Pâquette's room—the mother laughed aloud—flew up the staircase asif she'd had wings—burst in her door as if t was a cannon going off, and entered the room. A frightful thing to tell, Oudarde'—instead of her sweet little Agnès, so fresh and rosy, who was a gift from God, there was a sort of little monster, hideous, shapeless, one-eyed, with its limbs all awry, cawling and squalling upon the floor. Sheturned her eyes away with horror. 'Oh! said she, 'can the witches have changed my girl into that frightful animal!' They carried the little clump foot, as quick aspossible, out of her sight. He'd have driven her mad. It was a monstrous child of some gypsy woman given to the Devl. It was a boy, that seemed to be about four years old, and spoke a language which was not a human tongue—they werewords that are quite impossible. La Chantefleurie had thrown herself upon the little shoe, all that was left her of all she had loved. There she remained so long motioless, speechless, breathless, that they thought she was dead. All at once her whole body trembled—she covered her relic with frantic kisses, and sobbed violently, as if her heart had burst. I assure you we all wept with her. She said, 'Oh, my little girl! my pretty little girl! where art thou?' and he said it in a tone that went to the bottom of your heart. I weep yet when I think of it. Our children, you see, are the very marrow of our bones. My poor Eustache! thou art so handsome! If you did but know how clever he is! Yesterday he said to me, 'I'll be a gendarme.' Oh, my Eustache, if I were to lose thee! La Chantefleurie got up all on a sudden, and went running through Reims, crying out, 'To the gypsies' camp! to the gypsies' camp! Sergeants, to burn the witches!' The gypsies were gone—it was a dark night, so that they couldn't pursue them. The next day, two leagues from Reims, on a heath between Gueux and Tilloy, they found the remains of a great fire, some ribbons that had belonged to Pâquette's child, some drops of blood, and some goat's dung. The night that was just gone over was a Saturday night. Nobody doubted but the gypsies had keep their sabbath upon that heath, and had devoured the baby in company with Beelzebub, as is done among the Mahometans. When La Chantefleurie heard of these horrible things she shed no tears—she moved her lips as if to speak, but could not. The next day her hair was gray; and the next but one, she had disappeared."

"A dreadful story, indeed!" said Oudarde; "enough to draw tears from a Burgundian!"

"I don't wonder now," added Gervaise, "that the fear of the gypsies should haunt you so."

"And you have done the better," resumed Oudarde, "in running away just now with your Eustache; seeing that these, too, are gypsies from Poland."

"No," said Gervaise, "it's said they're come from Spain and Catalonia."

"Catalonia!—well, that may be," answered Oudarde; "Polonia, Catalonia, Valonia—I always confound those three provinces. The sure thing is they are gypsies."

"And it's certain," added Gervaise, "that they've teeth long enough to eat little children. And I shouldn't be surprised if La Smeralda herself eats a little in that way, too, for all that she screws up her mouth so. That white goat of hers

has got too many mischievous tricks for there not to be some wickedness behind."

Mahiette was walking on in silence. She was absorbed in that species of musing which is, at it were, a prolongation of a mournful story, and which does not stop until it has communicated the thrilling, from vibration to vibration, to the last fiber of the heart. Gervaise, however, addressed her: "And so it was never known what became of La Chantefleurie?" Mahiette made no answer—Gervaise repeated her question, at the same time shaking her by the arm and calling her by her name. Mahiette seemed to awake from her revery.

"What became of La Chantefleurie?" said she, mechanically repeating the words whose impression was yet fresh in her ear. Then, making an effort to bring her attention to the sense of those words—"Ah," said she, emphatically, "it was never known." And after a pause she added: "Some said they had seen her go out of Reims, in the dusk of the evening, at the Port Fléchembault; others, at daybreak, by the old Port Basée. A poor man found her gold cross hung upon the stone cross in the close where the fair is held. It was that trinket that had ruined her in '61. It was a gift from the handsome Viscount de Cormontreuil, her first lover. Pâquette would never part with it, even in her greatest wretchedness—she clung to it as if it had been her life. So that when we saw this cross abandoned, we all thought she was dead. However, there were some people, at the Cabaret-les-Vautes, who said they'd seen her go by on the Paris road, walking barefoot over the stones. But then she must have gone out at the Porte de Vesle, and all those things don't agree. Or rather I'm inclined to think that she did indeed go out by the gate of the Vesle, but that she went out of this world."

"I don't understand you," said Gervaise.

"The Vesle," answered Mahiette, with a melancholy smile, "is the river."

"Poor Chantefleurie!" said Oudarde, shuddering; "what, drowned?"

"Drowned," replied Mahiette. "And who would have foretold to the good father Guybertaut, when he was passing down the stream under the Tinqueux bridge, singing in his boat, that his dear little Pâquette should one day pass under that same bridge, but with neither song nor boat!"

"And the little shoe?" inquired Gervaise.

"Disappeared with the mother," answered Mahiette.

"Poor little shoe!" said Oudarde.

Oudarde, a woman of full habit and tender fiber, would have been quite content to sigh along with Mahiette. But Gervaise, more curious, had not yet got to the end of her questions.

"And the monster?" said she all at once to Mahiette.

"What monster?" asked the other.

"Why, the little gypsy monster that the witches left at La Chantefluerie's in exchange for her daughter. What did you do with it? I hope you drowned it too."

"No," answered Mahiette, "we did not."

"What? burned it then? I'faith that was a better way of disposing of a witch's child."

"We did neither the one nor the other, Gervaise. Monsieur the archbishop took an interest in the child of Egypt; he exorcised it, blessed it, carefully took the devil out of its body, and sent it to Paris to be exposed upon the wooden bed at Notre-Dame as a foundling."

"Those bishops!" muttered Gervaise; "because they're learned, forsooth, they can never do anything like other folks. Only consider, Oudarde—to think of putting the devil among the foundlings—for it's quite certain that little monster was the devil. Well, Mahiette, and what did they do with it at Paris? I'll answer for it that no one charitable person would take it."

"I don't know, indeed," answered the good lady of Reims. "It was just at that time that my husband bought the tabellionage of Beru, two leagues from the town; and we thought no more of all that story—for you must know, that just in

front of Beru there are two mounds of Cernay, that take the towers of Reims cathedral out of your sight."

While talking thus, the three worthy bourgeoises had arrived at the Place de Grève. In the pre-occupation of their minds, they had passed by the public breviary of the Tour-Roland without observing it, and were proceeding mechanically toward the pillory, around which the crowd was every moment increasing. It is probable that the sight, which at that moment drew every eye toward it, would have made them completely forget the Trou-aux-Rats and the station they had intended to perform there, had not the big Eustache of six years old, whom Mahiette held by the hand, suddenly reminded them of it. "Mother," said he, as if some instinct apprised him that they had left the Trou-aux-Rats behind them, "now may I eat the cake?"

Had Eustache been more adroit, that is to say, less greedy, he would have waited a little longer; and not until they had reached home, in the University, at Maître Andry Musnier's, in the Rue Madame-la-Valence, when the two channels of the Seine and the five bridges of the city would have been between the cake and the Trou-aux-Rats, would he have hazarded that timid question—"Mother, now may I eat the cake?"

This same question, imprudent at the moment at which Eustache made it, aroused Mahiette's attention.

"By-the-by," exclaimed she, "we were forgetting the recluse! Show me this Trou-aux-Rats of yours, that I may carry her her cake."

"To be sure," said Oudarde, "it'll be a charity."

This was not the thing for Eustache. "Let me have my cake!" said he, rubbing first one of his ears upon his shoulder, and then the other—the sign in such cases, of supreme dissatisfaction.

The three women retraced their steps; and when they had nearly reached the house of the Tour-Roland, Oudarde said to the other two: "We must not all three look into the hole at once, lest we should frighten the Sachette. Do you two make as if you were reading Dominus in the breviary, while I peep in at the window-hole. The Sachette knows me a little. I'll let you know when you may come."

She went by herself to the window-place. The moment that she looked in, profound pity depicted itself in all her features; her cheerful, open countenance changing its expression and its hue as suddenly as if it had passed out of a gleam of sunshine into one of moonlight; her eye moistened, and her mouth took that contraction which is the forerunner of weeping. A moment after, she laid her finger on her lip, and beckoned to Mahiette to come and look.

Mahiette came, tremulous, silent, and stepping on the points of her toes, like one approaching a death-bed.

It was in truth a sorrowful sight that presented itself to the eyes of the two women, while they looked, without stirring or drawing their breath, through the grated window of the Trou-aux-Rats.

The cell was of small dimensions, wider than it was deep, with a gothic-vaulted ceiling, and looking, internally, much in the shape of the inner part of a bishop's mitre. Upon the bare flag-stones that formed its floor, in one corner, a woman was seated, or rather squatted down. Her chin was resting on her knees, with her arms, crossed before her, pressed close against her chest. Thus—gathered up, as it were, into a heap—clad in a brown sack-cloth which wrapped her all round in large folds—with her long gray hair turned upon her forehead and hanging over her face, and down by her legs to her feet—she presented, at first sight, only a strange form, projected on the dark background of the cell—a sort of dusky triangle, which the daylight from the window-place crudely distinguished into two tints, the one light, the other dark. It was one of those spectres, half light, half shade, such as are seen in dreams, and in the extraordinary work of Goya—pale—motionless—dismal—squatting on a tomb, or reared against the grating of a dungeon. It was neither woman nor man, nor living being, nor definite form; it was a figure, a sort of vision, in which the real and the fanciful were inter-

mingled like light and shadow. Beneath her hair, that fell all about it to the ground, scarcely could you distinguish a severe and attenuated profile, scarcely did there peep from under the hem of her flowing gown the extremity of a naked foot, contracted upon the rigid and frozen pavement. The little of human form that was discernible under that mourning envelope made you shudder.

This figure, which looked as if it had been fixed in the floor, seemed to have neither motion, thought, nor breath. In that covering of thin, brown linen, in January, lying upon a pavement of granite, without fire, in the darkness of a dungeon, the oblique loophole of which admitted only the north-east wind, and never the sun—she seemed not to suffer, not even to feel. You would have thought that she had turned to stone with the dungeon, to ice with the season. Her hands were clasped, her eyes were fixed. At the first glance you took her for a spectre; at the second, for a statue.

However, at intervals, her blue lips half opened with a breath, and trembled, but as deadly and mechanically as leaves parted by the wind. And from those dull, stony eyes, there proceeded a look, ineffable, profound, lugubrious, imperturbable, constantly fixed upon one angle of the cell, which could not be seen from the outside; a look which seemed to concentrate all the gloomy thoughts of that suffering spirit upon some mysterious object.

Such was the creature who from her tenement was called the recluse, and from her coarse linen or sacking garment, the Sachette.

The three women (for Gervaise had come up to Mahiette and Oudarde) were looking through the window-place. Their heads intercepted the feeble light of the dungeon, apparently without at all calling the wretched creature's attention in that direction. "Let us not disturb her," whispered Oudarde; "she's in her ecstasy, she's praying."

Meanwhile, Mahiette was gazing with a constantly increasing anxiety upon that wan, withered, disheveled head, and her eyes filled with tears. "That would be very singular!" muttered she.

She passed her head through the bars of the window, and succeeded in obtaining a glance into that angle of the cell upon which the unfortunate woman's look was immovably fixed. When she drew her head out again, her face was covered with tears.

"What is that woman's name?" said she to Oudarde.

Oudarde answered, "We call her Sister Gudule."

"And I," returned Mahiette, "call her Pâquette-la-Chantefleurie."

Then, laying her finger upon her lip, she made a sign to the amazed Oudarde, to put her head through the bars as she had done, and to look.

Oudarde looked and saw, in that corner upon which the eye of the recluse was fixed in that gloomy absorption, a little shoe of rose-colored satin, decorated all over with gold and silver spangles.

Gervaise looked after Oudarde: and then the three women, gazing upon the unhappy mother, began to weep.

However, neither their looks nor their weeping had disturbed the recluse. Her hands remained clasped; her lips mute; her eyes fixed; and to any one who knew her story, that gaze of hers upon that little shoe was heart-rending.

The three women had not uttered a word; they dared not speak, even in a whisper. That deep silence, that deep forgetfulness, in which every object had disappeared, save one, had upon them the effect of a high altar at Easter or Christmas. They kept silence; they collected themselves; they were ready to kneel. They felt as if they had just entered a church on the Saturday in Passion-week.

At length Gervaise, the most curious of the three, and therefore the least sensitive, tried to make the recluse speak, by calling to her, "Sister! Sister Gudule!"

She repeated this call, to the third time, raising her voice higher every time. The recluse did not stir—there was not a word, not a look, not a sigh, not a sign of life.

Now, Oudarde herself, in a softer and kinder tone, said to her, "Sister—holy

Sister Gudule!" There was the same silence, the same immobility.

"An odd woman!" exclaimed Gervaise, "that would not start at a bombard."

"Perhaps she's deaf," said Oudarde, with a sigh.

"Perhaps blind," added Gervaise.

"Perhaps dead," observed Mahiette.

It is certain that if the soul had not yet quitted that inert, torpid, lethargic body, it had at least retired within it, and hidden itself in depths to which the perceptions of the external organs did not penetrate.

"We shall be obliged, then," said Oudarde, "to leave the cake lying upon the window-case; and some lad or other will take it. What can we do to rouse her?"

Eustache, whose attention had until that moment been diverted by a little carriage drawn by a great dog, which had just passed them, all at once observed that his three conductresses were looking at something through the hole in the wall; and his own curiosity being thus excited, he mounted upon a curb-stone, sprang up on his toes, and put his great rosy face to the opening, crying out, "Mother, let me see, too."

At the sound of this voice of a child, clear, fresh, and sonorous, the recluse started. She turned her head with the dry and sudden motion of a steel spring; her two long, fleshless hands threw aside her hair upon her forehead; and she fixed upon the child a look of astonishment, bitterness, and despair. That look was but a flash. "Oh, my God!" exclaimed she, all at once, hiding her head between her knees—and it seemed as if her hoarse voice tore her breast in passing—"at least don't show me those of others!"

"Good-day, madame," said the boy, gravely.

This shock, however, had, as it were, awakened the recluse. A long shiver ran over her whole body, from head to foot; her teeth chattered; she half raised her head, and said, pressing her elbows against her hips, and taking her feet in her hands, as if to restore their warmth, "Oh, the severe cold."

"Poor woman," said Oudarde, with deep pity, "will you have a little fire?"

She shook her head in token of refusal.

"Well," resumed Oudarde, offering her a flask, "here is some hippocrass, that will warm you. Drink."

She shook her head again, looked steadfastly at Oudarde, and answered, "some water!"

Oudarde insisted: "No, sister; that's not a January beverage. You must drink a little hippocrass, and eat this cake leavened with maize, that we've baked for you."

She rejected the cake, which Mahiette offered her, and said, "some black bread!"

"Here," said Gervaise, seized with charity in her turn, and taking off her woolen roquet—"here's a cloak rather warmer than yours—put this over your shoulders."

She refused the cloak as she had done the liquor and the cake at the same time answering, "A sack!"

"But at all events," resumed the kind Oudarde, "you must be aware, I should think, that yesterday was a holiday."

"I am aware of it," said the recluse. "For two days past I have had no water in my pitcher."

She added, after a pause, "It's a holiday, and they forget me—they do well. Why should the world think of me, who think not of it? Cold ashes are fitting to a dead coal."

And then, as if fatigued with having said so much, she let her head drop upon her knees again. The simple and charitable Oudarde, thinking that she was to understand, from these last words, that the poor woman was still complaining of the cold, answered her with simplicity, "Then will you have a little fire?"

"Fire?" said the Sachette in a strange tone—"and will you make a little, too, for the poor little one that has been under ground these fifteen years?"

All her limbs trembled, her speech vibrated, her eye shone. She had risen up on her knees, she suddenly stretched out her white hands toward the child, which was gazing at her with an astonished look.

"Take away that child!" she cried, "the gypsy woman's coming by."

Then she fell with her face to the ground, and her forehead striking the floor with the noise of a stone upon a stone. The three women thought she was dead. A minute afterwards she stirred, and they saw her crawl upon her hands and knees into the corner that contained the little shoe. Then they did not venture to look; they saw her no longer, but they heard a thousand kisses and sighs, intermingled with afflicting exclamations, and with dull strokes, like those of a head knocking against a wall; then, after one of these strokes, so violent that it startled them all three, all was silent.

"Has she killed herself, I wonder?" said Gervaise, venturing to put her head between the bars. "Sister! Sister Gudule!"

"Sister Gudule!" repeated Oudarde.

"Ah, my God, she doesn't stir!" resumed Gervaise. "Is she dead, think you?—Gudule! Gudule!"

Mahiette, whose utterance had been choked until then, now made an effort. "Wait a moment," said she; and then, putting her head to the window, "Pâquette!" she cried, "Pâquette-la-Chantefleurie!"

A child that should blow unsuspectingly upon the ill-lighted match of a petard, and make it explode in his face, would not be more frightened than Mahiette was at the effect of this name thus suddenly breathed into the cell of Sister Gudule.

The recluse was agitated in every limb; she rose erect upon her naked feet, and flew to the loop-hole with eyes so flaming that Mahiette and Oudarde, their companion and the child, all retreated as far as the parapet of the quay.

Meanwhile, the sinister visage of the recluse appeared close to the window-grate. "Oh, oh!" she cried, with a frightful laugh, "it's the gypsy woman that calls me."

At that moment, a scene which was passing at the pillory arrested her haggard eye. Her forehead wrinkled with horror—she stretched out of her den her two skeleton arms, and cried out, with a voice that rattled in her throat:—"So, it's thou again, daughter of Egypt—it's thou that call'st me, thou child-stealer! Well, cursed be thou! cursed! cursed! cursed!——"

## CHAPTER IV.

### A TEAR FOR A DROP OF WATER.

THE concluding words of the foregoing chapter may be described as the point of junction of two scenes which, until that moment, had been simultaneously developing themselves, each upon its particular stage, the one, that which has just been related, at the Trou-aux-Rats; the other, now to be described, at the pillory. The former had been witnessed only by the three women with whom the reader had just now been made acquainted; the latter had had for spectators the whole crowd which we have seen collect a little while before upon the Place de Grève, around the pillory and the gibbet.

This crowd, whom the sight of the four sergeants, posted from nine o'clock in the morning at the four corners of the pillory, led to expect a penal exhibition of some kind—not, certainly, a hanging—but a flogging, a cutting off of ears, or something in that way—this crowd, we say, had so rapidly increased, that the four sergeants, finding themselves too closely invested, had more than once been under the necessity of forcing it back by the application of their whit-leather whips and their horses' cruppers.

The populace, however, well drilled to the waiting for this sort of spectacle, showed themselves tolerably patient. They amused themselves with looking at the pillory—a very simple sort of structure, in truth, consisting of a cubical mass of stone-work, some ten feet high, and hollowed internally. A very steep flight of steps, of unhewn stone, called by distinction the échelle, gave access to the upper platform, upon which was to be seen a plain horizontal wheel made of oak wood. The custom was to bind the sufferer upon

this wheel, on his knees, and his arms pinioned. An upright shaft of timber, set in motion by a capstan concealed within the interior of the small edifice, made the wheel revolve horizontally and uniformly, thus presenting the face of the culprit successively to every point of the Place. This was called "turning" the criminal.

It is clear that the pillory of the Grève was far from possessing all the attractions of the pillory of the Halles. There was nothing architectural, nothing monumental. There was no iron-cross roof—no octagonal lantern—there were no slender colonnettes, opening out against the border of the roof into capitals of foliage and flowers—no monster-headed gutters—no carved woodwork—no bold and delicate sculpture. The spectator was obliged to content himself with those four faces of rough stone, surmounted by two side walls of parapets of stone still rougher, with a sorry stone gibbet, meagre and bare, standing beside them. The entertainment would have been pitiful enough for amateurs of Gothic architecture. But it is certain that none could be less curious in this way than the good cockneys of the Middle Ages, and that they took but little interest in the beauty of a pillory.

At last the culprit arrived, fastened at the tail of a cart, and as soon as he was hoisted upon the platform, so that he could be seen from every point of the Place, bound with cords and straps, upon the wheel of the pillory, a prodigious hooting, mingled with laughter and acclamations, burst from the assemblage in the square. They had recognized Quasimodo.

As regarded himself, the turn of affairs was somewhat striking—to be pilloried in that same square in which, the day before, he had been saluted and proclaimed pope and prince of the fools, in the train of the Duke of Egypt, the King of Tunis, and the Emperor of Galilee. Certain it is, however, that there was not one mind among the crowd—not even his own, though himself in turn the triumphant and the sufferer — that clearly drew this parallel. Gringoire and his philosophy were absent from this spectacle.

Anon, Michel Noiret, one of their lord the king's sworn trumpeters, after having silence cried to the manans, made proclamation of the sentence, pursuant to the ordinance and command of monsieur the provost. He then fell back behind the cart, with his men in their hacqueton uniform.

Quasimodo, quite passive, did not so much as knit his brow. All resistance was impossible to him by what was then called, in the style of the chancellerie criminelle, "the vehemence and firmness of the bonds"—that is to say, that the small straps and chains probably entered his flesh. "This, by-the-by," observes our author, "is a tradition which is not yet lost; the menottes or manacles still happily preserving it among ourselves, a people civilized, mild, and humane (the bagnio and the guillotine between parentheses)."

Quasimodo had let them lead him, thrust him, carry him along, hoist him up, bind and rebind him. Nothing was distinguishable in his countenance but the astonishment of a savage or an idiot. He was known to be deaf—he might have been taken to be blind.

They set him upon his knees on the circular plank, and stripped him to the waist —he made not the least resistance. They bound him down under a fresh system of straps and buckles—he let them buckle and strap him. Only from time to time he breathed heavily, like a calf, when its head hangs tossing about over the side of the butcher's cart.

"The dolt!" said Jehan Frollo du Moulin to his friend Robin Poussepain (for the two scholars had followed the sufferer, as in duty bound), "he understands no more about it than a cockchafer shut up in a box."

There was a wild laugh among the crowd when they saw, stripped naked to their view, Quasimodo's hump, his camel breast, his brawny and hairy shoulders. During all this merriment, a man in the Town livery, short and thick-set, ascended the platform, and placed himself by the culprit. His name was quickly circulated among the spectators—it was Maître Pierrat Torterue, sworn torturer at the Châtelet.

He commenced his operations by depositing on one corner of the pillory a black hour-glass, the upper cup of which was filled with red sand, which was filtering through into the lower recipient. Then he took off his parti-colored doublet; and there was seen dangling from his right hand a whip with long, slender, white lashes, shining, knotted, and armed with points of metal. With his left hand he carelessly turned up his shirt-sleeve, about his right arm, as high as the armpit.

Meanwhile Jehan Frollo cried out, lifting his light-haired, curly head above the crowd (for he had mounted for that purpose on the shoulders of Robert Poussepain), "Come and see—messieurs! mesdames!—they're going peremptorily to flog Maître Quasimodo, ringer to my brother monsieur the Archdeacon of Joas—a fellow of oriental architecture, with his back like a dome, and his legs like twisted columns!"

And the people laughed, especially the boys and girls.

At last the torturer stamped with his foot. The wheel began to turn; Quasimodo staggered under his bonds. And the amazement that was suddenly depicted upon his deformed visage redoubled the bursts of laughter all around.

All at once, at the moment when the wheel in its rotation presented to Maître Pierrat Quasimodo's mountainous back, Maître Pierrat lifted his arm, the small lashes whistled sharply in the air like a handful of vipers, and fell with fury upon the poor wretch's shoulders.

Quasimodo made a spring as if starting from his sleep. He now began to understand. He twisted himself about in his toils. A violent contraction, expressive of surprise and pain, discomposed the muscles of his face; but he breathed not a sigh. Only he turned back his head first on the right side, then on the left, balancing it backwards and forwards like a bull stung in the flank by a gad-fly.

A second stroke followed the first—then a third—then another—and another—and so on, without ceasing; the wheel continuing to turn, and the lashes to descend upon the sufferer. Soon the blood began to flow; it was seen trickling in a thousand streaks over the dark shoulders of the hunchback; and the keen lashes, as they whistled through the air, scattered it in drops among the multitude.

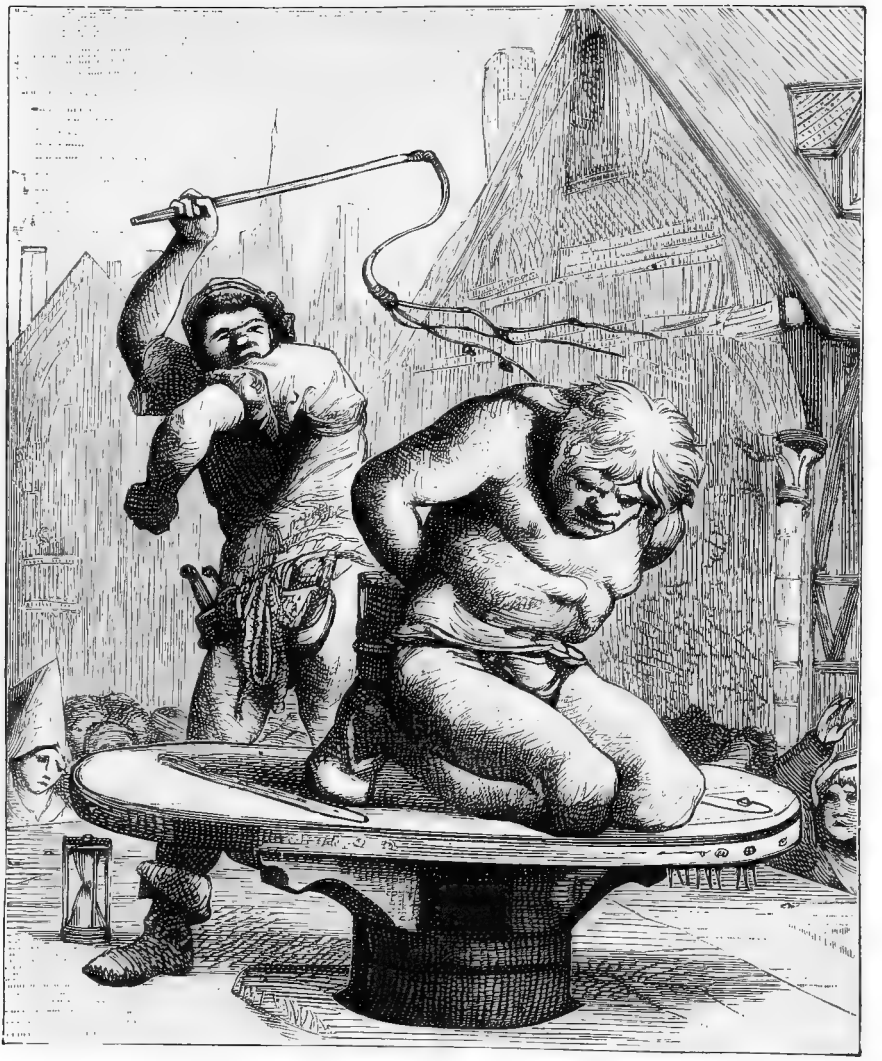
Quasimodo had resumed, in appearance at least, his former passiveness. At first he had striven, silently and without any great external shock, to burst his bonds. His eye had been seen to kindle, his muscles to contract, his limbs to gather themselves up, and the straps and chains to be strained to their utmost tension. The effort was powerful, prodigious, desperate—but the old binders of the provostry resisted. They cracked; but that was all. Quasimodo sank exhausted; and, on his countenance, stupefaction was succeeded by an expression of bitter and deep discouragement. He closed his only eye, dropped his head upon his breast, and seemed as if he was dead.

Thenceforward he stirred not at all. Nothing could wring any motion from him—neither his blood, which continued to flow; nor the strokes of the whip, which fell with redoubled fury; nor the violence of the torturer, who worked himself up into a sort of intoxication; nor the keen whistling of the horrid lashes.

At length an usher of the Châtelet, clothed in black, mounted on a black horse, and stationed at the side of the échelle from the commencement of the punishment, pointed, with his ebony wand, to the hour-glass. The torturer held his hand, the wheel stopped, and Quasimodo's eye slowly reopened.

The flagellation was finished. Two assistants of the sworn torturer washed the bleeding shoulders of the sufferer, rubbed them with some kind of unguent, which immediately closed the wounds, and threw over his back a sort of yellow cloth cut in the form of a chasuble. Meanwhile Pierrat Torterue was letting the blood that soaked the lashes of his scourge drain from them in drops upon the ground.

However, all was not yet over for poor Quasimodo. He had still to undergo that hour on the pillory which Maître Florian Barbedienne had so judiciously added to



THE FLOGGING OF QUASIMODO.

Hugo, vol. 1., p. 110.

the sentence of Messire Robert d'Estouteville—all to the greater glory of the old jeu de mots, physiological and psychological, of Jean de Cumène—*Surdus absurdus.*

So they turned the hour-glass, and left the hunchback bound down upon the wheel, that justice might be perpetrated to the end.

The people, in the inferior sense of the word, have hitherto been, in society, especially in the Middle Ages, what the child is in a family. So long as they remain in that state of primitive ignorance, of moral and intellectual nonage, it may be said of them as has been said of childhood — "that age is a stranger to pity." We have already shown that Quasimodo was generally hated—for more than one good reason, it is true. There was hardly a spectator among that crowd but either had or thought he had some cause of complaint against the mischievous hunchback of Notre-Dame. All had rejoiced to see him make his appearance on the pillory; and the severe punishment he had just undergone, and the piteous plight in which it had left him, so far from softening the hearts of the populace, had but rendered their hatred the more malicious by furnishing it with matter for merriment.

And accordingly the "public vengeance" being satisfied—the "vindiete publique," as it is called in the legal jargon of our neighbors—a thousand private revenges had now their turn. Here, as in the Grand Salle, it was the women that broke forth with the greatest violence. They all bore malice against him — some for his mischievousness, others for his ugliness. The latter were the most furious of the two.

"Oh! thou phiz of Antichrist!" exclaimed one.

"Thou broomstick-rider!" cried another.

"What a fine tragical grin!" bawled a third, "and one that would have made him Fools' Pope if to-day had been yesterday."

"Good!" chimed in an old woman. "This is the pillory grin; when is he to give us the gallows grin?"

"When art thou to have thy big bell clapped upon thy head a hundred feet under ground, thou cursed ringer?" shouted one.

"And yet it's this devil that rings the Angelus!"

"Oh! the deaf as a post! the one-eye! the hunchback! the monster!"

"He's a face to make a woman miscarry, better than any medicines or pharmacies."

And the two scholars, Jehan du Moulin and Robin Poussepain, sang out, as loud as they could bawl, the burden of an old popular song—

A halter for the gallows rogue!
A fagot for the witch!

A thousand other pieces of abuse were showered upon him, and hootings, and imprecations, and bursts of laughter, and here and there a stone.

Quasimodo was deaf, but he saw clearly; and the public fury was not less forcibly expressed in the countenances of the people than by their words. Besides, the stones that struck him explained the bursts of laughter.

At the first he bore it all very well. But, by degrees, the patience which had braced up its fibres under the lash of the torturer, relaxed and gave way under these insect stings. The Asturian bull that has borne unmoved the attacks of the picador, is irritated by the dogs and the banderillas.

First, he cast slowly around a look of menace upon the crowd. But, bound hand and foot as he was, his look had no power to chase away the flies that gnawed his wound. Then he shook himself in his toils; and his furious efforts made the old wheel of the pillory creak upon its timbers, all which but increased the derision and the hooting.

Then the poor wretch, finding himself unable to burst his wild beast's chain, once more became quiet; only, at intervals, a sigh of rage heaved all the cavities of his breast. In his face there was neither shame nor blush. He was too far from the state of society, and too near the state of nature, to know what shame

was. Besides, at that pitch of deformity, is infamy a thing that can be felt? But resentment, hatred, and despair were slowly spreading over that hideous visage a cloud that grew more and more gloomy, more and more charged with an electricity which shone in a thousand flashes from the eye of the cyclop.

However, that cloud was dissipated for a moment at the appearance of a mule which passed through the crowd, carrying a priest upon its back. From the first moment that he perceived that priest and that mule approaching, the poor sufferer's countenance became milder. The fury which had contracted it was succeeded by a strange smile, full of a softness, a gentleness, a tenderness inexpressible. As the priest came nearer, this smile became plainer, more distinct, more radiant. It was as if the unfortunate creature was hailing the coming of a Saviour. However, the moment that the mule had come near enough to the pillory for its rider to recognize the sufferer, the priest cast down his eyes, turned round abruptly, and spurred away his steed, as if in haste to escape humiliating appeals, and not at all anxious to be saluted and recognized by a poor devil in such a situation.

This priest was the Archdeacon Dom Claude Frollo; who, albeit he stood in much the same relation to Quasimodo as the knight of La Mancha did to his squire, was, in some respects, no more a Don Quixote than, in some others, Quasimodo was a Sancho Panza. And yet Sancho's blanket-tossing, from which the knight would have encountered any disgrace to have delivered him, was a mere trifle compared to this infliction undergone by the archdeacon's devoted servant.

And now the cloud fell darker than ever upon the face of Quasimodo. The smile was still mingled with it for a time; but it was bitter, disheartened, and profoundly sad.

The time was going on. He had been there for at least an hour and a half; lacerated, abused, mocked, and almost stoned to death. All at once he made another struggle in his chains, with redoubled desperation, that shook the whole woodwork upon which he was fixed; and, breaking the silence which until then he had obstinately kept, he cried out in a hoarse and furious voice, which was more like a dog's howl than a human shout, and which drowned the noise of the hooting, "Some drink!"

This exclamation of distress, far from exciting compassion, was an additional amusement to the good Parisian populace that surrounded the pillory, and who, it must be admitted, taken on the whole and as a multitude, were scarcely less cruel and brutal than that horrible tribe of the Truands, to which we have already introduced the reader, and which, indeed, was itself neither more nor less than the lowest stratum of the people. Not a voice was raised around the unhappy sufferer, except in mockery of his thirst. It is certain that at that moment his appearance was yet more grotesque and repulsive than it was pitiable—with his reddened and trickling face, his bewildered eye, his mouth foaming with rage and suffering, and his tongue hanging out. We must observe, too, that had there even been among the multitude any good, charitable soul of a townsman or townswoman, who should have been tempted to carry a glass of water to that miserable creature in pain, there reigned around the ignominious steps of the pillory so strong an air of infamy in the prejudices of the time, as would have suffered to repel the good Samaritan.

At the end of a few minutes more, Quasimodo cast around him a look of despair upon the crowd, and repeated in a voice yet more heart-rending, "Some drink!" And again they all laughed.

"Drink this!" cried Robin Poussepain, throwing in his face a sponge soaked in the kennel. "Here, you deaf scoundrel; I'm your debtor!"

A woman threw a stone at his head, saying: "That'll teach thee to wake us in the night with thy cursed ringing!"

"Well, my lad!" bawled a cripple, trying at the same time to reach him with his crutch, "wilt thou cast spells at us again from the top of the towers of Notre-Dame?"

"Here's a porringer to drink out of,"

said one man, hurling a broken pitcher at his breast. "It's thou that, with only passing before her, made my wife be brought to bed of a child with two heads!"

"And my cat of a kitten with six legs!" screamed an old woman as she flung a tile at him.

"Some drink!" repeated Quasimodo for the third time, panting. At that moment, he saw the populace making way for some one, and a young girl fantastically dressed, issued from the crowd. She was accompanied by a little she-goat with gilt horns, and carried a small tambourine in her hand.

Quasimodo's eyes sparkled. In was the gypsy girl whom he had attempted to carry off the night before, for which piece of presumption he had some confused notion that they were chastising him at that very moment—which, however, was by no means the case, seeing that he was punished only for the misfortune of being deaf and having had a deaf judge. He doubted not that she, too, was come to take her revenge, and to aim her blow at him like all the rest of them.

In fact, he beheld her rapidly ascend the steps. He was choking with rage and vexation. He wished that he could have crumbled the pillory to atoms; and if the flash of his eye could have destroyed, the gypsy would have been reduced to ashes before she could have reached the platform. Without uttering a word, she approached the sufferer, who was vainly writhing about to escape her; and then, unfastening a gourd-bottle from her belt, she held it out to the poor wretch's parched lips.

Then from that eye, hitherto so dry and burning, was seen to roll a big tear, which fell slowly down that deformed visage so long contracted by despair. Perhaps it was the first that the unfortunate creature had ever shed.

Meanwhile, he forgot to drink. The gypsy made her little accustomed grimace with impatience; and held up, smiling, the neck of the gourd to the jagged mouth of Quasimodo. He drank long draughts, for his thirst was burning.

When he had done, the poor wretch put out his black lips, undoubtedly to kiss the fair hand which had just relieved him; but the girl, who, remembering the violent attempt of the preceding night, was perhaps not without some mistrust, drew back her hand with the frightened look of a child afraid of being bitten by some animal.

Then the poor deaf creature fixed upon her a look reproachful and inexpressibly sad.

It would anywhere have been a touching spectacle, to see that beautiful girl, so pure, so charming, and at the same time so weak, thus piously hastening to the relief of so much wretchedness, deformity, and malice; but on a pillory the spectacle was sublime. The people themselves were struck by it, and clapped their hands, shouting, "Noël, Noël!"

It was at that moment that the recluse, through the loophole of her cell, observed the gypsy girl upon the steps of the pillory, and cast at her the dismal imprecation, "Cursed be thou, daughter of Egypt! cursed! cursed!"

---

## CHAPTER V.

### THE CATASTROPHE OF THE CAKE.

ESMERALDA turned pale, and descended from the pillory, tottering; the voice of the recluse pursued her still. "Come down, come down, Egyptian thief! thou shalt go up there again!"

"The Sachette's in her crotchets," said the people, muttering—but that was all they did; for this sort of women were feared, and that made them sacred. Nobody in those days was willing to attack any one that prayed day and night.

The hour had now arrived for carrying back Quasimodo; they unfastened him from the pillory, and the crowd dispersed.

Near the Grand Pont, Mahiette, who was going away with her two companions, suddenly stopped short. "By-the-by, Eustache," said she, "what have you done with the cake?"

"Mother," said the boy, "while you were talking to that lady in the hole, there was a great dog came and bit of my cake —and then I bit of it too."

"What, sir!" cried she; "have you eaten it all?"

"Mother, it was the dog. I told him so but he wouldn't listen to me. Then I bit a piece too—that's all."

"It's a shocking boy," said the mother, smiling and chiding at the same time. "What do you think, Oudarde—already he eats by himself all the cherries that grow upon the tree in our croft at Charlerange. So his grandfather says he'll be a captain. Let me catch you at it again, Master Eustache. Get along, you greedy fellow!"

---

# BOOK VI.

---

## CHAPTER I.

### SHOWING THE DANGER OF CONFIDING ONE'S SECRET TO A GOAT.

SEVERAL weeks had elapsed. It was now the early part of the month of March. The sun, which Dubartas, that classic ancestor of periphrasis, had not yet named "the grand duke of the candles," was not, therefore, the less cheerful and radiant. It was one of those days of the early spring which are so mild and beautiful that all Paris turns out into the squares and promenades, to enjoy them as if they were holidays. On those days of clearness, warmth, and serenity, there is one hour in particular, at which you should go and admire the portal of Notre-Dame. It is that moment when the sun, already declining toward his setting, darts his rays almost directly upon the front of the cathedral. Becoming more and more horizontal, they gradually retire from the pavement of the Place, and mount up the perpendicular face of the structure, streaming full upon the thousand rotundities of its sculpture, while the great round central window flames like a cyclop's eye lit up by the reverberations of the forge.

At this hour it was that, opposite to the front of the lofty cathedral, reddened by the setting sun, upon the stone balcony constructed over the porch of a rich-looking Gothic house, at the angle formed by the Place with the Rue du Parvis, some handsome girls were laughing and talking together with all manner of grace and sportiveness. By the length of the veil which fell from the top of their pointed coif, all scrolled with pearls, down to their heels—by the fineness of the worked chemisette which covered their shoulders, revealing, according to the engaging fashion of that time, the swell of their fair virgin bosoms—by the richness of their under petticoats, yet more costly than the upper skirt (admirable refinement!)—by the gauze, the silk, and the velvet, with which the whole was loaded —and above all, by the whiteness of their hands—it was easy to divine that they were noble and wealthy heiresses. They were, in fact, Damoiselle Fleur-de-Lys de Gondelaurier, and her companions, Diane de Christeuil, Amelotte de Montmichel, Colombe de Gaillefontaine, and the little De Champchevrier, all girls of family, assembled at that moment at the mansion of the lady widow De Gondelaurier, on account of Monseigneur de Beaujeu and madame his wife, who were to come to Paris in April, to choose *accompagneresses d'honneur*, or maids of honor, to accompany the Dauphiness Marguerite, on the occasion of her reception in Picardy, at the hands of the Flemings, on her way to the court of France. Now, all the hobereaux or gentry for thirty leagues round, were seeking this honor for their daughters, and a good many of them had already brought or sent them to Paris. The young ladies in question had been entrusted by their parents to the discreet and reverend keeping of Madame Aloïse de Gondelaurier, widow of a ci-devant master of the king's cross-bowmen, now living in retirement with her only daughter, at her house in the Place du Parvis-Notre-Dame, at Paris.

The balcony at which these young ladies were amusing themselves, opened into an apartment richly hung with fawn-colored Flanders leather printed with golden foliage. The beams that ran across the ceiling, diverting the eye with a thousand fantastic carvings, painted and gilt. Splendid enamels were glittering here and there upon the lids of cabinets curiously carved; and a boar's head in china crowned a magnificent sideboard, the two steps of which announced that the mistress of the house was the wife or widow of a knight banneret. At the upper end of the room, beside a lofty chimney-piece, covered with emblazonry from top to bottom, was seated, in a rich fauteuil of red velvet, the lady of Gondelaurier, whose fifty-five years of age were no less distinctly written on her dress than on her face. Beside her a young man was standing, of very imposing mien, though partaking somewhat of vanity and bravado—one of those fine fellows whom all women agree to admire, although their physiognomy is precisely that which makes grave and discerning men shake their heads. This young cavalier wore the brilliant uniform of a captain of archers of the ordonnance du roi or household troops—which uniform too closely resembled the costume of Jupiter, which the reader has already had an opportunity of admiring in the first chapter of this history, for us to weary him with a second description of it.

The young ladies were seated, part in the room, part in the balcony; the former on cushions of Utrecht velvet with gold corner-plates; the latter on oak stools carved in flowers and figures. Each of them held in her lap part of a large piece of tapestry, on which they were all at work, while one long end of it lay on the matting which covered the floor.

They were talking among themselves, in that whispering voice, and with those half-stifled laughs, so common in an assembly of young girls where there is a young man among them. The young man himself, whose presence had the effect of bringing into play all this feminine vanity, appeared, on his part, to care very little about it; and, while the lovely girls were vying with each other in endeavoring to attract his attention, he was specially occupied in polishing, with his doeskin glove, the buckle of his sword-belt.

From time to time, the old lady addressed him in a low voice, and he answered as well as he was able, with a sort of awkward and constrained politeness. From the smiles and significant gestures of Madame Aloïse as well as the glances which she threw toward her daughter Fleur-de-Lys as she spoke low to the captain, it was evident that the subject of their conversation was some previous betrothing, some marriage doubtless about to take place between the young man and Fleur-de-Lys. And from the cold, embarrassed air of the officer, it was easy to see that so far at least as he was concerned, love had no longer any part in the matter. His whole demeanor conveyed an idea of constraint and ennui, which a modern French subaltern on garrison duty would admirably render by the exclamation, Quelle chienne de corvée!

The good lady, infatuated, like any other silly mother, with her daughter's charms, did not perceive the officer's want of enthusiasm, but exerted herself strenuously to point out in a whisper the infinite grace with which Fleur-de-Lys used her needle or wound her silk.

"Do look now, petit cousin," said she, pulling him by the sleeve toward her, and speaking in his ear. "Look at her! see, now she stoops."

"Yes, indeed," answered the young man, and fell back into his cold, abstracted silence.

Shortly after, he had to lean again, on Dame Aloïse saying to him: "Did you ever see a more charming lightsome face than that of your betrothed? Can anything be more fair or more lovely? Are not those hands perfect? and that neck, does it not assume every graceful curve of the swan's?—How I envy you at times! and how happy you are, in being a man, wicked rogue that you are! Is not my Fleur-de-Lys adorably beautiful? and are you not passionately in love with her?"

"Assuredly," answered he, thinking all the time of something else.

"Speak to her, then," said Madame Aloïse, abruptly pushing him by the shoulder; "say something to her; you're grown quite timid."

We can assure our readers that timidity was neither a virtue nor a defect of the captain's. He endeavored, however, to do as was bid.

"Belle cousine," said he, approaching Fleur-de-Lys, "what is the subject of this tapestry you are so busy with?"

"Beau cousin," answered Fleur-de-Lys, in a pettish tone, "I have already told you three times; it is grotto of Neptunus."

It was evident that Fleur-de-Lys saw more clearly than her mother through the cold, absent manner of the captain. He felt the necessity of entering into conversation.

"And for what is all this fine Neptune-work intended?" asked he.

"For the abbey of Saint-Antoine des Champs," said Fleur-de-Lys, without raising her eyes.

The captain took up a corner of the tapestry: "And pray, ma belle cousine, who is that big gendarme fellow there disguised as a fish, and blowing his trumpet till his cheeks are bursting?"

"This is Trito," answered she.

There was still a degree of pettishness in the tone of the few words uttered by Fleur-de-Lys. The young man understood that it was indispensable he should whisper in her ear some pretty nothing, some gallant compliment or other—no matter what. He accordingly leaned over, but his imagination could furnish nothing more tender or familiar than this: "Why does your mother always wear that petticoat with her arms worked upon it, like our great-grandmothers of Charles the VII.'s time? Pray tell her, belle cousine, that it's not the fashion of the present day, and that, all emblazoned in that way, her dress makes her look like a walking mantelpiece. 'Pon honor, no one sits under their banner in that way now, I assure you."

Fleur-de-Lys raised her fine eyes toward his reproachfully: "Is that all you have to assure me of?" said she in a low tone.

Meanwhile the good Dame Aloïse, delighted to see them thus leaning over and whispering with each other, exclaimed, playing all the while with the clasps of her prayer-book: "Touching picture of love!"

The captain, more and more at a loss, passed to the subject of the tapestry again. "It is really a beautiful piece of work!" he cried.

At this juncture, Colombe de Gaillefontaine, another beautiful white-skinned blonde, dressed up to the neck in blue damask, ventured to put in a word, addressed to Fleur-de-Lys, but in the hope that the handsome captain would answer her: "My dear Gondelaurier, did you ever see the tapestry at the Hôtel de la Roche-Guyon?"

"Is that the hôtel where the garden is belonging to the Lingère of the Louvre?" asked Diane de Christeuil, laughing; for, having fine teeth, she laughed on all occasions.

"And where that big old tower is, part of the ancient wall of Paris?" added Amelotte de Montmichel, a pretty, curly-headed, fresh-looking brunette, who had a habit of sighing, just as the other laughed, without knowing why.

"My dear Colombe," said Dame Aloïse, "are you speaking of the hôtel which belonged to Monsieur de Bacqueville in the reign of Charles the VIth? There is indeed magnificent tapestry there, of the high warp."

"Charles the VIth! King Charles the VIth!" muttered the young captain, curling his moustaches. "Mon Dieu! what a memory the good lady has for everything old!"

Madame de Gondelaurier continued: "Superb tapestry indeed! So superior that it is considered unrivalled!"

At that moment, Bérangère de Champchevrier, an airy little creature of seven years of age, who was looking into the the square through the tri-foliated ornaments of the balcony, cried out, "Oh! do look, dear god-mamma Fleur-de-Lys, at that pretty dancing-girl who is dancing in the street, and playing the tambourine in the midst of those common people!"

The sonorous vibration of a tambourine was, in fact, heard by the party. "Some

gypsy girl from Bohemia," said Fleur-de-Lys, turning her head carlessly toward the square.

"Let us see! let us see!" cried her lively companions; and they all ran to the front of the balcony, while Fleur-de-Lys, musing over the coldness of her affianced lover, followed them slowly; and the latter, relieved by this incident, which cut short an embarassed conversation, returned to the farther end of the room with the satisfied air of a soldier relieved from duty. And yet no unpleasing service was that of the lovely Fleur-de-Lys; and such it had appeared to him formerly; but the captain had by degrees become dissipated, and the prospect of an approaching marriage grew more and more repulsive to him every day. Besides, he was of a fickle disposition; and, if one may say so, of rather vulgar tastes. Although of very noble birth, he had contracted, under his officer's accoutrements, more than one habit of the common soldier. He delighted in the tavern and its accompaniments, and was never at his ease but amidst gross language, military gallantries, easy beauties, and as easy successes. He had notwithstanding received from his family some education and some politeness of manner; but he had too early been a rover, had too early kept garrison, and each day the polish of the gentleman became more and more worn away under the friction of the gendarme's baldric. Though still continuing to visit her occasionally, through some small remnant of common respect, he felt doubly constrained with Fleur-de-Lys; first, because by dint of dividing his love among so many different objects he had very little left for her; and next, because, surrounded by a number of fine women of stiff, decorous, and formal manners, he was constantly in fear lest his lips, accustomed to the language of oaths, should inadvertently break through their bounds and let slip some unfortunate tavern-slang or other. The effect may be imagined!

And yet, with all these were mingled great pretensions to elegance, taste in dress, and noble bearing. Let these things be reconciled as they may—our office is simply that of the historian.

He had been for some minutes thinking of something or of nothing, leaning in silence against the carved mantelpiece, when Fleur-de-Lys turning suddenly round, addressed him—for after all, the poor girl only pouted in self-defense:

"Beau cousin, did you not tell us of a little gypsy girl you saved from a parcel of thieves about a month ago, as you were going the counter-watch at night?"

"I believe I did, belle cousine," said the captain.

"Well," rejoined she, "perhaps it is that very gypsy girl who is now dancing in the Parvis. Come and see if you recognize her, beau cousin Phœbus."

A secret desire of reconciliation was perceptible in the gentle invitation she gave him to draw near her, and in the care she took to call him by his name. Captain Phœbus de Chateupers (for it is he whom the reader has had before him from the beginning of this chapter) with tardy steps approached the balcony.

"Look," said Fleur-de-Lys tenderly, placing her hand on his arm, "look at that little girl, dancing there in the ring!—Is that your gypsy girl?"

Phœbus looked, and said: "Yes—I know her by her goat."

"Ah!—so there is!—a pretty little goat!" said Amelotte, clasping her hands with delight.

"Are its horns really gold?" asked little Bérangère.

Without moving from her fauteuil, Dame Aloïse inquired: "Is it one of those gypsy girls that arrived last year by the Porte Gibard?"

"My dear mother," said Fleur-de-Lys gently, "that gate is now called Porte d'Enfer."

Mademoiselle de Gondelaurier knew how much the captain's notions were shocked by her mother's antiquated modes of speech. Indeed he was already on the titter, and began to mutter between his teeth: "Porte Gibard! Porte Gibard! That's to make way for King Charles VI."

"God-mamma," exclaimed Bérangère, whose eyes incessantly in motion, were suddenly raised toward the top of the

towers of Notre-Dame, "who is that black man up there?"

All the girls raised their eyes. A man in fact was leaning with his elbows upon the topmost balustrade of the northern tower, which looked toward the Grève. It was the figure of a priest; and they could clearly discern both his costume and his face, which was resting on his two hands. Otherwise he was as motionless as a statue; his steady gaze seemed rivited to the Place. There was in it something of the immobility of the kite when it has just discovered a nest of sparrows and is looking down upon it.

"It is monsieur the archdeacon of Joas," said Fleur-de-Lys.

"You've good eyes if you know him at this distance," observed La Gaillefontaine.

"How he looks at the little dancing-girl," remarked Diane de Christeuil.

"Let the gypsy girl beware," said Fleur-de-Lys; "for he loves not Egypt."

"It's a great pity that man looks at her so," added Amelotte de Montmichel; "for she dances delightfully."

"Beau cousin Phœbus," said Fleur-de-Lys, suddenly, "since you know this little gypsy girl, beckon her to come up. It will be an amusement for us."

"Oh, yes!" cried all her companions, clapping their hands.

"It's really not worth while," answered Phœbus; "she has forgotten me, I dare say; and I don't so much as know her name. However, since you wish it, ladies, I will see." And leaning over the balustrade of the balcony, he began to call out, "Little girl!"

The dancing-girl was not at that moment playing her tambourine; and, turning her head toward the point from whence she hoard herself called, her brilliant eyes rested on Phœbus, and she stopped short suddenly.

"Little girl," repeated the captain, and he beckoned to her to come in.

The young girl looked at him again; then blushed as if a flame had risen to her cheeks; and, taking her tambourine under her arm, she made her way through the midst of the gaping spectators, toward the door of the house where Phœbus was, with slow and tottering steps, and with the troubled air of a bird yielding to the fascination of a serpent.

A moment or two after, the tapestry hanging at the entrance was raised, and the gypsy girl made her appearance on the threshold of the room, blushing confused, and out of breath, her large eyes cast down, and not daring to advance a step further.

Bérangère clapped her hands.

Meanwhile, the dancing-girl remained motionless at the entrance of the apartment. Her appearance had produced on this group of young women a singular effect. It is certain that a vague and undefined desire of pleasing the handsome officer at once animated the whole party; that the splendid uniform was the object at which all their coquetry was aimed; and that, from the time of his being present, there had arisen among them a certain tacit, covert rivalry, scarcely acknowledged to themselves, but which did not the less constantly display itself in all their gestures and remarks. Nevertheless, as they all possessed nearly the same degree of beauty, they contended with equal arms, and each might reasonably hope for victory. The arrival of the gypsy girl suddenly destroyed this equilibrium. Her beauty was of so rare a cast that, the moment she entered the apartment, she seemed to shed around it a sort of light peculiar to herself. Within this enclosed chamber, surrounded by its dusky hangings and wainscotings, she was incomparably more beautiful and radiant than in the public square. She was as the torch suddenly brought from the mid-day light into the shade. The noble damsels were dazzled by it in spite of themselves. Each felt that her beauty had in some degree suffered; and, in consequence, their line of battle (if we may be allowed the expression) was changed immediately, without a single word being uttered by any of them. But they understood each other perfectly. The instincts of women comprehend and correspond with each other more quickly than the understandings of men. An enemy had arrived in the midst of them; all felt it—all rallied.

One drop of wine is sufficient to tinge a whole glass of water; and to diffuse a certain degree of ill-temper throughout a company of pretty women, it is only necessary for one still prettier to make her appearance—especially when there is but one man in the way. Thus the gypsy girl's reception proved mightily freezing. They eyed her from head to foot; then looked at each other; and that was enough—all was understood. Meanwhile the young girl, waiting for them to speak to her, was so much affected that she dared not raise her eyelids.

The captain was the first to break silence.

"'Pon honor," said he, with his tone of brainless assurance, "here's a charming creature! What do you think of her, belle cousine?"

This observation, which a more delicate admirer would at least have made in an undertone, did not tend to dissipate the feminine jealousies which were on the alert in the presence of the gypsy girl.

Fleur-de-Lys answered the captain with a simpering affectation of contempt—"Ah, not amiss."

The others whispered together.

At length, Madame Aloïse, who was not the less jealous for being so on her daughter's account, addressed the dancing-girl:

"Come hither, little girl," said she.

"Come hither, little girl!" repeated, with comic dignity, little Bérangère, who would have stood about as high as her hip.

The gypsy girl advanced toward the noble lady.

"My pretty girl," said Phœbus, significantly, likewise advancing a few paces toward her, "I don't know whether I have the supreme felicity of being remembered by you."

She interrupted him by saying, with a look and smile of infinite sweetness, "Oh! yes."

"She has a good memory," observed Fleur-de-Lys.

"So," resumed Phœbus, "you contrived to make your escape in a hurry the other evening. Did I frighten you?"

"Oh! no," said the gypsy girl. There was, in the accent with which this "Oh! no," following immediately the "Oh! yes," was pronounced, an indescribable something which stung poor Fleur-de-Lys.

"You left me in your stead, my fair one," continued the captain, whose tongue became unloosed while speaking to the girl out of the street, "a rare grim-faced fellow, hump-backed and one-eyed, the ringer of the bishop's bells, I believe. They tell me he's an archdeacon's bastard and a devil by birth. He has a pretty name too; they call him Quatre-Temps,* Pâques-Fleuries,† Mardi-Gras,‡ I don't know what!—a bell-ringing, holiday name, in short. And so he thought fit to carry you off, as if you were made for such fellows as beadles! That is going a little too far. What the deuce could that screech-owl want with you? eh!"

"I don't know," answered she.

"Only imagine his insolence! a bell-ringer to carry off a girl like a viscount! a clown poaching the game of gentlemen! a rare piece of assurance, truly! But he paid pretty dear for it. Maître Pierrat Torterue is as rough a groom as ever curried a rascal; and your ringer's hide—if that will please you—got a thorough dressing at his hands, I warrant you."

"Poor man!" said the gypsy girl, the scene of the pillory brought back to her remembrance by these words.

The captain burst out laughing. "*Corne-de-bœuf!* your pity's about as well placed as a feather in a pig's tail. May I have a belly like a pope, if . . . . ." He stopped suddenly short. "Pardon me, ladies—I fear I was about to let slip some nonsense or other."

"Fie, monsieur!" said La Gaillefontaine.

"He speaks to this creature in her own language," added Fleur-de-Lys in an undertone, her vexation increasing every moment. This vexation was not diminished by seeing the captain, delighted with the gypsy girl, and above all with himself, turn round on his heel and repeat with naïve and soldier-like gallantry: "A lovely girl, upon my soul!"

---

* Quatre-Temps—Ember-week.
† Pâques Fleuries—Palm-Sunday.
‡ Mardi-Gras—Shrove-Tuesday.

"Very barbarously dressed!" said Diane de Christeuil, laughing to show her fine teeth.

This remark was like a flash of light for the others. It gave to view the gypsy's assailable point; having nothing to find fault with in her person, they all fell upon her dress.

"It's very true," said La Montmichel. "Pray, little girl, where did you learn to run about the streets in that way, without either neckerchief or tucker?"

"What a dreadful short petticoat!" added La Gaillefontaine.

"You'll get yourself taken up, child, by the sergeants of the douzaine, for your gilt belt," continued Fleur-de-Lys, harshly.

"Little girl, little girl," resumed Christeuil, with an unmerciful smile, "if you had the decency to wear sleeves on your arms, they would not get so sun-burned."

It was a sight worthy a more intelligent spectator than Phœbus, to watch how those fine girls, with their envenomed and angry tongues, turned, glided, and wound, as it were, around the street dancer; they were at once cruel and courteous; they searched and pried maliciously into every part of her poor, wild dress of spangles and tinsel. Then followed the laugh, the ironical jest, humiliations without end. Sarcasms, haughty condescensions, and evil looks were poured upon the gypsy girl. One might have fancied them some of those young Roman ladies that used to amuse themselves with thrusting golden pins into the bosom of some beautiful slave; or have likened them to elegant greyhounds, turning, wheeling, with distended nostrils and eager eyes, around some poor hind of the forest whom nothing but their master's eye prevents them from devouring.

And what, in fact, was a poor dancing-girl of the public square to those high-born maidens? They did not seem so much as to recognize her presence; but spoke of her, before her, and to herself, aloud, as of something, pretty enough, perhaps, but at the same time loathsome and abject.

The gypsy girl was insensible to these petty stings. From time to time, a glow of shame or a flash of anger inflamed her eyes and cheeks—a disdainful exclamation seemed to hover on her lips—she made contemptuously the little grimace with which the reader is already familiar—but remained motionless, her eyes fixed, with a sweet, resigned, and melancholy expression upon Phœbus. In this look, too, were mingled delight and tenderness. It seemed as if she restrained herself for fear of being driven away.

As for Poœbus himself, he laughed, and took the gypsy girl's part, with a mixture of pity and impertinence. "Let them talk, little one," repeated he, jingling his gold spurs; "doubtless, your dress is a little wild and extravagant; but in a charming girl like you, what does that signify?"

"Mon Dieu!" exclaimed the blonde Gaillefontaine, drawing up her swan-like neck with a bitter smile; "I see that messieurs the king's archers take fire easily at bright gypsy eyes."

"And why not?" said Phœbus.

At this rejoinder, uttered carelessly by the captain, like a stone thrown at random, the fall of which one does not so much as turn to watch, Colombe began to laugh, as did Amelotte, Diane, and Fleur-de-Lys; while a tear rose at the same time to the eyes of the latter.

The gypsy girl, who had cast her eyes on the ground as Colombe and Gaillefontaine spoke, raised them all beaming with joy and pride, and fixed them again on Phœbus. She looked angelic at that moment.

The old lady, who observed this scene, felt herself piqued without well understanding why.

"Holy Virgin!" cried she, suddenly, "what's that about my legs? Ah! the nasty animal!"

It was the goat, which had just arrived in search of its mistress, and which, in hurrying toward her, had got itself entangled by the horns in the pile of stuff which the noble lady's ample habiliments heaped around her whenever she was seated.

This made a diversion. The gypsy girl, without saying a word, disentangled the little creature's horns.

"Oh! here's the pretty little goat with the golden feet," cried Bérangère, jumping with joy.

The gypsy girl squatted on her knees, and pressed her cheek against the fondling head of the goat, as if to beg its pardon for having left it behind.

Meanwhile, Diane bent over and whispered in Colombe's ear: "Ah! mon Dieu! how is it I did not think of it before! It's the gypsy girl with the goat. They say she's a sorceress, and that her goat performs very miraculous tricks."

"Well," said Colombe, "let the goat amuse us now in its turn, and perform us a miracle."

Diane and Colombe eagerly addressed the gypsy girl: "Little girl, do let your goat perform a miracle."

"I don't know what you mean," said the dancing-girl.

"Why, a miracle—a conjuring trick—a feat of witchcraft."

"I do not understand," she replied. And she turned to caressing the pretty animal again, repeating, "Djali! Djali!"

At that moment Fleur-de-Lys remarked a little embroidered leathern bag hanging about the goat's neck. "What's that?" asked she of the gypsy girl.

The girl raised her large eyes toward her, and answered gravely, "That's my secret."

"I should like to know your secret," thought Fleur-de-Lys.

Meanwhile, the noble dame had risen angrily. "Come, come, gypsy girl; if neither you nor your goat have anything to dance to us, what do you do here?"

The gypsy girl, without answering, directed her steps slowly toward the door. But the nearer she approached it, the slower was her pace. An irresistible magnet seemed to arrest her steps. Suddenly, she turned her eyes moistened with tears toward Phœbus, and stood still.

"Vrai Dieu!" cried the captain, "you shall not go away thus. Come back and dance us something or other. By-the-by, sweet love, what's your name?"

"La Esmeralda," said the dancing-girl, without taking her eyes off him.

At this strange name the girls burst forth into an extravagant laugh.

"A formidable name indeed, for a young lady," said Diane.

"You see, plain enough," remarked Amelotte, "that she's an enchantress."

"My dear," cried Dame Aloïse, seriously, "your parents never found that name for you in the baptismal font.

Meanwhile Bérangère, without any one's observing it, a few minutes before, enticed the goat into a corner of the room with a piece of sweet cake. In an instant they had become good friends; and the curious child had untied the little bag which hung at the goat's neck, had opened it, and spread its contents on the matting; it was an alphabet, each letter of which was inscribed separately on a small tablet of wood. No sooner were these toys displayed on the matting, than the child saw, with surprise, the goat (one of whose miracles, doubtless, it was) draw toward her, with her golden paw, certain letters, and arrange them, by pushing them about gently, in a particular order. In a minute, they formed a word which the goat seemed practiced in composing, so little was she at a loss in forming it; and Bérangère suddenly cried out, clasping her hands with admiration:

"God-mamma, Fleur-de-Lys—do see what the goat has been doing!"

Fleur-de-Lys ran to look, and started at the sight. The letters arranged on the floor formed, in the Gothic characters of the time, the word

**Phœbus.**

"Did the goat write that?" asked she, with a faltering voice.

"Yes, god-mamma," answered Bérangère. It was impossible to doubt it, for the child could not spell.

"Here's the secret!" thought Fleur-de-Lys. Meanwhile, at the child's exclamation they had all hurried forward to look; the lady mother, the young ladies, the gypsy, and the officer.

The gypsy girl saw the blunder the goat had committed. She turned red—then pale—and began to tremble like a guilty

thing before the captain, who looked at her with a smile of satisfaction and astonishment.

"Phœbus!" whispered the girls, in amazement, "that's the captain's name!"

"You have a wonderful memory!" said Fleur-de-Lys to the petrified gypsy girl. Then bursting into sobs: "Oh!" stammered she sorrowfully, hiding her face between her two fair hands, "she is a sorceress!" while she heard a voice yet more bitter whisper from her inmost heart, "she is a rival!" And therewith she fainted away.

"My child! my child!" cried the terrified mother. "Begone, you diabolical gypsy."

La Esmeralda gathered together in a trice the unlucky letters, made a sign to Djali, and quitted the room at one door as Fleur-de-Lys was being carried out at the other.

Captain Phœbus, left alone, hesitated a moment between the two doors; then followed the gypsy girl.

---

## CHAPTER II.

### SHOWING THAT A PRIEST AND A PHILOSOPHER ARE DIFFERENT THINGS.

THE priest whom the young ladies had observed on the top of the northern tower, leaning over toward the square, and so attentive to the gypsy girl's dancing, was, in fact, the Archdeacon Claude Frollo.

Our readers have not forgotten the mysterious cell which the archdeacon had appropriated to himself in this tower. By-the-way, we do not know whether it is not the same, the interior of which may be seen to this day through a small square window, opening toward the east, at about the height of a man from the floor, upon the platform from which the towers spring; a mere dog-hole now, naked, empty, and falling to decay; the ill-plastered walls of which are even at this time decorated here and there with a parcel of sorry yellow engravings representing cathedral fronts. We presume that this hole is jointly inhabited by bats and spiders, and that, consequently, a double war of extermination is carried on there against the flies.

Every day, an hour before sunset, the archdeacon ascended the staircase of the tower and shut himself up in this cell, where he sometimes passed whole nights. On this day, just as he had reached the low door of his little nook, and was putting into the lock the small key, with its intricate wards, which he always carried about him, in the escarcelle or large purse suspended at his side, the sound of a tambourine and castanets reached his ears. This sound proceeded from the Place du Parvis. The cell, as we have already said, had but one window, looking upon the back of the church. Claude Frollo had hastily withdrawn the key, and in an instant was on the summit of the tower, in that gloomy, thoughtful attitude in which the young ladies had first seen him.

There he was, grave, motionless, absorbed in one look, one thought. All Paris lay at his feet; with her thousand spires and her circular horizon of softly-swelling hills; with her river winding under her bridges, and her people flowing to and fro through her streets; with the cloud of her smoke; with her hilly chain of roofs pressing round Notre-Dame with redoubled folds; yet in all that city the archdeacon saw but one spot on its pavement, the Place du Parvis; in all that crowd, but one figure, that of the gypsy girl.

It would have been difficult to say what was the nature of that look, or whence arose the flame that issued from it. It was a fixed gaze, and yet full of trouble and tumult. And, from the profound stillness of his whole body, only just agitated at intervals by an involuntary shiver, like a tree shaken by the wind, his stiffened elbows more marble than the balustrade on which they leaned, and the petrified smile which contracted his countenance, one might have said that no part of Claude Frollo was alive but his eyes.

The gypsy girl was dancing, twirling her tambourine on the point of her finger, and throwing it aloft in the air as she danced the Provençal sarabands; agile,

light, joyous, and unconscious of the formidable gaze which lightly directed on her head.

The crowd swarmed around her; occasionally, a man, tricked out in a red and yellow casaque or long, loose coat, went round to make the people keep the ring; then returned to seat himself in a chair, a few steps off the dancer, and took the head of the goat upon his knees. This man appeared to be the companion of the gypsy girl. Claude Frollo, from the elevated spot on which he stood, could not distinguish his features.

No sooner had the archdeacon perceived this unknown, than his attention seemed to be divided between him and the dancer, and his countenance became more and more sombre. Suddenly he drew himself up, and a trembling ran through his whole frame. "Who's that man?" muttered he to himself; "I've always seen her alone before."

He then disappeared under the winding vault of the spiral staircase, and once more descended. Passing before the door of the bell-room, which was partly open, he saw something which struck him; it was Quasimodo, who, leaning toward an opening in those great slate eaves which resemble enormous projecting blinds, was likewise looking earnestly into the square. He was engaged in such profound contemplation that he did not observe his adoptive father passing by. His wild eye had in it a singular expression; it was a look at once tender and fascinated. "That's strange!" murmured Claude; "is it at the gypsy girl that he is looking so?" He proceeded to descend. In a few minutes the moody archdeacon entered the square by the door at the bottom of the tower.

"What's become of the gypsy girl?" said he, mingling with the group of spectators which the sound of the tambourine had collected together.

"I don't know," answered one of those nearest him; "she's just disappeared. I think she's gone to dance some fandango or other in the house opposite, whither they called her."

In the place of the gypsy girl, on that same carpet, the arabesques of which, but the moment before, seemed to vanish beneath the no less fantastic figures of her dance, the archdeacon saw no one but the red and yellow man, who, in order to gain a few testons in his turn, was parading around the circle, his elbows on his hips, his head thrown back, his face all red, his neck stretched out, with a chair between his teeth. On this chair he had fastened a cat, which a woman of the neighborhood had lent him, and which was swearing with terror.

"Notre-Dame!" cried the archdeacon, just as the mountebank, the perspiration rolling off his face, was passing before him with his pyramid of chair and cat: "what does Maître Pierre Gringoire do there?"

The harsh voice of the archdeacon struck the poor devil with such commotion that he lost his equilibrium; and down fell the whole edifice, chair and cat and all, pell-mell upon the heads of the bystanders in the midst of inextinguishable hootings.

It is probable that Maître Pierre Gringoire (for he indeed it was) would have had a fine account to settle with the cat's proprietor, and all the bruised and scratched faces around him, if he had not hastily availed himself of the tumult to take refuge in the church, whither Claude Frollo beckoned him to follow.

The cathedral was already dark and solitary; the transepts were in thick darkness; and the lamps of the chapels were beginning to twinkle, so black had the vaulted roofs become. The great central window of the front alone, whose thousand tints were steeped in one horizontal stream of the sun's declining rays, glistened in the shade like a mass of diamonds, and cast against the other extremity of the nave its dazzling many-colored image.

When they had proceeded a few steps, Dom Claude, leaning his back against a pillar, looked steadfastly at Gringoire. This look was not the one which Gringoire had apprehended, in his shame at being surprised by so grave and learned a personage in his merry-andrew costume. There was in the priest's glance neither scoff nor irony; it was serious, calm, and

searching. The archdeacon was the first to break silence.

"Come, Maître Pierre," said he, "you have many things to explain to me. And first, how is it that I have not seen you for the last two months, and that I meet with you again in the public street, in rare guise, i'faith, half red, half yellow, like a Caudebec apple!"

"Messire, a most marvellous gear is it indeed," said Gringoire, piteously; "and behold me about as comfortable in it as a cat with a calabash clapped on her head. Most hard is it, too, I acknowledge, that I should subject those gentlemen, the sergeants of the watch, to the risk of beating, under this casaque, the humerus of Pythagorean philosopher. But what would you, my reverend master? The fault is all in my old coat, which basely forsook me in the depth of winter, under pretense that it was falling in tatters, and that it was under the necessity of reposing itself in the ragman's pack. What was to be done? Civilization has not yet arrived at such a pitch that one may go quite naked, as old Diogenes could have wished. Add to this, that the wind blew very cold, and the month of January is not the time to attempt successfully that new step in refinement. This casaque offered itself—I took it, and left off my old black souquenille, which, for an hermetic philosopher like myself, was far from being hermetically closed. Behold me, then, in my buffoon's habit, like St. Genest. What would you have? It's an eclipse. Apollo, you know, tended the flocks of Admetus."

"It's a fine trade you've taken up," replied the priest.

"I confess, my master, that it's better to philosophize than to poetize—to blow a flame in the furnace, or receive one from heaven—than to be carrying cats in triumph. And that's why, when you addressed me, I felt as silly as an ass before a roasting-jack. But what was to be done, messire!—one must eat every day; and the finest Alexandrine verses, to an empty stomach, are not to be compared to a piece of Brie cheese. Now, I composed for the Lady Margaret of Flanders, that famous epithalamium, you know; and the town has not paid me for it, pretending that it was not excellent—as if, for four écus, one could write a tragedy of Sophocles. Well, you see I was near dying of hunger. Fortunately for me, I am rather strong in the jaw; so I said to my jaw: 'Perform some feats of strength and equilibrium—find food for thyself—*Ale te ipsam.*' A parcel of vagabonds, who are become my good friends, taught me twenty different kinds of Herculean tricks; and now I feed my teeth every night with the bread they have earned in the day in the sweat of my brow. After all, *concedo*, I concede that it is but a sorry employ of my intellectual faculties, and that man is not formed to pass his life in tambourining and biting chairs. But, reverend master, it is not enough to pass one's life—one must do something to keep one's self alive."

Dom Claude listened in silence. All at once his sunken eyes assumed an expression so sagacious and penetrating, that Gringoire felt as if searched to his inmost soul by that look.

"Very well, Maître Pierre; but how is it that you are now in company with that dancing-girl of Egypt?"

"Why, just," said Gringoire, "because she is my wife and I am her husband."

The priest's dark eye took fire. "And hast thou done that, miserable man?" he cried, furiously grasping Gringoire's arm, "and hast thou been so abandoned of God as to lay thy hand upon that girl?"

"By my chance of paradise, monseigneur," answered Gringoire, trembling in every limb, "I swear to you that I have never touched her—if that be what disturbs you so."

"But what speak you, then, of husband and wife?" said the priest.

Gringoire eagerly related to him, as succinctly as possible, what the reader is already acquainted with—his adventure of the Cour des Miracles, and his broken-pitcher marriage—which marriage appeared, as yet, to have had no result whatever, the gypsy girl contriving to leave him every night, as she had done on the first, in single blessedness. "It's a bore," said he, "but that comes of my

having had the misfortune to marry a maid."

"What do you mean?" inquired the archdeacon, whom this account had gradually appeased.

"It's very difficult to explain," answered the poet. "It's a superstition. My wife, as an old thief that's called among us the Duke of Egypt, has told me, is a foundling—or a lostling—which is the same thing. She wears about her neck an amulet, which they declare will some day make her find her parents again, but would lose its virtue if the girl lost hers. Whence it follows that we both of us remain quite virtuous."

"So," resumed Claude, whose brow was now clearing apace, "you believe, Maître Pierre, that this creature has not been approached by any man."

"Why, Dom Claude, what would you have a man do with a superstition? She has got that in her head. I do, indeed, believe it to be rarity enough, to find such a nunnish prudery keeping its wildness amidst all those gypsy girls so easily tamed; but she has three things to protect her: the Duke of Egypt, who has taken her under his safeguard, reckoning, perhaps, that he shall sell her to some jolly abbot or other; her whole tribe, who hold her in singular veneration, like an Our Lady; and a certain pretty little poniard, which the jade always carries about her in spite of the provost's ordinances, and which darts forth in her hand when you press her waist. It's a fierce wasp, I can tell you."

The archdeacon pressed Gringoire with questions.

La Esmeralda was, in Gringoire's opinion, a creature inoffensive, charming and pretty—allowance being made for a certain little grimace which was peculiar to herself—a girl artless and impassioned, ignorant of everything, and enthusiastic about everything, fond, above all things, of dancing, of bustle, of the open air—a sort of a bee of a woman, with invisible wings to her feet, and living in a continued whirl. She owed this nature to the wandering life she had always led. Gringoire had contrived to ascertain, that while quite a child, she had gone all through Spain and Catalonia, to Sicily, he thought, too, that the caravan of zingari to which she belonged, had carried her into the kingdom of Algiers—a country situated in Achaia—which Achaia was adjoining, on one side to Lesser Albania and Greece, on the other to the sea of the Sicilies, which was the way to Constantinople. The Bohemians, said Gringoire, were vassals to the King of Algiers, in his capacity of chief of the nation of the white Moors. Certain it was, that La Esmeralda had come into France while yet very young, by way of Hungary. From all those countries the girl had brought with her fragments of fantastic jargons, foreign songs and ideas, which made her almost as motley as her half Parisian, half African costume. However, the people of the quarters which she frequented loved her for her gayety, her gracefulness, her lively step, her dances, and her songs. In all the town, she believed herself to be hated by two persons only, of whom she often speaks with dread; the Sachette of the Tour-Roland, a miserable recluse, that bore a strange malice against gypsy women, and was in the habit of heaping curses upon the poor dancing-girl every time she passed before her loop-hole; and a priest who never met her without casting upon her looks and words that affrighted her. The mention of this latter circumstance visibly disturbed the archdeacon, but without Gringoire's much attending to his perturbation; the two months that had elapsed having been quite sufficient to make the poet forget the singular particulars of that evening when he had first met with the gypsy girl, and the apparent presence of the archdeacon on that occasion. For the rest, the little dancer, he said, feared nothing. She did not tell fortunes, and so was secure from those prosecutions for magic that were so frequently instituted against the gypsy women. And then, Gringoire was as a brother to her, if not as a husband. After all, the philosopher very patiently endured this kind of Platonic marriage. At all events there were food and lodging for him; each morning

he set out from the truandry, most frequently in company with the gypsy girl; he helped her to make in the crossways her gathering of targes and petits-blancs; each evening he returned with her under the same roof, let her bolt herself in her own little chamber, and slept the sleep of the just—a very agreeable existence on the whole, said he, and very favorable to revery. And then, in his heart and conscience, the philosopher was not quite sure that he was desperately in love with the gypsy. He loved her goat almost as much. It was a charming animal, gentle, intelligent, clever, and knowing. Nothing was more common in the Middle Ages than these knowing animals; at which the people mightily wondered, and which frequently brought their instructors to the stake. However, the sorceries of the goat with the gilded feet were very harmless tricks indeed. Gringoire explained them to the archdeacon, whom these particulars seemed strongly to interest. In most cases it was sufficient to present the tambourine to the animal in such or such a manner, to obtain from it the action desired. It had been trained to that by its mistress, who had so singular a talent for that species of tuition, that two months had been sufficient for her to teach the goat to compose, with movable letters, the word Phœbus."

"Phœbus!" said the priest. "Why Phœbus?"

"I don't know," replied Gringoire; "perhaps it's a word that she thinks endowed with some magical and secret virtue. She often repeats it in an undertone when she thinks she's by herself."

"Are you sure?" rejoined Claude, with his penetrating look, "that it's only a word, and that it's not a name?"

"Name of whom?" said the poet.

"How should I know?" said the priest.

"This is what I imagine, messire; these gypses are something of Guebres, and worship the sun—whence this Phœbus."

"That does not seem so clear to me as it does to you, Maître Pierre."

"Well, it's no matter to me. Let her mutter her Phœbus to her heart's content. It's a sure thing that Djali loves me already almost as much as she does."

"Who's Djali?"

"It's the goat."

The archdeacon placed his hand under his chin, and seemed ruminating for a moment. All at once he turned round abruptly to Gringoire:

"And you swear to me that you have not touched her?"

"Touched what?" said Gringoire. "The goat?"

"No—that woman."

"My wife? I swear to you I have not."

"And yet you are often alone with her."

"Every night for a full hour."

Dom Claude knit his brows. "Oh, oh," said he, "*Solus cum solâ non cogitabuntur orare Pater Noster.*"

"Upon my soul, I might say the *Pater*, and the *Ave Maria*, and the *Credo in Deum patrem omnipotentum*, without her taking any more notice of me than a hen does of a church."

"Swear to me by thy mother's womb," repeated the archdeacon with vehemence, "that thou hast not so much as touched that creature with thy finger's end."

"I could swear it, too, by my father's head," answered the poet. "But, my reverend master, just permit me to ask you a single question."

"Speak, sir."

"What does that signify to you?"

The pale countenance of the archdeacon reddened like the cheek of a girl. He kept silence for a moment; then answered with visible embarrassment: "Hearken, Maître Pierre Gringoire. You are not yet damned, that I know of. I feel interested for you, and wish you well. Now, the slightest contact with that gypsy girl of the demon would make you a vassal of Satan. You know it's always the body that ruins the soul. Woe to you if you approach that woman! That's all I have to say."

"I tried once," said Gringoire, scratching his ear; "it was the first day, but I only got myself stung."

"And had you that audacity, Maître Pierre?" and the priest's brow darkened again.

"Another time," continued the poet, smiling, "before I went to bed, I looked through her keyhole, and indeed I saw the most delicious damsel in her shift that ever stepped upon a bedside with her naked foot."

"Go to the devil with you!" cried the priest, with a terrible look; and pushing the amazed Gringoire by the shoulders, he plunged his hasty strides under the darkest arches of the cathedral.

---

## CHAPTER III.

### THE BELLS.

SINCE the morning of his being pilloried, the inhabitants in the neighborhood of Notre-Dame thought they perceived that Quasimodo's bell-ringing ardor had remarkably abated. Before that time the bells were going on all occasions; long matin chimes which lasted from Primes to Complins; peals of the great bell for high mass; rich gamuts running up and down the small bells for a wedding or a christening, and mingling in the air like a rich embroidery of all sorts of delightful sounds. The old church, all vibrating and sonorous, was in a perpetual joyous whirl of bells. Some spirit of noise and whim appeared to be sending forth a never-ending carol through those brazen lips. Now that spirit seemed to have departed. The cathedral seemed to have grown wilfully sullen and silent. The holidays and interments had their simple accompaniment, bare and unadorned—just what the ritual demanded, and nothing more; of the double sound proceeding from a church, that of the organ within, and the bells without, the organ only was heard. It seemed as if there was no longer any musician in the steeples. Nevertheless, Quasimodo was still there; what had come to him, then? was it that the shame and desperation of the pillory scene still lingered about his heart, that the lashes of the torturer were ever present to his mind, and that his grief at such treatment had extinguished all feeling in him, even to his passion for the bells? Or was it rather that Marie had a rival in the heart of the ringer of Notre-Dame, and that the great bell and her fourteen sisters were neglected for something more beautiful and pleasing?

It happened that in the year of Our Lord 1482, the Annunciation fell on Tuesday, the 25th of March. On that day the air was so pure and light, that Quasimodo felt a little returning affection for his bells. He accordingly ascended the northern tower, while the beadle below threw wide the large doors of the church, which were formed, at that time, of enormous panels of strong wood, covered with leather, bordered with iron nails gilt, and encased with sculpture "very skillfully wrought."

Arrived in the high cage of the bells, Quasimodo fixed his eye for some time, with a sorrowful shake of the head, on his six songstresses, as if he sighed to think that something strange had intruded into his heart between himself and them. But when he had set them going—when he felt the whole cluster of bells moving under his hand—when he saw, for he did not hear it, the palpitating octave ascending and descending in the sonorous diapason like a bird hopping from branch to branch—when the demon of music, that demon who shakes a sparkling bundle of stretti, trills, and arpeggios, had taken possession of the poor deaf creature, then he became happy again; he forgot everything, and the dilation of his heart expanded on his countenance.

He went to and fro, clapping his hands; he ran from one rope to another, animating the six songsters by his voice and gestures, like a leader of the band spurring on scientific musicians.

"Come, come, Gabrielle," said he, "pour forth all your sound into the square; it's a holiday. Thibauld, none of your idleness. What! you are lagging! Get on with you. Are you grown rusty, lazybones? That's it!—quick! quick!—don't let the clapper be seen. Make them all as deaf as I am. Bravo! Thibauld. Go it, Guillaume! Guillaume, you are the biggest, and Pasquier's the least, and Pasquier goes best. I'll lay anything that

those that can hear, hear him better than you. Well done, Gabrielle—harder! harder! Hey! you there, The Sparrows, what are you both about? I don't see you make the least noise. What's the meaning of those brazen beaks of yours, that seem to be gaping when they ought to be singing? Come—work away! it's the Annunciation. There's a fine sunshine, and we'll have a merry peal. Poor Guillaume—what! are you out of breath, my old fellow?"

He was fully occupied in goading on his bells, which were all six leaping one against another as in rivalry, and shaking their shining backs, like a noisy team of Spanish mules urged forward by the apostrophizings of the driver.

All at once, happening to cast his eye between the large slate scales which cover, at a certain height, the perpendicular wall of the steeple, he saw in the square a young girl fantastically dressed, who had stopped, and was laying down a carpet on which a little goat came and placed itself, and around whom a group of spectators was gathering. This view suddenly changed the course of his ideas, and cooled his musical enthusiasm. He stopped, turned his back to the bells, and squatted behind the slate eaves, fixing on the dancer that thoughtful, tender, and softened look which had already once astonished the archdeacon. Meanwhile, the forgotten bells all at once became utterly silent, to the great disappointment of the amateurs of ringing, who were listening to the peal in good earnest from off the Pont-au-Change, and who went away as confounded as a dog that has a bone offered him and a stone given him instead.

---

## CHAPTER IV.

### FATALITY.

It happened, one fine morning in this same month of March—we believe it was on Saturday, the 29th, St. Eustache's day—that our young college friend, Jehan Frollo du Moulin, perceived, as he was dressing himself, that his breeches, containing his purse, emitted no metallic sound. "Poor purse!" said he, drawing it out of his fob. "What! not the smallest parisis! How cruelly have dice, Venus, and pots of beer disemboweled thee! Behold thee empty, wrinkled, and flabby! Thou art like the neck of a fury! I would ask you now, Messer Cicero and Messer Seneca, whose dog's-eared tomes I see there scattered upon the floor, of what use it is for me to know better than a governor of the mint, or a Jew of the Pont-aux-Changeurs, that a gold écu à la couronne is worth thirty-five unzains at twenty-five sous eight deniers parisis each; and that an écu au croissant is worth thirty-six unzains at twenty-six sous six deniers tournois apiece; if I've not one miserable black liard to risk upon the double-six? Oh! Consul Cicero! this is not a calamity from which one can extricate one's self by a periphrasis—by quemadmodums, and verumenimveros!"

He dressed himself with a sad heart. A thought came into his head as he was lacing his boots, which he at first repelled; it returned, however, and he put on his waistcoat wrong side outwards, an evident sign of a violent internal struggle. At length he threw his cap vehemently on the ground, and exclaimed: "Be it so! come what may, I'll go to my brother. I shall get a sermon, I know, but I shall get an écu as well."

He then put on hastily his fur-trimmed casaque, picked up his cap, and rushed out like a madman.

He turned down the Rue de la Harpe, toward the City. Passing the Rue de la Huchette, the odor from those admirable spits, which were then incessantly going, saluted his olfactory organs, and he cast an amorous look toward that cyclopean cookery which one day extorted from the cordelier Calatagrione the pathetic exclamation: *Veramente, queste rotisserie sono cosa stupenda?* But Jehan had not wherewithal to buy a breakfast; and he passed, with a profound sigh, through the gate of the Petit-Châtelet, that enormous double trefoil of massive towers which guarded the entrance to the City.

He did not so much as give himself time to throw, as was usual, a stone in passing at the miserable statue of that Perinet Leclerc, who had given up the Paris of Charles the Sixth to the English, a crime which his effigy, the face all battered with stones and soiled with mud, expiated during three centuries, as in an everlasting pillory, at the corner of the streets de la Harpe and de Bussy.

Having crossed the Petit-Pont, and strid down the Rue Neuve-Sainte-Geneviève, Jehan de Molendino found himself in front of Notre-Dame. Then all his indecision returned, and he walked about for some moments around the statue of M. Le Gris, repeating to himself with anguish, "The sermon is certain enough, the écru is doubtful."

He stopped a beadle who was coming out from the cloisters—"Where's Monsieur the Archdeacon of Joas?"

"I believe he's in his hiding-place in the tower," said the beadle; "and I advise you not to disturb him unless you come from some one like the Pope or the king himself."

Jehan clapped his hands. "Bé diable! this is a prime opportunity for seeing the famous sorcery-box!"

Decided by this reflection, he advanced resolutely through the little dark doorway, and began to ascend the winding staircase of St. Gilles, which leads to the upper stories of the tower.

"I shall see!" he said, as he proceeded. "By the corbignolles of the Holy Virgin! it must be a curious concern, that cell which my reverend brother keeps so snugly to himself! They say he lights up hell's own fires there, and cooks at them the philosopher's stone. Egad! I care as little for the philosopher's stone as for a pebble; and I'd rather find over his furnace an omelette of Easter eggs fried in lard, than the biggest philosopher's stone in the world!"

Arrived at the gallery of the colonnettes, he took breath a moment, swearing against the interminable staircase by we know not how many million cart-loads of devils; he then continued his ascent by the narrow door of the northern tower, now closed to the public. In a few moments after, having passed by the cage of the bells, he came to a small landing contrived in a recess on one side, and, under the arched roof, a low pointed door; while a loophole opposite, in the circular wall of the staircase, enabled him to discern its enormous lock and strong iron bars. Persons in our day, desirous of visiting this door, might recently know it by this inscription, in white letters, on the black wall: J'ADORE CORALIE. 1823. *Signé, Ugène.* This diplomatic *Signé* is in the original.

"Whew!" said the scholar, "here it is, doubtless." The key was in the lock. The door was close by him; he pushed it gently, and put his head in at the opening.

The reader must have seen some of those admirable sketches by Rembrandt—who, in some respects, may be truly styled the Shakespeare of painting. Among so many wonderful engravings, there is one in particular, an etching, representing, as is supposed, Doctor Faustus, which it is impossible to look at without astonishment. It represents a gloomy cell; in the middle is a table, loaded with hideous objects—death's heads, spheres, alembics, compasses, hieroglyphic parchments. The doctor is before this table, dressed in his wide great-coat, his head covered with a fur cap which reaches to his eye-brows. Only half of his body is seen. He has partly risen from his immense fauteuil, his bent knuckles are resting on the table, and he is gazing with curiosity and terror at a luminous circle, formed of magic letters, which are shining on the wall in the background like the solar spectrum in the camera obscura. This cabalistic sun seems to tremble before the eye, and fills the dim cell with its mysterious radiance. It is at once horrible and beautiful.

Something very similar to Faust's cell presented itself to the view of Jehan, when he ventured his head within the half-open door. It was a similar gloomy, dim-lighted nook. There was also a large fauteuil and a large table; compasses; alembics; skeletons of animals suspended from the ceiling; a sphere rolling on the floor; hippocephales promiscuously with

boccals in which were quivering leaves of gold; death's heads lying on sheets of vellum streaked all over with figures and characters; thick manuscripts piled up, all open, without any pity for the cracking corners of the parchment; in short, all the rubbish of science; dust and cobwebs covering the whole heap; but there was no circle of luminous letters, no doctor in ecstasy, contemplating the flaming vision as the eagle gazes at the sun.

Nevertheless the cell was not solitary. A man was seated in the fauteuil, and leaning over the table. Jehan, to whom his back was turned, could only see his shoulders and the back of his head; but he had no difficulty in recognizing that bald head, on which nature had bestowed an everlasting tonsure, as if to mark, by this external sign, the irresistible clerical vocation of the archdeacon.

Jehan accordingly recognized his brother; but the door had been opened so gently that Dom Claude was not aware of his presence. The curious scholar availed himself of the opportunity to examine the cell for a few moments at his leisure. A large furnace, which he had not remarked at his first glance, was to the left of the fauteuil, under the small window. The ray of light which penetrated through this opening made its way through the circular web of a spider, who had tastefully traced her delicate rosace in the point of the window, and in the center of it the insect architect remained motionless, like the nave of this lace wheel. On the furnace were heaped in disorder all sorts of vessels —stone bottles, glass retorts, coal mattresses. Jehan observed with a sigh that there was neither frying-pan nor saucepan. "The kitchen apparatus is all cold!" thought he.

In fact, there was no fire in the furnace, and it seemed as if none had been lighted there for a long time. A glass mask, which Jehan remarked among the utensils of the alchemist, and which doubtless was used to protect the archdeacon's face when he was elaborating any formidable substance, lay in a corner, covered with dust, as if quite forgotten. By its side lay a pair of bellows, equally dusty, the upper side of which bore this motto encrusted in letters of copper—*Spira, spera!*

A great number of other mottoes were, according to the fashion of the hermetic philosophers, written upon the walls; some traced in ink, others engraved with a metallic point. Moreover, there were Gothic characters, Hebrew characters, Greek and Roman characters, pell-mell together; inscriptions overflowing at random, one upon the other, the more recent effacing the more ancient, and all entangled with each other, like the branches of a thicket, or pikes in a mêlée. It was, in fact, a strangely-confused mingling of all human reveries, all human science. Here and there one shone out above the rest like a banner amid the lances' heads, but for the most part they consisted of some brief Latin or Greek motto, after the ingenious fashion of the Middle Ages; as thus: *Undè? indè? — Homo homini monstrum! Astra, castra, numen.* Μέγα βιβλίον, μελα παπο'ν. *Sapere aude. Fiat ubi vult, etc.* Sometimes a word apparently devoid of all meaning, as Ἀναγποφαγ — which perhaps concealed some bitter allusion to the régime of the cloister; and sometimes it was a simple maxim of clerical discipline, set forth in a regular hexameter:

"Cælestem dominum, terrestrem dicito domnum."

There were also scattered throughout pieces of Hebrew conjuration, about which Jehan, who was nothing of a conjuror, and not even much of a Grecian, understood nothing; and the whole was crossed about in all directions with stars, figures of men or animals, and triangles intersecting each other; which contributed in no small degree to liken the daubed wall of the cell to a sheet of paper over which a monkey has been dragging about a pen full of ink.

The tout-ensemble of the retreat, in short, presented a general aspect of neglect and ruin; and the sorry condition of the utensils led to the supposition that their master had long been diverted from his labors by pursuits of some other kind.

This master, however, leaning over a vast manuscript, adorned with singular paintings, appeared to be tormented by

some idea which constantly mingled itself with his meditations; so, at least, Jehan thought, as he heard him exclaim, with the musing intermissions of a waking dreamer, who thinks aloud:

"Yes, so Manou said and Zoroaster taught! the sun is born of fire, the moon of the sun; fire is the soul of the universe; its elementary atoms are diffused and in constant flow throughout the world, by an infinite number of channels. At the points where these currents cross each other in the heavens they produce light; at their points of intersection in the earth they produce gold. Light — gold; the same thing; fire in its concrete state; the difference between the visible and the palpable, the fluid and the solid, in the same substance—between vapor and ice—nothing more. These are not chimeras—it is the general law of nature. But how to extract from science the secret of this general law? What! this light which bathes my hand is gold! these same atoms dilated according to a certain law, it is only necessary to condense them according to a certain other law! How is it to be done? Some have thought of burying a ray of the sun. Averroës, yes, it is Averroës—Averroës buried one under the first pillar to the left of the sanctuary of the Koran, in the grand mosque of Cordova; but the vault was not to be opened, to see whether the operation had succeeded, under eight thousand years."

"The devil!" said Jehan to himself, "that's a long time to wait for an écu."

"Others have thought," continued the archdeacon, musing, "that it would be better to operate upon a ray of Sirius. But it is difficult to get this ray pure, on account of the simultaneous presence of other stars, whose rays mingle with it. Flamel considers that it is more simple to operate on terrestrial fire. Flamel! there's predestination in the name! Flamma! Yes, fire. That is all. The diamond is in charcoal, gold in fire. But how to extract it? Magistri affirms that there are certain names of women which possess so sweet and mysterious a charm that it is sufficient to pronounce them during the operation. Let us hear what Manou says about it: 'Where women are honored the divinities are complacent; where they are despised, it is useless to pray to God. The lips of a woman are constantly pure; they are as running waters, as rays of the sun. A woman's name should be pleasing, soft, and fanciful, should end with a long vowel, and resemble words of benediction.' Yes, indeed, the sage is right; Maria—Sophia—Esmeral . . . . Damnation! Ever that thought."

And he closed the book with violence.

He passed his hand across his forehead, as if to chase some idea which haunted him; then he took from off the table a nail and a small hammer, the handle of which was ingeniously painted in cabalistic characters.

"For some time," said he, with a bitter smile, "I have failed in all my experiments; one idea possesses me, and scorches my brain like a seal of fire. I have not so much as been able to discover the secret of Cassiodoros, whose lamp burned without wick or oil—a thing simple enough nevertheless."

"A plague upon it!" said Jehan through his teeth.

"One single miserable thought, then," continued the priest, "suffices to render a man weak and beside himself! Oh! how Claude Pernelle would laugh at me—she who could not for a moment turn aside Nicolas Flamel from his pursuit of the great work! What! I hold in my hand the magic hammer of Ezekiel! At each blow which, from the depth of his cell, the formidable rabbi struck upon this nail with this hammer, that one amongst his enemies whom he had condemned, even were he two thousand leagues off, sank a cubit's depth into the earth, which swallowed him up. The king of France himself, for having one evening inadvertently struck against the door of the thaumaturgus, sank up to the knees in his pavement of Paris. This happened three centuries ago. Well! I have the hammer and the nail, and yet these implements are no more formidable in my hands than a punching-tool in the hands of a smith. And yet it is only necessary to discover

the magic word which Ezekiel pronounced as he struck upon the nail."

"What nonsense!" thought Jehan.

"Come, let us try," resumed the archdeacon, eagerly. "If I succeed, I shall see the blue spark fly out of the head of the nail. Emen-Hetan! Emen-Hetan! That's not it. Sigeani! Sigeani! May this nail open the grave for whosoever bears the name of Phœbus! . . . . . A curse upon it! still, again, eternally the same idea!"

And he threw aside the hammer angrily. He then sank so low into his fauteuil and upon the table, that Jehan lost sight of him behind the high back of his chair. For some minutes he could see nothing but his convulsed hand clenched over a book. All at once, Dom Claude arose, took a pair of compasses, and engraved in silence on the wall, in capital letters this Greek word:

*ΑΝΑΓΚΗ.*

"My brother's a fool," said Jehan to himself; "it would have been much more simple to have written fatum—everybody's not obliged to know Greek."

The archdeacon reseated himself in his fauteuil, and leaned his head on his two hands, like a sick person whose temples are heavy and burning.

The scholar viewed his brother with surprise. He, for his part, knew not; he whose heart was as light as air—he, who observed no law in the world but the good old law of nature—he, who allowed his passions to flow according to their natural tendency, and in whom the lake of strong emotions was always dry, by so many fresh drains did he let it off daily, he knew not with what fury that sea of the human passions ferments and boils when it is refused all egress—how it gathers strength, swells, and overflows—how it wears away the heart—how it breaks forth in inward sobs and stifled convulsions, until it has rent away its dikes and even burst its bed. The austere and icy exterior of Claude Frollo, that cold surface of rugged and inaccessible virtue, had always deceived Jehan. The merry scholar never dreamed of the boiling, furious, and deep lava beneath the snowy brow of Etna.

We do not know whether any sudden perception of this kind crossed the mind of Jehan; but, giddy-brained as he was, he understood that he had seen what he should not have seen, that he had surprised the soul of his elder brother in one of its most secret frames—and that he must not let Claude discover it. Perceiving that the archdeacon had fallen again into his previous immobility, he withdrew his head very softly, and made a slight noise of steps behind the door, as of some one arriving and giving notice of their approach.

"Come in," cried the archdeacon from the interior of his cell. "I was expecting you; I left the key in the door purposely; come in, Maître Jacques."

The scholar entered boldly. The archdeacon, whom such a visit embarassed extremely in such a place, shook in his fauteuil. "What! is it you, Jehan?"

"Still a J," said the scholar, with his ruddy, saucy, and joyous face.

The countenance of Dom Claude had recovered its severe expression. "What are you doing here?"

"Brother," answered the scholar, endeavoring to attain a decent, serious, and modest demeanor, twirling his cap in his hands with an air of innocence, "I came to ask——"

"What?"

"A moral lesson, of which I have great need." Jehan dared not add aloud, "And a little money, of which I have still greater need." This last member of the sentence remained unuttered.

"Sir," said the archdeacon coldly, "I am very much displeased with you."

"Alas!" sighed the scholar.

Dom Claude described a quarter of a circle with his fauteuil, and looked at Jehan earnestly: "I am very glad to see you."

This was a formidable exordium. Jehan prepared for a rough encounter.

"Jehan, I hear every day sad complaints of you. What was that scuffle about, in which you beat and bruised with a stick a certain little viscount, Albert de Ramonchamp?"

"Oh!" said Jehan; "a grand affair

that! all about a good-for-nothing page that amused himself with splashing the scholars by galloping his horse through the mud."

"And what's this affair of Mahiet Fargel's, whose gown you have torn? *Tunicam dechiraverunt*, says the charge."

"Pshaw! a sorry Montaigu cappette! Isn't that it?"

"The accusation says tunicam—not cappettam. Do you understand Latin?"

Jehan made no answer.

"Yes, continued the priest, shaking his head "see what study and letters are come to now! The Latin tongue is scarcely understood; the Syriac unknown; the Greek so odious, that it is not considered ignorance in the most learned to skip a Greek word without reading it, and and to say: *Græcum est, non legitur.*"

The scholar raised his eyes boldly. "Brother, shall I tell you in good French the meaning of that Greek word on the wall?"

"What word?"

"*Α'ΝΑ'ΓΚΗ.*"

A slight blush spread itself over the mottled cheeks of the archdeacon, like a puff of smoke announcing externally the secret commotions of a volcano. The scholar scarcely remarked it.

"Well, Jehan," stammered out the elder brother, with difficulty, "what does the word mean?"

"Fate."

Dom Claude turned pale again, and the scholar continued carelessly: "And that word underneath, engraved by the same hand, Αναγνεία, signifies impurity. You see I know my Greek."

The archdeacon remained silent. This Greek lesson had set him musing. Master Jehan, who had all the fineness of a spoiled child, judged the moment favorable for venturing his request. So, assuming a particularly soft accent, he began:

"My dear brother, do you hate me so, then, as to look grim at me on account of a few poor scuffles and fisticuffs, dealt, all in fair play, amongst a pack of boys and marmosets, *quibusdam marmosetis?* You see I know my Latin, brother Claude."

But all this fawning hypocrisy had not its accustomed effect on the severe elder brother. Cerebus did not snap at the honey-cake. The archdeacon's brow unfolded not a single wrinkle. "What is it you're aiming at?" said he.

"Well, then, the case is this," answered Jehan, bravely; "I want money."

At this audacious declaration the archdeacon's physiognomy completely assumed the pedagogic and paternal expression.

"You know, Mr. Jehan, that our fief of Tirechappe only brings in, including both the quit-rents and the rents of the twenty-one houses, thirty-nine livres eleven sous six deniers parisis. It's half as much again as in the time of the brothers Paclet; but it is not much."

"I want money," said Jehan, stoically.

"You know that the official decided that our twenty-one houses were held in full fee of the bishopric, and that we could only redeem this homage by paying to his reverence the bishop two marks of silver gilt, at six livres parisis each. Now I have not yet been able to get together these two marks; you know it well."

"I know that I want money," repeated Jehan, for the third time.

"And what do you want it for?" At this question a ray of hope shone in the eyes of Jehan. He put on his demure, modest look.

"Hark you, my dear brother Claude—I do not come to you with any bad intention. I am not going to show off at taverns with your unzains, or to parade the streets of Paris in gold brocade trappings, with my lackey—*cum meo laquasio.* No, brother; it's for a good work."

"What good work?" asked Claude, a little surprised.

"Two of my friends wish to purchase some child bed-linen for a poor Haudriette widow—it's a charity—it will cost three florins, and I wish to subscribe to it."

"What are the names of your two friends?"

"Pierre l'Assommeur and Baptiste Croque-Oison."

"Humph!" said the archdeacon; "they are names that go about as fitly

to a good work as a bombard would upon a high altar."*

It is certain that Jehan had very ill chosen the names of his two friends. He felt it when too late.

"And then," continued the shrewd Claude, "what sort of child bed-linen is it, to cost three florins, and that for the child of a Haudriette widow? And how long is it since Haudriette widows have begun to have brats in swaddling-clothes?"

Jehan broke the ice once more.

"Well, then, I want some money, to go and see Isabeau-la-Thierrye, this evening, at the Val-d'Amour."

"Vile libertine!" exclaimed the priest.

"*Ἀναγνεία*!" said Jehan.

This quotation, which the scholar borrowed, perhaps mischievously, from the wall of the cell, had a singular effect upon the priest. He bit his lip, and his anger was lost in his confusion.

"Away with you," he said to Jehan, "I am expecting some one."

The scholar tried one more effort. "Brother Claude, give me, at least, one little parisis, to buy food."

"How far have you got with the decretals of Gratian?" asked Dom Claude.

"I've lost my copy-books."

"Where are you with the Latin classics?"

"Somebody has stolen my copy of Horatius."

"And whereabouts with Aristoteles?"

"'Faith, brother, what is the name of that father of the church who says, the errors of heretics have ever found shelter amid the thickets of Aristotle's metaphysics? A fig for Aristotle! I'll never mangle my religion with his metaphysics."

"Young man," continued the archdeacon, "at the last entry of the king, there was a gentleman named Philippe de Comines, who had embroidered on his horse's housings this motto of his, which I advise you to ponder over—*Qui non laborat non manducet.*"

The scholar remained a moment silent, his finger in his ear, his eyes bent on the ground, and his countenance chagrined. Suddenly he turned toward Claude with the lively quickness of a wagtail.

"So, my good brother, you refuse me a sou parisis, to buy me a crust at a tamellier's?"

"*Qui non laborat non manducet.*"

At this answer of the inflexible archdeacon, Jehan hid his head between his hands, like a woman sobbing, and exclaimed, with an expression of despair, "

"What does all this mean, sir?" asked Claude, surprised at this freak.

"Well, what?" said the scholar; and he raised toward Claude his saucy eyes, into which he had been thrusting his fists, to make them look as if they were red with tears: "it's Greek—it is an anapæst of Æschylus which is admirably expressive of grief."

And here he burst into a fit of laughter so ludicrous and so violent that the archdeacon could not help smiling. It was in fact Claude's fault: why had he spoiled this boy?

"Oh, dear brother Claude," continued Jehan, emboldened by this smile, "look at my worn-out boots. Can any buskin in the world be more tragic than a boot with its poor sole hanging out its tongue so?"

The archdeacon had quickly recovered his former severity. "I will send you some new boots, but no money."

"Only one poor little parisis, brother," persisted the suppliant Jehan. "I'll learn Gratian by heart—I'll believe well in God—I'll be a perfect Pythagoras of science and virtue!—Only one little parisis, for pity's sake! Would you have me devoured by famine, which stands staring me in the face with its gaping jaws, blacker, deeper, and more noisome than Tartarus or a monk's nose?"

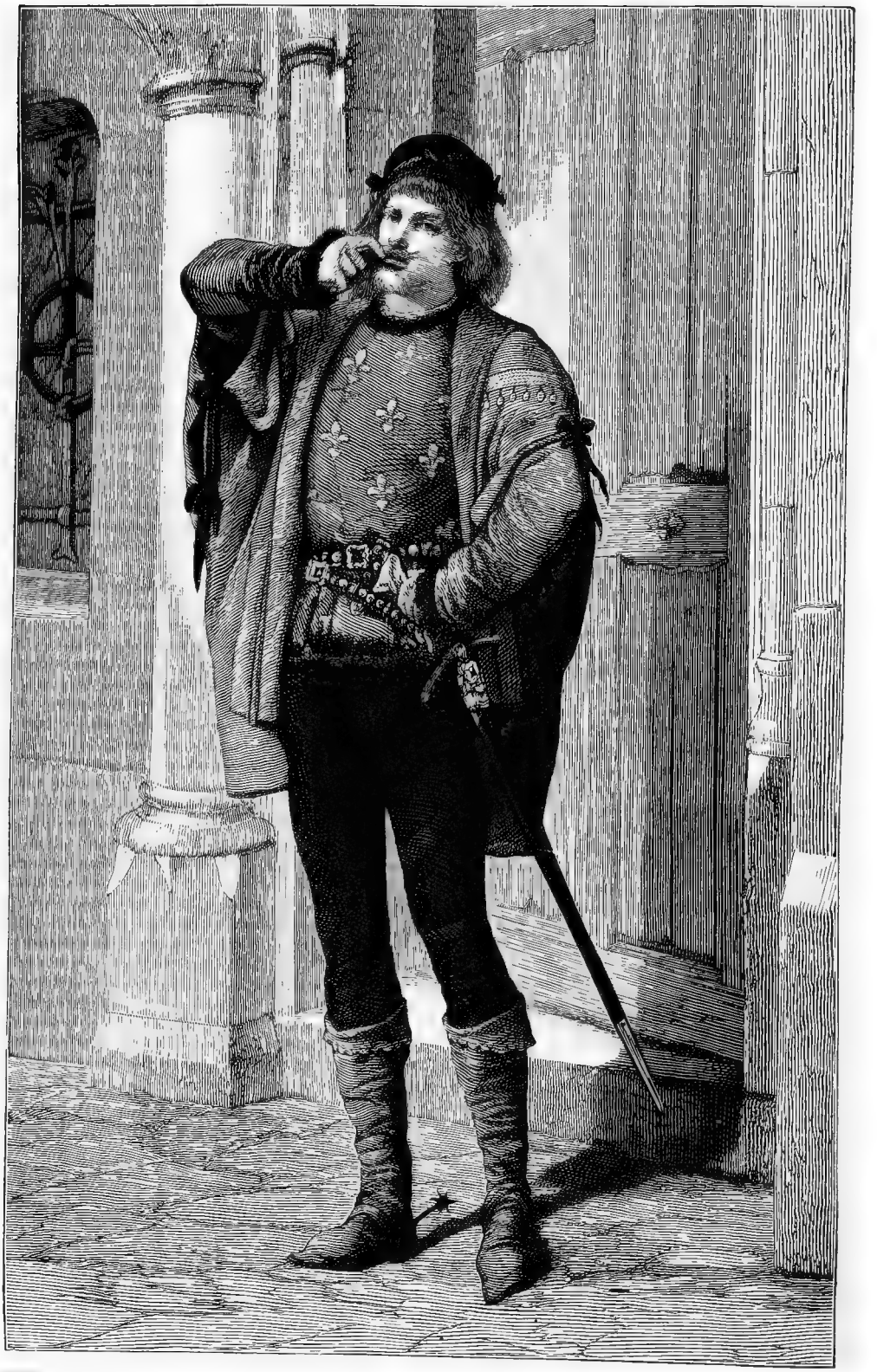
Dom Claude shook his wrinkled head—"*Qui non laborat* . . ."

Jehan did not let him finish.

"Well," cried he, "to the devil, then! huzza! I'll go to the tavern—I'll fight—I'll go and see the girls, and there shall be the devil to pay."

So saying, he threw his cap against the

* These two names are equivalent, in English, to Peter the Knocker-Down and Baptist, Filch-Gosling.



CAPTAIN PHŒBUS.

wall, and snapped his fingers like castanets.

The archdeacon looked at him seriously. "Jehan," said he, "you have no soul."

"In that case, according to Epicurus, I want a something, made of another something, which is without a name."

"Jehan, you must think seriously of amending your life."

"Oh, yes," cried the scholar, looking alternately at his brother and at the alembics on the furnace, "everything's a-twist here, I see—ideas as well as bottles."

"Jehan, you are on the downward road; do you know whither you are going!"

"To the public-house," said Jehan.

"The public-house leads to the pillory."

"It's only another sort of lantern; and with that, perhaps, Diogenes would have found his man."

"The pillory leads to the gibbet."

"The gibbet is a balance, with a man at one end and the whole world at the other. It's fine to be the man."

"The gibbet leads to hell."

"That's a rousing fire."

"Jehan, Jehan! all this will have a bad end."

"It'll have had a good beginning."

At this moment the noise of steps was heard on the staircase.

"Silence!" said the archdeacon, putting his finger on his lips; "here's Maître Jacques. Hark you, Jehan," added he in a low voice, "beware of ever speaking of what you have seen and heard here. Hide yourself quickly under this furnace, and do not breathe."

The scholar skulked under the furnace, and just then a happy thought struck him.

"Apropos, brother Claude—a florin for not breathing!"

"Silence! I promise it to you."

"You must give it to me."

"Take it, then!" said the archdeacon, throwing him his purse angrily. Jehan crept under the furnace, and the door opened.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE TWO MEN IN BLACK.

The person who now entered wore a black gown and a doleful mien. What, at the first glance, struck our friend Jehan (who, as may well be supposed, so placed himself in his corner as to be able to see and hear all at his good pleasure) was the perfect sadness both of the garment and the visage of this new-comer. There was, nevertheless, a certain meekness diffused over that countenance; but it was the meekness of a cat, or of a judge—a sort of affected gentleness. He was very gray and wrinkled, was approaching his sixtieth year, had twinkling eyes, white eyebrows, a hanging lip and large hands. When Jehan saw that it was nothing more—that is to say, to all appearance, only a physician or a magistrate—and that this man's nose was very far from his mouth, a sign of stupidity, he esconced himself in his hole, desperate at having to remain, he knew not how long, in such an uneasy posture, and in such bad company.

The archdeacon, in the meanwhile, had not so much as risen to receive this person. He motioned to him to be seated on a stool near the door; and after a few moments' silence, during which he seemed to be carrying on some previous meditation, he said to him with a patronizing air, "Good-day to you, Maître Jacques."

"Your servant, maître," answered the man in black.

There was, in the two ways of pronouncing, on the one side, this Maître Jacques, and, on the other, this maître by distinction, the difference being monseigneur and monsieur, between domine and domne. It was evidently the meeting of the doctor and the disciple.

"Well," resumed the archdeacon, after another silence, which Maître Jacques did not care to disturb, "how do you succeed?"

"Alas! maître," said the other with a sorrowful smile, "I keep on blowing. As many cinders as I like, but not a spark of gold."

Dom Claude betrayed signs of impatience.

"I am not speaking to you of that, Maître Jacques Charmolue, but of the suit against your magician — Marc Cenaine, I think you call him—the butler of the Court of Accompts. Does he confess his sorcery? Has the torture succeeded?"

"Alas, no!" answered Maître Jacques, still with his sad smile, "we have not that consolation. That man's a perfect stone; we might boil him in the Marchéaux-Pourceaux, before he would say anything. However, we spare no pains to get at the truth. He has already every joint dislocated; we put all our irons on the fire, as says the old comic writer Plautus:

Advorsum stimulos, laminas, crucesque, compedesque,
Nervos, catenas, carceres, numellas, pedicas, boias.

But all to no purpose—that man's terrible—I quite lose my labor with him."

"You have found nothing fresh in his house?"

"Yes, yes," said Maître Jacques, feeling in his pouch, "this parchment. There are words in it which we do not understand. And yet, monseigneur, the criminal advocate, Philip Lheuiler, knows a little Hebrew, which he learned in that affair of the Jews of the Rue Kantersten at Brussels."

So saying, Maître Jacques unrolled a parchment. "Give it me," said the archdeacon. And casting his eyes over the scroll, "Pure magic, Maître Jacques!" cried he, "*Emen Hetan!* that's the cry of the witches when they arrive at their Sabbath. *Per ipsum, et cum ipso, et in ipso!* that's the command which chains the devil down in hell again. *Hax, pax, max!* that has to do with medicine; a spell against the bite of a mad dog. Maître Jacques, you are king's attorney in the ecclesiastical court—this parchment is abominable."

"We'll put the man to the torture again. Here's something else," added Maître Jacques, rummaging again in his bag, "which we found at Marc Cenaine's."

It was a vessel of the same family as those which covered the furnace of Dom Claude. "Ah!" said the archdeacon, "an alchemist's crucible."

"I confess to you," replied Maître Jacques, with his timid and constrained smile, "that I have tried it over the furnace, but I have succeeded no better with it than with my own."

The archdeacon set about examining the vessel. "What has he engraved on his crucible?—*Och! och!*—a word to drive away fleas! This Marc Cenaine's an ignoramus. I can easily believe you'll not make gold with this! it will do to put in your alcove in the summer, and that's all."

"Since we are on the subject of errors," said the king's attorney, "I have just been studying, before I came up, the figures on the portal below; is your reverence quite sure that it's the opening of the book of natural philosophy that's represented there, on the side toward the Hôtel-Dieu, and that, among the seven naked figures at the feet of Our Lady, that which has wings at his heels is Mercurius?"

"Yes," answered the priest; "so Augustin Nypho writes, that Italian doctor who had a bearded demon which taught him everything. But we will go down, and I will explain to you from the text."

"Thank you, maître," said Charmolue, bending to the ground. "By-the-by, I had forgotten! When do you wish me to apprehend the little sorceress?"

"What sorceress?"

"That gypsy girl, you know, that comes and dances every day on the Parvis, in spite of the official's prohibition. She has a goat with devil's horns, which is possessed; it reads and writes, understands mathematics like Picatrix, and would be enough to hang all Bohemia. The prosecution is quite ready; and will soon be got through, take my word for it. She's a pretty creature, upon my soul, that dancing girl — the finest black eyes!—two Egyptian carbuncles! When shall we begin?"

The archdeacon was excessively pale.

"I will let you know," stammered he, in a voice scarcely articulate; he added

with an effort, "Look you to Marc Cenaine."

"Never fear," said Charmolue, smiling; "when I get back I'll have him buckled on the bed of leather again. But he's a devil of a man—he tires out Pierrat Torterue himself, who has larger hands than I have. As says the excellent Plautus—

Nudus vinctus, centum pondo, es quando pendes perpedes.

"The torture with the roller is the most effectual—we shall try it."

Dom Claude seemed sunk in gloomy abstraction. He turned toward Charmolue. Maître Pierrat . . . . Maître Jacques, I mean—look to Marc Cenaine."

"Yes, yes, Dom Claude. Poor man! he'll have suffered like Mummol. But what an idea! for a butler of the Court of Accompts, who must know the text of Charlemagne, *Stryga vel masca,* to attend the witches' sabbath. As to the little one—Smelarda, as they call her—I'll wait your orders. Ah! as we pass under the portal, you'll explain to me that gardener painted in relief, that you see on entering the church—the Sower, is it not? Eh, maître, what are you thinking about?"

Dom Claude, lost in his own thoughts, heard him not. Charmolue, following the direction of his eyes, saw that they had fixed themselves mechanically on the large spider's web which hung like a drapery over the small window. At that moment, a giddy fly, courting the March sun, threw itself across the net, and got entangled in it. At the shaking of the web, the enormous spider made a sudden movement from out his central cell; then at one bound, rushed upon the fly, which he bent double with his four feelers, while with his hideous trunk he scooped out his head. "Poor fly!" said the king's attorney in the ecclesiastical court; and he raised his hand to save it. The archdeacon, as if starting out of his sleep, held back his arm with convulsive violence.

"Maître Jacques," cried he, "let fate do its work!"

The king's attorney turned round quite scared. He felt as if his arm was grasped with iron pincers. The eye of the priest was motionless, haggard, glaring, and remained fixed on the little horrible group of the spider and the fly.

"Ah! yes," continued the priest, in a voice which seemed to issue from the bottom of his heart; there is a symbol of the whole!—She flies — she is joyous — she emerges into life—she courts the spring, the open air, liberty!—oh! yes, but she strikes against the fatal network—the spider issues from it, the hideous spider! Poor dancer! poor predestined fly! Maître Jacques leave it alone!—'tis fate! Alas! Claude, thou art the spider! Claude thou art the fly too! Thou didst hasten forward in search of knowledge, of the light, the sun—thy only care was to reach the pure air, the broad day-beams of eternal truth; but, rushing toward the dazzling loophole which opens on another world—a world of brightness, of intellect, of science—infatuated fly! insensate sage! thou didst not see the subtle spider's web, by destiny suspended between the light and thee — thou didst madly dash thyself against it, wretched maniac—and now thou dost struggle, with crushed head and mangled wings, between the iron antennæ of Fate! Maître Jacques, Maître Jacques, let the spider work on!"

"I assure you," said Charmolue, who looked at him without understanding him, "that I will not touch it. But let go my arm, maître, for pity's sake! you have a hand of iron."

The archdeacon heard him not. "Oh! madman!" continued he, without taking his eyes off the window. "And even couldst thou have broken through that formidable web, with thy gnat-like wings, thoughtst thou to have attained the light! Alas! that glass beyond—that transparent obstacle—that wall of crystal harder than brass, which separates all philosophy from the truth—how couldst thou have passed beyond it? Oh! vanity of science! how many sages have come fluttering from afar, to dash their heads against thee!—How many clashing systems buzz vainly about that everlasting barrier!"

He was silent. These last ideas, which had insensibly called off his thoughts from

himself to science, appeared to have calmed him, and Jacques Charmolue completely brought him back to a sense of reality by addressing to him this question :—"Come, come, maître, when will you help me to make gold !—I long to succeed."

The archdeacon shook his head with a bitter smile. "Maître Jacques, read Michael Psellus, *Dialogus de energiâ et operatione dæmonum*. What we are doing is not quite innocent."

"Speak lower, maître! I have my doubts," said Charmolue. "But one may surely practice a little hermetic philosophy when one's only a poor king's attorney in the ecclesiastical court, at thirty crowns tournois a year. Only, let us speak low."

At that moment the noise of jaws in the act of mastication, issuing from under the furnace, struck the anxious ear of Charmolue.

"What's that?" asked he.

It was the scholar, who, very tired and uneasy in his hiding-place, had just discovered a stale crust and a corner of mouldy cheese, and had begun to eat both, without any ceremony, by way of consolation and breakfast. As he was very hungry, he made a great noise, laying strong emphasis on each mouthful, and this it was that had roused and alarmed the king's attorney.

"It's a cat of mine," said the archdeacon, quickly, "feasting herself below there, upon some mouse or other."

This explanation satisfied Charmolue. "Why, indeed, maître," answered he, with a respectful smile, "all great philosophers have had some familiar animal. You know what Servius says—*Nullis enim locus sine genio est.*"

Meanwhile Dom Claude, fearing some new freak of Jehan's, reminded his worthy disciple that they had some figures on the portal to study together; and they both quitted the cell, to the great relief of the scholar, who began seriously to fear that his knees would take the impression of his chin.

---

## CHAPTER VI.

### CAPTAIN PHŒBUS.

"TE DEUM LAUDAMUS!" exclaimed Maître Jehan, issuing from his hole, "the two screech-owls are gone at last. *Och! och!—Hax! pax! max!*—fleas!—mad dogs!—the devil! I've had enough of their conversation! My head hums like a bell. Mouldy cheese into the bargain! Whew! let me get down and take the purse of my high and mighty brother, and convert all these coins into bottles."

He cast a look of tenderness and admiration into the interior of the precious escarcelle; adjusted his dress; rubbed his boots; dusted his poor furred sleeves, all white with ashes; whistled an air; pirouetted a movement; looked about the cell to see if there was anything else he could take; scraped up here and there from off the furnace some amulet in glassware by way of trinket to give to Isabeaula-Thierrye; and finally, opened the door which his brother had left unfastened as a last indulgence, and which he in turn left open as a last piece of mischief; and descended the circular staircase skipping like a bird.

In the midst of the darkness of the spiral stairs he elbowed something, which moved out of the way with a growl; he presumed that it was Quasimodo; and his fancy was so tickled with the circumstance that he descended the rest of the stairs holding his sides with laughter, and was still laughing when he got out into the square.

He stamped his foot when he found himself on terra firma. "Oh!" said he, "most excellent and honorable pavement of Paris! Oh, cursed staircase, enough to wind the angels of Jacob's ladder! What was I thinking of to go and thrust myself into that stone gimlet which bores the sky, and all to eat bearded cheese and to see the steeples of Paris through a hole in the wall!"

He advanced a few steps, and perceived the two screech-owls, that is to say, Dom Claude and Maître Jacques Charmolue, busy contemplating some sculpture on the portal. He approached them on tiptoe,

and heard the archdeacon say in a whisper to Charmolue: "It was Guillaume de Paris that had a Job engraven on that stone of lapis-lazuli, gilt at the edges. By Job is meant the philosopher's stone, which must be tried and tortured to become perfect, as Raymond Lully says—*Sub conservatione formæ specificæ salva anima.*"

"It's all one to me," said Jehan; "I've got the purse."

At that moment he heard a powerful and sonorous voice behind him uttering a series of formidable oaths:—"Sang-Dieu! Ventre-Dieu! Bé-Dieu! Corps de Dieu! Nombril de Belzébuth! Nom d'un pape! Corne et tonnerre!"

"My life for it," exclaimed Jehan; "that can be no other than my friend Captain Phœbus!"

This name of Phœbus reached the ears of the archdeacon just as he was explaining to the king's attorney the dragon concealing its tail in a bath from whence issue smoke and a king's head. Dom Claude started and stopped short, to the great astonishment of Charmolue, turned round, and saw his brother Jehan accosting a tall officer at the door of the Logis Gondelaurier.

It was, in fact, Captain Phœbus de Chateaupers. He was standing with his back against the corner of the house of his betrothed, and swearing like a Turk.

"I' faith, Captain Phœbus," said Jehan, taking him by the hand, "you swear with admirable unction."

"*Corne et tonnerre!*" answered the captain.

"*Corne et tonnerre* yourself," replied the scholar. "How now, my brave fellow? What's the meaning of this overflow of fine language?"

"Your pardon, friend Jehan," cried Phœbus, shaking him by the hand; "a spurred horse can't stop on a sudden. Now, I was swearing at full gallop. I've just left those silly women, and when I come away I've always my throat full of oaths, and if I didn't spit them out I should choke, *corne et tonnerre!*"

"Will you come and have something to drink?" asked the scholar.

This proposal tranquilized the captain.

"I would with all my heart, but I've no money."

"I have, though."

"Nonsense! let's see."

Jehan displayed the purse before the captain's eyes with dignity and simplicity. Meanwhile the archdeacon, having left Charmolue all aghast, had approached them, and stopped a few steps off, observing them both without their noticing him, so absorbed were they in the contemplation of the purse.

Phœbus exclaimed: "A purse in your pocket, Jehan! why it's the moon in a pail of water; one sees it but it's not there; there's nothing but the reflection. Egad! I'll lay anything they're pebble stones."

Jehan answered coolly, "These are the pebbles with which I pave my fob."

And without adding another word he emptied the purse upon a borne, or high curb-stone that was near, with the air of a Roman saving his country.

"Vrai Dieu!" growled out Phœbus—"Targes! grands blancs! petits blancs! mailles at two to a tournois! deniers parisis! and real eagle liards! It's enough to stagger one!"

Jehan remained dignified and immovable. A few liards rolled into the dirt; the captain, in his enthusiasm, stooped to pick them up. Jehan withheld him—"Fie, Captain Phœbus de Chateaupers!"

Phœbus counted the money; and, turning with solemnity toward Jehan, "Do you know, Jehan, said he, "that there are twenty-three sous parisis here? Whom have you been clearing out last night in Rue Coupe-Gueule?"

Jehan threw back his fair and curly head, and said, half closing his eyes as if in scorn, "What if one has a brother an archdeacon and a simpleton?"

"*Corne de Dieu!*" cried Phœbus, "the worthy man!"

"Let's go and drink," said Jehan.

"Where shall we go?" said Phœbus; "to the Pomme d'Eve?"

"No, captain, let's go to the Vieille *Science*—Une *vieille* qui *scie* une *anse*. That's a rebus, and I like a rebus."

"Deuce take the rebuses, Jehan; the

wine's better at the Pomme d'Eve; and then, by the side of the door, there's a vine in the sun that cheers me when I'm drinking."

"Very well, then; here goes for Eve and her apple," said the scholar, taking Phœbus by the arm. "By-the-by, my dear captain, you said just now, Rue Coupe-Gueule. That's speaking very incorrectly; we are no longer so barbarous; we say Rue Coupe Gorge."

The two friends directed their steps toward the Pomme d'Eve. It is hardly necessary to say that they first gathered up the money, and that the archdeacon followed them.

The archdeacon followed them with a haggard and gloomy countenance. Was that the Phœbus whose accursed name, since his interview with Gringoire, had mingled with all his thoughts? He did not know; but, at any rate, it was a Phœbus; and that magic name was sufficient inducement for the archdeacon to follow the two thoughtless companions with a stealthy pace, listening to their words and observing their slightest gestures with anxious attention. However, nothing was easier than to hear all they said, so loud they talked, and so little did they care for the passers-by knowing their secrets. They talked of duels, girls, and pranks of all sorts.

At the turn of a street, the sound of a tambourine struck upon their ears from a neighboring crossway. Dom Claude heard the officer say to the scholar: "Tonnerre! let's quicken our steps."

"Why, Phœbus?"

"I'm afraid the gypsy will see me."

"What gypsy?"

"The little one with her goat."

"La Esmeralda?"

"That's it, Jehan. I always forget her devil of a name. Let's make haste; she'd recognize me, and I wouldn't have her accost me in the streets."

"Do you know her then, Phœbus?"

Here the archdeacon observed Phœbus chuckle, lean aside, and whisper something in Jehan's ear; Phœbus then burst out laughing, and tossed his head with a triumphant air.

"In very deed?" said Jehan.

"Upon my soul!" said Phœbus.

"This evening?"

"This evening!"

"Are you sure she'll come?"

"Are you a fool, Jehan? Does one ever doubt those sort of things?"

"Captain Phœbus, you are a happy gendarme."

The archdeacon overheard all this conversation. His teeth chattered; a visible shudder ran through his whole frame. He stopped a moment, leaned against a post like a drunken man, then followed the track of the two joyous boon companions.

Just as he came up to them again they had changed their conversation; and he heard them singing, at the full stretch of their lungs, the burden of an old song:

"The lads the dice who merrily throw,
Merrily to the gallows go."

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE SPECTRE MONK.

THE illustrious cabaret of the Pomme d'Eve was situated in the University, at the corner of the Rue de la Rondelle and the Rue du Bâtonnier. The principal room was on the ground floor, very large and very low, supported in the center by a heavy wooden pillar, painted yellow. There were tables all round; shining pewter pots hung up against the wall; a constant abundance of drinkers, and girls in plenty; a large casement looking to the street; a vine at the door, and over the door a creaking iron plate, with an apple and a woman painted upon it, rusted by the rain, and turning with the wind upon an iron pin. This sort of weather-cock looking toward the highway, was the sign of the house.

Night was falling; the street was dark; the cabaret, full of lighted candles, flamed afar like a forge in the darkness, and emitted the noise of glasses, of feasting, of oaths, of quarrels, all escaping through the broken panes. Through the mist which the heat of the room diffused

over the long casement in front, were seen a multitude of figures confusedly swarming; and now and then there burst forth a loud peal of laughter. The people going along the street upon their business, passed by this tumultuous casement without casting their eyes that way. Only now and then some little tattered boy would spring up on his toes until he could just see in at the window, and shout into the cabaret the old bantering cry with which it was then the custom to follow drunkards: *Aux Houls, saouls, saouls, saouls!*

One man, however, was walking backward and forward imperturbably before the noisy tavern, looking toward it incessantly, and stepping no farther away from it than a pikeman from his sentry-box. He was cloaked up to the nose. He had just bought the cloak at a ready-made clothes shop near to the Pomme d'Eve, doubtless to secure himself from the cold of a March night—perhaps also to conceal his costume. From time to time he stopped before the dim lattice-leaded casement, listening, looking, and beating with his foot.

At length the door of the cabaret opened, and for that he seemed to have been waiting. A pair of boon companions came out. The gleam of light that now issued through the doorway cast a glow for a moment on their jovial faces. The man in the cloak went and placed himself on the watch under a porch on the other side of the street.

"*Corne et tonnerre!*" said one of the two companions, "it's on the stroke of seven. It's the hour of my assignation."

"I tell you," said the other, speaking thick, "that I don't live in the Rue des Mauvaises Paroles—*Indignus qui inter mala verba habitat.* I lodge in the Rue Jean-Pain-Mollet—*in vico Joannis-Pain-Mollet*—and you're a wry-brained fellow if you say the contrary. Everybody knows that he that gets once upon a bear's back is never afraid—but you've a nose for smelling out a dainty bit, like St. Jacques-de-l'Hôpital."

"Jehan, my friend, you're drunk," said his companion.

The other answered, staggering all the while: "It pleases you to say so, Phœbus, but it's proved that Plato had the profile of a hound."

Doubtless the reader has already recognized our two worthy friends, the captain and the scholar. It seems that the man who was watching them in the dark had recognized them too; for he followed with slow steps all the zigzags which the reeling scholar forced the captain to make, who, being a more seasoned drinker, had retained all his self-possession. By listening attentively, the man in the cloak overheard the whole of the interesting conversation which follows:

"*Corbacque!* try to walk straight, monsieur the bachelor; you know that I must leave you. It's seven o'clock, and I have to meet a woman."

"Leave me, then. I can see stars and squibs. You're like Dampmartin Castle, that's bursting with laughter."

"By my grandmother's warts, Jehan, but this is talking nonsense a little too hard. By-the-by, Jehan, have you no money left?"

"Monsieur the rector, it's no fault of mine. The *petit boucherie—pava boucheria*——"

"Jehan—friend Jehan—you know I've promised to meet that little girl at the end of the Pont St. Michel; that I can take her nowhere but to La Falourdel's, the old woman's on the bridge, and that I must pay for the room. The old white-whiskered jade won't give me credit. Jehan, I pray you, have we drunk all the contents of the curé's pouch? Haven't you a single parisis left?"

"The consciousness of having spent our other hours well is a just and savory sauce to our table."

"*Ventre et boyaux!* a truce with your gibberish. Tell me—the devil's own Jehan—have you any coin left? Give it me, Bé-Dieu! or I'll search you all over, though I should find you as lousy as Job, and as scabby as Cæsar."

"Monsieur, the Rue Galiache is a street with the Rue de la Verrerie at one end of it, and the Rue de la Tixeranderie at the other."

"Well—yes—my good friend Jehan—

my poor comrade—the Rue Galiache—good—very good. But, in heaven's name, come to your senses. I want but one sou parisis, and seven o'clock's the time."

"Silence around and attention to the song:

"'When mice have every case devour'd,
The King of Arras shall be lord;
When the sea, so deep and wide,
Is frozen over at Midsummer tide,
Then all upon the ice you'll see,
The Arras men their town shall flee.'"

"Well, scholar of Antichrist, the devil strangle thee!" exclaimed Phœbus; and he roughly pushed the intoxicated scholar, who reeled against the wall, and fell down gently upon the pavement of Philip-Augustus. Through a remnant of that fraternal pity which never absolutely deserts the heart of a bottle companion, Phœbus rolled Jehan with his foot upon one of those pillows of the poor man which Providence keeps ready against every curb-stone and post in Paris, and which the rich scornfully stigmatize with the name of dung-heaps. The captain reared up Jehan's head on an inclined plane of cabbage-stalks, and forthwith the scholar began to snore a most magnificent bass. However, all malice had not entirely left the heart of the captain. "So much the worse for thee, if the devil's cart picks thee up as it goes by," said he to the poor sleeping clerk; and he went on his way.

The man in the cloak, who had kept following him, stopped for a moment before the recumbent scholar, as if agitated by some feeling of indecision; then heaving a deep sigh, he went on also after the captain.

Like them, we will now leave Jehan sleeping under the benevolent eye of the fair starlight; and, with the reader's permission, we will track their steps.

On turning into the Rue St. André-des-Arcs, Captain Phœbus perceived that some one was following him. He saw, while accidentally casting round his eyes, a sort of shade creeping behind him along the walls. He stopped—it stopped; he went on—then the shade went on again also. This, however, gave him very little concern. "Ah! bah!" said he to himself, "it matters little—I've not a sou about me."

In front of the Collège d'Autun he made a halt. It was at that college that he had shuffled through what he was pleased to call his studies; and through a certain habit of a refractory schoolboy which still clung to him, he never passed before the front of that college without stopping to pay his compliments to the statue of Cardinal Pierre Bertrand, which stood on the right hand of the gateway. While pausing, as usual, before the effigy of the cardinal, and snuffing the wind, the street being there quite solitary, he saw the shadow approaching him slowly—so slowly that he had full time to observe that this same shade had a cloak and a hat. When it had nearly come up to him, it stopped, and remained almost as motionless as the statue of Cardinal Bertrand itself. But it fixed upon Phœbus two steadfast eyes, full of that vague sort of light which issues in the night-time from the pupils of a cat.

The captain was brave, and would have cared very little for a robber with a rapier in his hand. But this walking statue, this petrified man, made his blood run cold. At that time there were certain strange rumors afloat about a spectre monk that ranged the streets of Paris in the night-time, and they recurred confusedly to his recollection. He stood confounded for a few minutes, then broke silence, at the same time endeavoring to laugh. "Sir," said he, "if you be a thief, as I hope is the case, you're just now for all the world like a heron attacking a walnut-shell. My dear fellow, I'm a ruined youth of family. Try your hand hard by here. In the chapel of this college there's some wood of the true cross, set in silver."

The hand of the shade came forth from under its cloak, and fell upon Phœbus' arms with the force of an eagle's gripe, the shade at the same time opening its lips, and saying with emphasis, "Captain Phœbus de Chateaupers!"

"What the devil!" said Phœbus; "do you know my name?"

"I not only know your name," returned the man in the cloak, with his sepulchral

voice; "but I also know that you have an appointment to-night."

"Yes," answered Phœbus, in amazement.

"At seven o'clock."

"In a quarter of an hour."

"At La Falourdel's."

"Exactly so."

"The old woman's on the Pont St. Michel."

"Yes—St. Michel-Archange, as the Paternoster says."

"Impious man!" muttered the spectre. "with a woman?"

"*Confiteor.*"

"Whose name is——"

"La Smeralda," said Phœbus with alacrity, all his carelessness having gradually returned to him.

At that time, the gripe of the spectre shook Phœbus' arm furiously. "Captain Phœbus de Chateaupers, you lie!"

Any one who could have seen, at that moment, the fiery countenance of the captain—the spring which he made backward, so violent that it disengaged him from the clutch which had seized him—the haughty mien with which he laid his hand upon the hilt of his sword—and, in the presence of all that passionate anger, the sullen stillness of the man in the cloak; any one who could have seen all that would have been affrighted. There was somewhat of the combat of Don Juan and the statue.

"Christ and Satan!" cried the captain; "that's a word that seldom assails the ear of a Chateaupers! Thou durst not repeat it."

"You lie!" said the spectre, coolly.

The captain ground his teeth. Spectre monk—phantom—superstitions—all were forgotten at that moment. He now saw nothing but a man and insult. "Ha, ha! this goes well!" spluttered he in a voice choking with rage. He drew his sword; then, still stammering, for anger as well as fear makes a man tremble—"Hither!" said he, "directly! Come on! Swords! swords! Blood upon these stones!"

Meanwhile, the other did not stir. When he saw his adversary on his guard, and prepared to defend himself; "Captain Phœbus," said he, and his accent vibrated with bitterness, "you forget your assignation."

The angry fits of such men as Phœbus are like boiling milk, of which a drop of cold water allays the ebullition. These few words brought down the point of the sword which glittered in the captain's hand.

"Captain," continued the man, "to-morrow—the next day—a month hence—ten years hence—you'll find me quite ready to cut your throat. But first go to your assignation."

"Why, in truth," said Phœbus, as if seeking to capitulate with himself, "a sword and a girl are two charming things to meet in a rendezvous—but I don't see why I should miss one of them for the sake of the other, when I can have them both." And so saying, he put up his sword.

"Go to your assignation," resumed the unknown.

"Monsieur," answered Phœbus, with some embarrassment, "many thanks for your courtesy. It will, in fact, be time enough to-morrow, to make slashes and buttonholes upon each other in father Adam's doublet. I'm much obliged to you for giving me leave to pass one pleasant quarter of an hour more. I was indeed in hopes to have laid you quietly in the gutter, and still have arrived in time for the lady—the more so as it is debonnaire to make a woman wait for you a little on such an occasion. But you seem to me to be a fellow of mettle—so that the safest way is, to put off our game till to-morrow. So now I go to my rendezvous. Seven o'clock's the time, as you know." Here Phœbus scratched his ear. "Ah! Corne Dieu! I'd forgotten! I've not a sou to pay the hire of the garret—and the old hag will want to be paid beforehand—she won't trust me."

"Here is wherewith to pay."

Phœbus felt the cold hand of the unknown slip into his a large piece of money. He could not help taking the money, and grasping the hand. "Vrai Dieu!" he exclaimed, "but you're a good fellow!"

"One condition," said the stranger. "Prove to me that I've been wrong, and

that you spoke truth. Hide me in some corner whence I may see whether this woman be really she whose name you have uttered."

"Oh," answered Phœbus, "it's just the same to me. We shall take the St. Martha room. You can see to your heart's content from the kennel that's on one side of it."

"Come, then," rejoined the shade.

"At your service," said the captain—"I know not indeed whether you be not Messer Diabolus *in propriâ personâ*. But let us be good friends to-night; and to-morrow I'll pay you all my debts, of the purse and of the sword."

They went forward at a rapid pace, and in a few minutes the noise of the river below announced to them that they were upon the Pont St. Michel, then loaded with houses. "I'll first introduce you," said Phœbus; "then I'll go and fetch the lady, who was to wait for me near the Petit-Châtelet." His companion made no answer; since they had been walking side by side, he had not uttered a word. Phœbus stopped against a low door, and gave it a rough jolt. A light made its appearance through the crevices of the door. "Who's there?" cried a toothless voice. "*Corps-Dieu! tête-Dieu! ventre Dieu!*" answered the captain. The door opened immediately, and exhibited to the newcomers an old woman and an old lamp, both of them trembling. The old woman was bent double—clothed in tatters—her head shaking, wrapped in a duster by way of coiffure, and perforated by two small eyes—wrinkled all over, her hanks, her face, her neck—her lips turning inward, underneath her gums—and all round her mouth she had tufts of white hair, giving her the whiskered and demure look of a cat. The interior of this dog-hole was in no less decay than herself; there were walls of chalk; black beams in the ceiling; a dismantled fire-place; cobwebs in every corner; in the middle a tottering company of maimed stools and tables; a dirty child in the ash-heap; and at the back, a staircase, or rather a wooden ladder, ascending to a trap-door in the ceiling. As he entered this den, Phœbus' mysterious companion pulled his cloak up to his eyes. Meanwhile the captain, swearing all the while like a Saracen, lost no time in producing his écu, saying, as he presented it, "The St. Martha room."

The old woman received him like a grandee, and shut up the écu in a drawer. It was the piece which Phœbus had received from the man in the black coat. While her back was turned, the little long-haired tattered boy that was playing among the ashes, went slyly to the drawer, took out the écu, and put there instead of it a dry leaf which he had plucked from a fagot.

The old woman beckoned to the two gentlemen, as she called them, to follow her, and ascended the ladder before them. On reaching the upper story, she set down her lamp upon a chest; and Phœbus, as one accustomed to the house, opened a side door which was the entrance to a dark and out-of-the-way nook. "Go in there, my dear fellow," said he to his compaion. The man in the cloak obeyed without answering a word; the door closed upon him; he heard Phœbus bolt it outside, and, a moment afterward, go down-stairs again with the old woman. The light had disappeared.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### CONVENIENCE OF THE WINDOWS LOOKING UPON THE RIVER.

Claude Frollo (for we presume that the reader better informed than Phœbus, has seen in all this adventure no other spectre monk than the archdeacon himself) groped about him for some moments in the dark corner in which the captain had bolted him up. It was one of those which builders sometimes reserve in the angle formed by the roof with the wall that supports it. The vertical section of this kennel, as Phœbus had so aptly termed it, would have been a triangle. It had neither window nor skylight, and the incline plane of the roof prevented a man's standing up in it. Claude was therefore under the necessity of squatting down in the dust and the plaster that cracked underneath

him; and at the same time his head was burning. In ferreting about him with his hands, he found upon the floor a piece of broken glass, which he applied to his forehead, and the coolness of which gave him some little relief.

What was passing at that moment in the dark soul of the archdeacon? He and God alone could tell.

According to what fatal order was he disposing in his thoughts La Esmeralda, Phœbus, Jacques Charmolue, his young brother, of whom he was so fond, abandoned by him in the mud, his archdeacon's cassock, his reputation perhaps, thus dragged to La Falourdel's—all those images—all those adventurers? We know not, but it is certain that these ideas formed a horrible group in his mind.

He had been waiting for a quarter of an hour, and he felt as if he had grown older by fifty years. All at once he heard the wooden staircase creak, as some one ascended. The trap-door opened again, and again a light made its appearance. In the worm-eaten door of his nook there was a slit of considerable width, to which he put his face, so that he could see all that passed in the adjoining chamber. First of all, the old woman with the cat's face issued through the trap-door with her lamp in her hand; then Phœbus, curling his moustache; then a third person, that beautiful and graceful figure, La Esmeralda. The priest saw her issue from below like a dazzling apparition. Claude trembled; a cloud spread itself over his eyes; his pulses beat violently; his brain was in a whirl; he no longer saw nor heard anything.

When he came to himself again, Phœbus and La Esmeralda were alone, seated upon the wooden chest, beside the lamp, the light of which exhibited to the archdeacon those two youthful figures, and a wretched-looking couch at the farther end of the room.

Close to the couch there was a window, the casement of which, burst like a spider's web upon which the rain has beaten, showed through its broken meshes a small patch of sky, with the moon reposing upon a pillow of soft clouds.

The young girl was blushing, confused, palpitating. Her long, drooping lashes shaded her glowing cheeks. The officer, to whom she dared not lift her eyes, was quite radiant. Mechanically, and with a charming air of unconsciousness, she was tracing incoherent lines with the end of her finger upon the wooden seat, and looking at the finger. Her foot was not visible, for the little goat was lying upon it.

The captain was very gallantly arrayed. Upon his neck and his wrists he had tufts of fancy trimming, a great elegancy of that day.

It was not without difficulty that Dom Claude could overhear their conversation, through the humming of the blood that was boiling in his temples.

A dull affair enough, the talk of a pair of lovers—a perpetual "I love you"—a musical strain the reception of which is very monotonous and very insipid to all indifferent hearers when it is not set off with a few fioriture. But Claude was no indifferent hearer.

"Oh!" said the young girl, without lifting her eyes, "do not despise me, Monseigneur Phœbus—I feel that I am doing what is wrong."

"Despise you, my pretty girl," returned the officer, with an air of gallantry *supérieure et distinguée*—"despise you, *tête-Dieu!* and why should I?"

"For having followed you."

"On that score, my charmer, we don't at all agree. I ought not only to despise you, but to hate you."

The young girl looked at him in affright. "Hate me!" exclaimed she. "Why, what have I done?"

"For having taken so much soliciting."

"Alas!" said she, "it is that I'm breaking a vow—I shall never find my parents—the amulet will lose its virtue—but what then? What occasion have I for father and mother now?"

So saying, she fixed upon the captain her large black eyes moist with joy and tenderness.

"Deuce take me, if I understand you," cried Phœbus.

La Esmeralda remained silent for a moment; then a tear issued from her eyes, a

sigh from her lips, and she said, "Oh, monseigneur, I love you."

There was around the young girl such a perfume of chastity, such a charm of virtue, that Phœbus did not feel quite at his ease with her. These words, however, emboldened him. "You love me!" said he with transport, and he threw his arm round the gypsy girl's waist; he had only been waiting for that opportunity.

The priest beheld it; and thereupon he felt with his finger's end the point of a dagger which he bore concealed in his breast.

"Phœbus," continued the gypsy girl, gently disengaging her waist from the tenacious hands of the captain, "you are good—you are generous—you are handsome—you have saved me—me, who am but a poor girl lost in Bohemia. I had long dreamt of an officer that was to save my life. It was of you that I dreamt, before I knew you, my Phœbus. The officer in my dream had a fine uniform like you—a grand look—a sword; your name is Phœbus—it's a fine name—I love your sword. Do draw your sword, Phœbus, that I may see it."

"Child!" said the captain, and he unsheathed his rapier, smiling. The gypsy girl looked first at the hilt, then at the blade; examined with wonderful curiosity the cypher upon the guard; and kissed the sword, saying, "You are the sword of a brave man—I love my captain."

Again, Phœbus availed himself of the opportunity to impress upon her beautiful neck, bent aside in the act of looking, a kiss which made the young girl draw herself up again all crimson, and made the priest grind his teeth in the dark.

"Phœbus," resumed the gypsy girl, "let me speak to you. Do just walk a little, that I may see you at your full height, and hear the sound of your spurs. How handsome you are!"

The captain rose to comply, chiding her at the same time with a smile of satisfaction. "Really, now, you are such a child! By-the-by, my dear, have you seen me in my state hacqueton?"

"Alas, no!" answered she.

"Ha, that's the finest thing of all!"

Phœbus came and seated himself beside her again, but much nearer than before. He began, "Just listen, my dear——"

The gypsy girl gave him several little taps of her pretty hand upon the lips, with childish and graceful sportiveness. "No, no," said she, "I will not listen to you. Do you love me? I want you to tell me whether you love me."

"Whether I love you, sweet angel?" cried the captain, bending one knee to the floor. "My blood, my soul, my property—all are thine—all at thy disposal. I love thee, and have never loved any but thee."

The captain had so many times repeated this sentence, on many a like occasion, that he delivered it all in a breath, and without a single blunder. At this impassioned declaration, the gypsy girl raised to the dingy ceiling which here held the place of heaven, a look full of angelic happiness. "Oh!" murmured she, "such is the moment at which one ought to die!" Phœbus found "the moment" convenient for snatching from her another kiss, which went to torture the wretched archdeacon in his corner.

"To die!" cried the amorous captain; "what are you talking about, my angel? It's the time to live—or Jupiter is but a blackguard. Die at the beginning of such a pleasant thing! *Corne-de-bœuf!* what a joke! Not so, indeed. Just listen, my dear Similar—Esmeralda—Pardon me, but you've got a name so prodigiously Saracen that I can't run it off my tongue—I get tangled in it like a brier."

"Mon Dieu!" said the poor girl, "and I, now, used to think that name pretty for its singularity. But since it displeases you, I'm quite willing to call myself Goton."

"Ha! no crying about such a little matter, my charmer! It's a name that one must get used to, that's all. When once I know it by heart, it'll come ready enough. So hark ye, my dear Similar. I adore you to a very passion—I love you, so that really it's quite miraculous—I know a little girl that's dying with rage about it."

The jealous girl interrupted him. "Who's that?" said she.

"Oh, what does that signify to us?" said Phœbus; "do you love me?"

"Oh!" said she.

"Well, then, that's enough. We shall see how I love you, too. May the great devil Neptunus stick his pitchfork into me, if I don't make you the happiest creature alive. We'll have a pretty little lodging somewhere or other. I'll make my archers parade under your windows—they're all on horseback, and cut out Captain Mignon's. There are bill-men, cross-bowmen, and culverin-men. I'll take you to the great musters of the Parisians at the Grangle de Rully. It's very magnificent. Eighty thousand men under arms—thirty thousand white harnesses, jaques or brigandines—the sixty-seven banners of the trades—the standards of the parliament, of the Chamber of Accompts, of the trésor des généraux, of the aides des monnaies—the devil's own turnout, in short. And then, I'll take you to see the lions of the Hôtel du Roi—that are wild beasts, you know. All the women are fond of that."

For some moments the young girl, absorbed in her pleasing reflections, had been musing to the sound of his voice, without attending to the meaning of his words.

"Oh, you'll be so happy!" continued the captain, at the same time gently unbuckling the gypsy's belt. "What are you doing?" said she sharply. This movement had aroused her from her revery.

"Nothing at all," answered Phœbus. "I was only saying that you must put off all that wild street-running dress when you're with me."

"When I'm with you, my Phœbus!" said the young girl, tenderly. And again she became pensive and silent.

The captain, emboldened by her gentleness, threw his arm round her waist without her making any resistance; then began softly to unlace the poor girl's corsage, and so violently displaced her gorgerette, that the priest, all panting, saw issue from underneath the lawn the charming bare shoulder of the gypsy girl, round and dusky like the moon rising through a misty horizon.

The young girl let Phœbus have his way. She seemed unconscious of what he was doing. The captain's eyes sparkled. All at once she turned round to him. "Phœbus," said she, with an expression of boundless love, "instruct me in your religion."

"My religion!" cried the captain, bursting into a laugh. "Instruct you in my religion! *Corne et tonnerre!* what do you want with my religion?"

"That we may be married," answered she. The captain's face took a mingled expression of surprise, disdain, unconcern, and libidinous passion. "Ah, bah," said he, "is there any marrying in the case?"

The gypsy turned pale, and her head dropped mournfully upon her breast. "My sweet love," said Phœbus, tenderly, "what signifies all that nonsense? Marriage is a grand affair, to be sure! Shall we love one another any the worse for not having Latin gabbled to us in a priest's shop?" And while saying this in his softest tone, he approached extremely near the gypsy girl; his fondling hands had resumed their position about that waist so slender and so pliant, and his eye kindled more and more.

Meanwhile, Dom Claude observed everything from his hiding-place. Its door was made of puncheon ribs, quite decayed, leaving between them ample passage for his look of a bird of prey. It was, it must be owned, a trying spectacle for a brown-skinned, broad-shouldered priest, condemned until that moment to the austere virginity of the cloister. He felt extraordinary movements within him; and any one who could then have seen the wretched man's countenance close against the worm-eaten bars, might have thought they saw a tiger's face looking out from his cage upon some jackal devouring a gazelle.

All at once, by a sudden movement, Phœbus snatched the gypsy's gorgerette completely off. The poor girl, who had remained pale and thoughtful, started up as if out of her sleep; she hastily drew back from the enterprising officer; and casting a look over her bare neck and shoulder, blushing, confused, and mute with shame, she crossed her two lovely arms upon her bosom to hide it. But for the flame that was glowing in her cheeks, to see her

standing thus silent and motionless, one might have taken her for a statue of Modesty. Her eyes were bent upon the ground.

This action of the captain's had laid bare the mysterious amulet which she wore about her neck. "What's that?" said he, laying hold of this pretext for going up to the beautiful creature that he had just scared away from him.

"Touch it not," answered she warmly; "it's my guardian. It's that by which I shall find my family again, if I keep worthy. Oh, leave me, monsieur le capitaine! My mother! my poor mother! where are you? Come to my help! Do, Monsieur Phœbus, give me back my gorgerette."

Phœbus drew back, and said coldly, "Oh, mademoiselle, how plainly do I see that you don't love me."

"Not love him!" exclaimed the poor unfortunate girl; and at the same time she clung with an air of fondness to the captain, whom she made sit down beside her. "Not love you, my Phœbus! What is it you are saying, wicked man, to rend my heart? Oh, come—take me—take me—do what you will with me—I am yours. What is the amulet to me now? What is my mother to me now? You are my mother, since I love you. Phœbus, my beloved Phœbus, dost thou see me? 'Tis I. Look at me. 'Tis that little girl whom thou wilt not spurn from thee—who comes, who comes herself to seek thee. My soul, my life, my person—all are yours, my captain. Well, then, let it be so—let us not marry—it is not thy wish—and besides, what am I but a wretched girl of the common way—while you, Phœbus, are a gentleman. A fine thing it would be, truly, for a dancing-girl to marry an officer! I was mad to think of it. No, Phœbus, no—I will be your mistress—your amusement—your pleasure—when you will—a girl that will be yours, and yours only. For that alone was I made—to be stained, despised, dishonored—but what then?—loved! I shall be the proudest and the happiest of women. And when I shall grow old and ugly, Phœbus—when I shall no longer be fit to love you, monseigneur, you will still suffer me to serve you. Others will embroider scarfs for you—I, your servant, will take care of them. You will let me polish your spurs, brush your hacqueton, and dust your riding-boots. Will you not, my Phœbus, have that pity? And in the meanwhile take me to yourself. Here, Phœbus, all belongs to you. Only love me. That is all we gypsy girls have occasion for—air and love."

So saying, she threw her arms around the officer's neck, raising her eyes to him supplicantly and smiling through her tears. Her delicate neck was chafed by the woolen-cloth doublet and its rough embroidery. The captain, quite intoxicated, pressed his glowing lips to those lovely African shoulders, and the young girl, her eyes cast upward to the ceiling, was all trembling and palpitating under his kisses.

All at once, above the head of Phœbus, she beheld another head—a strange, livid, convulsive countenance with the look of a demoniac; and close by that face, there was a hand holding a poniard. They were the face and hand of the priest; he had contrived to make his way through the crazy door of his hiding-place, and there he was. Phœbus could not see him. The young girl remained motionless, frozen, dumb under the influence of the frightful apparition—like a dove that should raise her head at the moment that the osprey is looking into her nest with his round, fearful eyes.

She was unable even to utter a cry. She saw the poniard descend upon Phœbus, and rise again all reeking. "Malédiction!" exclaimed the captain, and he fell upon the floor.

She fainted. At the moment that her eyes closed and all sense was forsaking her, she thought she felt a touch of fire impressed upon her lips, a kiss more burning than the executioner's branding iron.

When she recovered her senses, she found herself, surrounded by soldiers of the watch; they were carrying off the captain weltering in his blood; the priest had disappeared; the window at the back of the chamber, looking upon the river, was wide open; they were picking up from the floor a cloak which they supposed to

belong to the officer, and she heard them saying around her, "It's a witch has been poniarding a captain."

---

# BOOK VII.

---

## CHAPTER I.

### THE CROWN TRANSFORMED INTO A WITHERED LEAF.

GRINGOIRE and the whole Court of Miracles were in a state of mortal anxiety. For a whole month it was not known what had become of La Esmeralda, which sadly grieved the Duke of Egypt and his friends the Truands; nor what had become of her goat, which redoubled the grief of Gringoire. One evening the gypsy girl had disappeared; since which time she had held no communication with them. All search had been fruitless. Some teasing sabouleux told Gringoire they had met her that same evening in the neighborhood of the Pont Saint-Michel, walking off with an officer; but this husband *à la mode de Bohème* was an incredulous philosopher; and besides, he knew better than any one his wife's extreme purity; he had been enabled to judge how impregnable was the chastity resulting from the two combined virtues of the amulet and the gypsy herself, and he had mathematically calculated the resistance of this chastity multiplied into itself. On that score, at least, his mind was at ease.

Still he could not account for her sudden disappearance, which was a source of deep mortification to him. He would have grown thinner upon it, if the thing had been possible. He had, in consequence, neglected everything, even to his literary tastes, even to his great work, *De figuris regularibus et irregularibus*, which he intended printing with the first money he should get. For he raved upon printing ever since he had seen the Didascolon of Hugues de Saint-Victor printed with the celebrated types of Vindelin of Spires.

One day, as he was passing sorrowfully before the Tournelle Criminelle, he observed a crowd at one of the doors of the Palais de Justice. "What's all that about?" asked he of a young man who was coming out.

"I don't know, monsieur," answered the young man. "They say there's a woman being tried for the murder of a gendarme. As there seems to be some witchcraft in the business, the bishop and the officials have interposed in the cause; and my brother, who's archdeacon of Joas, can think of nothing else. Now I wished to speak to him; but I have not been able to get near him for the crowd—which annoys me sadly, for I want money."

"Alas! monsieur," said Gringoire, "I would I could lend you some; but though my breeches are in holes, it's not from the weight of crown-pieces."

He dared not tell the young man that he knew his brother, the archdeacon, toward whom he had not ventured to return since the scene of the church—a neglect which embarrassed him much.

The scholar passed on, and Gringoire proceeded to follow the crowd which was ascending the staircase of the Grande Chambre. To his mind there was nothing equal to the spectacle of a trial in a criminal court for dissipating melancholy, the judges are generally so delightfully stupid. The people with whom he had mingled were moving on and elbowing each other in silence. After a slow and tiresome pattering through a long, gloomy passage, which wound through the Palais like the intestinal canal of the old edifice, he arrived at a low door opening into a salle or great public room, which his tall figure permitted him to explore with his eyes, over the waving heads of the multitude.

The hall was spacious and gloomy, which latter circumstance made it appear still more spacious. The day was declining; the long pointed windows admitted only a few pale rays of light, which were extinguished before they reached the vaulted ceiling, an enormous trellis-work of carved wood, the thousand figures of which seemed to be moving about confusedly in the shade. There were already several

candles lighted here and there upon tables, and glimmering over the heads of the greffiers or registrars, buried amidst the bundles of papers. The lower end of the room was occupied by the crowd; on the right and left were gentlemen of the gown at tables; at the extremity, upon an estrade or raised platform, were a number of judges, the farther rows just vanishing in the distance—motionless and sinister visages. The walls were strewed with numberless fleurs-de-lis. Over the judges might be vaguely distinguished a large figure of Christ; and in all directions pikes and halberds, the points of which were tipped with fire by the reflection of the candles.

"Monsieur," asked Gringoire of one of those next him, "who are all those persons yonder, ranged like prelates in council?"

"Monsieur," said his neighbor, "they are the Councilors of the Grande Chambre on the right; and those on the left are the councilors of the inquests, the maîtres in black gowns, and the messires in red ones."

"And there, above them," continued Gringoire, "who's that great red-faced fellow all in a perspiration?"

"That's monsieur the president."

"And those sheep behind him?" proceeded Gringoire, who, as we have already said, loved not the magistracy; which was owing, perhaps, to the ill-will he bore the Palais de Justice ever since his dramatic misadventure.

"They are messieurs, the masters of requests of the king's household."

"And before him, that wild bore?"

"That's the registrar of the court of parliament.

"And to the right, that crocodile?"

"Maître Philippe Lheulier, king's advocate extraordinary.

"And to the left, that great black cat?"

"Maître Jacques Charmolue, king's attorney in the ecclesiastical court, with the gentlemen of the officiality."

"Ah, well, monsieur," said Gringoire, "and what, pray, are all those good folks about?"

"They're trying some one."

"Trying whom? I see no prisoner."

"It's a woman, monsieur. You can not see her. Her back is toward us, and she is concealed by the crowd. Look, there she is, amidst that group of partisans."

"Who is the woman?" asked Gringoire. "Do you know her name?"

"No, monsieur; I am only just arrived. I suppose, however, that there's some sorcery in the matter, since the official's engaged on the trial."

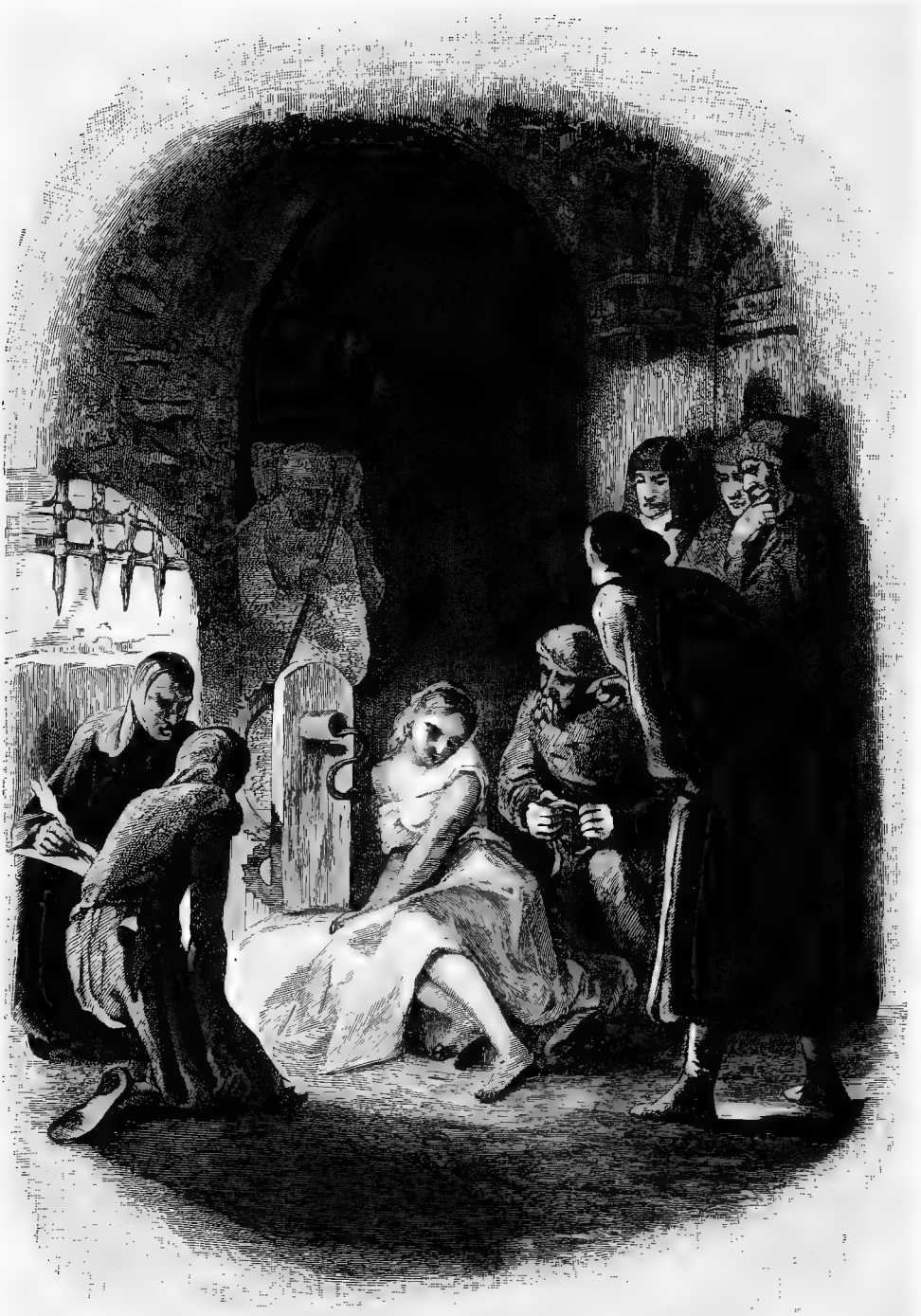
"Now, then," said our philosopher, "we are going to see all these men of the gown play the part of cannibals. Well, one sight's as good as another."

"Do you not think, monsieur," observed his neighbor, "that Maître Jacques Charmolue looks very mild?"

"Humph!" answered Gringoire, "I'm rather distrustful of mildness with a pinched-up nose and thin lips."

Here the bystanders imposed silence on the two talkers. An important deposition was being heard.

"Messeigneurs," said, from the middle of the room, an old woman whose face was so buried under her clothes that she might have been taken for a walking bundle of rags—"messeigneurs, the thing is as true as that I am La Falourdel, for forty years a housekeeper on the Pont St. Michel, and paying regularly my rent, dues, and quit-rent; my door opposite the house of Tassin Caillart the dyer, who lives on the side looking up the river. An old woman now! a pretty girl once, messeigneurs! A few days ago, some one said to me, 'Don't spin too much of an evening, La Falourdel—the devil's fond of combing old woman's distaffs with his horns. It's certain that the spectre monk that was last year about the Temple, is now wandering about the City. Take care, La Falourdel, that he doesn't knock at your door.' One evening I was turning my wheel; some one knocks at my door. 'Who is it?' says I. Some one swears. I open the door. Two men come in; a man in black, with a handsome officer. One could see nothing of the black man but his eyes—two live coals. All the rest was cloak and hat. And so they say to me—'The Saint Martha room.' That's



ESMERALDA PUT TO THE TORTURE.

Hugo. vol. I., p. 157.

my upper room, messeigneurs—my best. They give me an écu. I lock the écu in my drawer, and I says, 'That will buy some tripe to-morrow at the slaughter-house De la Gloriette.' We go upstairs. When we'd got up, while I turned my back, the black man disappears. This astounds me a little. The officer, who was as handsome as a great lord, goes down with me. He leaves the house. In about time enough to spin a quarter of a skein, he comes in again with a pretty young girl—quite à paragon, messeigneurs—that would have shone like the sun, if she'd had her hair dressed. She had with her a goat, a great he-goat, black or white, I don't remember which. This sets me thinking. The girl—that doesn't concern me;—but the goat! I don't like those animals, with their beards and their horns—it's so like a man. Besides, it has a touch of the sabbath. However I said nothing. I had the écu. That's only fair, you know, my lord judge. I show the captain and the girl into the upstairs room, and leave them alone—that's to say with the goat. I go down, and get to my spinning again. I must tell you that my house has a ground-floor and a story above; it looks out at the back upon the river, like the other houses on the bridge, and the ground-floor window and the first-floor window open upon the water. Well, as I was saying, I had got to my spinning. I don't know why, but I was thinking about the spectre monk which the goat had put into my head—and then the pretty girl was rather queerly tricked out. All at once I hear a cry overhead, and something fall on the floor, and the window open. I run to mine which is underneath, and I see pass before my eyes a black heap, and it falls into the water. It was a phantom dressed like a priest. It was moonlight, I saw it quite plain. It was swimming toward the City. All in a tremble, I call the watch. The gentlemen of the douzaine come in; and, at first, not knowing what was the matter, as they were merry, they began to beat me. I explained to them. We go upstairs, and what do we find? My poor room swimming in blood—the captain stretched at his length with a dagger in his neck—the girl pretending to be dead—and the goat all in a fright. 'Pretty work!' says I —'I shall have to wash the floor for a fortnight and more. It must be scraped. It'll be a terrible job.' They carry off the officer, poor young man, and the girl, all in disorder. But stop. The worst of all is, that the next day, when I was going to take the écu to buy my tripe, I found a withered leaf in its place."

The old woman ceased. A murmur of horror ran through the audience. "That phantom, that goat, all that savors of magic," said one of Gringoire's neighbors. "And that withered leaf!" added another. "No doubt," continued a third, "that it's some witch that's connected with the spectre monk to plunder officers." Gringoire himself was not far from considering this ensemble at once probable and terrific.

"Woman Falourdel," said monsieur the president with majesty, "have you nothing further to say to the court?"

"No, monseigneur," answered the old woman, "unless it is, that in the report my house has been called an old tumble-down, offensive hovel—which is most insulting language. The houses on the bridge are not very good-looking, because there are such numbers of people; but the butchers live there for all that, and they are rich men, married to pretty proper sort of women."

The magistrate, who had reminded Gringoire of a crocodile, rose. "Silence," said he; "I beg you, gentlemen, to bear in mind that a poniard was found on the accused. Woman Falourdel, have you brought the leaf into which the écu was changed that the demon gave you?"

"Yes, monseigneur," answered she, "I've found it. Here it is."

An usher of the court passed the withered leaf to the crocodile, who, with a doleful shake of the head, passed it to the president; who sent it on to the king's attorney in the ecclesiastical court; so that it made the round of the room. "It's a beech leaf," said Maître Jacques Charmolue, "an additional proof of magic."

A councilor then began: "Witness, two

men went upstairs in your house at the same time; the black man, whom you at first saw disappear, then swim across the Seine in priest's clothes; and the officer. Which of them gave you the crown?"

The old woman reflected a moment, and then said, "It was the officer."

A murmur ran through the crowd.

"Ha," thought Gringoire, "that creates some doubt in my mind."

Meanwhile, Maître Philippe Lheulier, king's advocate extraordinary, again interposed. "I would remind you, gentlemen, that the murdered officer, in the deposition written at his bedside, while stating that a vague notion had crossed his mind, at the instant when the black man accosted him, that it might be the spectre monk, added that the phantom had eagerly pressed him to go and meet the prisoner, and, on his (the captain's) observing that he was without money, he had given him the écu which the said officer had paid La Falourdel. Thus the écu is a coin from hell."

This concluding observation appeared to dissipate all the doubts, both of Gringoire and the other skeptics among the auditory.

"Gentlemen, you have the bundle of documents," added the king's advocate, seating himself; "you can consult the deposition of Phœbus de Chateaupers."

At that name the prisoner rose; her head was now above the crowd; and Gringoire, aghast, recognized La Esmeralda.

She was pale; her hair, formerly so gracefully braided and spangled with sequins, fell in disorder; her lips were blue; her hollow eyes were terrific. Alas!

"Phœbus!" said she, wildly; "where is he? Oh, messeigneurs! before you kill me, for mercy's sake, tell me if he yet lives!"

"Hold your tongue, woman," answered the president, "that's not our business."

"Oh, for pity's sake, tell me if he is living," continued she, clasping her beautiful wasted hands; and her chains were heard as they brushed along her dress.

"Well," said the king's advocate roughly, "he is dying. Does that content you?"

The wretched girl fell back on her seat, speechless, tearless, white as a form of wax.

The president leaned over to a man at his feet, who was dressed in a gilt cap and black gown; and had a chain round his neck and a wand in his hand. "Usher, bring in the second prisoner."

All eyes were now turned toward a small door, which opened, and, to the great trepidation of Gringoire, made way for a pretty she-goat with gilt feet and horns. The elegant animal stopped a moment on the threshold, stretching out her neck, as if, perched on the point of a rock, she had before her eyes a vast horizon. All at once she caught sight of the gypsy girl; and leaping over the table and a registrar's head, in two bounds she was at her knees; she then rolled herself gracefully over her mistress's feet, begging for a word or a caress; but the prisoner remained motionless, and even poor Djali herself obtained not a look.

"Ah, ay; that's the horrid beast," said the old Falourdel, "and well I know them both again."

Jacques Charmolue interposed: "If you please, gentlemen, we will proceed to the examination of the goat."

The goat was, in fact, the second prisoner. Nothing was more common in those times than a charge of sorcery brought against an animal. Among others, in the Provostry Accompts for 1466, may be seen a curious detail of the expenses of the proceeding against Gillet Soulart and his sow, executed "for their demerits" at Corbeil. Everything is there; the cost of the pit to put the sow in; the five hundred bundles of wood from the wharf of Morsant; the three pints of wine and the bread, the sufferer's last repast, shared in a brotherly manner by the executioner; and even the eleven days' custody and feed of the sow, at eight deniers parisis per day. Sometimes they went further even than animals. The capitularies of Charlemagne and Louis le Débonnaire impose severe penalties on the fiery phantoms which might think fit to appear in the air.

Meanwhile the king's attorney in the ecclesiastical court had exclaimed: "If

the demon which possesses this goat, and which has resisted all exorcisms, persist in his sorceries—if he astound the court with them—we forewarn him, that we shall be obliged to have recourse against him to the gibbet or the stake."

Gringoire was all in a cold perspiration. Charmolue took up from a table the gypsy girl's tambourine, and, presenting it in a certain manner to the goat, he asked her, "What's o'clock?"

The goat looked at him with a sagacious eye, raised her gilt foot, and struck it seven times. It was indeed seven o'clock. A movement of terror ran through the crowd. Gringoire could bear it no longer.

"She'll be her own ruin," cried he aloud, "you see she does not know what she's about!"

"Silence! you people at the end of the room!" said the usher, sharply.

Jacques Charmolue, by means of the same manœuvres with the tambourine, made the goat perform several other tricks, about the day of the month, the month of the year, etc., which the reader has already witnessed. And, by an optical illusion peculiar to judicial proceedings, those same spectators who, perhaps, had more than once applauded in the public streets the innocent performances of Djali, were terrified at them under the roof of the Palais de Justice. The goat was indisputably the devil.

It was still worse when, the king's attorney having emptied on the floor a certain leathern bag full of movable letters, which Djali had about her neck, they saw the goat kick out with her foot from among the scattered alphabet the fatal name Phœbus. The sorcery of which the captain had been the victim seemed unanswerably proved; and, in the eyes of all, the gypsy girl, that charming dancer, who had so often dazzled the passers-by with her airy grace, was neither more nor less than a frightful witch.

She, on her part, gave no signs of life; neither the graceful evolutions of Djali, nor the threatenings of the men of law, nor the stifled imprecations of the auditory—nothing now reached her apprehension.

She could only be roused by a sergeant shaking her pitilessly, and the president raising his voice with solemnity:—"Girl, you are of Bohemian race, given to sorcery. You, with your accomplice, the enchanted goat, implicated in the charge, did, on the night of the 29th of March last, wound and poniard, in concert with the powers of darkness, by the aid of charms and spells, a captain of the king's archers, Phœbus de Chateaupers by name. Do you persist in denying it?"

"Horrible!" cried the young girl, hiding her face with her hands. "My Phœbus! Oh, it's hellish!"

"Do you persist in denying it?" asked the president, coolly.

"Do I deny it!" said she, in a terrible accent; and she rose, and her eyes flashed.

The president continued straightforwardly, "Then how do you explain the facts laid to your charge?"

She answered in a broken voice, "I've already said I don't know. It's a priest—a priest that I do not know—an infernal priest, that pursues me!"

"Just so," replied the judge; "the spectre monk!"

"Oh, gentlemen, have pity upon me! I'm only a poor girl——"

"Of Egypt," said the judge.

Maître Jacques Charmolue commenced with mildness—"Seeing the painful obstinacy of the accused, I demand the application of the torture."

"Granted," said the president.

A shudder ran through the whole frame of the unhappy girl. She rose, however, at the order of the partisan-men, and walked with a tolerably firm step, preceded by Charmolue and the priests of the officiality, between two rows of halberds, toward a false door, which suddenly opened and shut again upon her, having the effect upon Gringoire of a mouth gaping to devour her.

When she disappeared, a plaintive bleating was heard. It was the little goat crying.

The sitting of the court was suspended. A councilor having observed that the gentlemen were fatigued, and that it

would be long to wait for the conclusion of the torture, the president answered that a magistrate must sacrifice himself to his duty.

"What a troublesome, vexatious jade!" said an old judge, "to make one give her the torture when one has not supped!"

---

## CHAPTER II.

### THE QUESTION CHAMBER.

After ascending and descending several flights of steps as they proceeded through passages so gloomy that they were lighted with lamps at midday, La Esmeralda, still surrounded by her lugubrious attendants, was pushed forward by the sergeants of the Palais into a dismal chamber. This chamber, of a circular form, occupied the ground floor of one of those large towers which still in our day appear through the layer of recent edifices with which modern Paris has covered the ancient one. There were no windows to this vault; no other opening than the low overhanging entrance of an enormous iron door. Still it did not want for light: a furnace was contrived in the thickness of the wall; a large fire was lighted in it, which filled the vault with its crimson reflection, and stripped of every ray a miserable candle placed in a corner. The sort of portcullis which was used to inclose the furnace, being raised at the moment, only gave to view at the mouth of the flaming edifice, which glared upon the dark wall, the lower extremity of its bars, like a row of black, sharp teeth set at regular distances, which gave the furnace the appearance of one of those dragon's mouths which vomit forth flames in ancient legends. By the light which issued from it, the prisoner saw all around the chamber frightful instruments of which she did not understand the use. In the middle lay a mattress of leather almost touching the ground, over which hung a leathern strap with a buckle, attached to a copper ring held in the teeth of a flat-nosed monster carved in the keystone of the vault. Pincers, nippers, large plowshares, were heaped inside the furnace, and were heating red-hot, promiscuously upon the burning coals. The sanguine glow of the furnace only served to light up throughout the chamber an assemblage of horrible things.

This Tartarus was called simply la chambre de la question.

Upon the bed was seated unconcernedly, Pierrat Torterue, the sworn torturer. His assistants, two square-faced gnomes, with leathern aprons and tarpaulin coats, were turning about the irons on the coals.

In vain had the poor girl called up all her courage; on entering this room she was seized with horror.

The sergeants of the bailiff of the Palais were ranged on one side; the priests of the officiality on the other. A registrar, a table, and writing materials were in one corner. Maître Jacques Charmolue approached the gypsy girl with a very soft smile. "My dear child," said he, "you persist, then, in denying everything?"

"Yes," answered she, in a dying voice.

"In that case," resumed Charmolue, "it will be our painful duty to question you more urgently than we should otherwise wish. Have the goodness to sit down on that bed. Maître Pierrat, make room for mademoiselle, and shut the door."

Pierrat rose with a growl. "If I shut the door," muttered he, "my fire will go out."

"Well, then, my good fellow," replied Charmolue, "leave it open."

Meanwhile La Esmeralda remained standing. The bed of leather, upon which so many poor wretches had writhed, scared her. Terror froze her very marrow; there she stood bewildered and stupefied. At a sign from Charmolue, the two assistants took her and seated her on the bed. They did not hurt her; but when those men touched her—when that leather touched her—she felt all her blood flow back to her heart. She cast a wandering look around the room. She fancied she saw moving and walking from all sides toward her, to crawl upon her body and pinch and bite her, all those monstrous instruments of torture, which were, to the instruments of all kinds that she had hitherto seen, what

bats, centipedes and spiders are to birds and insects.

"Where is the physician?" asked Charmolue.

"Here," answered a black gown that she had not observed before.

She shuddered.

"Mademoiselle," resumed the fawning voice of the attorney of the ecclesiastical court, "for the third time, do you persist in denying the facts of which you are accused?"

This time she could only bend her head in token of assent—her voice failed her.

"You persist, then?" said Jacques Charmolue. "Then I'm extremely sorry, but I must fulfill the duty of my office."

"Monsieur, the king's attorney," said Pierrat gruffly, "what shall we begin with?"

Charmolue hesitated a moment, with the ambiguous grimace of a poet seeking rhyme. "With the brodequin," said he at last.

The unhappy creature felt herself so completely abandoned of God and man, that her head fell on her chest like a thing inert, which has no power within itself.

The torturer and the physician approached her both at once. The two assistants began rummaging in their hideous armory. At the sound of those frightful irons the unfortunate girl started convulsively. "Oh," murmured she, so low that no one heard her, "Oh, my Phœbus!" She then sank again into her previous insensibility and petrified silence. This spectacle would have torn any heart but the hearts of judges. She resembled a poor sinful soul interrogated by Satan at the crimson wicket of hell. The miserable body about which was to cling that frightful swarm of saws, wheels and chevalets—the being about to be handled so roughly by those grim executioners and torturing pincers—was, then, that soft, fair, and fragile creature; a poor grain of millet, which human justice was sending to be ground by the horrid millstones of torture.

Meanwhile the callous hands of Pierrat Torterue's assistants had brutally stripped that charming leg, that little foot, which had so often astonished the passers-by with their grace and beauty, in the streets of Paris. "It's a pity," growled out the torturer as he remarked the grace and delicacy of their form. If the archdeacon had been present, he certainly would have remembered at that moment his symbol of the spider and the fly. Soon the unhappy girl saw approaching through the mist which was spreading over her eyes, the brodequin or wooden boot; soon she saw her foot, encased between the iron-bound boards, disappear under the terrific apparatus. Then terror restored her strength. "Take that off," cried she, angrily, starting up all disheveled; "mercy!"

She sprang from the bed to throw herself at the feet of the king's attorney; but her leg was caught in the heavy block of oak and iron-work, and she sank upon the brodequin more shattered than a bee with a heavy weight upon its wing.

At a sign from Charmolue they replaced her on the bed, and two coarse hands fastened round her small waist the leathern strap which hung from the ceiling.

"For the last time, do you confess the facts of the charge?" asked Charmolue, with his imperturbable benignity.

"I am innocent," was the answer.

"Then, mademoiselle, how do you explain the circumstances brought against you?"

"Alas, monseigneur, I don't know."

"You deny, then?"

"All!"

"Proceed," said Charmolue to Pierrat.

Pierrat turned the screw; the brodequin tightened; and the wretched girl uttered one of those terrible cries which are without orthography in any human tongue.

"Stop," said Charmolue to Pierrat.

"Do you confess?" said he to the gypsy girl.

"Ah!" cried the wretched girl. "I confess! I confess! Mercy!"

She had not calculated her strength in braving the torture. Poor child! whose life hitherto had been so joyous, so pleasant, so sweet—the first pang of acute pain had overcome her.

"Humanity obliges me to tell you," observed the king's attorney, "that, in

confessing, you have only to look for death."

"I hope so," said she. And she fell back on the bed of leather, dying, bent double, letting herself hang by the strap buckled round her waist.

"Come, come, my darling, hold up a bit," said Maître Pierrat, raising her. "You look like the gold sheep that hangs about Monsieur of Burgundy's neck."

Jacques Charmolue raised his voice:

"Registrar, write down. Young Bohemian girl, you confess your participation in the love-feasts, sabbaths, and sorceries of hell, with wicked spirits, witches, and hobgoblins?—Answer."

"Yes," said she, so low that the word was lost in a whisper.

"You confess having seen the ram which Beelzebub caused to appear in the clouds to assemble the sabbath and which is only seen by sorcerers?"

"Yes."

"You confess having adored the heads of Bohomet, those abominable idols of the Templars?"

"Yes."

"Having held habitual intercourse with the devil, under the form of a familiar she-goat, included in the prosecution?"

"Yes."

"Lastly, you avow and confess having, with the assistance of the demon, and the phantom commonly called the spectre monk, on the night of the twenty-ninth of March last, murdered and assassinated a captain named Phœbus Chateaupers?"

She raised her large fixed eyes toward the magistrate; and answered, as if mechanically, without effort or emotion, "Yes!" It was evident her whole being was shaken.

"Write down, registrar," said Charmolue. And addressing himself to the torturers: "Let the prisoner be unbound and taken back into court."

When the brodequin was removed, the attorney of the ecclesiastical court examined her foot, still paralyzed with pain. "Come," said he, "there's not much harm done. You cried out in time. You could dance yet, my beauty!" He then turned toward his acolytes of the officiality: "At length justice is enlightened! that's a relief, gentlemen! Mademoiselle will at least bear this testimony, that we have acted with all possible gentleness."

## CHAPTER III.

### THE SENTENCE.

When, pale and limping, she re-entered the court, a general hum of pleasure greeted her. On the part of the auditory, it was that feeling of satisfied impatience which is experienced at the theater, at the expiration of the interval between the last two acts of a play, when the curtain is raised, and "the end," according to the French expression, "is about to begin." On the part of the judges, it was the hope of soon getting their supper. The little goat, too, bleated with joy. She would have run to her mistress, but they had tied her to the bench.

Night had quite set in. The candles, whose number had not been increased, gave so little light, that the walls of the spacious room could not be seen. Darkness enveloped every object in a sort of mist. A few apathetic judges' faces were just visible. Opposite to them, at the extremity of the long apartment, they could distinguish an ill-defined white point standing out amid the gloomy background. It was the prisoner.

She had crawled to her place. When Charmolue had magisterially installed himself in his, he sat down; then rose and said, without exhibiting too much of the self-complacency of success, "The accused has confessed all."

"Bohemian girl," continued the president, "you have confessed all your acts of sorcery, prostitution, and assassination upon Phœbus de Chateaupers?"

Her heart was full. She was heard sobbing amid the gloom. "Whatever you will," answered she feebly; "but make an end of me quickly."

"Monsieur, the king's attorney in the ecclesiastical court," said the president, "the chamber is ready to hear your requisitions."

Maître Charmolue exhibited a frightful scroll; and began to read over, with much gesticulation and the exaggerated emphasis of the bar, a Latin oration, in which all the evidence of the trial was drawn out in Ciceronian periphrases, flanked by quotations from Plautus, his favorite comic author. We regret that it is not in our power to present our readers with this extraordinary piece of eloquence. The orator delivered it with marvelous action. He had not concluded the exordium before the perspiration began to start from his forehead, and his eyes from his head. All at once, in the middle of a finely turned period, he broke off, and his countenance, which was generally mild enough, and, indeed, stupid enough, became terrible. "Gentlemen," cried he (this time in French, for it was in the scroll), "Satan is so mixed up in this affair that, behold! he is present at our councils, and makes a mock of their majesty. Behold him!" So saying, he pointed to the little goat, which, seeing Charmolue gesticulating, thought it quite proper she should do the same, and had seated herself on her haunches, mimicking as well as she could, with her fore feet and shaggy head, the pathetic action of the king's attorney in the ecclesiastical court. It was, if we remember right, one of her prettiest talents. This incident, this last proof, produced a great effect. They tied the goat's feet; and the king's attorney resumed the thread of his eloquence. It was a long thread, indeed; but the peroration was admirable. The last sentence ran thus—we leave the reader's imagination to combine with it the hoarse voice and broken-winded gestures of Maître Charmolue: "*Ideò, domni, coram stryga demonstrata, crimine patente, intentione criminis existente, in nomine sanctæ ecclesiæ Nostræ-Dominæ Parisiensis quæ est in saisina habendi omnimodam altam et bassam justitiam in illa hac intemerata Civitatis insula, tenore præsentium declaramus nos requirere, primo, aliquamdam pecuniariam indemnitatem; secundo, amendationem honorabilem ante portatium maximum Nostræ-Dominæ, ecclesiæ cathedralis; tertio, sententiam in virtute cujus ista stryga cum sua capella, seu in trivio vulgariter dicto* la Grève, *seu in insula exeunte in fluvio Secanæ, juxta pointam jardini regalis, executatæ sint!*" *

He put on his cap again, and re-seated himself.

"*Eheu!*" muttered Gringoire, quite overwhelmed; "*bassa latinitas!*"

Another man in a black gown then rose near the prisoner; it was her advocate or counsel. The fasting judges began to murmur.

"Mr. Advocate, be brief," said the president.

"Monsieur the president," answered the advocate, "since the defendant has confessed the crime, I have only one word to say to these gentlemen. I hold in my hand a passage of the Salic law: 'If a witch has eaten a man, and is convicted of it, she shall pay a fine of eight thousand deniers, which make two hundred sous of gold.' Let the chamber condemn my client to the fine."

"An abrogated clause," said the king's advocate extraordinary.

"Nego," replied the prisoner's advocate.

"Take the votes," said a councilor; "the crime is manifest; and it is late."

The votes were taken without going out of court. The judges voted by the lifting of their caps—they were in haste. Their hooded heads were seen uncovering one after another in the shade, at the lugubrious question addressed to them in a low voice by the president. The poor prisoner seemed to be looking at them, but her bewildered eye no longer saw anything.

---

* It may be as well to attempt a translation for the reader, of this delicate specimen of the barbarous Latin and the legal jargon of the Middle Ages:

"Therefore, gentlemen, the witchcraft being proved, and the crime made manifest, as likewise the criminal intention—in the name of the holy church of Our Lady of Paris, which is seised of the right of all manner of justice, high and low, within this inviolate island of the City—we declare, by the tenor of these presents, that we require, firstly, some pecuniary compensation; secondly, penance before the great portal of the cathedral church of Our Lady; thirdly, a sentence, by virtue of which this witch, together with her she-goat, shall, either in the public square, commonly called La Grève, or in the island standing forth in the river Seine, adjacent to the point of the royal gardens, be executed."

Then the registrar began to write; then he handed to the president a long scroll of parchment. Then the unhappy girl heard the people stirring, the pikes clashing, and a freezing voice saying:

"Bohemian girl, on such day as it shall please our lord the king, at the hour of noon, you shall be taken in a tumbrel, in your shift, barefooted, with a rope round your neck, before the great portal of Notre-Dame; and there you shall do penance with a wax torch of two pounds' weight in your hand; and from thence you shall be taken to the Place de Grève, where you shall be hanged and strangled on the Town gibbet, and your goat likewise; and shall pay to the official three lions of gold, in reparation of the crimes by you committed and confessed, of sorcery, magic, prostitution and murder, upon the person of the sieur Phœbus de Chateaupers. So God have mercy on your soul!"

"Oh! it's a dream!" murmured she; and she felt rude hands bearing her away.

---

## CHAPTER IV.

### LASCIATE OGNI SPERANZA.

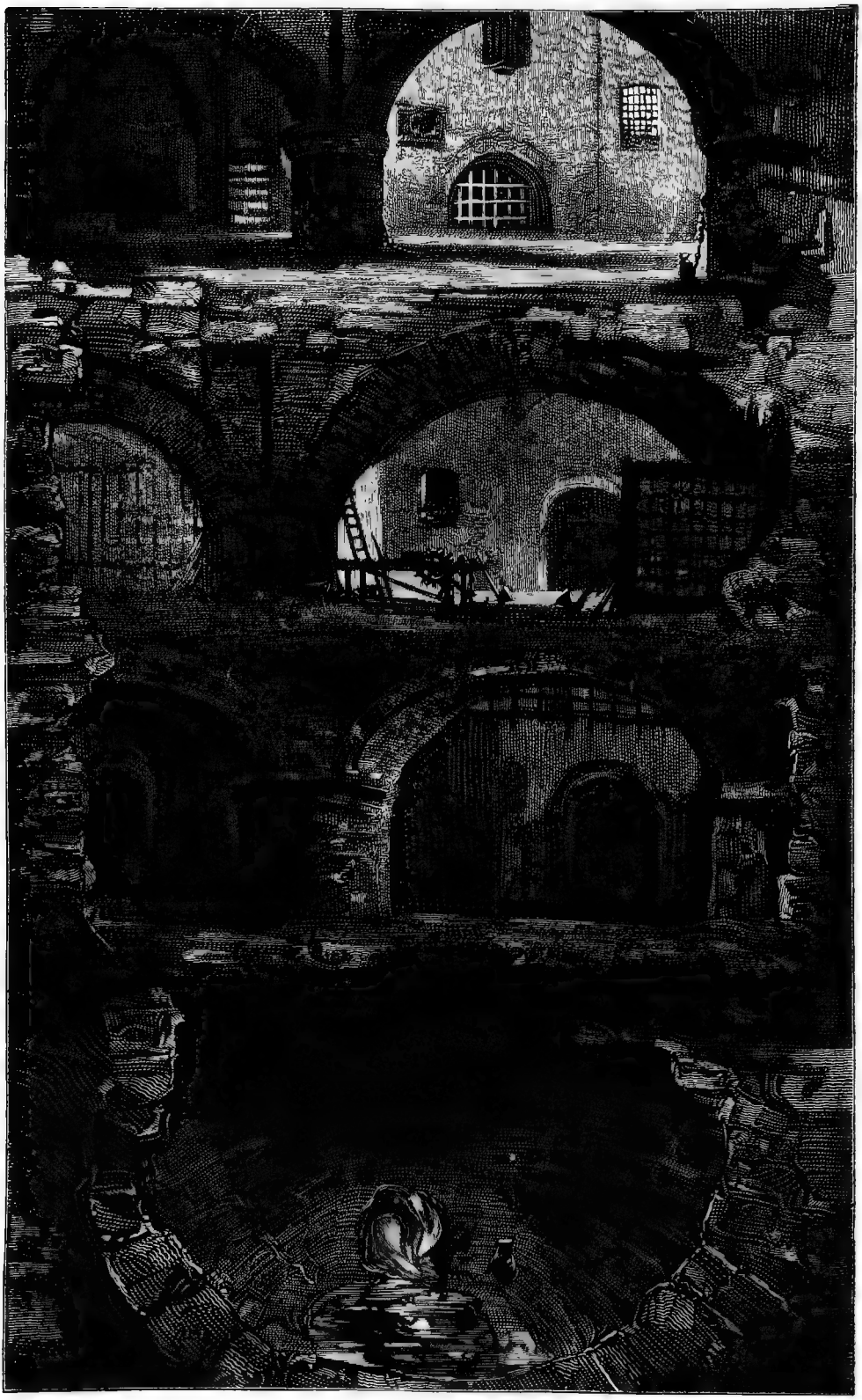
In the Middle Ages, when an edifice was complete, there was almost as much of it within the ground as above it. Except, indeed, it was built upon piles, like Notre-Dame, a palace, a fortress, or a church had always a double bottom. In the cathedrals it was, as it were, another cathedral, subterraneous, low, dark, mysterious, blind, and dumb, under the aisles of the building above, all flooded with light and resounding night and day with the music of bells and organs. Sometimes it was a sepulcher. In the palaces and the bastiles it was a prison—sometimes a sepulcher too—and sometimes it was both together. Those mighty masses of masonry of which we have explained elsewhere the mode of formation and vegetation, had not foundations merely; they might be said to have roots, branching out under ground in chambers, galleries, and staircases, like the structure above. Thus all of them, churches, palaces, and bastiles stood half within the earth. The subterraneous vaults of an edifice formed another edifice, in which you descended instead of ascending, and the underground stories of which extended downward beneath the pile of external stories of the structure, like those inverted forests and mountains which are seen in the liquid mirror of a lake, underneath the forests and mountains on its borders.

At the Bastile St. Antoine, at the Palais de Justice of Paris, and at the Louvre, these subterraneous edifices were prisons. The stories of these prisons, as they went deeper into the ground, grew narrower and darker. They formed so many zones, presenting, as by a graduated scale, deeper and deeper shades of horror. Dante could find nothing better for the construction of his hell. These dungeon funnels usually terminated in a low hollow, shaped like the bottom of a tub, in which Dante has placed his Satan, and in which society placed the criminal condemned to death. When once a miserable human existence was there interred—then farewell light, air, life, ogni speranza; it never went out again but to the gibbet or the stake. Sometimes it rotted there, and human justice called that forgetting. Between mankind and himself the condemned felt weighing upon his head an accumulation of stones and jailers; and the whole prison together, the massive bastile, was now but one enormous complicated lock that barred him out of the living world.

It was in one of these low, damp holes, in the oubliettes excavated by St. Louis in the *in pace* of the Tournelle, that—for fear of her escaping, no doubt—they had deposited La Esmeralda condemned to the gibbet, with the colossal Palais de Justice over her head—a poor fly that could not have stirred the smallest of its stones.

Assuredly, Providence and society had been alike unjust; such a profusion of misfortune and of torture was not necessary to shatter so fragile a creature.

She was there, lost in darkness, buried, walled up. Any one that could have seen her in that state, after having seen her



FOUR STORIES UNDERGROUND.

Hugo, vol. I., p. 160.

laughing and dancing in the sunshine, would have shuddered. Chill as night, chill as death, no longer a breath of air in her locks, no longer a human voice in her ear, no longer a glimpse of daylight in her eyes, broken in two, as it were crushed with chains, bent double beside a pitcher and a loaf of bread upon a little straw in the pool of water that formed itself under her from the oozings of the dungeon, without motion, almost without breath, she was now scarcely sensible even to suffering. Phœbus, the sunshine, noonday, the open air, the streets of Paris, her dancing amid the applauses of the spectators, her soft prattlings of love with the officer, and then the priest, the old woman, the poniard, blood, torture, the gibbet—all that was indeed still floating in her mind, now as a harmonious and golden vision, then as a frightful nightmare; but her apprehension of it all was now but that of a vaguely horrible struggle involved in darkness, or of a distant music that was still playing above ground, but was no longer audible at the depth to which the unfortunate girl had fallen. Since she had been there she neither waked nor slept; in that misery, in that dungeon, she could no more distinguish waking from sleeping, dreams from reality, than she could the day from the night. All was mingled, broken, floating, confusedly scattered in her thoughts. She no longer felt, no longer knew, no longer thought—at most she only dreamed. Never had living creature been plunged more deeply into annihilation.

Thus benumbed, frozen, petrified, scarcely had she remarked, at two or three different times, the noise of a trap-door which had opened somewhere above her without even admitting a ray of light, and through which the hand of some one had thrown her a crust of black bread. Yet this was her only remaining communication with mankind—the periodical visit of the jailer. One thing alone still mechanically occupied her ear; over her head the damp filtered through the mouldy stones of the vault, and at regular intervals, drop after drop, thus collected, fell into the pool of water beside her, with a plashing to which in her stupor she involuntarily listened.

The drop of water falling into that pool was the only movement still perceptible about her, her only clock to mark the time, the only noise that reached her of all the noise that is made upon the earth, except, indeed, that she also felt, from time to time, in that sink of mire and darkness, something cold passing here and there over her foot or arm, and making her shiver.

How long had she been there? She knew not. She had some recollection of a sentence of death pronounced somewhere upon some one, that then they had carried herself away, and that she had awoke in darkness and silence, freezing. She had crawled along upon her hands, then she had felt iron rings cutting her ankles, and chains had clanked. She had discovered that all around her was wall, that underneath her were flag-stones covered with wet, and a bundle of straw, but there was neither lamp nor ventilator. Then she had seated herself upon that straw, and sometimes, for a change of posture, upon the lowest step of a stone flight which there was in her dungeon. At one moment she had endeavored to count the dark minutes which the drops of water measured to her ear, but soon that mournful employment of her sick brain had broken itself off, and left her in stupor again.

At length, one day, or one night (for midnight and noon had the same hue in this sepulchre), she heard above her a louder noise than that which the turnkey generally made when he brought her her loaf of bread and pitcher of water. She raised her head, and saw a reddish light through the crevices of the sort of trap-door made in the vault of the *in pace*. At the same time the heavy iron creaked, the trap-door grated on its rusty hinges, turned back, and she saw a lantern, a hand, and the lower part of the bodies of two men, the door being too low for her to see the upper. The light affected her eyes so sensibly that she closed them.

When she reopened them the door was closed, the lantern was placed on a step of

the staircase; a man alone was standing before her. A cagoule fell to his feet, a caffardum of the same color concealed his face. Nothing was seen of his person, neither his face nor his hands. It was a long black winding-sheet standing on end, and under which something was perceived to move. She looked steadily for some minutes at this sort of spectre. Meanwhile neither of them spoke. They were like two statues confronting each other. Two things alone seemed to have life in the vault: the wick of the lantern, which crackled owing to the humidity of the atmosphere, and the drop of water from the roof, which broke this irregular crepitation by its monotonous plash, and made the reflection of the lantern tremble in concentric circles upon the oily water of the pool.

At length the prisoner broke silence. "Who are you?"

"A priest."

The word, the accent, the sound of the voice made her start.

The priest continued in a hollow tone: "Are you prepared?"

"For what?"

"For death."

"Oh!" said she; "will it be soon?"

"To-morrow."

Her head, which she had raised joyfully, fell back again upon her bosom. "That's very long!" murmured she; "what could it signify to them if it had been to-day?"

"You are very wretched, then?" asked the priest after a short silence.

"I'm very cold," answered she.

She took her feet between her hands, an habitual gesture with poor creatures extremely cold, and which we have already remarked in the recluse of the Tour-Roland, and her teeth chattered.

The priest's eyes appeared to be wandering from under his hood around the dungeon. "Without light! without fire! in the water! 'Tis horrible!"

"Yes," answered she, with the bewildered air which misery had given her. "The day is for every one—why do they give me nothing but night?"

"Do you know," resumed the priest, after another silence, "why you are here?"

"I think I knew it once," said she, passing her thin fingers across her brow, as if to assist her memory, "but I don't know now."

All at once she began to weep like a child. "I want to go away from here, monsieur. I'm cold—I'm afraid—and there are creatures crawling over me."

"Well, then, follow me."

So saying, the priest took her arm. The poor girl was frozen to her very vitals, and yet that hand felt cold to her.

"Oh!" murmured she, "it's the icy hand of death. Who are you?"

The priest raised his hood—she looked—it was that ominous visage which had so long pursued her—that demon's head which had appeared to her at La Falourdel's over the adored head of her Phœbus—that eye which she had the last time seen glaring by the side of a poniard.

This apparition, ever so fatal to her, and which had thus pushed her on from misfortune to misfortune, even to an ignominious death, roused her from her stupor. It seemed to her as if the sort of veil which had woven itself upon her memory, was rent away. All the details of her dismal adventure, from the nocturnal scene at La Falourdel's to her condemnation at the Tournelle, were at once brought back to her mind, not vague and confused as hitherto, but distinct, decided, breathing, terrible. These recollections, almost obliterated by excess of suffering, were revived at the sight of the gloomy figure before her, as the approach of fire brings out afresh upon the white paper the invisible letters traced on it with sympathetic ink. It seemed as if all the wounds of her heart were at once reopened and bleeding.

"Ha!" cried she, her hands before her eyes, and with a convulsive shiver, "it's the priest!"

She then let fall her unnerved arms, and remained sitting, her head cast down, her eyes fixed on the ground, speechless, and continuing to tremble.

The priest looked at her with the eye of a kite which has been long hovering from the upmost heaven around a poor lark cowering in the corn, and has been gradually and silently contracting the formid-

able circles of its flight, until it suddenly darts down like lightning upon its prey, and holds it panting between its talons.

She began to murmur in a low tone, "Finish! finish! the last blow!" And her head sank between her shoulders, like a sheep awaiting the stroke of the butcher.

"You have a horror of me, then?" said he, at length. She did not answer.

"Have you a horror of me?" repeated he.

Her lips contracted as if she was smiling. "Yes," said she; "the executioner taunts the condemned! For months he pursues me—threatens me—terrifies me. But for him, my God, how happy I was! It is he that has cast me into this abyss! Oh, heavens! it is he that killed—it is he that killed him—my Phœbus!" Here, bursting into sobs, and raising her eyes toward the priest: "Oh! wretch! who are you? what have I done to you? do you hate me so, then? Alas! what have you against me?"

"I love thee!" cried the priest.

Her tears suddenly ceased; she looked at him with an idiotic air. He had fallen on his knees, and was looking her through with eyes of fire.

"Dost thou hear? I love thee!" cried he again.

"What love?" said the wretched girl, shuddering.

He continued — "The love of the damned!"

Both remained for some minutes silent, crushed under the weight of their emotions—he maddened—she stupefied.

"Listen," said the priest, at length; and a strange calm came over him: "thou shalt know all. I am about to tell thee what hitherto I have scarcely dared tell myself, when secretly I have interrogated my conscience, in those deep hours of the night when it has been so dark that it seemed as if God could no longer see me. Listen—before I met thee, young girl, I was happy——"

"And I too!" sighed she feebly.

"Interrupt me not! Yes—I was happy; at least I thought myself so. I was pure—my soul was filled with limpid light. No head ever rose more lofty or more radiant than mine. Priests consulted upon chastity, doctors upon doctr Yes, science was everything to me; it a sister—and a sister sufficed me. I but that, with age, other ideas ca across my mind. More than once blood was roused by the passing o female form. That force of sex and bl which, foolish youth, I had thought sti forever, had more than once shaken c vulsively the chain of the iron vows wh bind me, miserable wretch, to the c stones of the altar. But fasting, pray study, the macerations of the cloister again restored the soul's empire over body. And then I avoided women. sides, I had only to open a book, for all impure vapors of the brain to evapor before the splendor of science. In a minutes, I saw flee before me the gr things of earth; and again I became tr quil, beguiled, and serene before the c radiance of eternal truth. So long as Demon only sent to encounter me va shadows of women, passing here and th before my eyes, in the church, in streets, in the fields, and which w scarcely retraced in my dreams, I v quished him easily. Alas! if vict stayed not with me, the fault is in G who made not man and the Demon of eq strength. Listen—one day——"

Here the priest stopped; and the p oner heard issuing from his bosom si which seemed to rend him. He resum

"One day I was leaning against window of my cell. What book wa reading then? Oh! all that's confus in my head. I was reading. The win overlooked a square. I heard the so of a tambourine and music. Angry being thus disturbed in my revery, I l into the square. What I saw, there w others that saw it too—and yet it not a spectacle for human eyes. Th in the middle of the pavement—it noon—a burning sun—a creature dancing—a creature so beautiful, that would have preferred her to the Virgi would have chosen her for His mothe would have been born of her, if she existed when He became man. Her e were black and splendid; amidst her ra

locks, a few single hairs, through which the sunbeams shone, were glistening like threads of gold. Her feet were lost in the rapidity of their movement. Around her head, amongst her ebon tresses, were plates of metal, which sparkled in the sun, and formed about her temples a diadem of stars. Her dress, thick-set with spangles, twinkled, all blue and studded with sparkles, like a summer's night. Her brown and pliant arms twined and untwined themselves about her waist like two silken scarfs. Her form was effulgent with beauty. Oh! the resplendent figure, which stood out like something luminous even in the sunlight itself! Alas! young girl, it was thou! Surprised, intoxicated, enchanted, I suffered myself to look. I looked at thee so long, that all at once I shuddered with affright. I felt that fate was laying hold on me."

The priest, overcome, again ceased a moment; then commenced:

"Already half fascinated, I strove to cling to something that might break my fall. I recalled to mind the snares which Satan had already laid before me. The creature before me was of that preternatural beauty which can only be of heaven or hell. That was no mere girl made of a little of our clay, and feebly lighted within by the vacillating ray of a woman's soul. It was an angel, but of darkness—of flame, not of light. At the moment when thinking thus, I saw near thee a goat, a beast of the sabbath, which looked at me laughingly. The mid-day sun gilded its horns with fire. Then I caught a glimpse of the Demon's snare, and I no longer doubted that thou camest from hell, and that thou camest for my perdition. I believed so."

Here the priest looked in the face of the prisoner, and added coolly:

"I believe so still. Meanwhile, the charm operated by degrees; thy dancing whirled in my brain; I felt the mysterious spell at work within me. All that should have kept awake fell asleep in my soul; and, like those who die in the snow, I found pleasure in yielding to that slumber. All at once thou didst begin to sing. What could I do, wretch that I was? Thy song was still more bewitching than thy dance. I would have fled—I felt it impossible. I was nailed, rooted to the ground. It seemed as if the marble flags had risen to my knees. I was obliged to stay to the end. My feet were ice—my brain was boiling. At length thou didst, perhaps, take pity on me; thou didst cease to sing; thou didst disappear. The reflection of the dazzling vision, the reverberation of the enchanting music vanished by degrees from my eyes and ears. Then I fell into the corner of the window, more stiff and helpless than a loosened statue. The vesper bell awoke me. I rose—I fled; but, alas! there was something within me fallen to rise no more—something come upon me from which I could not flee!"

He made another pause, and resumed:

"Yes; from that day forward, there was within me a man I knew not. I had recourse to all my remedies—the cloister—the altar—labor—books. Folly! Oh! how hollow does science sound when a head full of passions in despair strikes against it! Knowest thou, young girl, what I ever after saw between the book and me? It was thyself, thy shade, the image of the luminous apparition which had one day crossed the space before me. But that image no longer wore the same hue—it was gloomy, funereal, darksome—like the black circle that long hangs about the vision of the imprudent one who has been gazing steadfastly at the sun.

"Unable to get rid of it—constantly hearing thy voice warbling in my ears—constantly seeing thy feet dancing on my breviary—constantly feeling at night, in my dreams, thy form in contact with my own—I wished to see thee again—to touch thee—to know who thou wert—to see whether I should find thee indeed equal to the ideal image that had remained of thee—to dispel, perhaps, my dream with the reality. At all events I hoped a fresh impression would efface the former one, and the former was become insupportable. I sought thee. I saw thee again. Misery! When I had seen thee twice, I wished to see thee a thousand times—I wished to see thee always! Then, how to stop short on that hellish declivity? Then I was no

longer my own. The other end of the thread which the Demon had tied about my pinions was fastened to his foot. I became vagrant and wandering like thyself—I waited for thee under porches—I spied thee out at the corners of streets—I watched thee from the top of my tower. Each evening, I re-entered within myself more charmed, more desperate, more fascinated, more undone!

"I had learned who thou wast—a gypsy—a Bohemian—a gitana—a zingara. How could I doubt of the magic? Listen. I hoped that a prosecution would rid me of the charm. A sorceress had bewitched Bruno of Asti; he had her burned, and was cured. I knew it. I wished to try the remedy. I first endeavored to get thee prohibited the Parvis Notre-Dame, hoping to forget thee if thou camest no more. Thou heededst it not. Thou camest again. Then arose the idea of carrying thee off. One night I attempted it. There were two of us. Already we had laid hold on thee, when that wretched officer came upon us. He delivered thee. Thus was he the beginning of thy misfortunes, of mine, and of his own. At length, not knowing what to do or what was to become of me, I denounced thee to the official. I thought I should be cured like Bruno of Asti. I thought, also, confusedly, that a prosecution would place thee at my disposal—that in a prison I should hold thee, I should have thee—that there thou couldst not escape me—that thou hadst possessed me long enough for me to possess thee in my turn. When one does evil, one should keep it thoroughly. 'Tis madness to stop midway in the monstrous! The extremity of crime has its delirium of joy. A priest and a witch may mingle in its ecstacies upon the straw of a dungeon floor!

"So I denounced thee. 'Twas then that I used to terrify thee whenever I met thee. The plot which I was weaving against thee, the storm which I was brewing over thy head, burst from me in muttered threats and lightning glances. Still, however, I hesitated. My project had its appalling points of view, which made me shrink back.

"Perhaps might I have renounced it—perhaps might by hideous thought have withered in my brain without bearing any fruit. I thought it would always depend upon myself either to follow up or set aside this prosecution. But every evil thought is inexorable, and will become an act; and there, where I thought myself all-powerful, fate was more powerful than I. Alas! alas! 'tis fate has laid hold on thee, and cast thee amid the terrible machinery of the engine I had darkly constructed! Listen—I have almost done.

"One day—it was another day of sunshine—I see pass before me a man who pronounces thy name and laughs; he carries profligacy in his eyes. Damnation! I followed. Thou knowest the rest."

He was silent. The young girl could only find one word to utter—"Oh, my Phœbus!"

"No more of that name!" said the priest, seizing her arm with violence. "Pronounce not that name! Oh! wretched that we are, 'tis that name that has undone us! or rather we have undone one another, all through the inexplicable play of fate! Thou art suffering, art thou not? thou art cold; darkness blinds thee; the dungeon wraps thee round; but perhaps hast thou still some light yet shining within thee—were it only thy childish love for that empty being that was trifling with thy heart? while I—I bear the dungeon within me; within me is the winter, the ice, the despair; I have the darkness in my soul. Knowest thou all that I have suffered? I was present at thy trial. I was seated on the bench of the official. Yes—under one of those priestly hoods were the contortions of a damned spirit. When thou wast brought in, I was there; when thou wast interrogated, I was there. The den of wolves! 'Twas my own crime, 'twas my own gibbet they were slowly constructing over thy head! At each deposition, at each proof, at each pleading, I was there; I could count each one of thy steps in the way of sorrow; I was there, too, when the wild beast . . . . . Oh! I had not forseen the torture! Listen. I followed thee into the chamber of anguish. I saw thee undressed and half naked under

the vile hands of the torturer. I saw thy foot—that foot, to have imprinted a kiss on which and to have died, I would have given an empire—that foot, to have had my head crushed under which I should have felt so much ecstasy—that foot I saw put into the horrible brodequin — that brodequin which makes the limb of a living being all one bloody clod! Oh! miserable wretch! while I was looking on, with a poniard I had under my gown I was lacerating my breast. At the cry thou utteredst, I plunged it in my flesh; at a second cry, it would have entered my heart. Look—I think the wound is bleeding still."

He opened his cassock. His chest was indeed torn as if by a tiger's claws; and in his side was a large ill-closed wound.

The prisoner shrank back with horror.

"Oh!" said the priest, "young girl, take pity on me! Thou thinkest thyself miserable. Alas! alas! thou knowest not what misery is. Oh! to love a woman—to be a priest—to be hated—to love with all the powers of one's soul—to feel that one would give for the least of her smiles one's blood, one's vitals, one's fame, one's salvation, immortality and eternity, this life and that which is to come—to regret one is not a king, a genius, an emperor, an archangel, God, that one might place a greater slave under her feet—to clasp her day and night in one's dreams, in one's thoughts; and to see her in love with the trappings of a soldier, and have nothing to offer her but a priest's poor cassock, at which she will feel fear and disgust! To be present with one's jealousy and one's rage, while she lavishes on a wretched imbecile fanfaron those treasures of love and beauty! To behold that form which maddens you, that voluptuous bosom, that flesh panting and blushing under the kisses of another! Oh heavens! to love her foot, her arm, her shoulder—to think of her blue veins, of her brown skin, till one writhes for nights together on the pavement of one's cell; and to see all those caresses one has dreamed of end in her torture! to have succeeded only in laying her on the bed of leather! Oh, these are the true pincers heated at the fires of hell! Oh! blessed is he that is sawn asunder between two boards, or torn to pieces by four horses! Knowest thou what that torture is, endured through long nights, from boiling arteries, a breaking heart, a bursting head, and teeth-gnawed hands — fell tormentors which are unceasingly turning you, as on a burning gridiron, over a thought of love, jealousy, and despair! Young girl, mercy! A truce for a moment! A few ashes on this living coal. Wipe away, I conjure thee, the perspiration that streams in large drops from my brow! Child! torture me with one hand—but caress me with the other! Have pity, young girl! have pity on me."

The priest rolled himself on the wet floor and beat his head against the angles of the stone steps. The young girl listened to him, looked at him. When he ceased, exhausted and panting, she repeated in an undertone, "Oh, my Phœbus!"

The priest crept toward her on his knees.

"I implore thee," cried he, "if thou hast any bowels of compassion, repulse me not! Oh! I love thee! I am a wretch! When thou utterest that name, unhappy girl, it is as if thou wert grinding between thy teeth every fibre of my heart! Mercy! If thou comest from hell, I go thither with thee. I have done enough for that. The hell where thou art, shall be my paradise—the sight of thee is more to be desired than that of God. Oh! say! wilt thou none of me, then? I should have thought the very mountains would have been removed before a woman would have repulsed such a love. Oh! if thou wouldst! . . . . Oh! how happy could we be! We would fly—I would contrive thy escape—we would go somewhere—we would seek that spot on the earth where the sun is the brightest, the trees most luxuriant, the sky the bluest. We would love each other—our two souls should be poured out into each other—and each of us should have an inextinguishable thirst for the other, which we would quench incessantly and in common at that inexhaustible fountain of love!"

She interrupted him with a horrible and

thrilling laugh. "Look, father! you have blood upon your fingers!"

The priest remained for some moments as if petrified, his eyes fixed on his hand.

"Yes—'tis well," continued he at length with singular calmness; "insult me—taunt me—overwhelm me with scorn! but come, come away. Let us hasten. 'Tis to be to-morrow, I tell thee. The gibbet of the Grève, thou knowest? It still awaits thee. 'Tis horrible—to see thee carried in that cart! Oh! mercy! Never did I feel as now I do how much I love thee. Oh! follow me. Thou shalt take time to love me after I have saved thee. Thou shalt hate me as long as thou wilt. But come. To-morrow! to-morrow! the gibbet! thy execution! Oh! save thyself! spare me!"

He took her arm—he was wild—he offered to drag her away.

She fixed on him a steady gaze. "What's become of Phœbus?"

"Ah!" said the priest, letting go her arm, "you have no pity!"

"What's become of Phœbus!" repeated she coldly.

"He's dead!" cried the priest.

"Dead!" said she, still frozen and motionless; "then why do you talk to me of living?"

He was not listening to her. "Oh, yes!" said he, as if speaking to himself, "he must be dead enough. The blade entered deep. I think I reached his heart with the point. Oh! my very soul was in that dagger's point!"

The young girl rushed upon him like a furious tigress, and pushed him against the flight of steps with supernatural strength. "Begone, monster! begone, murderer! leave me to die! May the blood of both of us be an everlasting stain upon thy forehead! Be thine! priest! Never! never! nothing shall unite us! not hell itself! Begone, accursed! Never!"

The priest had stumbled against the stairs. He silently disengaged his feet from the folds of his gown, took up his lantern, and began slowly to ascend the steps leading to the door; he reopened the door, and went out. All at once the young girl saw his head reappear; its expression was terrible; and he cried out, hoarse with rage and despair, "I tell thee, he's dead!"

She fell with her face to the floor; and no other sound was now to be heard in the dungeon, save the trickling of the drop of water which ruffled the surface of the pool in the darkness.

---

## CHAPTER V.

### THE MOTHER.

We doubt whether there be anything in the world more gladdening to the heart of a mother than the ideas awakened by the sight of her infant's little shoe; above all, when it is the holiday, the Sunday, the christening shoe—the shoe embroidered to the very sole—a shoe in which the child has not yet taken one step. The shoe so tiny, has such a charm in it—'tis so impossible for it to walk—that it is to the mother as if she saw her child. She smiles at it, she kisses it, she talks to it, she asks herself, can it really be that there's a foot so small? and, should the child be absent, the little shoe suffices to bring back to her view the soft and fragile creature. She thinks she sees it—sees it all—living, joyous, with its delicate hands, its round head, its pure lips, its clear eyes, with their whites so blue. If it be winter, there it is, crawling on the carpet, climbing laboriously up a stool; and the mother trembles lest it should go near the fire. If it be summer, it creeps about the yard, the garden—plucks up the grass from between the stones—gazes with artless wonder, and without fear, at the great dogs, the great horses—plays with the shell-work, the flowers, and makes the gardener scold when he finds the gravel on the beds and the mould in the walks. Everything smiles, everything is bright, everything plays around it, like itself—even to the zephyr and the sunbeam, which sport in rivalry amidst its wanton curls. The shoe brings all this home to the mother; and her heart melts before it as wax before the fire.

But when the child is lost, those thousand images of joy, of delight, of tenderness which swarmed around the little shoe, become so many sources of horror. The pretty little embroidered shoe is now only an instrument of torture, wearing away incessantly the heart of the mother. It is still the same chord which vibrates, the fibre the most sensitive, the most profound—but instead of its being touched by an angel, it is now wrenched by a demon.

One morning, as the May sun was rising on one of those dark-blue skies in which Garofolo loves to place his descents from the cross, the recluse of the Tour-Roland heard a noise of wheels, of horses, and the clanking of irons, in the Place de Grève. She was but little roused by it; fastened her hair over her ears to deaden the sound; and on her knees resumed her contemplation of the inanimate object which she had thus been adoring for fifteen years. That little shoe, we have already said, was to her the universe. Her thoughts were locked up in it, and were never to quit it until death. What bitter imprecations she had breathed to heaven, what heart-rending complaints, what prayers and sobs about this charming, rosy, satin toy, the gloomy cave of the Tour-Roland only knew. Never was more despair lavished upon a thing more charming or more graceful. That morning, it seemed as if her grief was venting itself still more violently than usual; and she was heard from without, lamenting in a loud and monotonous voice that went to the heart.

"Oh! my child," said she, "my child! my poor dear little babe, I shall see thee then no more!—all's over then! It seems to me always as if it was done but yesterday! My God! my God! to take her from me so soon—it would have been better not to have given her to me! You do not know, then, that our children are of our own bowels, and that a mother that has lost her child believes no longer in God? Ah! wretched that I am—to have gone out that day!—Lord! Lord! to take her from me so! You never saw me with her, then—when I warmed her all joyous at my fire—when she laughed at me as I gave her suck—when I made her little feet creep up my bosom to my lips? Oh! if you had but seen that, my God! you would have had pity on my joy—you would not have taken from me the only thing I had left to love! Was I such a wretched creature, then, Lord, that you could not look at me before you condemned me? Alas! alas! there's the shoe—but the foot, where is it?—where is the rest!—where is the child? My babe! my babe! what have they done with thee? Lord, give her back to me! For fifteen years have I worn my knees in praying to thee, my God!—is that not enough? Give her back to me for one day, one hour, one minute—but one minute, Lord! and then cast me to the evil one forever! Oh! if I knew where lay but the hem of your garment, I would cling to it with both hands, and you would be obliged to give me back my child! Her pretty little shoe, have you no pity on it, Lord? Can you condemn a poor mother to this fifteen years' torture? Good Virgin! good Virgin of heaven! my own infant Jesus, they have taken it from me—they have stolen it—they have eaten it on the wild heath—they have drunk its blood—they have gnawed its bones? Good Virgin! have pity on me? My girl! I must have my girl! What care I that she's in heaven? I'll none of your angel, I want my child! I am the lioness, I want my whelp! Oh, I'll writhe upon the ground—I'll dash my forehead against the stones—I'll damn myself, and curse you, Lord, if you keep from me my child! You see how my arms are gnawed all over, Lord! Has the good God no pity! Oh, give me only black bread and salt, only let me have my child to warm me like a sun! Alas! Lord God, I am only a vile sinner, but my child made me pious. I was full of religion for her sake, and I saw you through her smile as through an opening of heaven. Oh, let me only once, once again, one little once, put this shoe on her pretty little rosy feet—and I will die, good Virgin, blessing you! Ah! fifteen years! she would be grown up now! Unhappy child!—What! is it true, then, I shall never see her more, not even in heaven? for I shall never go there. Oh, what

mfsery! to have to say, 'There is her shoe, and that is all!'"

The wretched woman had thrown herself on this shoe, for so many years her consolation and despair; and her heart was rent with sobs as at the first day—for to a mother that had lost her child, it is always the first day—that grief never grows old. In vain may the mourning garments wear out and lose their dye—the heart remains dark as at first!

At that moment some fresh and joyous children's voices passed before the cell. Whenever any children met her eye or ear, the poor mother used to rush in the darkest corner of the sepulchre, and seemed as if she would plunge her head into the stone that she might not hear them. This time, on the contrary, she started up, and listened eagerly. One of the little boys had just said, "They're going to hang a gypsy woman to-day."

With a sudden bound, like that of the spider which we have seen rush upon a fly at the shaking of her web, she ran to her loophole, which looked out, as the reader is aware, upon the Place de Grève. There, indeed, was a ladder reared up against the permanent gibbet; and the hangman's assistant was busy adjusting the chains rusted by the rain. Some people were standing around.

The smiling group of children was already far off. The Sachette sought with her eyes some passer-by whom she might interrogate. Close to her cell she caught sight of a priest, who seemed to be reading in the public breviary, but whose mind was much less occupied with the lattice-guarded volume than with the gibbet toward which he cast from time to time a stern and gloomy look. She recognized Monsieur the Archdeacon of Josas, a holy man.

"Father," asked she, "who's going to be hanged there?"

The priest looked at her without answering; she repeated the question, and then he said, "I don't know."

"There were some children here just now, that said it was a gypsy woman," continued the recluse.

"I believe it is," said the priest.

Then Paquette la Chantefleurie burst into a hyena laugh.

"Sister," said the archdeacon, "you hate the gypsy woman heartily then?"

"Hate them!" cried the recluse; "they are witches—child-stealers! They devoured my little girl—my child—my only child! I have no heart left—they have devoured it!"

She was frightful. The priest looked at her coldly.

"There's one of them that I hate above all, and that I've cursed," resumed she; "a young one, who's the age my girl would be if her mother had not eaten my girl. Every time that young viper passes before my cell, she makes my blood boil."

"Well, sister, be joyful now," said the priest, as icy cold as a sepulchral statue; "that's the one you are going to see die."

His head fell upon his breast, and he withdrew slowly.

The recluse writhed her arms with joy.

"I had foretold it to her that she would go up there again. Thank you, priest," cried she; and then she began to pace with rapid steps before the bars of her window-place, her hair disheveled, her eyes glaring, striking her shoulder against the wall, with the wild air of a caged she-wolf that has long been hungry and feels that the hour of her repast is approaching.

---

## CHAPTER VI.

### THREE HEARTS OF DIFFERENT KINDS.

PHŒBUS, however, was not dead. Men of his description are not easily killed. When Maître Philippe Lheulier, the king's advocate extraordinary, had said to the poor Esmeralda, "he's dying," it was by mistake or in jest. When the archdeacon had repeated to the condemned, "he is dead," the fact was that he knew nothing about the matter, but that he believed so, that he calculated it must be so, and fully hoped it was so. He could ill have brooked the giving to the woman he was in love with any good news of his rival. "Any

man in his place," our author ingenuously remarks, "would have done likewise."

Not, indeed, that Phœbus's wound had not been serious; but it had been less so than the archdeacon flattered himself. The surgeon—the maître-myrrhe, as he was then called—to whose residence the soldiers of the watch had conveyed him in the first instance, had, for a week, been in fear for his life, and had even told him so in Latin. However, the vigor of a youthful constitution had triumphed; and as often happens, notwithstanding prognostics and diagnostics, Nature amused herself with saving the patient, in spite of the physician. It was while he was yet lying upon the sick-bed of the son of Esculapius, that he underwent the first interrogatories of Philippe Lheulier and the official's enquêteurs or inquest men, which he had found especially wearisome. And so, one fine morning, feeling himself beaten, he had left his gold spurs in payment to the man of medicine and taken himself off. This, however, had by no means impeded the framing of the indictment and preparation of the evidence. The justice of that day was very little anxious about clearness and precision in the proceedings against a criminal. Provided only that the accused got hanged, that was sufficient. And then, the judges had quite proof enough against La Esmeralda—they had believed Phœbus to be dead—and that was decisive.

Phœbus himself had fled to no great distance. He had merely, and very naturally, gone to join his company, then on garrison duty at Queue-en-Brie, in the Isle of France, a few stages from Paris.

After all, he felt that it would be by no means agreeable for him to appear personally in that trial. He had a vague impression that he would look rather ridiculous in it. In fact, he did not very well know what to think of the whole affair. Superstitious without devotion, like every soldier who is nothing more than a soldier, when he questioned himself upon the particulars of that adventure, he was not altogether without his suspicions respecting the little goat—the odd circumstances under which he had first met with La Esmeralda—the manner no less strange in which she had seemed to betray to him the secret of her passion—her being a gypsy—and last, but not least, the spectre monk. In all those incidents he thought he could discern much more magic than love—probably a sorceress—perhaps the devil—a sort of drama, in short—or, to speak the language of that day, a mystery—very disagreeable indeed—in which he played a very awkward part, that of the personage beaten and laughed at. The captain felt abashed at this; he experienced that species of shame which Lafontaine has so admirably defined:

As ashamed as a fox would be, caught by a hen.

Besides, he hoped that the affair would not be rumored about—that, himself being absent, his name would hardly be pronounced in connection with it, or, at any rate would not be heard beyond the court-room of the Tournelle. Nor was he mistaken in that respect; there was not then any *Gazette des Tribunaux;* and as hardly a week passed in which there was not some coiner boiled to death, some witch hanged, or some heretic burned, at some one of the innumerable justices of Paris, people were so much accustomed to see, at every cross-way, the old feudal Themis, with her arms bare and her sleeves turned up, at work at her gibbets, her échelles, and her pillories, that scarcely any notice was taken of the matter. The *beau monde* of that age hardly knew the name of the sufferer that passed by at the corner of the street; and, at most, it was only the populace that regaled themselves with that unsavory viand. An execution was one of the incidents habitually met with in the public way, like the braisière of the talmellier, or the slaughter-house of the écorcheur. The executioner was but a sort of butcher rather more versed in his trade than ordinary.

Phœbus, therefore, very soon set his mind to rest with respect to the enchantress Esmeralda, or Similar, as he called her, the stab which he had received from the gypsy girl, or from the spectre monk (it mattered little to him which), and the issue of the trial. But no sooner was his

heart vacant on that side, than the image of Fleur-de-Lys returned to it—for the heart of Captain Phœbus, like the natural philosophy of the day, abhorred a vacuum.

Moreover, he found it very dull staying at Queue-en-Brie, a village of farriers and milk-women with chapped hands; a long string of mean houses and hovels, bordering the highway on both sides for half a league; a tail, in short, as its name imports.

Fleur-de-Lys was his last flame but one—a pretty girl—a charming portion; and so, one fine morning, being quite cured of his wound, and fairly presuming that after two months had elapsed, the affair of the gypsy girl must be over and forgotten, the amorous cavalier arrived, prancing in full feather, at the door of the Logis Gondelaurier.

He paid no attention to a very numerous crowd that was collecting in the Place du Parvis, before the entrance of Notre-Dame. He recollected that it was the month of May—he supposed that there was some procession, some Whitsuntide or other holiday exhibition—fastened his horse's bridle to the ring at the porch, and gayly ascended the staircase in search of his fair betrothed. He found her and her mother alone.

Fleur-de-Lys had still weighing upon her heart the scene of the sorceress with her goat and its accursed alphabet, and the lengthened absence of Phœbus. Nevertheless, when she saw her captain enter, she thought he looked so well, and wore so fresh a hacqueton, so shining a baldrick, and so impassioned an air, that she blushed with pleasure. The noble damoiselle herself was more charming than ever. Her magnificent fair locks were braided to perfection; she was clad in all that heavenly blue which so well becomes a fair complexion (a piece of coquetry which she had learned from her acquaintance, Colombe), and her eyes were steeped in that amorous languor which becomes it better still.

Phœbus, who had seen no description of beauty since he quitted the country wenches of Queue-en-Brie, was absolutely intoxicated with the sight of Fleur-de-Lys—which rendered our officer's manner so gallant and assiduous, that his peace was made immediately. Madame de Gondelaurier herself, still maternally seated in her great fauteuil, had not resolution to scold him. As for Fleur-de-Lys's reproaches, they died away in tender coo-ings.

The young lady was seated near the window, still embroidering her grotto of Neptunus. The captain stood leaning over the back of her chair, while she murmured to him her gentle upbraidings.

"Wherever have you been for full two months past, you wicked man?"

"I swear," answered Phœbus, a little embarrassed by the question, "that you are beautiful enough to make an archbishop dream."

She could not help smiling. "Very good, very good, monsieur. But leave my beauty alone, and answer me. Fine beauty, to be sure!"

"Well, my dear cousin—I was recalled to keep garrison."

"And where was that, if you please? and why did you not come and bid me adieu?"

"It was Queue-en-Brie."

Phœbus was delighted that the first question had helped him to elude the second.

"But that's quite near, monsieur. How happened it that you did not come once to see me?"

Here Phœbus was very seriously perplexed. "Because—the service—and besides, my charming cousin, I've been unwell."

"Unwell!" exclaimed she, in alarm.

"Yes—wounded."

"Wounded!"

The poor girl was quite overcome.

"Oh, don't be frightened about that," said Phœbus, carelessly; "it's nothing at all. A quarrel—a crossing of swords—what does that signify to you, my dear?"

"What does it signify to me!" exclaimed Fleur-de-Lys, lifting her beautiful eyes filled with tears. "Oh! you don't think what you say. What was that crossing of swords? I want to know all about it."

"Well, my fair one, I've had a quarrel

with Mahé Fédy, you know, the lieutenant of St. Germain-en-Laye; and each of us have ripped open a few inches of the other's skin—that's all."

The lying captain was well aware that an affair of honor always set a man off to advantage in the eyes of a woman. And, in fact, Fleur-de-Lys looked him in the face with mingled sensations of fear, pleasure, and admiration. However, she did not yet feel completely reassured.

"So that you are but perfectly cured, my Phœbus!" said she. "I don't know your Mahé Fédy—but he must be a vile fellow. And what was this quarrel about?"

Here Phœbus, whose imagination was not over creative, began to be rather at a loss how to dispose conveniently of his prowess.

"Oh, I don't know—a mere nothing at all — a horse—a word dropped. *Belle cousine,*" said he, by way of turning the conversation, "what's that noise about in the Parvis?" He went to the window—"Oh, *mon Dieu! belle cousine*, there's a a great crowd in the Place."

"I don't know," said Fleur-de-Lys; "it seems there's a witch going to do penance this morning before the church, on her way to be hanged."

So absolutely did the captain believe the affair of La Esmeralda to be terminated, that he was little affected by these words of Fleur-de-Lys. Nevertheless, he asked her one or two questions.

"What's the witch's name?"

"I don't know," she answered.

"And what do they say she's done?"

Again she shrugged her white shoulders, and replied, "I don't know."

"Oh, *mon Dieu Fésus!*" exclaimed her mother, "there are so many sorcerers nowadays that I dare say they burn them without knowing their names. It would be of no more use than to try to know the name of every cloud in the sky. But, after all, we may make ourselves easy—God above keeps his register." Here the venerable dame rose and went to the window. "Signeur!" she cried, "you're right, Phœbus—there is indeed a great crowd of the populaire. There they are, blessed be God! even up to the housetops! Do you know, Phœbus, that reminds me of my young days—the entry of King Charles VII.—when there was such a concourse too—I don't recollect what year it was. When I talk to you about that now, it sounds to you (doesn't it?) like something old, and to me like something young. Oh! there was a far finer crowd of people than there is now. There were some even upon the machicolations of the Porte St. Antoine. The king had the queen on a pillion behind him; and after their highnesses came all the ladies mounted behind the signeurs. I remember there was much laughing; for by the side of Amanyon de Garlande, who was very short, there was the Sire Matefelon, a knight of giant stature, who had killed heaps of English. It was very fine indeed. A procession of all the gentlemen of France, with their oriflammes waving red before you. There were those of the pennon, and those of the banner. Let me see—there was the Sire de Calan, with his pennon; Jean de Chateaumorant, with his banner; the Sire de Coucy, with his banner—and a richer one, too, than any of the others, except the Duke of Bourbon's. Alas! how melancholy to think that all that has existed, and that all has passed away!"

The two lovers were inattentive to the reminiscences of the venerable dowager. Phœbus had returned to lean over the back of the chair of his betrothed—a charming situation, from which his libertine glance could invade all the openings of Fleur-de-Lys's collarette, which yawned so conveniently, revealed to him so many exquisite things, and led him to divine so many others, that Phœbus, quite ravished with that satiny-glowing skin, said to himself, "How can a man love any but a fair beauty?" They both remained silent. The young lady lifted up to him, from time to time, her eyes full of gentleness and delight; and their hair mingled in the beams of the vernal sun.

"Phœbus," said Fleur-de-Lys all at once, in a whisper, "we are to be married in three months—swear to me that you have never loved any woman but myself."

"I swear it, fair angel!" answered he; and, to convince Fleur-de-Lys, an impassioned look was added to the sincere tone of his voice. Perhaps, indeed, at that moment, he himself believed what he was saying.

Meanwhile, the good mother, delighted to see the two fiancés on such excellent terms with each other, had quitted the apartment to attend to some household matter. Phœbus remarked it; and they being left thus alone so much emboldened the adventurous captain, that some very strange ideas entered his brain. Fleur-de-Lys loved him—he was engaged to her—they were alone—his old inclination for her had revived, not in all its freshness, indeed, but in all its ardor—after all, there could be no great crime. We know not exactly whether all these thoughts actually crossed his mind, but this is certain—that Fleur-de-Lys was all at once alarmed at the expression of his countenance. She looked around her, and saw that her mother was gone.

"*Mon Dieu!*" said she, blushing and uneasy, "I'm very hot!"

"I think, indeed," returned Phœbus, "it must be almost noon. The sun becomes annoying—there's no remedy but to draw the curtains."

"No, no!" cried the poor girl, "on the contrary, I've occasion for air."

And, like a hind that scents the breath of the approaching pack, she rose, hurried to the window, opened it, and rushed upon the balcony. Phœbus, little gratified at this movement, followed her thither.

The Place du Parvis Notre-Dame, upon which, as the reader is aware, the balcony looked, presented, at that moment, an odd and dismal spectacle, which suddenly altered the nature of the timid Fleur-de-Lys's alarm.

An immense crowd of people, extending into all the adjacent streets, covered the Place properly so called. The low wall inclosing the Parvis itself, would not have sufficed to keep that interior space clear, but that it was lined by dense ranks of the sergeants of the Onze-vingts, and of hackbuteers, culverin in hand. Owing, however, to this grove of pikes and arquebusses, the Parvis was empty. Its entrance was guarded by a body of the bishop's own halberdiers. The great doors of the church were shut, thus contrasting with the numberless windows round the Place, which, being all open up to the very gables, exhibited thousands of heads piled in heaps, something like the balls in a park of artillery.

The surface of the multitude was dingy and dirty-looking. The sight which they were waiting to see was evidently one of those whose privilege it is to bring out and call together all that is most unclean in the population of a city. Nothing could be more hideous than the murmur that rose from that swarm of yellow caps and dirty heads. In this crowd there were fewer shouts than peals of laughter, fewer men than women.

From time to time some shrill voice pierced through the general hum.

"I say—Mahiet Baliffre—are they going to hang her there?"

"You simpleton! this is to be the penance in her shift. God Almighty's going to cough Latin in her face. That's always done here at noon. If it's the gallows you want, you must go to the Grève."

"I'll go there after."

* * * * *

"Do just tell me, La Boucanbry, is it true that she's refused to have a confessor?"

"It seems it is, La Bechaigne."

"Oh! the pagan!"

* * * * *

"Sir, it's the custom. The bailiff of the Palais is bound to deliver the malefactor, ready sentenced, for execution—if it's a layman, to the provost of Paris—if it's a clerk, to the official of the bishopric."

"Thank you, sir."

* * * * *

"Oh, my God!" said Fleur-de-Lys—"the poor creature!"

This thought filled with sadness the look which she cast over the populace. The captain, whose attention was much more occupied by herself than by that

congregation of the rabble, was amorously fingering her waist behind. She turned around with a look half smiling and half entreating. "Now, do leave me alone, Phœbus!—if my mother were to come in she would see your hand."

At that moment, the clock of Notre-Dame slowly struck twelve. A murmur of satisfaction burst from the crowd. The last vibration of the twelfth stroke had hardly expired on the air, when the heads of the multitude were all set in motion like the waves before a sudden gale, and an immense shout arose at once, from the ground, from the windows, and from the roofs, of "Here she comes!"

Fleur-de-Lys put her hands before her eyes, that she might not see.

"My charmer," said Phœbus, "will you go in?"

"No," answered she; and those eyes which she had just closed through fear, she opened again through curiosity.

A tumbrel drawn by a strong Norman dray-horse, and quite surrounded by horsemen in the violet uniform with the white crosses, had just entered the Place from the Rue Saint-Pierre-aux-Bœufs. The sergeants of the watch made way for it through the multitude by a vigorous use of their whit-leather boullayes. By the side of the tumbrel rode some officers of justice and of police, distinguishable by their black costume and their awkwardness on horseback. Maître Jacques Charmolue paraded at their head. In the fatal cart a young girl was seated, with her hands tied behind her, and without any priest at her side. She was in her shift; her long black hair (for it was then the custom not to cut it until reaching the foot of the gibbet) fell unbound upon her neck and over her half-uncovered shoulders.

Across those disheveled and undulating locks, more shining than a raven's plumage, was seen, twisted and knotted, a thick brown cord, which roughly chafed the poor girl's pretty, fragile neck, encircling it like an earth-worm twined about a flower. Beneath that rope glittered a small amulet, ornamented with green glass, which, no doubt, she had been allowed to keep merely because it was thought not worth while to refuse it to one just going to die. The spectators up at the windows could discern at the bottom of the tumbrel her naked legs, which she strove to conceal under her as if through a last remaining instinct of her sex. At her feet was a little she-goat, with its limbs also bound. The condemned was holding together with her teeth her ill-tied chemise. It seemed as if she still suffered in her misery from being thus exposed almost naked before all eyes. Alas! it was not for shudderings like this that feminine modesty was designed.

"Jesus!" said Fleur-de-Lys, sharply, to the captain, "look here, beau cousin—it's that vile gypsy girl with the goat."

So saying, she turned around to Phœbus. His eyes were fixed upon the tumbrel, and he looked very pale.

"What gypsy girl with the goat?" said he, stammering.

"Why," rejoined Fleur-de-Lys, "don't you remember?"

Phœbus interrupted her—"I don't know what you mean."

He made one step to go in; but Fleur-de-Lys, whose jealousy, but lately so vehement, so strongly excited by that same gypsy girl, was now re-awakened, cast at him a glance full of penetration and mistrust. At that moment, she vaguely recollected having heard speak of a captain whose name had been mixed up in the trial of that sorceress.

"What's the matter with you?" said she to Phœbus; "one would think that woman had discomposed you."

Phœbus strove to force a titter. "Me!" said he—"not the least in the world. Me, indeed!"

"Stay, then," said she, in a commanding tone, "and let us see it out."

The unlucky captain had no chance but to remain. However, it encouraged him a little, to see that the condemned kept her eyes fixed upon the bottom of the tumbrel. It was but too truly La Esmeralda. In this last stage of ignominy and misfortune, she was still beautiful—her large, black eyes looked larger for the sinking of her cheeks, and her livid profile was pure and sublime. She resembled what she had

been, just in the degree that one of Masaccio's Virgins resembles one of Raphael's—looking weaker, slenderer, thinner.

As for her mien—she seemed to be all tossing about, as it were—everything, except as far as modesty dictated, being left to chance—so thoroughly had her spirit been broken by stupor and despair. Her form rebounded at every jolt of the tumbrel, like something dead or dislocated—her look was fixed and unconscious—a tear was still to be seen in her eye, but motionless, as if it had been frozen there.

Meanwhile, the dismal cavalcade had traversed the crowd, amid shouts of rejoicing and attitudes of curiosity. Nevertheless, historical fidelity calls upon us to testify that on seeing her so beautiful and so overwhelmed with affliction, many were moved to pity, even among the most hard-hearted. The tumbrel had entered the Parvis, and had stopped before the central doorway of the church.

The escort drew up in a line on either side. The crowd were now silent; and amid that silence so solemn and anxious, each half of the great door turned, as if of itself, upon its hinges, which creaked like the sound of a fife. Then the deep interior of the church was seen in its whole extent, gloomy, hung with mourning, faintly lighted by a few wax tapers twinkling afar off upon the high altar, yawning like a cavern amidst the Place inundated with light. Quite at the farther end, in the shade of the chancel, was dimly distinguished a gigantic silver cross, gleaming against a piece of black drapery, which hung from the vaulted ceiling down to the floor. The nave was quite solitary; but the heads of some priests were seen confusedly stirring in the distant stalls of the choir; and at the moment that the great door opened, there burst from the interior of the church a solemn and monotonous chant, which cast, as in successive puffs, upon the head of the condemned, fragments of dismal psalms:—

"... *Non timebo millia populi circumdantis me; exsurge, Domine: salvum me fac, Deus!*" *

"... *Salvum me fac, Deus, quoniam intraverunt aquæ usque ad animam meam.*" *

"... *Infixus sum in limo profundi; et non est substantia.*" †

At the same time another voice, isolated from the choir, gave out from the steps of the high altar, this melancholy offertory:

"... *Qui verbum meum audit, et credit ei qui misit me, habet vitam æternam, et in judicium non venit; sed transit a morte in vitam.*" ‡

This chant, which some old men, lost to view in the darkness of the church, were thus pouring forth over that beautiful creature full of youth and life, wooed by the tepid airs of spring, and wrapped in sunshine, was the mass for the dead.

The multitude listened in mute attention.

The unfortunate girl, quite bewildered, seemed to lose her view and her consciousness in the dark interior of the cathedral. Her pale lips moved as if uttering a prayer; and when the executioner's assistant approached to help her down from the tumbrel, he heard her repeat, in a whisper, the word "Phœbus."

They untied her hands, and made her descend from the vehicle, accompanied by her goat, which they also unbound, and which bleated with joy to feel itself at liberty. They then made her walk barefoot over the pavement, to the bottom of the great steps of entrance; the rope that was passed round her neck trailing behind her, and looking like a serpent closely pursuing her.

Then there was a pause in the chant within the church. A great cross of gold and a file of wax-tapers were seen beginning to move in the dark distance. The halberds of the motley-dressed yeomen of the bishop were heard to clang upon the floor; and in a few minutes a long proces-

* .... I will not fear the thousands of the people gathered about me; arise, O Lord! save me, O my God!

* .... Save me, O God; albeit the waters have entered—even unto my soul.

† ... Behold, I am set fast in the slime of the great deep, and there is no ground under my feet.

‡ .... Whoso heareth my word, and believeth in Him that sent me, hath life everlasting; he cometh not into judgment, but from death he passeth unto life.

sion, of priests in their chasubles and deacons in their dalmatics, coming, psalm-singing, slowly along, developed itself to the view of the condemned and to that of the multitude. But her eye fixed itself upon the one who walked at their head, immediately after the cross-bearer. "Oh!" said she to herself in a low whisper, shuddering as she spoke, "'tis he again! the priest!"

It was in fact the archdeacon. On his left walked the sub-chanter; and on his right, the precentor, carrying his staff of office. He advanced with his head thrown back, his eyes wide open and fixed, singing in a strong voice:

"*De ventre inferi clamavi, et exaudisti vocem meam.**

"*Et projecisti me in profundum in corde maris, et flumen circumdedit me.*" †

At the moment that he appeared in the broad daylight, under the high pointed doorway, wrapped in an ample silver cope, marked with a black cross, he was so pale, that some among the crowd actually thought that one of the marble bishops kneeling on the tombstones in the choir had risen upon his feet, and was come to receive on the threshold of the grave her who was going to die.

She herself, no less pale and statue-like, had scarcely perceived that they had put into her hand a heavy lighted taper of yellow wax. She had not hearkened to the clamorous voice of the registrar, reading over the fatal tenor of the amende honorable; only, when they had told her to answer amen, she had answered, "Amen!"

She was not brought back to some slight consciousness of life and strength, until she saw the priest make a sign to her guards to retire, and himself advanced toward her. But now she felt her blood boiling in her head, and a remaining spark of indignation was kindled in that spirit already benumbed and cold.

The archdeacon approached her slowly. Even in that her dire extremity, she perceived him cast over her exposed form an eye sparkling with jealousy and lascivious desire. Then he said to her in a loud voice, "Young woman, have you asked pardon of God for your sins and your offenses?" He leaned to her ear, and added (while the spectators supposed he was receiving her last confession), "Will you have anything to say to me? I can save you yet!"

She looked him steadfastly in the face and said, "Begone, you demon, or I denounce you!"

He smiled—a horrid smile—"They'll not believe you—you will be but adding a scandal to a crime—answer me quickly—will you have anything to say to me?"

"What have you done with my Phœbus," she returned.

"He's dead," said the priest.

At that moment, the wretched archdeacon raised his head mechanically, and saw, at the opposite side of the Place, on the balcony of the Logis Gondelaurier, the captain himself, standing close by Fleur-de-Lys. He staggered, passed his hands over his eyes, looked again, muttered a malediction, and every line of his face was violently contracted.

"Well, then, die thou!" said he, between his teeth; "no one shall have thee!" Then lifting his hand over the gypsy girl, he exclaimed, in a sepulchral voice, "*I nunc anima anceps, et sit tibi Deus misericors.*" *

This was the awful formula with which it was the custom to close that gloomy ceremonial. It was the precencerted signal given by the priest to the executioner.

Hereupon the people knelt down.

"*Kyrie Eleison!*" † said the priests, remaining under the great arched doorway.

"*Kyrie Eleison!*" repeated the multitude, with that murmuring noise which runs over a sea of heads, like the plashing of the waves of the sea itself when in agitation.

"Amen!" said the archdeacon.

He turned his back upon the condemned;

* Out of the bowels of the earth I have called unto thee, and thou hast heard my voice.

† And thou hast cast me into the depths of the sea, and the waters have gone about me.

* Go thy way now, lingering soul, and may God have mercy upon thee!

† Lord, have mercy upon us!

his head fell upon his breast; his hands crossed themselves; he returned to his train of priests, and in a minute he was seen to disappear with the cross; the tapers and the copes, under the dim arches of the cathedral, and his sonorous voice gradually died away in the choir while chanting this verse of despair:

"*Omnes gurgites tui et fluctus tui super me transierunt!*"*

At the same time, the intermitted clang of the iron-covered butt-ends of the yeomen's pikes, dying away successively under the several intercolumniations of the nave, sounded like the hammer of a clock striking the last hour of the condemned.

Meanwhile the doors of Notre-Dame remained open, showing the interior of the church, empty, desolate, in mourning, torchless, and voiceless.

The condemned remained motionless on the spot where they had placed her, waiting to be disposed of. It was necessary for one of the sergeants of the wand to give information of the circumstance to Maître Charmolue, who, during all this scene, had set himself to study that bas-relief of the grand portal which represents, according to some, Abraham's sacrifice, according to others, the magnum opus, the grand alchemical operation, the sun being figured by the angel, the fire by the fagot, and the operator by Abraham.

They had much ado to draw him away from this contemplation; but at last he turned round, and at the sign which he made them, two men dressed in yellow, the executioner's assistants, approached the gypsy girl to tie her hands again.

The unfortunate girl, at the moment of re-ascending the fatal cart, and moving on toward her final scene, was seized, perhaps, by some last overwhelming clinging to life. She lifted her dry, reddened eyes to heaven, to the sky, to the sun, to the silvery clouds, intermingled with patches of brilliant blue; then she cast them around her upon the ground, the people, the houses. All at once, while the man in yellow was pinioning her, she uttered a terrible cry, a cry of joy. At that balcony over there, at the angle of the Place, she had distinguished his form, the form of him, her friend, her lord, Phœbus, that other apparition of her life! The judge had lied! the priest had lied! it was he indeed, she could not doubt it. He was there, living, beautiful, clad in his brilliant uniform, with the plume on his head and the sword by his side.

"Phœbus!" she cried, "my Phœbus!" and she would have stretched out to him her arms all trembling with love and delight, but they were bound.

Then she saw the captain knit his brows; a fine young woman, leaning upon his arm, looked at him with scornful lip and angry eye; then Phœbus uttered some words which did not reach her ear, and then he and the lady both hastily disappeared behind the casement of the balcony, which immediately closed.

"Phœbus!" cried the unfortunate, "can it be that thou believest it?"

A monstrous idea had just suggested itself to her. She recollected that she had been condemned for murder committed on the person of Phœbus de Chateaupers.

She had supported everything until now, but this last blow was too severe. She fell senseless upon the ground.

"Come," said Charmolue, "carry her into the cart, and let us finish."

No one had yet remarked, in the gallery of royal statues carved immediately above the arches of the portal, a strange-looking spectator, who, until then, had been observing all that passed with such absolute passiveness, a neck so intently stretched, a visage so deformed, that, but for his habiliments, half red and half violet, he might have been taken for one of the stone monsters through whose mouths the long gutters of the cathedral have disgorged themselves for six hundred years. No visible circumstance of all that had been transacted before the entrance of Notre-Dame since the hour of twelve had escaped this spectator. And at the very commencement, without any one's noticing the action, he had fastened firmly to one of the small columns of the gallery a strong knotted rope, the other end of which fell down below upon the top of the

* All thy whirlpools, O Lord, and all thy waves, have gone over me!

steps of entrance. This being done, he had set himself to look quietly on, only whistling from time to time when some blackbird flew by him. All at once, at the moment that the chief executioner's two assistants were preparing to execute Charmolue's phlegmatic order, he strided over the balustrade of the gallery, gripped the cord with his feet, his knees, and his hands; then he was seen to slide down over that part of the façade, like a drop of rain gliding down a pane of glass, run up to the two sub-executioners with the speed of a cat just dropped from a house-top, knock them both down with a pair of enormous fists, carry off the gypsy girl with one hand, as a child does a doll, and leap, at one bound, into the church, lifting the girl above his head, and crying out with a formidable voice, "Sanctuary!"

This was done with such rapidity that, had it been night, the whole might have been seen by the glare of a single flash of lightning.

"Sanctuary! sanctuary!" repeated the crowd; and the clapping of ten thousand hands made Quasimodo's only eye sparkle with joy and pride.

This shock brought the condemned to her senses. She lifted her eyelids, looked at Quasimodo, then suddenly dropped them again, as if terrified at her deliverer.

Charmolue, the executioners, and the whole escort were confounded. The fact was that within the walls of Notre-Dame the condemned was inviolable. The cathedral was a recognized place of refuge; all temporal jurisdiction expired upon its threshold.

Quasimodo had stopped under the grand doorway. His broad feet seemed to rest as solidly upon the floor of the church as the heavy Roman pillars themselves. His great disheveled head looked compressed between his shoulders, like that of a lion, which animal, in like manner, has a mane but no neck. He held the young girl, all palpitating, suspended in his horny hands, like a piece of white drapery, but he bore her so cautiously that he seemed to be afraid of breaking or withering her. It was as if he felt that she was something delicate, exquisite, precious, made for other hands than his. At some moments he looked as if not daring to touch her, even with his breath. Then, all at once, he would strain her closely in his arms to his angular breast, as if she were his only good, his treasure, as the mother of that child would have done. His gnome's eye, bent down upon her, poured over her a flood of tenderness, grief, and pity, and then again it was lifted up all flashing. Then the women laughed and wept, the crowd stamped their feet with enthusiasm, for at that moment Quasimodo had really a beauty of his own. Yes, that orphan, that foundling, that outcast was fair to look upon. He felt himself august in his strength. He stood erect, looking full in the face that society from which he was banished, yet in which he was displaying so powerful an intervention; that human justice from which he had snatched its prey; all those tigers whose longing jaws he forced to remain empty; all those police-agents, those judges, those executioners; all that force of the king which he, poor and helpless as he was, had broken with the force of God.

And then, there was something affecting in that protection falling from a being so deformed upon one so unfortunate; in the circumstance of a poor girl condemned to death being saved by Quasimodo. It was the extremity of natural and that of social wretchedness, meeting and assisting each other.

Meanwhile, after a few minutes' triumph, Quasimodo had suddenly plunged, with his burden, into the darksome interior of the church. The people, fond of any display of prowess, sought him with their eyes under the gloomy nave, regretting that he had so quickly withdrawn himself from their acclamations. All at once he was seen to reappear at one extremity of the gallery of the royal statues. He passed along it, running like a madman, lifting up his conquest in his arms, and shouting, "Sanctuary!" Fresh plaudits burst from the multitude. Having traversed the gallery, he plunged again into the interior of the church. A minute afterward he appeared upon the

upper platform, still bearing the gypsy in his arms, still running wildly along, still shouting "Sanctuary!" and the crowd still applauding. At last he made a third appearance on the summit of the tower of the great bell: from thence he seemed to show exultingly to the whole city the fair creature he had saved; and his thundering voice, that voice which was heard so seldom, and which he never heard at all, thrice repeated with frantic vehemence, even in the very clouds, "Sanctuary! Sanctuary! Sanctuary!"

"Noël! Noël!" cried the people in their turn; and that multitudinous acclamation resounded upon the opposite shore of the Seine, to the astonishment of the crowd assembled in the Place de Grève, and of the recluse herself, who was still waiting with her eyes fixed upon the gibbet.

---

# BOOK VIII.

---

## CHAPTER I.

### DELIRIUM.

Claude Frollo was no longer in Notre-Dame when his adopted son thus cut the fatal knot in which the unhappy archdeacon had bound the gypsy girl and caught himself. On returning into the sacristy, he had torn from his shoulders the albe, the cope, and the stole; thrown them all into the hands of the amazed verger; made his escape through the private door of the cloister; had ordered a wherryman of the Terrain to convey him to the left bank of the Seine, and plunged into the hilly streets of the University, going he knew not whither; meeting, at every step, parties of men and of women pressing joyously toward the Pont St. Michel, in the hope that they should still "get there in time" to see the witch hanged — looking pale and wild, more troubled, more blinded, and more scared than some bird of night let fly and pursued by a troop of children in broad daylight. He knew not where he was, what he thought, what he dreamed. He went forward, walking, running, taking each street at random, making no selection of his route, only still urged on by that Grève, that horrible Grève, which he confusedly felt to be behind him.

In this manner he proceeded the whole length of the Montange Ste. Geneviève, and at last issued out of the town by the Porte St. Victor. He continued his flight so long as, turning round, he could see the towered enclosure of the University, and the scattered houses of the faubourg; but when at last a ridge of ground had taken completely out of his view that hateful Paris—when he could imagine himself a hundred leagues from it—in the country—in a desert—he stopped, and felt as if he breathed more freely.

Then frightful ideas rushed upon his mind. He saw down clear into his soul, and shuddered. He thought of that unfortunate girl who had destroyed him, and whom he had destroyed. He cast a haggard eye over the two winding paths, along which fate had driven their separate destinies, to that point of intersection at which she had pitilessly shattered them against each other. He thought of the folly of everlasting vows—the emptiness of chastity, science, religion, virtue—the inutility of God. He took his fill of these bad thoughts; and, while plunging deeper into them, he felt as if the fiend were laughing within him.

And, while thus diving into his soul, when he saw how large a space nature had assigned in it to the passions, he smiled more bitterly still. He stirred up from the bottom of his heart all his hatred, all his wickedness; and he discovered, with the cool eye of a physician examining a patient, that this hatred, this wickedness, were but vitiated love—that love, the source of every virtue in man, turned to things horrible in the heart of a priest—and that a man constituted as he was, by making himself a priest, made himself a demon. Then he laughed frightfully, and all at once he grew pale again, in contemplating the worst side of his fatal passion —of that love, corroding, venomous, mal-

ignant, implacable—which had driven one of them to the gibbet, the other to hell-fire; 'her to condemnation, him to damnation.

And then his laugh came again, when he reflected that Phœbus was living—that the captain was alive, gay, and happy, had finer hacquetons than ever, and a new mistress, whom he brought to see the old one hanged. And he sneered at himself with redoubled bitterness, when he reflected that, of the living beings whose death he had desired, the only one whom he did not really hate, was the only one he had not failed to kill.

Then his thoughts wandered from the captain to the assembled multitude, and he was seized with a jealousy of a novel kind. He reflected that the people, too, the whole people, had had before their eyes the woman whom he loved, exposed almost in a state of nudity. He writhed his arms with agony at the idea that that woman, but a glimpse of whose form caught by himself alone in the darkness, would have been to him the very height of happiness, had been given thus, in broad daylight, at the very noontide, to the gaze of a whole multitude, clad as for a bridal night. He wept with rage over the thought that all those mysteries of love should be thus profaned, sullied, stripped, withered forever. He wept with rage as he figured to himself how many impure looks that ill-attached vesture had gratified—that this lovely girl, this virgin lily, this cup of purity and delight, which he could not have approached with his lips but in trembling, had been converted, as it were, into a public trough, at which the vilest of the Parisian populace, the thieves, the beggars, the lackeys, had come to drink in common of a pleasure shameless, impure, and depraved.

And then, when he thought to picture to his imagination the happiness which he might have found upon earth, had not she been a gypsy and he a priest, had Phœbus not existed, and had she but loved him—when he figured to himself that a life of serenity and love would have been possible for him, too—that at that very moment there were happy couples to be found here and there upon the earth, whiling away the hours in sweet and devious converse, in orange groves—or the side of rivulets—by the setting sun, or under a starry sky—and that, had it been God's will, he might have formed with her one of those blissful couples—his heart melted in tenderness and despair.

Oh, she—still she! It was that fixed idea that haunted him incessantly—that tortured him—that gnawed his brain and corroded his heart. He did not regret, he did not repent; all that he had done he was ready to do again; he liked better to see her in the hands of the executioner than in the arms of the captain. But he was suffering, suffering so violently, that at some moments he tore handfuls of hair from his head, to see if it were not whitening.

There was one moment, among the rest, at which it entered his mind that, perhaps at that very minute, the hideous chain which he had seen in the morning, was drawing its noose of iron about that neck so slender and so graceful; this thought brought the perspiration boiling through his pores.

There was another moment at which, in the midst of a diabolical laugh at himself, he pictured to his imagination, at one and the same time, La Esmeralda as he had seen her for the first time—lively, careless, joyous, gayly attired, dancing, winged, harmonious—and La Esmeralda at her last hour, in her scanty shift, with the rope about her neck, ascending slowly with her naked feet the sharp-cornered steps of the gibbet. He drew this picture to himself so vividly that he uttered a terrific cry.

While this hurricane of despair was overturning, breaking, tearing up, bending to the earth, uprooting all within him, he looked upon the face of nature around him. At his feet some fowls were stirring about among the bushes, pecking the scaly insects that were running in the sunshine. Over his head were some groups of dappled clouds, gliding over a deep blue sky. In the horizon, the spire of St. Victor's abbey shot up its obelisk of slate above the intervening ridge of

ground. And the miller of the Butte Copeaux was whistling light-heartedly while he looked at the steady-turning sails of his mill. All those objects, instinct with a life active, organized, and tranquil, recurring around him in a thousand forms, were painful to him; and again he began to fly.

Thus he hurried on through the country until the evening. This flight of his, from nature, from life, from himself, from man, from God, from everything, lasted the whole day. Sometimes he threw himself with his face to the ground, and tore up with his nails the young blades of corn. Sometimes he stopped in the solitary street of a village, and his thoughts were so insupportable, that he would take his head between both his hands, as if to tear it from his shoulders and dash it on the stones.

Toward the hour of sunset, he examined himself again, and found himself almost mad. The storm that had been raging within him ever since the moment that he had lost all hope and wish to save the gypsy girl, had left him unconscious of a single sound idea, a single rational thought. His reason lay prostrate, almost utterly destroyed. Only two distinct images remained in his mind, La Esmeralda and the gallows—all beside was utter darkness. Those two images, appearing together, presented to him a frightful group; and the more he fixed upon them such power of attention and contemplation as remained to him, the more he saw them increase according to a fancied progression—the one in grace, in charm, in beauty, in light—the other in deformity and horror—until, at last, La Esmeralda appeared to him as a star, the gibbet as an enormous fleshless arm.

It is remarkable that, during all this torture, he was visited by no serious thought of dying. So the wretched man was constituted—he clung to life—perhaps, indeed, he really saw hell in prospect.

Meanwhile, the daylight was declining. The living spirit still existing within him began confusedly to think of return. He thought himself far from Paris; but, on striving to ascertain its bearing, he discovered that he had only been traveling round the circuit of the University. The spire at St. Sulpice and the three lofty needles of St. Germain-des-Près, shot up above the horizon on his right. He bent his steps in that direction. When he heard the "*Qui-vive!*" of the abbot's men-at-arms around the embattled circumvallation of St. Germain's, he turned aside, took a path that lay before him, between the abbey mill and the Maladerie or lazaretto of the bourg, and in a few minutes found himself upon the border of the Pré-aux-Clercs. This Pré was celebrated for the tumults that arose in it night and day; it was a hydra to the poor monks of St. Germain's—*Quod monachi; Sancti Germani Pratensis hydra fuit, clericis nova semper dissidiorum capita suscitantibus.* The archdeacon was afraid of meeting some one there; he dreaded to encounter any human face; he had avoided the University, and the Bourg St. Germain, and he wished to enter the streets again at the latest hour possible. He passed along the side of the Pré-aux-Clercs, took the solitary path which lay between it and the Dieu-Neuf, and at length reached the water-side. There Dom Claude found a boatman, who, for a few deniers parisis, conveyed him up the Seine to the extremity of the island of the City, and landed him upon that uninhabited tongue of land on which the reader has already seen poor Gringoire musing, and which extended beyond the king's gardens, parallel to the islet of the Passeur-aux-Vaches.

The monotonous rocking of the boat, and the dashing of the water, had in some degree lulled the unhappy Claude. When the wherryman had taken his departure, he remained standing in stupor upon the bank, looking straight before him, but perceiving objects only through such magnifying objects as made all a sort of phantasmagoria to him. The exhaustion of a violent grief will often produce this effect upon the mind.

The sun had set behind the lofty Tour de Nesle, and it was now the twilight hour. The sky was white, and so was the surface of the river. Between these two sheets of

white, the left bank of the Seine, upon which his eyes were fixed, projected its dark mass, which, gradually tapering away in the perspective, shot out into the gray horizon like a huge black spire. It was loaded with houses, of which nothing was distinguishable but the dark outline of the whole, boldly marked upon the clear light tint of the sky and the water. Here and there the windows were beginning to twinkle from the lights within. That immense black obelisk, thus isolated between the two white expanses of the sky and the river (at that place very broad), had a singular appearance to Dom Claude, similar to that which would be experienced by a man lying with his back to the ground at the foot of the steeple of Strasburg, and looking up at the enormous spire piercing into the sky above him in the dim twilight. Only there was this difference—that here Claude was erect, and the obelisk was horizontal; but as the river, by reflecting the sky, deepened indefinitely the abyss beneath him, the vast promontory seemed springing as boldly into the void as any cathedral spire, and the impression was the same. Here, indeed, the impression was in this respect stronger and more profound—that, although it was indeed the steeple of Strasburg, it was the steeple of Strasburg two leagues high—something unexampled, gigantic, immeasurable—a structure such as no human eye had seen, except it were the Tower of Babel. The chimneys of the houses, the battlements of the walls, the fantastically-cut gables of the roofs, the spire of the Augustines, the Tour de Nesle—all those projections which indented the profile of the colossal obelisk—added to the illusion by their odd resemblance to the outline of a florid and fanciful sculpture. Claude, in the state of hallucination in which he then was, thought he saw with his living eyes the very steeple of hell. The thousand lights scattered over the whole height of the fearful tower, seemed to him to be so many openings of the vast internal furnace; while the voice and the noises that escaped from it were so many shrieks and groanings of the damned. Then he was terror-struck; he put his hands to his ears that he might hear no longer, turned his back that he might no longer see, and strode hastily away from the frightful vision. But the vision was in himself.

When he came into the streets again, the people passing to and fro in the light of the shop-fronts appeared to him like an everlasting movement of the spectres about him. He had strange noises in his ears, and extraordinary fancies disturbed his brain. He saw neither the houses, nor the pavement, nor the vehicles, nor the men and women—but a chaos of undefined objects merging one into another. At the corner of the Rue de la Barillerie, there was a chandler's shop, which had the penthouse above its window, according to immemorial custom, garnished all around with tin hoops, from each of which was suspended a circle of wooden candles, clattering against each other in the wind with a noise like that of castanets. He thought he heard, rattling one against another in the dark, the bundles of skeletons at Montfaucon.

"Oh!" muttered he, "the night wind drives them one against another, and mixes the rattle of their chains with the rattle of their bones. Perhaps she is there in the midst of them!"

Quite bewildered, he knew not whither he was going. After advancing a few steps farther, he found himself upon the Pont St. Michel. There was a light at a ground-floor window—he went up to it. Through the cracked panes he saw a dirty room, which awakened in his mind a confused recollection. In that room, ill-lighted by a meager lamp, there was a young man, fair and fresh-looking, with a joyous face, throwing his arms, with boisterous laughter, about a girl very immodestly attired; and near the lamp there was an old woman spinning and singing with a tremulous voice. As the young man's laughter was not heard at every moment, the old woman's song made its way in fragments to the ear of the priest; it was something unintelligible yet frightful:

"Growl, Grève! bark, Grève!
Spin away, my distaff brave!
Let the hangman have his cord,
That whistles in the prison-yard.
Growl, Grève! bark, Grève!

"Hemp, that makes the pretty rope—
Sow it widely, give it scope—
Better hemp than wheaten sheaves;
Thief there's none that ever thieves
The pretty rope, the hempen rope.

"Bark, Grève! growl, Grève!
To see the girl of pleasure brave
Dangling on the gibbet high,
Every window is an eye—
Bark, Grève! growl, Grève!"

Hereupon the young man was laughing and caressing the girl. The old woman was La Falourdel; the girl was a girl of the town; and the young man was his brother Jehan.

He continued looking; this sight pleased him then as well as any other.

He saw Jehan go to a window at the farther end of the room, open it, look out upon the quay, where a thousand lighted windows were shining in the distance; and then he heard him say, as he shut the window again:

"Upon my soul, but it's night already! The townsfolk are lighting their candles, and God Almighty His stars."

Then Jehan returned to the wench, and broke a bottle that stood by them on a table, exclaiming: "Empty already, corbœuf! and I've no more money. Isabeau, my darling, I shall not be satisfied with Jupiter, till he's changed your two white nipples into two black bottles, that I may suck Beaune wine from them day and night."

This fine piece of wit made the courtezan laugh; and Jehan took his departure.

Dom Claude had only just time to throw himself on the ground, in order to escape being met, looked in the face, and recognized by his brother. Fortunately the street was dark, and the scholar was drunk. Nevertheless, he espied the archdeacon lying upon the pavement in the mud. "Oh! oh!" said he, "here's one that's had a merry time of it to-day."

He pushed Dom Claude with his foot, the archdeacon holding his breath the while.

"Dead drunk!" resumed Jehan. "Bravo! he's full! a very leech dropped off a wine-cask. He's bald," added he, stooping over him; "it's an old man—*Fortunate senex!*"

Then Dom Claude heard him go away, saying: "It's all one—reason's a fine thing—and my brother the archdeacon's a lucky fellow to be wise and have money!"

The archdeacon then got up again, and hurried straight to Notre-Dame, the big towers of which he could see rising in the dark over the houses.

At the moment that he arrived, all panting, at the Place du Parvis, he shrunk back, and dared not lift his eyes toward the fatal edifice. "Oh," whispered he to himself, "and can it really be, that such a thing took place here to-day—this very morning!"

And now he ventured a glance at the church. Its front was dark—the sky behind was glittering with stars—the crescent moon, in her flight upward from the horizon, at that moment reached the summit of the right-hand tower, and seemed to have perched upon it, like a luminous bird, on the edge of the dark trifoliated balustrade.

The gate of the cloister was shut; but the archdeacon always had with him the key of the tower containing his laboratory, and he now made use of it to enter the church.

He found within it the darkness and the silence of a cavern. By the great shadows that fell from all sides in broad masses, he perceived that the hangings of the morning ceremony were not yet taken away. The great silver cross was glittering amid the darkness, sprinkled over with a number of glittering points, like the milky-way of that sepulchral night. The long windows of the choir showed, above the black drapery, the upper extremities of their pointed arches, the stained glass of which, as shown by the moonlight, had only the doubtful colors of the night, a sort of violet, white, and blue, of a tint to be found nowhere else but on the faces of the dead. The archdeacon, on observing all round the choir those pale, pointed window tops, thought he saw so many mitres of bishops gone to perdition. He closed his eyes; and when he opened them again, he thought they were a circle of pale visages looking down upon him.

He began to flee away through the

church. Then it seemed to him as if the church itself took life and motion—that each massive column became an enormous leg that beat the ground with its broad foot of stone, and that the gigantic cathedral had become a sort of prodigious elephant, breathing and walking along, with its pillars for legs, its two towers for tusks, and the immense black drapery for its caparison.

Thus his fever, or his madness, had arrived at such a pitch of intensity, that the whole external world was become to the unhappy man a sort of apocalypse, visible, palpable, frightful.

For one moment he felt some relief; on plunging into the side aisles, he perceived issuing from behind a group of pillars, a reddish light; he rushed toward it as toward a star of salvation. It was the feeble lamp that lighted day and night the public breviary of Notre-Dame under its iron trellis-work. He cast his eye eagerly upon the sacred book, in the hope of finding there some sentence of consolation or encouragement. The volume was open at this passage of Job, over which he ran his burning eye: "And a spirit passed before my face; and I heard a little breath; and the hair of my flesh stood up."

On reading this dismal sentence, his sensations were those of a blind man when he feels himself pricked by the staff he has picked up. His knees dropped under him, and he sank upon the pavement, thinking of her who had died that day. He felt so many monstrous fumes inundating his brain, that it seemed to him as if his head was become one of the chimneys of hell.

It appears that he remained long in this posture — thinking no more, but overwhelmed and passive under the power of the demon. At last some strength returned to him; he thought of going and taking refuge in the tower, near to his faithful Quasimodo. He rose; and, as fear was upon him, he took the lamp of the breviary to light him. This was a sacrilege—but he was now beyond regarding so slight a consideration.

He climbed slowly up the staircase of the towers, filled with a secret dread, which was likely to be communicated even to the few passengers at that hour through the Place du Parvis, by the mysterious light of his lamp ascending so late at night from loophole to loophole, to the top of the steeple.

All at once he felt some coolness upon his face, and found himself under the doorway of the upper gallery. The air was cold; the sky was streaked with clouds, the broad white flakes of which drifted one upon another like river ice breaking up after a frost. The crescent moon gleaming amid them, looked now like some celestial vessel set fast among those icebergs of the air.

He cast his eyes downward, and gazed for a moment through the curtain of slender columns that connects the towers, afar off, through a light veil of mist and smoke—upon the silent multitude of the roofs of Paris — pointed, innumerable, crowded, and small, like the waves of a tranquil sea in a summer's night. The moon cast a feeble light, which gave to earth and sky an ashy hue.

At that moment the cathedral clock lifted its harsh, broken voice. It struck twelve. The priest thought of noon—it was twelve o'clock come again. "Oh," he whispered to himself, "she must be cold now."

Suddenly a puff of wind extinguished his lamp, and almost at the same time there appeared to him, at the opposite angle of the tower, a shade, a something white, a shape, a female form. He started. By the side of that female form was that of a little goat, that mingled its bleating with the last sounds of the clock.

He had resolution enough to look—it was she!

She was pale—she was sad. Her hair fell upon her shoulders as in the morning, but no rope was round her neck, no cord upon her hands—she was free—she was clad in white, and over her head was thrown a white veil.

She came toward him slowly, looking up to heaven, the unearthly goat following her. He felt himself of stone—too stiff to fly. At each step that she came forward, he made one backward, and that was all. In this manner he re-entered

under the dark vault of the staircase. He froze at the idea that she perhaps was going to enter there too; had she done so, he would have died of terror.

She arrived indeed before the staircase door, stopped there for some moments, looked steadfastly into the dark cavity; then, without appearing to perceive the priest there, she passed on. He thought she looked taller than when she was alive —he saw the moon through her white robe—and was near enough to hear her breathing.

When she had passed by, he began to redescend the staircase with the same slowness which he had observed in the spectre, thinking himself a spectre too—all haggard, his hair erect, the lamp still extinguished in his hand; and, as he descended the spiral stairs, he distinctly heard a voice laughing and repeating in his ear: "And a spirit passed before my face; and I heard a little breath; and the hair of my flesh stood up."

---

## CHAPTER II.

### HUMP-BACKED, BLEAR-EYED, AND LAME.

EVERY town in the Middle Ages, and down to the time of Louis XII., every town in France had its places of sanctuary. These sanctuaries, amid the deluge of penal laws and barbarous jurisdictions that inundated the state, were a sort of islands rising above the level of human justice. Every criminal that landed upon any one of them was saved. In each banlieue there were almost as many of these places of refuge as there were of execution. It was the abuse of impunity beside the abuse of capital punishments—two bad things endeavoring to correct each other. The royal palaces, the mansions of the princes, and especially the churches, had right of sanctuary. Sometimes a whole town that happened to want repeopling, was converted for the time into a place of refuge for criminals; thus Louis XI. made all Paris a sanctuary in 1467.

When once he had set foot within the asylum, the criminal's person was sacred; but it behooved him to beware how he quitted it again; but one step out of the sanctuary—and he fell back into the flood. The wheel, the gibbet, and the strappado kept close guard around the place of refuge, watching incessantly for their prey, like sharks about a ship. Thus individuals under condemnation have been known to grow gray, confined to a cloister, to the staircase of a palace, the grounds of an abbey, or the porch of a church; so far, the sanctuary itself was but a prison under another name. It now and then happened that a solemn decree of the parliament violated the asylum, and reconsigned the condemned to the hands of the executioner—but this was a rare occurrence. The parliaments stood in fear of the bishops; for when the two gowns, the spiritual and the secular, happened to chafe each other, the simar had the worst of it in its collision with the cassock. Occasionally, however, as in the case of the assassins of Petit-Jean, the Paris executioner, and in that of Emery Rousseau, who had murdered Jean Valleret, temporal justice overleaped the pretensions of the Church, and went on to the execution of its sentences. But except by virtue of a decree of the parliament, woe to him that forcibly violated a place of sanctuary! It is well known what was the end of Robert de Clermont, marshal of France, and Jean de Châlons, marshal of Champagne; and yet it was all about one Perrin Marc, a money-changer's man and a wretched assassin; but the two marshals had forced the doors of St. Mary's church—there was the enormity.

Around the places of sanctuary there floated such an atmosphere of reverence that, according to tradition, it sometimes even affected animals. Aymoin relates that a stag, hunted by King Dagobert, having taken refuge at the tomb of St. Denis, the hounds stopped short, barking.

The churches had usually a cell prepared for the reception of the suppliants. In 1407, Nicolas Flamel caused to be built for them over the vaulted roof of the church of St. Jacques-de-la-Boucherie, a chamber which cost him four livres six sols sixteen deniers parisis.

At Notre-Dame it was a cell constructed over one of the side aisles, under the buttresses, and looking toward the cloister, precisely at the spot where the wife of the concierge or keeper of the towers, in 1831, had made herself a garden—which was, to the hanging gardens of Babylon, as a lettuce to a palm tree, or as a porter's wife is to a Semiramis.

There it was that, after his frantic and triumphal course along the towers and galleries, Quasimodo had deposited La Esmeralda. So long as that course lasted, the girl had remained almost without consciousness, having only a vague perception that she was ascending into the air, that she was floating, flying there, that something was carrying her upward from the earth. From time to time she heard the bursting laugh, the loud voice of Quasimodo, at her ear; she half opened her eyes; and then she saw, confusedly, beneath her, Paris, all checkered over with its thousand roofs of tile and slate, like a red and blue mosaic-work; and just above her head, Quasimodo's frightful and joy-illumined face. Then her eyelids dropped again; she believed that all was over—that she had been executed while in her fainting-fit; and that the deformed genius that had ruled her destiny had now laid hold of her spirit and was bearing it away. She dared not look at him, but resigned herself to this power.

But when the poor ringer, all disheveled and panting, had deposited her in the cell of refuge—when she felt his clumsy hands gently untying the cord that had cut into her arms—she felt that sort of shock which startles out of their sleep the passengers in a vessel that strikes the bottom in the middle of a dark night. So were her ideas awakened, and they returned to her one after another. She saw that she was in Notre-Dame; she remembered having been snatched from the hands of the executioner; that Phœbus was living, that Phœbus loved her no longer; and these two ideas, of which the latter shed so much bitterness over the former, presenting themselves jointly to the poor sufferer, she turned to Quasimodo, who kept standing before her, and whose countenance affrighted her, and said to him, "Why have you saved me?"

He looked at her anxiously, as if striving to divine what she was saying to him. She repeated her question. He then gave her another look of profound sadness, and hastened away, leaving her in astonishment.

In a few minutes he returned, carrying a bundle, which he threw down at her feet. It was some wearing apparel which certain charitable women had deposited at the threshold of the church. Then she cast down her eyes over her own person, found herself almost naked, and blushed. Life was now returning to her.

Somewhat of this feeling of modest shame seemed to communicate itself to Quasimodo. He veiled his eye with his broad hand, and once more went away, but with tardy steps.

She dressed herself in haste. There were a white gown and a white veil; it was the habit of a novice of the Hôtel Dieu.

She had scarcely finished her toilet before she saw Quasimodo return, carrying a basket under one arm, and a mattress under the other. This basket contained a bottle, with some bread and other provisions. He set the basket on the ground, and said to her, "eat." He spread out the mattress upon the flag-stones, and said, "sleep." It was his own meal, his own bed, that the poor ringer had been to fetch.

The gypsy girl raised her eyes to thank him, but could not articulate a word. The poor devil was in truth horrible to look upon. She cast down her eyes again, shuddering.

Then he said to her: "I frighten you—I'm very ugly—am not I? Don't look at me—only listen to me. In the daytime, you'll stay here—at night, you can walk about the whole church. But don't go out of the church either by day or night. You'd be ruined. They'd kill you—and I should die."

Affected at his words, she raised her head to answer him, but he had disappeared. She found herself alone, musing upon the singular sentences of this almost

monstrous being, and struck by the tone of his voice, so hoarse and yet so gentle.

Then she examined her cell. It was a little room, some six feet square, with a small window and a door upon the gently inclined plane of the roofing of flat stones. A number of spout-ends in the figure of animals seemed bending around her, outside, and stretching out their necks to look at her through the little window. Over the verge of the roof, she discerned a thousand chimney-tops casting up before her the smoke from the multitudinous fires of Paris—a melancholy sight to the poor gypsy girl—a foundling—a convict capitally condemned—an unfortunate creature, with no country, no family, no home.

At the moment that the thought of her loneliness in the world was oppressing her more poignantly than ever, she felt a hairy, shaggy head gliding between her hands, upon her lap. She startled (for everything frightened her now), and looked down. It was the poor little goat, the nimble Djali, which had escaped after her at the moment that Quasimodo had scattered Charmolue's brigade, and had been lavishing its caresses at her feet for nearly an hour without obtaining so much as a single look. Its mistress inundated it with kisses. "Oh, Djali," said she, "how I had forgotten thee! So thou still think'st of me. Oh, thou art not ungrateful!" At the same time, as if some invisible hand had lifted the weight that had so long repressed her tears within her heart, she began to weep; and as the tears flowed, she felt as if what was sharpest and bitterest in her grief was departing with them.

When evening came, she thought the night so fine, the moonlight so soft, that she went quite round the high gallery that encircles the cathedral; and this little promenade gave her some relief, so calm did the earth seem to her viewed from that elevation.

---

## CHAPTER III.

### THE SYLPH AND THE GNOME.

THE next morning the poor gypsy girl perceived, on waking, that she had slept—a thing which astonished her—she had been so long unaccustomed to sleep! Some cheerful rays of the rising sun streamed through her window, and fell upon her face. At the same time with the sun, she saw at the window the unfortunate face of Quasimodo. Involuntarily her eyes closed again, but in vain—she still thought she saw, through her roseate eyelids, that gnome's visage, one-eyed and gap-toothed. Then, still keeping her eyes shut, she heard a rough voice saying, very gently, "Don't be afraid. I'm your friend. I was come to look at you sleeping. That doesn't hurt you, does it—that I should come and see you asleep? What does it signify to you my being here when you have your eyes shut? Now I'm going away. There. I've put myself behind the wall—now you may open your eyes again."

There was something yet more plaintive than these words; it was the tone in which they were uttered. The gypsy girl, affected at them, opened her eyes. He had, in fact, gone away from the window. She went up to it, and saw the poor hunchback crouching in an angle of the wall, in a posture of sorrow and resignation. She made an effort to overcome the repugnance which she felt at the sight of him. "Come hither," said she, softly. From the movement of her lips, Quasimodo thought that she was bidding him go way; then he rose up and retreated, limping, slow, hanging his head, not venturing to lift up to the young girl his despairing countenance. "Come hither, I say," cried she, but he continued to move away. Then she hurried out of the cell, ran after him, and laid hold of his arm. On feeling the pressure, Quasimodo trembled in every limb. He lifted a suppliant eye; and finding that she was trying to draw him toward her, his whole face beamed with joy and tenderness. She tried to make him enter her cell; but he

persisted in remaining on the threshold. "No, no," said he, "the owl goes not into the nest of the lark."

Then she gracefully squatted down upon her couch, with her goat asleep at her feet. Both parties remained motionless for a few minutes, absorbed in the contemplation—he, of so much grace—she, of so much ugliness. Every moment she discovered in Quasimodo some additional deformity. Her eye wandered over him, from his bow legs to his hump back, from his hump back to his one eye. She could not understand how a being so awkwardly fashioned could be in existence. Yet, over the whole there was diffused an air of so much sadness and gentleness, that she was beginning to be reconciled to it.

He was the first to break silence. "So you were telling me to come back."

She nodded affirmatively, and said, "Yes."

He understood the motion of her head. "Alas!" said he, as if hesitating to finish the sentence, "you see, I'm deaf."

"Poor man!" exclaimed the gypsy girl, with an expression of benevolent pity.

He smiled sorrowfully. "You thought that was all I wanted—didn't you? Yes, I'm deaf. That's the way I'm made. It's horrible, isn't it? You now, you're so beautiful."

In the poor creature's tone there was so deep a feeling of his wretchedness, that she had not resolution to say a word. Besides, he would not have heard it. He continued:

"Never did I see my ugliness as I do now. When I compare myself to you, I do indeed pity myself, poor unhappy monster that I am. You must think I look like a beast. Tell me, now. You, now, are a sunbeam—a dewdrop—a bird's song. But me—I'm something frightful—neither man nor brute—a sort of a thing that's harder, and more trod upon, and more unshapely than a flint-stone."

Then he laughed—a heart-rending laugh. He went on:

"Yes, I'm deaf—but you'll speak to me by gestures and signs. I've a master that talk sto me that way. And then, I shall know your will very quickly, by seeing how your lips move, and how you look."

"Well then," said she, smiling, "tell me why you saved me."

He looked at her intently while she was speaking.

"Oh, I understand," he replied, "you ask me why it was I saved you. You've forgotten a poor wretch that tried to carry you off one night—a poor wretch that you brought relief to, the very next day, on their shameful pillory—a drop of water and a little pity. There was more than I can pay you back with all my life. You've forgotten that poor wretch—but he remembers."

She listened to him with deep emotion. A tear stood in the poor ringer's eye—but it did not fall—he seemed to make it, as it were, a point of honor to retain it. "Just hear me," said he, when he was no longer afraid that this tear would escape him—"We've very high towers here—if a man was to fall from one, he'd be dead before he got to the ground; when you like me to fall in that way, you'll not so much as have to say a word—a glance of your eye will be enough."

Then he rose up from his leaning posture. This odd being, unhappy as the gypsy girl herself was, yet awakened some compassion in her breast. She motioned to him to remain.

"No, no," said he, "I mustn't stay too long—I'm not at my ease. It's all for pity that you don't turn away your eyes. I'm going somewhere, from whence I shall see you and you won't see me—that will be better."

He drew from his pocket a small metal whistle. "There," said he; "when you want me—when you wish me to come—when you'll not be too much horrified at the sight of me—you'll whistle with that. I can hear that noise."

He laid the whistle on the ground and went his way.

## CHAPTER IV.

### EARTHENWARE AND CRYSTAL.

Day after day passed over, and tranquillity returned, by degrees, to the spirit of La Esmeralda. Excessive grief, like excessive joy, being violent in its nature, is of short duration. The human heart is incapable of remaining long in an extreme. The gypsy girl had suffered so much, that astonishment at it was all that she now felt.

With the feeling of security, hope had returned to her. She was out of society, out of life; but she had a vague sense that it was not quite impossible for her to return to them. It was as if one of the dead should have in reserve a key to open the tomb.

She felt gradually departing from her mind the terrible images which had so long beset her. All the hideous phantoms, Pierrat Torterue, Jacques Charmolue, were vanishing from her—not excepting the priest himself.

And then, Phœbus was living—she was sure of it—she had seen him. To her the fact of his being alive was everything. After the series of fatal shocks which had overturned everything in her soul, she had found nothing still keeping its place there but one feeling, her love for the captain. For love is like a tree—vegetating of itself—striking deep roots through all our being—and often continuing to grow greenly over a heart in ruins.

And, inexplicable as it is, the blinder is this passion the more it is tenacious. It is never more firmly seated than when it is without a shadow of reason. Assuredly La Esmeralda could not think of the captain without feelings of bitterness. Assuredly it was dreadful that he too should have been deceived—that he should have believed such a thing possible—that he should have conceived of a stab with a poniard coming from her who would have given a thousand lives to save him. And yet, he was not so excessively to blame; for had she not acknowledged the crime? had she not yielded, weak woman as she was, to the torture? All the fault was her own—she ought rather to have let them tear the nails from her feet than such an avowal from her lips. But then, could she but see Phœbus once more, for a single minute—a word, a look, would suffice to undeceive him, to bring him back. She doubted it not. She also strove to account to herself for many singular things—for Phœbus's happening to be present on the day of the penance at the church door, and for his being with that young lady. It was his sister, no doubt—an explanation by no means plausible, but with which she contented herself, because she needed to believe that Phœbus still loved her, and her alone. Had he not sworn it to her? And what stronger assurance did she need, all simple and credulous as she was? And besides in the sequel of the affair, were not appearances much more strongly against herself than against him? So she waited and hoped.

We may add that the church itself—that vast edifice—wrapping her, as it were, on all sides—protecting her—saving her—was a sovereign tranquilizer. The solemn lines of its architecture; the religious attitude of all the objects by which the girl was surrounded; the pious and serene thoughts escaping, as it were, from every pore of those venerable stones—acted upon her unconsciously to herself. The structure had sounds too, of such blessedness and such majesty, that they soothed that suffering spirit. The monotonous chant of the performers of the service; the responses of the people to the priests, now inarticulate, now of thundering loudness; the harmonious trembling of the casements; the organs bursting forth like the voice of a hundred trumpets; the three steeples humming like hives of enormous bees—all that orchestra, over which bounded a gigantic gamut, ascending and descending incessantly, from the voice of a multitude to that of a bell—lulled her memory, her imagination, and her sorrow. The bells especially had this effect. It was as a powerful magnetism which those vast machines poured in large waves over her. Thus each successive sunrise found her less pale, more tranquilized, and breathing more freely. In proportion as her inter-

nal wounds healed, her grace and her beauty bloomed again on her countenance, but more collected and composed. Her former character also returned—something even of her gayety, her pretty grimace, her fondness for her goat, her love of singing, her feminine bashfulness. She was careful to dress herself in the morning, in the corner of her little chamber, lest some inhabitant of the neighboring garrets should see her through the little window.

When her thinking of Phœbus allowed her leisure, the gypsy girl sometimes thought of Quasimodo. He was the only link, the only means of communication with mankind, with the living, that remained to her. Unfortunate creature! she was more out of the world than Quasimodo himself. She knew not what to make of the strange friend whom chance had given her. Often she reproached herself for not having a gratitude which could shut its eyes—but, positively, she could not reconcile herself to the sight of the poor ringer—he was too ugly.

She had left the whistle he had given her lying on the ground. This, however, did not prevent Quasimodo from reappearing, from time to time, during the first days. She strove hard to restrain herself from turning away with too strong an appearance of disgust when he came and brought her the basket of provisions or the pitcher of water; but he always perceived the smallest motion of that kind, and then he went away sorrowful.

Once he happened to come at the moment she was caressing Djali. He stood for a few minutes pensively contemplating that graceful group of the goat and the gypsy, and then he said, shaking his heavy and ill-formed head: "My misfortune is, that I'm still too much like a man—I wish I were a beast outright, like that goat."

She raised her eyes toward him with a look of astonishment. To this look he answered, "Oh, I well know why!" and went his way.

Another time he presented himself at the door of the cell (into which he never entered) at the moment when La Esmeralda was singing an old Spanish ballad, the words of which she did not understand, but which had dwelt in her ear because the gypsy woman had lulled her to sleep with it when a child. At the sight of that shocking countenance appearing suddenly in the middle of her song, the girl broke it off with an involuntary gesture of affright. The unfortunate ringer fell upon his knees on the threshold, and clasped with a suppliant look his great, shapeless hands. "Oh!" said he, with a sorrowful accent, "go on, I entreat you, and don't send me away." She was unwilling to pain him; and so, all trembling, she resumed her romance. Her fright, however, dissipated by degrees, and she abandoned herself wholly to the expression of the plaintive air she was singing. He, the while, had remained upon his knees, with his hands clasped as in prayer—attentive—hardly drawing his breath—his look fixed upon the beaming eyes of the gypsy. It seemed as if he was reading her song in those eyes.

At another time, again, he came to her with a look of awkwardness and timidity. "Listen," said he, with an effort; "I have something to say to you." She made him a sign that she was listening. Then he began to sigh, half opened his lips, seemed for a moment to be on the point of speaking, then looked her in the face, made a negative motion with his head, and slowly withdrew, with his hand pressed to his forehead, leaving the gypsy girl in amazement.

Among the grotesque figures carved upon the wall, there was one for which he had a particular affection, and with which he often seemed to be exchanging fraternal looks. On one occasion, the gypsy heard him saying to it, "Oh! why am I not made of stone like thee!"

At length, one morning, La Esmeralda, having advanced to the verge of the roof, was looking into the Place, over the sharp ridge of the church of Saint-Jean-le-Rond. Quasimodo was present, behind her. He used so to place himself of his own accord, in order to spare the young girl as much as possible the disagreeableness of seeing him. Suddenly the gypsy started—a tear

and a flash of joy shone at once in her eyes—she knelt down on the edge of the roof, and stretched out her arms in anguish toward the Place, crying out, "Phœbus! oh come! come hither! one word! but one word, in heaven's name!—Phœbus! Phœbus!" Her voice, her face, her gesture, her whole figure had the heart-rending aspect of a shipwrecked mariner making the signal of distress to some gay vessel passing in the distant horizon in a gleam of sunshine. Quasimodo leaned over toward the Place, and saw that the object of this tender and agonizing prayer was a young man, a captain, a handsome cavalier, all glittering in arms and gay attire, who was passing by caracoling in the square beneath, and saluting with his plume a fine young lady smiling at her balcony. The officer, however, did not hear the call of the unfortunate girl, for he was too far off.

But the poor deaf ringer heard it. A deep sigh heaved his breast; he turned round; his heart was swelled with all the tears which he restrained from flowing; his hands, clenched convulsively, struck against his head, and when he drew them away there came with each of them a handful of his rough red hair.

The gypsy girl was paying no attention to him. He said, in an undertone, grinding his teeth: "Damnation! So that's how a man should be; he need only be handsome outside!"

Meanwhile, she had remained upon her knees, crying out with extraordinary agitation: "Oh, there! he's getting off his horse. He's going into that house. Phœbus! He does not hear me. Phœbus! What a wicked woman that is to talk to him at the same time that I do. Phœbus! Phœbus!"

The deaf man had his eye upon her all the while. He understood this (to him) dumb show. The poor ringer's eyes filled with tears, but he let not one of them fall. All at once he pulled her gently by the extremity of the sleeve. She turned round. He had assumed a tranquil air, and said to her, "Should you like me to go and fetch him?"

She uttered an exclamation of joy. "Oh, yes, go! go! run! quick!—that captain—that captain—bring him to me and I'll love you!" She clasped his knees. He could not help shaking his head sorrowfully. "I'll bring him to you," said he, in a faint voice. Then he turned his head, and strode hastily to the staircase, his heart bursting with sobs.

When he reached the Place, he found only the fine horse fastened at the door of the Logis Gondalaurier; the captain had just entered. He looked up to the roof of the church; La Esmeralda was still there, at the same spot, in the same posture. He made her a melancholy sign of the head; then set his back against one of the posts of the porch of the mansion, determined to wait until the captain came out.

It was, at the Logis Gondelaurier, one of those gala days that precede a marriage; Quasimodo saw many people enter, and nobody come away. Now and then he looked up to the roof of the church, and he saw that the gypsy girl did not stir from her place any more than himself. There came a groom, who untied the horse, and led him to the stable of the mansion.

The whole day was passed in this manner, Quasimodo against the post, La Esmeralda upon the roof, and Phœbus, no doubt, at the feet of Fleur-de-Lys.

At length night came, a dark, moonless night. In vain did Quasimodo fix his eye upon La Esmeralda; she soon faded into something white glimmering in the twilight, then quite disappeared from his view. All had vanished, all was black. Quasimodo now saw the light shining through the windows from top to bottom of the front of the Logis Gondelaurier; he saw the other windows of the Place lit up one after another; one after another, too, he saw the light disappear from them till every one was dark, for he remained the whole evening at his post. The officer did not come away. When the latest passengers had returned home, when all the windows of the other houses were darkened, Quasimodo remained entirely alone, entirely in the dark. There was not then any luminaire in the Parvis of Notre-Dame.

However, the windows of the Logis Gondelaurie remained lighted, even after midnight. Quasimodo, motionless and attentive, saw passing to and fro behind the many-colored panes a multitude of lively dancing shadows. Had he not been deaf, in proportion as the murmur of slumbering Paris died away, he would have heard more and more distinctly, from within the Logis Gondelaurier, the sounds of an evening entertainment, of laughter, and of music.

About one in the morning the company began to depart. Quasimodo, wrapped in darkness, looked at them all as they passed under the flambeau-lighted porch, but none of them was the captain.

He was full of melancholy thoughts; now and then he looked up into the air, like one weary of waiting. Great black clouds, heavy, torn, riven, were hanging like ragged festoons of crape under the starry arch of night.

At one of those moments he suddenly saw the long folding window that opened upon the balcony, whose stone balustrade projected above him, mysteriously open. The light, glazed door admitted two persons through it upon the balcony, then softly closed behind them. They were a male and a female figure. It was not without difficulty that Quasimodo, in the dark, could recognize in the man the handsome captain, in the woman the young lady whom he had seen in the morning bidding the officer welcome from the same balcony. The Place was perfectly dark, and a double crimson curtain, which had fallen behind the glass door at the moment it had closed, intercepted almost every ray of light from the apartment within.

The young man and woman, as far as our deaf spectator could judge without hearing a word of what they said, appeared to abandon themselves to a very tender tête-à-tête. The young lady seemed to have permitted the officer to encircle her waist with his arm, and was gently resisting a kiss.

Quasimodo witnessed from below this scene, the more attractive as it was not intended to be witnessed. He contemplated that happiness, that beauty with feelings of bitterness. After all, nature was not altogether silent in the poor devil, and his nervous system, strangely distorted as it was, was yet susceptible of excitement like another man's. He thought of the wretched share which Providence had dealt him; that woman, that the pleasures of love, were destined everlastingly to pass under his eyes without his ever doing more than witness the felicity of others. But that which pained him most of all in this spectacle—that which mingled indignation with his chagrin—was to think what the gypsy girl would suffer were she to behold it. True it was that the night was very dark, that La Esmeralda, if she had remained at the same place, as he doubted not she had, was very far off, and that it was all that he himself could do to distinguish the lovers on the balcony—this consoled him.

Meanwhile the conversation above became more and more animated. The lady seemed to be entreating the officer to solicit nothing more from her. All that Quasimodo could distinguish was the fair clasped hands, the mingled smiles and tears, and the uplifted eyes of the young woman, and the eyes of the captain fixed ardently upon her.

Fortunately for the young lady, whose resistance was growing weaker, the door of the balcony suddenly re-opened, and an old lady made her appearance, whereupon the young one looked confused, the officer chagrined, and they all three went in again.

A minute afterward a horse came prancing under the porch, and the brilliant officer, wrapped in his night cloak, passed rapidly before Quasimodo.

The ringer let him turn the corner of the street, and then ran after him, with his monkey nimbleness, shouting, "Ho! there! captain!"

The captain stopped his horse. "What does the rascal want with me?" said he, espying in the dark that sort of out-of-the-way figure running hobblingly toward him.

Meanwhile Quasimodo had come up to him, and boldly taken his horse by the bridle, saying, "Follow me, captain;

there's somebody here that wants to speak to you."

"Corne-Mahom!" grumbled Phœbus, "here's a villainous ragged bird that I think I've seen somewhere before. Hollo! master! won't you leave hold of my bridle?"

"Captain," answered the deaf man, "aren't you asking me who it is?"

"I tell thee to let go my horse," returned Phœbus, impatiently. "What does the fellow want, hanging at my charger's rein? Dost thou take my horse for a gallows?"

Quasimodo, so far from leaving hold of the horse's bridle, was preparing to make him turn round. Unable to explain to himself the captain's resistance, he hastily said to him: "Come along, captain; it's a woman that's waiting for you;" then, with an effort, he added, "a woman that loves you."

"A rare scoundrel!" said the captain, "that thinks me obliged to go after every woman that loves me, or says she does. And then, if she is but like thee, thou owl-faced villain! Tell her that sent thee that I'm going to be married, and that she may go to the devil."

"Hark ye!" cried Quasimodo, thinking to overcome his hesitation with a single word; "come along, monseigneur; it's the gypsy girl that you know of."

This word did in fact make a great impression upon Phœbus, but it was not that which the deaf man expected from it. It will be remembered that our gallant officer had retired from the balcony with Fleur-de-Lys a few minutes before Quasimodo delivered the penitent out of the hands of Charmolue. Since then, in all his visits at the Logis Gondelaurier, he had been very careful to avoid mentioning that young woman, the recollection of whom, after all, was painful to him, and Fleur-de-Lys, on her part, had not deemed it politic to tell him that the gypsy girl was living. So Phœbus believed poor Similar, as he called her, to have been dead for a month or two. To which we must add that the captain had been thinking for a few moments of the profound darkness of the night, the supernatural ugliness and sepulchral voice of the messenger, that it was past midnight, that the street was as solitary as it had been the evening that the spectre monk had accosted him, and that his horse snorted at the sight of Quasimodo.

"The gypsy girl!" cried he, almost in a fright. "How now! Art thou come from the other world?" and so saying he laid his hand upon his dagger-hilt.

"Quick! quick!" said the deaf man, striving to turn the horse round; "this way!"

Phœbus struck him a violent blow in the chest with the point of his boot.

Quasimodo's eyes sparkled. He made a movement to throw himself upon the captain. But checking himself he said: "Ah! how happy you are to have some one that loves you!"

He laid strong emphasis upon the words some one, and leaving hold of the horse's bridle, he said, "Go your way."

Phœbus spurred off swearing. Quasimodo watched him plunge into the dark shades of the street. "Oh!" whispered the poor deaf creature to himself, "to refuse that!"

He returned into Notre-Dame, lighted his lamp and went up the tower again. As he had supposed, the gypsy girl was still at the same spot. The moment she perceived him coming she ran to meet him.

"Alone!" cried she, clasping her beautiful hands in agony.

"I could not find him again," said Quasimodo coolly.

"You should have waited for him all night," returned she passionately.

He observed her angry gesture, and understood the reproof. "I'll watch him better another time," said he, hanging down his head.

"Get you gone," said she.

He left her. She was dissatisfied with him. He had preferred being chided by her, to giving her greater affliction. He had kept all the grief to himself.

From that day forward, the gypsy saw no more of him—he came no longer to her cell. Now and then, indeed, she caught a distant glimpse of the ringer's countenance looking mournfully upon her from

the top of one of the towers; but as soon as she perceived him, he constantly disappeared.

We must admit that she was little afflicted by the voluntary absence of the poor hunchback. At the bottom of her heart, she felt obliged to him for it. Nor was Quasimodo himself under any delusion about the matter.

She saw him no more, but she felt the presence of a good genius about her. Her provisions were renewed by an invisible hand during her sleep. One morning, she found against her window a cage of birds. Over her cell there was a piece of sculpture that frightened her. She had repeatedly testified this in Quasimodo's presence. One morning (for all these things were done in the night-time) she saw it no longer—it had been broken off. He who had climbed up to that piece of carving, must have risked his life.

Sometimes, in the evening, she heard the voice of one concealed under the penthouse of the steeple, singing, as if to lull her to sleep, a melancholy and fantastic song, without rhyme or rhythm, such as a deaf man might make:

Oh, look not at the face,
Young maid look at the heart:
The heart of a fine young man is often deformed;
There are some hearts will hold no love a long while.

Young maid, the pine's not fair to see,
Not fair to see as the poplar is,
But it keeps its leaves in winter-time.
Alas! it's vain to talk of that—
What is not fair ought not to be—
Beauty will only beauty love—
April looks not on January.

Beauty is perfection,
Beauty can do all,
Beauty is the only thing that does not shine by halves.

The crow flies but by day;
The owl flies but by night;
The swan flies night and day.

On waking one morning, she saw in her window two bunches of flowers; one of them in a glass vessel, very beautiful and brilliant, but cracked; it had let all the water escape, and the flowers it contained were faded. The other vessel was of earthenware, rude and common, but had kept all the water, so that its flowers remained fresh and blooming.

We know not whether she did it intentionally, but La Esmeralda took the faded nosegay and wore it all day in her bosom.

That day she did not hear the voice from the tower sing.

She felt little concern about it. She passed her days in caressing Djali, watching the door of the Logis Gondelaurier, talking low to herself about Phœbus, and crumbling her bread to the swallows.

And then she had altogether ceased to see or to hear Quasimodo. The poor ringer seemed to have departed from the church. One night, however, as she lay awake, thinking of her handsome captain, she heard a strong breathing near her cell. She rose up affrighted, and saw, by the moonlight, a shapeless mass lying across the front of her door. It was Quasimodo sleeping there upon the stones.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE KEY OF THE PORTE-ROUGE.

MEANWHILE public rumor had acquainted the archdeacon with the miraculous manner in which the gypsy girl had been saved. When he learned this, he felt he knew not what. He had reconciled his mind to the thought of La Esmeralda's death, and so he had become calm; he had gone to the bottom of the greatest grief possible. The human heart (and Dom Claude had meditated upon these matters) can not contain more than a certain quantity of despair. When the sponge is thoroughly soaked, the sea may pass over it without its imbibing one tear more.

Now, La Esmeralda being dead, the sponge was thoroughly soaked; all was over for Dom Claude upon this earth. But to feel that she was alive, and Phœbus too—that was the recommencement of torture, of pangs, of alternations, of life—and Dom Claude was weary of all that.

When this piece of intelligence reached him, he shut himself up in his cloister cell. He appeared neither at the conferences of

the chapter, nor at the services in the church. He shut his door against every one, even against the bishop. He kept himself thus immured for several weeks. He was thought to be ill, and so indeed he was.

What was he doing, shut up thus? With what thoughts was the unfortunate man contending? Was he making a final struggle against his formidable passion? Was he combining some final plan of death for her and perdition for himself?

His Jehan, his cherished brother, his spoiled child, came once to his door, knocked, swore, entreated, announced himself ten times over—but Claude kept the door shut.

He passed whole days with his face close against the casement of his window. From that window, situated in the cloister, he could see the cell of La Esmeralda; he often saw herself, with her goat—sometimes with Quasimodo. He remarked the deaf wretch's assiduities, his obedience, his delicate and submissive behavior to the gypsy girl. He recollected—for he had a good memory, and memory is the tormentor of the jealous—he recollected the singular look which the ringer had cast upon the dancing-girl on a certain evening. He asked himself what motive could have urged Quasimodo to save her. He was an eye-witness to a thousand little scenes that passed between the gypsy and the ringer; the action of which, as seen at that distance and commented on by his passion, he thought very tender. He had his misgivings with respect to feminine capriciousness. Then he felt confusedly arising within him a jealousy such as he had never anticipated—a jealousy that made him redden with shame and indignation. "As for the captain," thought he, "that might pass—but this one!" And the idea quite overpowered him.

His nights were dreadful. Since he had learned that the gypsy girl was alive, all those cold images of spectres and the grave, which had beset him for a whole day, had vanished from his spirit, and the flesh began again to torment him.

Each night his delirious imagination represented to him La Esmeralda in all the attitudes that had most strongly excited his passion. He beheld her leaning faint upon the poniarded captain—her eyes closed—her fair, naked neck crimsoned with the blood of Phœbus—at that moment of wild delight at which the archdeacon had imprinted on her pale lips that kiss of which the unfortunate girl, half dying as she was, had felt the burning pressure. Again, he beheld her undressed by the savage hands of the torturers, letting them thrust all naked into the horrid iron-screwed boot her little foot, her round and delicate leg, her white and supple knee; and then he saw that ivory knee alone appearing, all below it being enveloped in Torterue's horrible apparatus. And again, he figured to himself the young girl, in her slight chemise, with the rope about her neck, with bare feet and uncovered shoulders, as he had seen her on the day of penance. These voluptuous images made him clench his hands, and sent a shiver through his nerves.

One night in particular, they so cruelly inflamed his priestly virgin blood, that he tore his pillow with his teeth, leaped out of bed, threw a surplice over his nightgown, and went out of his cell with his lamp in his hand, half naked, wild, with fire in his eyes.

He knew where to find the key of the Porte-Rouge, or Red Door, opening from the cloister into the church; and, as the reader is aware, he always carried about him a key of the tower staircase.

---

## CHAPTER VI.

### SEQUEL TO THE KEY OF THE PORTE-ROUGE.

THAT night La Esmeralda had fallen asleep in her little chamber, full of forgetfulness, of hope, and of flattering thoughts. She had been sleeping for some time, dreaming, as usual, of Phœbus; when she thought she heard some noise about her. Her sleep was light and airy—the sleep of a bird; the slightest thing awakened her. She opened her eyes. The night was very

dark. Yet she discerned at the little window a face looking in upon her—there was a lamp which cast its light upon this apparition. The moment that it perceived itself to be observed by La Esmeralda, that face blew out the lamp. Nevertheless, the young girl had caught a glimpse of its features; her eyelids dropped with terror. "Oh!" she said, in a faint voice, "the priest!"

All her past misfortune flashed upon her mind, and she fell back frozen with horror upon her bed.

A moment after, she felt a contact the whole length of her body, which made her shudder so violently that she started and sat up in bed wide awake and furious. The priest had glided up to her, and threw both his arms around her. She strove to cry out, but could not.

"Begone, monster! begone, murderer!" said she, in a voice low and faltering with anger and dread.

"Mercy! mercy! murmured the priest, pressing his burning lips to her shoulders.

She seized his bald head between her hands by its remaining hairs, and strove to repel his kisses as if he had been biting her.

"Mercy!" repeated the wretched man. "Didst thou but know what is my love for thee! 'tis fire! 'tis molten lead! 'tis a thousand daggers in my heart!"

And he held back both her arms with superhuman strength.

Quite desperate, "Let me go," she cried, "or I spit in your face!"

He left hold. "Vilify me—strike me—be wicked—do what thou wilt!" said he, "but, oh, have mercy, and love me!"

Then she struck him with the fury of a child. She drew up her pretty hands to tear his face. "Begone, demon!"

"Love me! love me! love me! for pity's sake!" cried the poor priest, answering her blows with his unwelcome caresses.

All at once she felt that he was overpowering her. "There must be an end of this," said he, grinding his teeth. She felt a lascivious hand wandering over her. "Help me! help me! a vampire! a vampire!"

But nothing came. Only Djali was awake and bleating with anguish.

"Silence!" said the panting priest.

Suddenly, in the midst of her struggling, the gypsy's hand came in contact with something cold and metallic—it was Quasimodo's whistle. She seized it with a convulsion of hope, put it to her lips, and blew with all her remaining strength. The whistle sounded clear, shrill, and piercing.

"What's that?" said the priest.

Almost at the same instant he felt himself dragged away by a vigorous arm. The cell was dark; he could not clearly distinguish who it was that held him thus; but he heard some one's teeth clattering with rage, and there was just light enough scattered in the darkness for him to see shining over his head a large cutlass blade.

The priest thought he could discern the form of Quasimodo. He supposed it could be no one else. He recollected having stumbled, in entering, against a bundle of something that was lying across the doorway outside. Yet, as the new-comer uttered not a word, he knew not what to think. He threw himself upon the arm that held the cutlass, crying out, "Quasimodo!" forgetting, at that moment of distress, that Quasimodo was deaf.

In a trice the priest was thrown upon the floor, and felt a knee of lead weighing upon his breast. By the angular impression of that knee he recognized Quasimodo. But what was he to do? how was he to make himself known to the other? Night made the deaf man blind.

He was lost. The young girl, pitiless as an enraged tigress, interfered not to save him. The cutlass was approaching his head—the moment was critical. Suddenly his adversary appeared seized with hesitation. "No blood upon her!" said he, in an under voice. It was, in fact, the voice of Quasimodo.

Then the priest felt the great hand dragging him by the foot out of the cell—outside he was to die. Luckily for him, the moon had been risen for a few moments.

When they had crossed the threshold of

the chamber, its pale rays fell upon the features of the priest. Quasimodo looked in his face; a tremor came over him; he quitted his hold of the priest and shrank back.

The gypsy girl, having come forward to the door of her cell, was surprised to see them suddenly change parts; for now it was the priest that threatened, and Quasimodo was the suppliant.

The priest, heaping gestures of anger and reproof upon the deaf man, motioned to him passionately to withdraw.

The deaf man cast down his eyes; then came and knelt before the gypsy girl's door. "Monseigneur," said he, in a tone of gravity and resignation, "afterwards you will do what you please—but kill me first."

So saying, he presented his cutlass to the priest; and the priest, who had lost all command of himself, was going to seize it. But the girl was quicker than he; she snatched the cutlass out of Quasimodo's hands, and burst into a frantic laugh. "Approach!" said she to the priest.

She held the blade aloft. The priest hesitated. She would certainly have struck. "You dare not approach now, you coward," she resumed. Then she added, in a pitiless accent, and well knowing that it would be plunging a red-hot iron into the heart of the priest, "Ha! I know that Phœbus is not dead."

The priest gave Quasimodo a kick, which threw him down upon the stones; and then plunged back, all trembling with rage, under the vault of the staircase.

When he was gone, Quasimodo picked up the whistle that had just saved the gypsy girl. "It was growing rusty," said he, as he gave it to her, and then he left her to herself.

The young girl, quite overpowered by this violent scene, fell exhausted upon her couch, and began to sob and weep bitterly; again her horizon was growing dismal.

As for the priest, he had groped his way back into his cell.

'Twas done—Dom Claude was jealous of Quasimodo. He repeated pensively to himself his fatal sentence, "No one shall have her!"

# BOOK IX.

## CHAPTER I.

GRINGOIRE HAS SEVERAL BRIGHT IDEAS ONE AFTER THE OTHER IN THE RUE DES BERNARDINS.

From the time that Pierre Gringoire had seen the turn that all this affair was taking, and that hanging by the neck, and other disagreeables, were decidedly in store for the principal characters of this drama, he had felt no anxiety to take part in it. The Truands, amongst whom he had remained, considering as he did that, after all, they were the best company in Paris—the Truands had continued to feel interested for the gypsy girl. He thought that very natural in people who, like herself, had nothing but Charmolue and Torterue in prospect, and did not, like him, Gringoire, mount aloft in the regions of imagination between the wings of Pegasus. He had learned from their discourse that his bride of the broken pitcher had found refuge in Notre-Dame, and he was very glad of it. But he did not even feel tempted to go and see her there. He sometimes thought of the little goat, and that was all. In the day-time, he performed feats of strength to get his bread; and, at night, he was elaborating a paper against the Bishop of Paris, for he remembered being drenched by his mill-wheels, and bore malice against him for it. He was also engaged in writing a commentary upon the fine work of Baudry-le-Rouge, Bishop of Noyon and Tournay, De cupâ petrarum, which had given him a violent inclination for architecture, a propensity which had supplanted in his breast his passion for hermetics, of which, too, it was but a natural consequence, seeing that there is an intimate connection between the hermetical philosophy and stone-work. Gringoire had passed from the love of an idea to the love of the substance.

One day he had stopped near the church of Saint-Germain-l'Auxerrois, at the corner of a building called le For-l'Evêque,

which was opposite another called le For-le-Roi. There was at this For-l'Evêque a beautiful chapel of the fourteenth century, the chancel of which was toward the street; Gringoire was examining devoutly its external sculpture. It was one of those moments of selfish, exclusive, and supreme enjoyment, in which the artist sees nothing in the world but his art, and the world itself in that art. All at once, he felt a hand placed heavily on his shoulder; he turned round—it was his old friend, his old master, the archdeacon. He was quite confounded. It was long since he had seen the archdeacon; and Dom Claude was one of those grave and ardent beings a meeting with whom always disturbs the equilibrium of a skeptical philosopher.

The archdeacon, for some moments, kept silence, during which Gringoire had leisure to observe him. He found Dom Claude much altered—pale as a winter morning; his eyes hollow, his hair almost white. The priest was the first to break this silence, by saying, in a calm but freezing tone, "How are you, Maître Pierre?"

"As to my health," answered Gringoire, "why, it's so so, I believe, on the whole, pretty good. I do not take too much of anything. You know, master, the secret of being well, according to Hippocrates—*id est: cibi, potus, somni, venus, omnia moderata sint.*"

"You have no care, then, Maître Pierre?" resumed the archdeacon, looking steadfastly at Gringoire.

"'Faith, not I!"

"And what are you doing now?"

"You see, master, I am examining the cutting of these stones, and the style in which this bas-relief is thrown out."

The priest began to smile, but with that bitter smile which raises only one of the extremities of the mouth. "And that amuses you?"

"It's paradise!" exclaimed Gringoire. And, leaning over the sculpture with the fascinated air of a demonstrator of living phenomena—"Now, for example, do you not think that that metamorphosis, in baissetaille, is executed with a great deal of skill, delicacy, and patience? Look at that small column—was ever capital entwined with leaves more graceful or more exquisitely touched by the chisel? Here are three alto-relievos by Jean Maillevin. They are not the finest specimens of that great genius. Nevertheless, the simplicity, the sweetness of those faces, the sportiveness of the attitudes and the draperies, and that undefinable charm which is mingled with all the imperfections, make the miniature figures so very light and delicate—perhaps even too much so. You do not find it interesting?"

"Oh, yes!" said the priest.

"And if you were to see the interior of the chapel!" continued the poet, with his loquacious enthusiasm. "Sculpture in all directions! It's as full as the heart of a cabbage! The style of the chancel is most heavenly; and so peculiar that I have never seen anything like it anywhere else!"

Dom Claude interrupted him: "You are happy, then?"

"Upon my honor, yes! At one time I loved women, then animals; now I love stones. They are quite as amusing as animals or women, and not so false."

The priest passed his hand across his forehead. It was a gesture habitual with him. "Indeed!"

"Hark you," said Gringoire; "one has one's enjoyments." He took the arm of the priest, who yielded to his guidance, and led him under the staircase turret of the For-l'Evêque. "There's a staircase!" he exclaimed. "Whenever I see it I am happy. That flight of steps is the most simple and the most uncommon in Paris—every step is hollowed underneath. Its beauty and simplicity consists in the circumstance of the steps, which are a foot broad or thereabouts, being interlaced, morticed, jointed, enchained, enchased, set one in the other, and biting into each other, in a way that's truly both substantial and pretty."

"And you desire nothing?" said the priest.

"No!"

"And you regret nothing?"

"Neither regret nor desire. I have arranged my mode of life."

"What man arranges," said Claude, "circumstances disarrange."

"I am a Pyrrhonian philosopher," answered Gringoire, "and I hold everything in equilibrium."

"And how do you earn your living?"

"I still write epopees and tragedies now and then; but what brings me in the most is that industrious talent of mine which you are aware of, master—carrying pyramids of chairs on my teeth."

"A low occupation for a philosopher!"

"It's equilibrium, though," said Gringoire. "When one gets an idea in one's head, one finds it in everything."

"I know it," answered the archdeacon.

After a short silence, the priest continued: "And yet you are poor enough?"

"Poor—yes—but not unhappy."

At that moment the sound of horses was heard; and our two interlocutors saw filing off at the end of the street a company of the king's archers, with their lances raised, and an officer at their head. The cavalcade was brilliant, and its march resounded on the pavement.

"How you look at that officer!" said Gringoire to the archdeacon.

"I think I know him!" was the reply.

"How do you call him?"

"I believe," said Claude, "his name is Phœbus de Chateaupers."

"Phœbus! a curious sort of a name! There's Phœbus, too, Count of Foix. I recollect I knew a girl once who never swore by any other name."

"Come hither," said the priest, "I have something to say to you."

Since the passing of that troop, a degree of agitation was perceptible through the frozen exterior of the archdeacon. He walked on. Gringoire followed him, accustomed to obey him, like all who had once approached that being so commanding. They reached in silence the Rue des Bernardins, which was pretty clear of people. Dom Claude stopped.

"What have you to say to me, master?" asked Gringoire.

"Do you not think," answered the archdeacon, with an air of profound reflection, "that the dress of those cavaliers whom we have just seen, is handsomer than yours and mine?"

Gringoire shook his head. "No—'faith, I like my red and yellow gonelle better than those iron and steel scales. A pleasant sort of thing, to make a noise in going along like an iron-wharf in an earthquake?"

"Then, Gringoire, you have never envied those fine fellows in their warlike hacquetons?"

"Envied what, monsieur the archdeacon? their strength, their armor, their discipline? Give me rather philosophy and independence in rags. I would rather be the head of a fly than the tail of a lion."

"That's singular," said the musing priest. "A fine uniform is a fine thing, nevertheless."

Gringoire, seeing him pensive, left him to go and admire the porch of a neighboring house. He returned, clapping his hands. "If you were less occupied with the fine clothes of the soldiers, monsieur the archdeacon, I would beg you to go and see that doorway. I have always said that the Sieur Aubry's house has the finest entrance that ever was seen."

"Pierre Gringoire," said the archdeacon, "what have you done with the little gypsy dancing-girl?"

"La Esmeralda? You change the conversation very abruptly."

"Was she not your wife?"

"Yes, by dint of a broken pitcher. We were in for it for four years. By-the-by," added Gringoire, looking at the archdeacon with a half-bantering air, "you think of her still, then?"

"And you—do you no longer think of her?"

"Not much. I have so many things!—My God, how pretty the little goat was!"

"Did not that Bohemian girl save your life?"

"Egad, that's true."

"Well—what became of her? what have you done with her?"

"I can't tell you. I believe they've hanged her."

"You believe?"

"I'm not sure. When I saw there was

hanging in the case, I kept out of the business."

"And that's all you know about her?"

"Stay. I was told she had taken refuge in Notre-Dame, and that she was there in safety—and I am delighted at it—and I've not been able to find out whether the goat escaped with her—and that's all I know about the matter."

"I will tell you more about it," cried Dom Claude; and his voice, till then low, deliberate, and hollow, had become like thunder. "She has indeed taken refuge in Notre-Dame. But in three days justice will drag her again from thence, and she will be hanged at the Grève. There is a decree of the parliament for it!"

"That's a pity," said Gringoire.

The priest in a moment had become cool and calm again.

"And who the devil," continued the poet, "has taken the trouble to solicit a sentence of reintegration? Could they not leave the parliament alone? Of what consequence can it be that a poor girl takes shelter under the buttresses of Notre-Dame among the swallows' nests?"

"There are Satans in the world," answered the archdeacon.

"That's a devilish bad piece of work," observed Gringoire.

The archdeacon resumed, after a short silence: "She saved your life, then?"

"Among my good friends the Truands, I was within an inch of being hanged. They would have been sorry for it now."

"Will you then do nothing for her?"

"I should rejoice to be of service, Dom Claude; but if I were to bring a bad piece of business about my ears!"

"What can it signify?"

"The deuce! what can it signify! You are very kind, master! I have two great works begun."

The priest struck his forehead. In spite of his affected calmness, from time to time a violent gesture revealed his inward struggles.

"How is she to be saved?"

"Master," said Gringoire, "I will answer you—*Il padelt*—which means in the Turkish, 'God is our hope.'"

"How is she to be saved?" repeated Claude, ruminating.

Gringoire, in his turn, struck his forehead.

"Hark you, master—I have some imagination—I will find expedients for you. What if we were to entreat the king's mercy?"

"Mercy! of Louis XI.!"

"Why not?"

"Go take from the tiger his bone!"

Gringoire began to rummage for other expedients.

"Well—stay—shall I address a memorial to the midwives, declaring that the girl is pregnant?"

At this the priest's sunken eyeballs glared.

"Pregnant! fellow! do you know anything about it?"

Gringoire was terrified at his manner. He hastened to say: "Oh, not I. Our marriage was a regular foris-maritagium. I'm altogether out of it. But at any rate one should obtain a respite."

"Madness! infamy! hold thy peace!"

"You are wrong to be angry," muttered Gringoire. "One gets a respite—that does no harm to anybody, and it puts forty deniers parisis into the pockets of the midwives, who are poor women."

The priest heard him not. "She must go from thence, nevertheless," murmured he. "The sentence is to be put in force within three days. Otherwise, it would not be valid. That Quasimodo! Women have very depraved tastes!" He raised his voice: "Maître Pierre, I have well considered the matter. There is but one means of saving her."

"And what is it? For my part, I see none."

"Hark ye, Maître Pierre; remember that you owe your life to her. I will tell you candidly my idea. The church is watched day and night; no one is allowed to come out but those who have been seen to go in. Thus you can go in. You shall come, and I will take you to her. You will change clothes with her. She will take your doublet, and you will take her petticoat."

"So far so good," observed the philosopher; "and what then!"

"What then? Why, she will go out in your clothes, and you will remain in hers. You may get hanged, perhaps—but she will be saved."

Gringoire scratched his ear with a very serious air.

"Well!" said he, "that's an idea would never have come into my head of itself."

At Dom Claude's unexpected proposal, the open and benigant countenance of the poet had become instantaneously overcast, like a smiling Italian landscape when an unlucky gust of wind suddenly dashes a cloud across the sun.

"Well, Gringoire—what say you to the plan?"

"I say, master, that I shall not be hanged, perhaps, but that I shall be hanged indubitably."

"That does not concern us."

"The plague!" said Gringoire.

"She saved your life. It's a debt you have to pay."

"There are many others I don't pay."

"Maître Pierre, it must absolutely be so."

The archdeacon spoke imperiously.

"Hark you, Dom Claude," answered the poet in great consternation. "You cling to that idea, and you are wrong. I don't see why I should get myself hanged instead of another."

"What can you have to attach you so strongly to life?"

"Ah! a thousand reasons."

"What are they, pray?"

"What are they! The air—the sky—the morning—the evening—the moonlight—my good friends the Truands — our merry-making with the old women—the fine architecture of Paris to study—three great books to write, one of them against the bishop and his mills—more than I can tell. Anaxagoras used to say he had come into the world to admire the sun. And then, I have the felicity of passing the whole of my days, from morning till night, with a man of genius—no other than I myself — and that's very agreeable."

"Oh, thou head, fit only to make a rattle of!" muttered the archdeacon. "Speak, then; who preserved that life thou makest out to be so charming? To whom are thou indebted for the privilege of breathing that air, of seeing that sky, of being still able to amuse thy lark-like spirit with trash and fooleries? Had it not been for her, where wouldst thou be? Thou wilt have her die then—she through whom thou livest; thou wilt have her die—that creature so lovely, so sweet, so adorable—a creature necessary to the light of the world — more divine than divinity itself; while thou, half sage, half fool, a mere sketch of something, a sort of vegetable which fancies it walks and thinks, wouldst continue to live with the life thou hast stolen from her, as useless as a taper at noonday! Come, Gringoire, a little pity! be generous in thy turn—she has set the example."

The priest was vehement. Gringoire listened to him at first with an air of indecision, then became moved, and concluded with making a tragical grimace which likened his wan countenance to that of a new-born child in a fit of the colic.

"You are very pathetic?" said he, wiping away a tear. "Well! I'll think of it. That's an old idea of yours. After all," pursued he, after a moment's silence, "who knows? perhaps they'll not hang me—there's many a slip between the cup and the lip. When they find me in that box, so grotesquely muffled, in cap and petticoat, perhaps they'll burst out laughing. And if they do hang me, what then? The rope—that's a death like any other. Or rather, it is not a death like any other. It's a death worthy of the sage who has been wavering all his life—a death which is neither fish nor flesh, like the mind of the true skeptic—a death fully marked with Pyrrhonism and hesitation—which holds the medium between heaven and earth—which leaves you in suspense. It's the death of a philosopher, and I was predestined to it, perhaps. 'Tis fine to die as one has lived——'"

The priest interrupted him: "Is it agreed?"

"What is death, after all?" continued

Gringoire, heroically. "A disagreeable moment — a turnpike-gate — the passage from little to nothing. Some one having asked Cercidas of Megalopolis, whether he could die willingly: 'Why should I not?' answered he; 'for after my death, I shall see those great men, Pythagoras among the philosophers, Hecatæus among the historians, Homer among the poets, Olympus among the musicians!"

The archdeacon held out his hand to him. "Then it's settled?-you will come to-morrow?"

This gesture brought Gringoire back to reality.

"'Faith no!" said he, with the tone of a man just awaking. "Be hanged; it's too absurd! I will not."

"Fare you well, then;" and the archdeacon added between his teeth, "I shall find thee again."

"I don't wish that devil of a man to find me again so," thought Gringoire; and he ran after Dom Claude.

"Stay, monsieur the archdeacon," said he; "old friends should not fall out. You take an interest in that girl—my wife, I mean. That's all right. You have thought of a stratagem for getting her safe out of Notre-Dame; but your plan is extremely unpleasant for me, Gringoire. Now, if I could suggest another, myself!—I beg to say, a most luminous inspiration has just come over me. If I had an expedient for extricating her from her sorry plight, without compromising my neck in the smallest degree with a slip knot, what would you say?—would not that suffice you? Is it absolutely necessary that I should be hanged to satisfy you?"

The priest was tearing the buttons from his cassock with impatience. "Thou everlasting stream of words! what is your plan?"

"Yes," continued Gringoire, talking to himself, and touching his nose with his forefinger in sign of deep cogitation — "that's it! The Truands are fine fellows! The tribe of Egypt love her! They will rise at the first word! Nothing easier! A bold stroke. By means of the disorder, they will easily carry her off! To-morrow evening. Nothing would please them better."

"The means!—speak!" said the priest, shaking him.

Gringoire turned majestically toward him: "Let me alone!—you see I am composing!" He reflected again for a few seconds; then began to clap his hands at his thought, exclaiming, "Admirable!—certain success!"

"The means?" repeated Claude, angrily. Gringoire was radiant.

"Come hither," said he—"Let me tell you in a whisper. It's a counterplot that's really capital, and that will get us all out of the scrape. Egad! you must allow I'm no simpleton!"

He stopped short: "Ah! and the little goat—is she with the girl?"

"Yes—the devil take thee!"

"Why, they would have hanged her too, wouldn't they?"

"What's that to me?"

"Yes, they would have hanged her. They hanged a sow last month sure enough. The executioner likes that—he eats the animal after. To think of hanging my pretty Djali! poor little lamb!"

"A curse upon thee!" cried Dom Claude. "The hangman is thyself. What means of safety hast thou found, fellow! Wilt thou never be delivered of thy scheme?"

"Softly, master! You shall hear."

Gringoire leaned aside and spoke very low in the archdeacon's ear, casting an anxious look from one end of the street to the other, where, however, no one was passing. When he had done, Dom Claude took his hand, and said, coolly, "'Tis well. Till to-morrow fare you well."

"Till to-morrow," repeated Gringoire; and while the archdeacon withdrew one way, he went off the other, saying low to himself: "This is a grand affair, Monsieur Pierre Gringoire. Never mind—it's not to be said that because one's of little account one's to be frightened at a great undertaking. Biton carried a great bull on his shoulders—wagtails, linnets and buntings, across the ocean."

## CHAPTER II.

### TURN VAGABOND!

On re-entering the cloister, the archdeacon found at the door of his cell his brother, Jehan du Moulin, who was waiting for him, and who had whiled away the tediousness of expectation by drawing on the wall, with a piece of charcoal, a profile of his elder brother, embellished with a nose of immoderate dimensions.

Dom Claude scarcely looked at his brother; he was full of other ruminations. That joyous, roguish countenance, the irradiation of which had so often cleared away the gloom from the physiognomy of the priest, had now no power to dissipate the mist which was each day gathering thicker and thicker over that corrupt, mephitic, and stagnant soul.

"Brother," said Jehan, timidly, "I am come to see you."

The archdeacon did not so much as raise his eyes toward him. "Well?"

"Brother," continued the hypocrite, "you are so good to me, and give me such excellent advice, that I always come back to you."

"What next?"

"Alas! brother, you were very right when you used to say to me: 'Jehan! Jehan, *cessat doctorum doctrina, discipulorum disciplina.* Jehan, be prudent. Jehan, be studious. Jehan, do not go out of college at night without lawful occasion and leave of the master. Do not beat the Picards. *Noli, Joannes, verberrare Picardos.* Do not grow old like an unlettered ass, *quasi asinus illiteratus,* amidst the litter of the schools. Jehan, go every evening to chapel, and sing an anthem with a verse and prayer to our lady the glorious Virgin Mary.' Alas! how excellent was that advice!"

"And what then?"

"Brother, you see before you a guilty wretch, a criminal, a miscreant, a libertine, a monster! My dear brother, Jehan has treated your gracious counsels as grass and straw, fit only to be trampled under foot. Well am I chastised for it—and God Almighty is exceeding just. So long as I had money, I spent it in feasting, folly, and joviality. Oh! how grim-faced and vile to look back upon, is that debauchery which appears so charming in prospect! Now I have not a single blanc left; I have sold my table-cloth, my shirt, and my towel. A merry life no longer!—the bright taper is extinguished, and nothing is left me but its noisome snuff, which stinks under my nostrils. The girls mock at me. I drink water. I am tormented with remorse and creditors."

"Go on," said the archdeacon.

"Alas! dearest brother, I would fain lead a better life. I come to you full of contrition. I am penitent. I confess my faults. I beat my breast with heavy blows. You are very right to wish I should one day become a licentiate and sub-monitor of the Torchi College. I now feel a remarkable vocation for that office. But I have no ink left—I must buy some; I have no pens left—I must buy some; I have no paper left, no books left—I must buy some. I have a great need of a little money for those purposes; and I come to you, brother, with my heart full of contrition."

"Is that all?"

"Yes," said the scholar. "A little money."

"I have none."

The scholar then said, with an air at once grave and decided: "Well, brother, I am sorry to inform you that I have received from other quarters very advantageous offers and proposals. You will not give me any money?—No?—In that case I will turn Truand."

On pronouncing this monstrous word, he assumed the port of an Ajax expecting to see the thunderbolt fall on his head.

The archdeacon said to him coolly, "Turn Truand then."

Jehan made him a low bow, and re-descended the cloister staircase whistling.

Just as he was passing through the court of the cloisters, under the window of his brother's cell, he heard that window open, raised his head, and saw the archdeacon's severe face looking through the opening. "Get thee to the devil!" said Dom Claude;

"this is the last money thou shalt have of me."

So saying the priest threw out a purse to Jehan, which raised a large lump on his forehead, and with which he set off, at once angry and pleased, like a dog that has been pelted with marrow-bones.

---

## CHAPTER III.

### VIVE LA JOIE!

THE reader will not, perhaps, have forgotten that a part of the Court of Miracles was enclosed within the ancient walls of the Town, a great number of the towers of which were beginning, at that time, to fall into decay. One of these towers had been converted into a place of entertainment by the Truands. There was a cabaret or public-house on the lowest floor, and the rest was carried on in the upper stories. This tower was the point the most alive, and consequently the most hideous, of the Truandry. It was a sort of monstrous hive, which was humming day and night. At night, when all the remainder of the rabble were asleep—when not a lighted window was to be seen in the dingy fronts of the houses in the square—when not a sound was heard to issue from its innumerable families, from those swarms of thieves, loose women, and stolen or bastard children—the joyous tower might always be distinguished by the noise which proceeded from it, by the crimson light which, gleaming at once from the air-holes, the windows, the crevices in the gaping walls, escaped, as it were, from every pore.

The cellar, then, formed the public-house. The descent to it was through a low door and down a steep staircase. Over the door there was, by way of sign, a marvelous daub representing new-coined sols and dead chickens, with this punning inscription underneath: *Aux sonneurs pour les trépassés*—that is, "The ringers for the dead."

One evening, at the moment when the curfew bell was ringing from all the steeples in Paris, the sergeants of the watch, had they been permitted to enter the formidable Court of Miracles, might have remarked that still greater tumult than usual was going on in the tavern of the Truands, that they were drinking deeper and swearing louder. Without, in the square, were a number of groups, conversing in low tones as if some great plot was hatching; and here and there a fellow, squatted down, was sharpening a sorry iron blade upon a stone.

Meanwhile, in the tavern itself, wine and gaming diverted the minds of the Truandry so powerfully from the ideas which had occupied them that evening, that it would have been difficult to have divined from the conversation of the drinkers what was the affair in agitation. Only they had a gayer appearance than usual, and between the legs of each of them was seen glittering some weapon or other, a pruning-hook, an axe, a large backsword, or the crook of an old hackbut.

The apartment, of a circular form, was very spacious; but the tables were so close together and the tipplers so numerous, that the whole contents of the tavern, men, women, benches, beer-jugs, the drinkers, the sleepers, the gamblers, the able-bodied, the crippled, seemed thrown pell-mell together with about as much order and arrangement as a heap of oyster shells. A few greasy candles were burning upon the tables, but the great luminary of the tavern, that which sustained in the pot-house the character of the chandelier in an opera house, was the fire. That cellar was so damp that the fire was never allowed to go out in it even in the height of summer; an immense fire-place, with a carved mantlepiece, and thick-set with heavy iron dogs and kitchen utensils, had in it, then, one of those large fires composed of wood and turf, which, at night, in a village street on the Continent, cast so red a reflection through the windows of some forge upon the wall opposite. A large dog, gravely seated in the ashes, was turning before the glowing fuel a spit loaded with different sorts of meat.

In spite of the confusion, after the first glance, amid this multitude three principal groups might be distinguished, press-

ing around three several personages with whom the reader is already acquainted. One of these personages, fantastically bedizened with many an Oriental gaud, was Mathias Hungadi Spicali, Duke of Egypt and Bohemia. The old rogue was seated on the table, with his legs crossed and his finger in the air, exhibiting, in a loud voice, his skill in white and black magic, to many a gaping face which surrounded him. Another set were gathering thick around our old friend, the valiant King of Tunis, armed to the teeth; and Clopin Trouillefou, with a very serious air and in a low voice, was superintending the ransacking of an enormous cask full of arms, staved wide before him, from which were issuing in profusion axes, swords, fire-locks, coats of mail, lance and pike heads, cross-bow bolts and arrows, like apples and grapes out of a cornucopia. Each one was taking something from the heap; one a morion, another, a long rapier, and a third, the cross-handled *misericorde* or small dagger. The children themselves were arming; and even the veriest cripples without either legs or thighs, all barbed and cuirassed, were moving about on their seats between the legs of the drinkers, like so many large beetles.

And lastly, a third audience, the most noisy, the most jovial, and the most numerous of all, were crowding the benches and tables from the midst of which a flute-like voice, haranguing and swearing, proceeded from under a heavy suit of armor all complete from the casque to the spurs. The individual who had thus screwed himself up in full panoply, was so lost under his warlike trappings that nothing was seen of his person but a red, impudent, turned-up nose, a lock of fair hair, red lips, and a pair of bold-looking eyes. His belt was full of daggers and poniards; a large sword hung by his side; a rusty cross-bow was on his left, and an immense wine-pot before him; besides a strapping wench with her breast all open, seated on his right. All the mouths around him were laughing, swearing, and drinking.

Add to these twenty secondary groups; the waiters, male and female, running backward and forward with pitchers on their heads; the gamesters stooping over the billes (a rude sort of billiards), the merèlles, the dice, the vachettes, the exciting game of the tringlett (a kind of backgammon); quarrels in one corner—kisses in another; and some idea may then be formed of the whole collective scene; over which wavered the light of a great flaming fire, making a thousand grotesque and enormous shadows dance upon the tavern walls.

With respect to noise, the place might be likened to the interior of a bell in full peal.

The great dripping-pan before the fire, in which a shower of grease was crackling from the spit, filled up, with its uninterrmitted yelping, the intervals of those thousand dialogues which crossed each other in all directions from one side to another of the great circular room.

Amidst all this uproar there was, quite at one side of the tavern, upon the bench within the great open fire-place, a philosopher meditating, with his feet in the ashes, and his eyes upon the burning brands. It was Pierre Gringoire.

"Come! quick! make haste! get under arms! we must march in an hour," said Clopin Trouillefou to his Argotiers.

A girl was humming an air:

> "Father and mother, good-night;
> The latest up rake the fire."

Two card players were disputing—"Knave," cried the reddest-faced of the two, shaking his fist at the other, "I'll mark thee. Thou might go and take Mistigri's place in messeigneur the king's own card party."

"O Lord!" bawled one whom his nasal pronunciation showed to be a Norman, "we're all heaped together here like the saints at Caillouville!"

"My lads," said the Duke of Egypt to his auditory, speaking in an affected canting tone, "the witches of France go to the sabbath without ointment, broomstick, or anything to ride on, with a few magical words only. The witches of Italy have always a he-goat that waits for them

at their door. All of them are bound to go out up the chimney."

The voice of the young fellow armed cap-à-pie was heard above the general hum. "Noël! Noël!" cried he, "so this is my first day in armor! A Truand! I'm a Truand, ventre de Christ! Fill my glass. Friends, my name is Jehan Frollo du Moulin, and I'm a gentleman. It's my opinion that if God were a gendarme, he'd turn housebreaker. Brethren, we're going upon a noble expedition. We're of the valiant. Besiege the church—force the doors—bring away the pretty girl—save her from the judges—save her from the priests—dismantle the cloister—burn the bishop in his house—all that we shall do in less time than a burgomaster takes to eat a spoonful of soup. Our cause is just—we'll plunder Notre-Dame—and that's all about it. We'll hang up Quasimodo. Do you know Quasimodo, mesdemoiselles? Have you ever seen him work himself out of breath upon the big bell on a Whitsun holiday? 'Corne du Père! but it's very fine. You'd say it was a devil mounted upon a great gaping muzzle. Hark ye, my friends, I'm a Truand from the bottom of my heart—I'm an Argotier in my soul—I'm a Cagou born. I was very rich, and I've spent all I had. My mother wanted to make me an officer; my father, a subdeacon; my aunt, a councilor of the inquests; my grandmother, king's prothonotary; my great aunt, treasurer of the short robe; but I would make myself a Truand. I told my father so, and he spit his malediction in my face. I told my mother so, and she, poor old lady, began to cry and slobber like that log upon that iron dog there. Let's be merry! I'm a very Bicêtre in myself. Landlady, my dear, some more wine! I've got some money left yet. But mind, I'll have no more of that Surène wine—it hurts my throat. I'd as lief gargle myself, corbœuf, with a basket!"

Meanwhile, the company around applauded with boisterous laughter; and, finding that the tumult was redoubling around him, the scholar exclaimed: "Oh, what a glorious noise! *Populi debacchantis populosa debacchatio!*" Then he began to sing out, with an eye as if swimming in ecstasy, and the tone of a canon leading the vesper chant: "*Quæ cantica! quæ organa! quæ cantilenæ! quæ melodiæ hic sine fine decantatur! Sonant melliflua hymnorum organa, suavissima angelorum melodia, cantica, canticorum mira!*"—He stopped short. "Hey, you there, the devil's own barmaid; let me have some supper."

There was a moment of something approaching to silence, during which the shrill voice of the Duke of Egypt was heard in its turn, instructing his Bohemians in the mysteries of the black art. "The weazel," said he, "goes by the name of Aduine; a fox is called Blue-foot, or the Woodranger; a wolf, Gray-foot or Gilt-foot; a bear, the Old one, or the Grandfather. A gnome's cap makes one invisible, and makes one see invisible things. Whenever a toad is to be christened, it ought to be dressed in velvet, red or black, with a little bell at its neck and one at its feet. The godfather holds it by the head, and the godmother by the hinder parts. It's the demon Sidragasum that has the power of making girls dance naked."

"By the mass," interrupted Jehan, "then I should like to be the demon Sidragasum!"

Meanwhile, the Truands continued to arm, whispering to one another at the other side of the tavern.

"That poor Esmeralda!" exclaimed one of the gypsy men; "she's our sister; we must get her out of that place."

"So she's still at Notre-Dame, is she?" asked a Marcandier with a Jewish look.

"Yes, pardieu!" was the reply.

"Well, comrades," resumed the Marcandier; "to Notre-Dame then! All the more, because there, in the chapel of Saints Féréol and Ferrution, there are two statues, the one of St. John the Baptist, the other of St. Anthony, of solid gold, weighing together seventeen gold marks and fifteen esterlins; and the pedestals, of silver gilt, weigh seventeen marks five ounces. I know it, for I'm a goldsmith."

Here they served up Jehan his supper. He called out, throwing himself back upon

the bosom of the girl that sat by him, "By Saint-Voult-de-Lucques, called by the people Saint Goguelu, now I'm perfectly happy. I see a blockhead there, straight before me, that's looking at me with a face as smooth as an archduke. Here's another, at my left hand, with teeth so long that one can't see his chin. And then, I'm like the Maréchal de Gié at the siege of Pontoise; I've my right resting upon a mamelon. Ventre-Mahom! comrade! you look like a tennis-ball merchant—and you come and sit down by me; I'm noble, my friend; and trade's incompatible with nobility. Get thee away. Hollo! you, there! don't fight! What! Baptiste Croque-Oison! with a fine nose like thine; wilt thou go and risk it against that blockhead's great fists? You simpleton! *Non cuiquam datum est habere nasum.* Truly, thou'rt divine, Jacqueline Rouge-Oreille! it's a pity thou hast no hair on thy head! Hollah! do you hear? My name's Jehan Frollo, and my brother's an archdeacon—the devil fly away with him! All that I tell you's the truth. By turning Truand I've jocundly given up one half of a house situate in Paradise, which my brother had promised me—*dimidam domum in paradiso*—those are the very words. I've a fief in the Rue Tirechappe—and all the women are in love with me—as true as it is that St. Eloi was an excellent goldsmith, and that the five trades of the good city of Paris are the tanners, the leather-dressers, the baldric-makers, the purse-makers, and the cord-wainers; and that St. Laurence was broiled over egg-shells. I swear to you, comrades,

> For full twelve months I'll taste no wine,
> If this be any lie of mine!

"My charmer, it's moonlight. Just look there, through that air-hole, how the wind rumples those clouds—just as I do thy gorgerette! Girls, snuff the candles and the children. Christ et Mahom, what am I eating now, in the name of Jupiter? Hey, there, old jade! the hairs that are not to be found on thy wenches' heads, we find in the omelets. Do you hear, old woman? I like my omelets bald. The devil flatten thy nose! A fine tavern of Beelzebub is this—where the wenches comb themselves with the forks!"

And thereupon he broke his plate upon the floor, and began to sing out with all his might,

> "Et je n'ai moi,
> Par la Sang-Dieu!
> Ni foi, ni loi,
> Ni feu, ni lieu,
> Ni roi,
> Ni Dieu!"

Meanwhile, Clopin Trouillefou had finished his distribution of weapons. He went up to Gringoire, who seemed absorbed in profound revery, with his feet against one of the iron dogs in the fireplace. "Friend Pierre," said the King of Tunis, "what the devil art thou thinking about?"

Gringoire turned round to him with a melancholy smile; "I'm fond of the fire, my dear seigneur, not for any such trivial reason as that the fire warms our feet or boils our soup, but because it throws out sparks. Sometimes I pass whole hours in looking at the sparks. I discover a thousand things in those stars that sprinkle the dark back of the chimney-place. Those stars themselves are worlds."

"Tonnerre, if I understand thee," said the Truand. "Dost thou know what o'clock it is?"

"I don't know," answered Gringoire.

Clopin then went up to the Duke of Egypt. "Comrade Mathias," said he, "this is not a good time we've hit upon. They say King Louis the Eleventh's at Paris."

"The more need to get our sister out of his clutches," answered the old gypsy.

"You speak like a man, Mathias," said the King of Tunis. "Besides, we shall do the thing well enough. There's no resistance to fear in the church. The canons are like so many hares, and we're in force. The parliament's men will be finely balked when they come there for her to-morrow. *Boyaux du Pape!* I wouldn't have them hang the pretty girl!"

Clopin then went out of the cabaret.

Meantime, Jehan was crying out in a

voice hoarse with bawling: "I drink—I eat—I'm drunk—I'm Jupiter! Hey! you there, Pierre l'Assommeur, if you look at me in that way again, I'll fillip the dust off your nose."

Gringoire, on the other hand, startled from his meditations, had set himself calmly to contemplate the passionate, clamorous scene around him, and muttered between his teeth: "*Luxuriosa res vinum et tumultuosa ebrietas.* Ah, what good reason have I to abstain from drinking! and how excellent is the saying of St. Benedict: *Vinum apostatare facit etiam sapientes!*"

At that moment Clopin re-entered, and cried out in a voice of thunder; "Midnight!"

At this word, which operated upon the Truands as the order to mount does upon a regiment halting, the whole of them—men, women, and children—rushed out of the tavern, with a great clatter of arms and iron implements.

The moon was now obscured by clouds, and the Court of Miracles was entirely dark. Not a single light was to be seen in it; but it was far from being solitary. There was discernible in it a great crowd of men and women talking to one another in a low voice. The hum of this multitude was to be heard, and all sorts of weapons were to be seen glittering in the darkness. Clopin mounted upon a large stone. "To your ranks, Argot!" cried he; "to your ranks, Egypt! to your ranks, Galilee!" Then there was a movement in the darkness. The immense multitude seemed to be forming in column. In a few minutes the King of Tunis again raised his voice: "Now, silence! to march through Paris. The password is, *Petite flambe en bagnenaud.* The torches must not be lighted till we get to Notre-Dame. March!"

And in ten minutes after, the horsemen of the night-watch were flying terrified before a long procession of men descending in darkness and silence toward the Pont-au-Change, through the winding streets that intersect in every direction the close-built neighborhood of the Halles.

---

## CHAPTER IV.

### AN AWKWARD FRIEND.

THAT same night Quasimodo slept not. He had just gone his last round through the church. He had not remarked, at the moment when he was closing the doors, that the archdeacon had passed near him and had displayed a degree of ill-humor at seeing him bolt and padlock with care the enormous iron bars which gave to their large folds the solidity of a wall. Dom Claude appeared still more abstracted than usual. Moreover, since the nocturnal adventure of the cell, he was constantly ill-treating Quasimodo; but in vain he used him harshly, even striking him sometimes; nothing could shake the submission, the patience, the devoted resignation of the faithful ringer. From the archdeacon he could endure anything—ill-language, menaces, blows—without murmuring a reproach, without uttering a complaint. At most he would follow Dom Claude anxiously with his eye, as he ascended the staircase of the towers; but the archdeacon had of himself abstained from again appearing before the gypsy girl.

That night, then, Quasimodo, after casting one look toward his poor, forsaken bells, Jacqueline, Marie, and Thibauld, ascended to the top of the northern tower, and there, placing his well-closed dark lantern on the leads, set himself to contemplate Paris. The night, as we have already said, was very dark. Paris, which, comparatively speaking, was not lighted at that period, presented to the eye a confused heap of black masses, intersected here and there by the silvery windings of the Seine. Not a light could Quasimodo see except from the window of a distant edifice, the vague and gloomy profile of which was distinguishable rising above the roofs in the direction of the Porte St. Antoine. There, too, was some one wakeful.

While his only eye was thus hovering over that horizon of mist and darkness, the ringer felt within himself an inexpressible anxiety. For several days he had

been upon the watch. He had seen constantly wandering around the church, men of sinister aspect, who never took off their eyes from the young girl's asylum. He feared lest some plot should be hatching against the unfortunate refugee. He fancied that she was an object of popular hatred as well as himself, and that something might probably very shortly happen. Thus he remained on his tower, on the lookout *révant dans son révoir*, as Rabelais says, his eye by turns cast upon the cell and upon Paris, keeping safe watch like a trusty dog, with a thousand suspicions in his mind.

All at once, while he was reconnoitering the great city with that eye which nature, as if by way of compensation, had made so piercing that it almost supplied the deficiency of other organs in Quasimodo, it struck him that there was something unusual in the appearance of the outline of the quay of the Vielle Pelleterie, that there was some movement upon that point, that the line of the parapet which stood out black against the whiteness of the water was not so straight and still like that of the other quays, but that it undulated before the eye like the waves of a river, or the heads of a crowd in motion.

This appeared strange to him. He redoubled his attention. The movement seemed to be coming toward the city. No light was to be seen. It remained some time on the quay, then flowed off it by degrees, as if whatever was passing along was entering the interior of the island; then it ceased entirely, and the line of the quay became straight and motionless again.

Just as Quasimodo was exhausting himself in conjectures, it seemed to him that the movement was reappearing in the Rue du Parvis, which runs into the City perpendicularly to the front of Notre-Dame. In fine, notwithstanding the great darkness, he could see the head of a column issuing from that street, and in an instant a crowd spreading over the square, of which he could distinguish nothing further than that it was a crowd.

This spectacle was one of terror to Quasimodo. It is probable that that singular procession which seemed so anxious to conceal itself in profound darkness, observed a silence no less profound. Still some sound must have escaped from it, were it only pattering of feet. But even this noise did not reach our deaf hero; and that great multitude of which he could scarcely see anything, from which he could hear nothing, and which, nevertheless, was walking and in agitation so near him, produced on him the effect of an assemblage of the dead, mute, impalpable, lost in vapor. He seemed to see advancing toward him a mist peopled with men, to see shades moving in the shade.

Then his fears returned; the idea of an attempt against the gypsy girl presented itself again to his mind. He had a vague feeling that he was about to find himself in a critical situation. In this crisis he held counsel with himself, and his reasoning was more just and prompt than might have been expected from a brain so ill-organized. Should he awaken the gypsy girl? assist her to escape? Which way? The streets were beset; behind the church was the river; there was no boat, no egress! There was but one measure to be taken: to meet death on the threshold of Notre-Dame; to resist at least until some assistance came, if any were to come, and not to disturb the sleep of La Esmeralda. The unhappy girl would be awake time enough to die. This resolution once taken, he proceeded to reconnoiter the enemy more calmly.

The crowd seemed to be increasing every moment in the Parvis. He concluded, however, that very little noise was made, since the windows of the streets and the square remained closed. All at once a light shone out, and in an instant seven or eight lighted torches were waved above the heads, shaking their tufts of flame in the deep shade. Quasimodo then saw distinctly in commotion, in the Parvis, a frightful troop of men and women in rags, armed with scythes, pikes, pruning-hooks, partisans, their thousand points all sparkling. Here and there black pitchforks formed horns to those hideous visages. He had a confused recollection of that populace, and thought he recognized all

the heads which, a few months before, had saluted him Pope of the Fools. A man holding a torch in one hand and a boullaye in the other mounted a boundary-stone and appeared to be haranguing. At the same time the strange army performed some evolutions, as if taking post around the church. Quasimodo took up his lantern and descended to the platform between the towers, to observe more closely and to deliberate on the means of defense.

Clopin Trouillefou, having arrived before the principal door of Notre-Dame, had, in fact, placed his troops in battle array. Although he did not anticipate any resistance, yet, like a prudent general, he wished to preserve such a degree of order as would, in case of need, enable him to face a sudden attack of the watch or the onze-vingts. He had accordingly drawn out his brigade in such a manner that, seen from on high and at a distance, it might have been taken for the Roman triangle of the battle of Ecnoma, the pig's head of Alexander, or the famous wedge of Gustavus Adolphus. The base of this triangle was formed along the back of the square, so as to bar the entrance to the Rue du Parvis; one of the sides looked toward the Hôtel-Dieu, the other toward the Rue Saint-Pierre-aux-Bœufs. Clopin Trouillefou had placed himself at the point, with the Duke of Egypt, our friend Jehan, and the boldest of the sabouleux.

An enterprise such as the Truands were now attempting against Notre-Dame was no uncommon occurrence in the cities of the Middle Ages. What we in our day call police, did not then exist. In populous towns, in capitals especially, there was no central power, sole and commanding all the rest. Feudality had constructed those great municipalities after a strange fashion. A city was an assemblage of innumerable seigneuries, which divided it into compartments of all forms and sizes. From thence arose a thousand contradictory establishments of police, or rather no police at all. In Paris, for example, independently of the hundred and forty-one lords claiming censive or manorial dues, there were twenty-five claiming justice and censive—from the Bishop of Paris, who had five hundred streets, to the Prior of Notre-Dame-des-Champs, who had only four. All these feudal justiciaries only recognized nominally the paramount authority of the king. All had right of highway-keeping. All were their own masters. Louis XI., that indefatigable workman who commenced on so large a scale the demolition of the feudal edifice, carried on by Richelieu and Louis XIV. to the advantage of the royalty, and completed in 1789 to the advantage of the people—Louis XI. had indeed striven to burst this network of seigneuries which covered Paris, by throwing violently athwart it two or three ordinances of general police. Thus, in 1465, the inhabitants were ordered to light candles in their windows at nightfall, and to shut up their dogs, under pain of the halter. In the same year they were ordered to close the streets in an evening with iron chains, and forbidden to carry daggers or other offensive weapons in the streets at night. But in a short time all these attempts at municipal legislation fell into disuse. The townspeople allowed the candles at their windows to be extinguished by the wind, and their dogs to stray; the iron chains were only stretched across in case of siege; and the prohibition against carrying daggers brought about no other changes than that of the name of the Rue Coupe-gueule into Rue Coupe-gorge, which, to be sure, was a manifest improvement. The old framework of the feudal jurisdictions remained standing—an immense accumulation of bailiwicks and seigneuries, crossing one another in all directions throughout the city, straitening and entangling each other, interwoven with each other, and projecting one into another—a useless thicket of watches, under-watches, counter-watches, through the midst of which the armed hand of brigandage, rapine, and sedition was constantly passing. Thus it was no unheard-of event, in this state of disorder, for a part of the populace to lay violent hands on a palace, a hotel, or any ordinary mansion, in the quarters the most thickly inhabited. In most cases, the neighbors did not interfere in the affair unless the

pillage reached themselves. They stopped their ears against the report of the musketry, closed their shutters, barricaded their doors, and let the struggle exhaust itself with or without the watch; and the next day it would be quietly said in Paris: "Last night, Etienne Barbette had his house forced;" or, "The Maréchal de Clermont was laid hold of," etc. Hence, not only the royal residences—the Louvre, the Palais, the Bastile, the Tournelles—but such as were simply seigneurial, the Petit-Bourbon, the Hôtel-de-Sens, the Hôtel d'Angoulême, etc.—had their battlemented walls and their machicolated gates. The churches were protected by their sanctity. Some of them, nevertheless, among which was Notre-Dame, were fortified. The Abbey of Saint-Germain-des-Près was castellated like a baronial mansion, and more weight of metal was to be found there in bombards than in bells. This fortress was still to be seen in 1630, but now barely the church remains.

To return to Notre-Dame.

When the first arrangements were completed—and we must say, to the honor of Truand discipline, that Clopin's orders were executed in silence and with admirable precision—the worthy leader mounted the parapet of the Parvis, and raised his hoarse and sullen voice, his face turned toward Notre-Dame, and shaking his torch, the light of which, agitated by the wind and veiled at intervals by its own smoke, made the glowing front of the church by turns appear and disappear before the eye:

"Unto thee, Louis de Beaumont, Bishop of Paris, councilor in the court of parliament: thus say I, Clopin Trouillefou, King of Tunis, Grand-Coësre, Prince of Argot, Bishop of the Fools: Our sister, falsely condemned for magic, has taken refuge in thy church. Thou art bound to give her shelter and safeguard. Now, the court of parliament wants to take her thence, and thou consentest to it; so that she would be hanged to-morrow at the Grève, if God and the Truands were not at hand. We come to thee, then, bishop. If thy church is sacred, our sister is so, too; if our sister is not sacred, neither is thy church. Wherefore we summon thee to give up the girl, if thou wilt save thy church; or we will take the girl, and will plunder the church. Which will be well and good. In witness whereof, I here set up my standard. And so, God help thee, Bishop of Paris."

Quasimodo, unfortunately, could not hear these words, which were uttered with a sort of sullen savage majesty. A Truand presented the standard to Clopin, who gravely planted it between two of the paving-stones. It was a pitchfork, from the prongs of which hung, all bloody, a quarter of carrion meat.

This done, the King of Tunis turned about, and cast his eyes over his army, a ferocious multitude whose eyes glared al most as much as their pikes. After a moment's pause: "Forward, boys!" cried he. "To your work, Hutins."

Thirty stout men, square-limbed, and with pick-lock faces, stepped out from the ranks, with hammers, pincers, and iron crows on their shoulders. They advanced toward the principal door of the church; ascended the steps; and directly they were to be seen stooping down under the pointed arches of the portal, heaving at the door with pincers and levers. A crowd of Truands followed them, to assist or look on; so that the whole eleven steps were covered with them. The door, however, stood firm. "Diable! but she's hard and headstrong," said one. "She's old, and her gristles are tough," said another. "Courage, my friends!" cried Clopin. "I'll wager my head against a slipper that you'll have burst the door, brought away the girl, and undressed the great altar, before there's one beadle of 'em all awake. There—I think the lock's going."

Clopin was interrupted by a frightful noise which at that moment resounded behind him. He turned round; an enormous beam had just fallen from on high, crushing a dozen of the Truands upon the church steps, and rebounding upon the pavement with the sound of a piece of artillery; breaking here and there the legs of others among the vagabond crowd, which shrunk away from it with cries of terror. In a trice the confined inclosure of the Parvis was empty. The Hutins,

though protected by the deep retiring arches of the doorway, abandoned the door, and Clopin himelf fell back to a respectful distance from the church.

"Egad, I've had a narrow escape!" cried Jehan; "I felt the wind of it, tête-bœuf! but Pierre the Knocker-down's knocked down at last."

The astonishment mingled with dread which fell upon the brigands with this unaccountable piece of timber is indescribable. They remained for some minutes gazing fixedly upward, in greater consternation at this piece of wood than they would have been at twenty thousand king's archers. "Satan!" growled the Duke of Egypt, "but this smells of magic!"

"It's the moon that's been throwing that log at us," said Andry-le-Rouge.

"Why," remarked François Chanteprune, "you know, they say the moon's a friend of the Virgin's."

"Mille-papes!" exclaimed Clopin, "you're all simpletons together." Yet he knew not how to account for the fall of the beam.

All this while nothing was distinguishable upon the grand front of the building, to the top of which the light from the torches did not reach. The ponderous beam lay in the middle of the Parvis; and groans were heard from the miserable wretches who had received its first shock, and been almost cut in two upon the angles of the stone steps.

At last the King of Tunis, his first astonishment being over, hit upon an explanation which his comrades thought plausible. "Gueule-Dieu!" said he, "are the canons making a defense? If that be it, then, A sac! a sac!"

"A sac!" repeated the mob with a furious hurrah; and they made a general discharge of cross-bows and hackbuts against the front of the church.

This report awoke the peaceable inhabitants of the neighboring houses; several window-shutters were seen to open; and nightcaps and hands holding candles appeared at the casements. "Fire at the windows!" cried Clopin. The windows were immediately shut again, and the poor citizens, who had scarcely had time to cast a bewildered look upon that scene of glare and tumult, went back trembling to their wives, asking themselves whether it was that the witches now held their sabbath in the Parvis Notre-Dame or that they were assaulted by the Burgundians as in the year sixty-four.

"A sac!" repeated the Argotiers; but they dared not approach. They looked first at the church and then at the marvelous beam. The beam lay perfectly still; the edifice kept its calm and solitary look; but something froze the courage of the Truands.

"To your work, Hutins!" cried Trouillefou. "Come—force the door."

Nobody advanced a step.

"Barbe et ventre!" said Clopin; "here are men afraid of a rafter!"

An old Hutin now addressed him. "Captain, it's not the rafter that we care about; it's the door, that's all overlaid with iron bars. The pincers can do nothing with it."

"What should you have, then, to burst it open with?" asked Clopin.

"Why, we should have a battering ram."

The King of Tunis ran bravely up to the formidable piece of timber, and set his foot upon it. "Here's one!" cried he; "the canons have sent it you;" and, making a mock reverence to the cathedral, "Thank you, canons," he added.

This bravado had great effect—the spell of the wonderful beam was broken. The Truands recovered courage; and soon the heavy timber, picked up like a feather by two hundred vigorous arms, was driven with fury against the great door which it had already been attempted to shake. Seen thus, by the sort of half light which the few scattered torches of the Truands cast over the Place, the long beam, borne along by that multitude of men rushing on with its extremity pointed against the church, looked like some monstrous animal, with innumerable legs, running, head foremost, to attack the stone giantess.

At the shock given by the beam, the half metal door sounded like an immense drum. It was not burst in, but the whole

cathedral shook, and the deepest of its internal echoes were awakened. At the same moment, a shower of great stones began to fall from the upper part of the front upon the assailants. "Diable!" cried Jehan, "are the towers shaking down their balustrades upon our heads?" But the impulse was given. The King of Tunis stuck to his text. It was decidedly the bishop making a defense. And so they only battered the door the more furiously, in spite of the stones that were fracturing their skulls right and left.

It must be remarked that these stones all fell one by one; but they followed one another close. The Argotiers always felt two of them at one and the same time, one against their legs, the other upon their heads. Nearly all of them took effect; and already the dead and wounded were thickly strewn, bleeding and panting under the feet of the assailants, who, now grown furious, filled up instantly and without intermission the places of the disabled. The long beam continued battering the door with periodical strokes, the stones to shower down, the door to groan, and the interior of the cathedral to reverberate.

Undoubtedly, the reader has not yet to divine that this unexpected resistance which had exasperated the Truands proceeded from Quasimodo. Accident had unfortunately favored our deaf hero's exertions.

When he had descended upon the platform between the towers, his ideas were all in confusion. He ran to and fro along the gallery for some minutes, like one insane; beholding from on high the compact mass of the Truands ready to rush against the church; imploring the powers celestial or infernal to save the gypsy girl. He once thought of ascending the southern steeple, and sounding the tocsin; but then before the loud voice of Marie could have uttered a single sound, would there not be interval enough for the door of the church to be forced ten times over! It was just the moment at which the Hutins were advancing toward it with their burglarious instruments. What was to be done?

All at once he recollected that some masons had been at work the whole day, repairing the wall, the woodwork, and the roofing of the whole southern tower. This was a beam of light to him. The wall was of stone; the roofing was of lead; and then there was the woodwork, so prodigious, and so thick-clustering, that it went by the name of the forest.

Quasimodo ran to this tower. The lower chambers of it were, in fact, full of materials. There were piles of building stone, sheets of lead rolled up, bundles of laths, strong beams already shaped by the saw, heaps of rubbish—in short, an arsenal complete.

Time pressed. The levers and the hammers were at work below. With a strength multiplied tenfold by the feeling of imminent danger, he lifted an end of one of the beams, the heaviest and longest of all. He managed to push it through one of the loopholes; then, laying hold of it again outside the tower, he shoved it over the outer angle of the balustrade surrounding the platform, and let it fall into the abyss beneath.

The enormous beam, in this fall of a hundred and sixty feet, grazing the wall, breaking the sculptured figures, turned several times upon its center, like one of the two cross arms of a windmill, going by itself. At length it reached the ground; a horrid cry arose; and the dark piece of timber rebounded upon the pavement, like a serpent rearing itself and darting.

Quasimodo saw the Truands scattered by the fall of the beam like ashes by the blowing of a child; and while they fixed their superstitious gaze upon the immense log fallen from the sky, and peppered the stone saints of the portal with a discharge of bolts and bullets, Quasimodo was silently piling up stones and rubbish, and even the masons' bags of tools, upon the verge of that balustrade from which he had already hurled the large timber.

And accordingly, as soon as they began to batter the great door, the shower of great stones began to fall, making them think that the church must be shaking itself to pieces upon their heads.

Any one who could have seen Quasimodo at that moment, would have been affrighted. Independently of the missiles

which he had piled up on the balustrade, he had got together a heap of stones upon the platform itself. As soon as the great stones heaped upon the external border were spent, he had recourse to this latter heap. Then he stooped down, rose up, stooped, and rose again, with incredible agility. He thrust his great gnome's head over the balustrade; then there dropped an enormous stone—then another—then another. Now and then he followed some big stone with his eye; and when he saw that it did good execution, he ejaculated a "hum!" of satisfaction.

The beggars, meanwhile, did not lose courage. Already above twenty times had the massive door which they were so furiously assailing, shaken under the weight of their oaken battering-ram, multiplied by the strength of a hundred men. The panels cracked—the carvings flew in splinters—the hinges, at each shock, danced upon their hooks—the planks were forced out of their places—the wood was falling in dust, bruised between the sheathings of iron. Fortunately for Quasimodo's defence, there was more iron than wood.

Nevertheless he felt that an impression was being made upon the great door. Each stroke of the battering-ram, notwithstanding that he did not hear it, awakened not only the echoes within the church, but a pang of apprehension in his heart. As he looked down upon the Truands, he beheld them full of exultation and of rage, shaking their fists at the dark front of the edifice; and he coveted, for the gypsy girl and himself, the wings of the owls that were flocking away affrighted over his head. His shower of stones did not suffice to repel the assailants.

It was in this moment of anguish that he fixed his eyes a little below the balustrade from which he had been crushing the Argotiers, upon two long stone gutters which discharged themselves immediately over the grand doorway. The internal orifice of these gutters was in the floor of the platform. An idea occurred to him. He ran and brought a fagot from the little lodge which he occupied as ringer; laid over the fagot a number of bundles of laths and rolls of lead—ammunition of which he had not yet made any use; and, after placing this pile in the proper position as regarded the orifice of the gutters, he set fire to it with his lantern.

While he was thus employed, as the stones no longer fell, the Truands ceased looking up into the air. The brigands, panting like a pack of hounds at baying the wild boar in his lair, were pressing tumultuously round the great door, all disfigured and shapeless from the strokes of the ram, but still erect. They waited in a sort of shuddering anxiety for the grand stroke of all, the stroke which was to burst it in. They were all striving to get nearest, in order to be the first, when it should open, to rush into that well-stored cathedral—a vast repository in which had been successively accumulating the riches of three centuries. They reminded one another, with roars of exultation and greedy desire, of the fine silver crosses, the fine brocade copes, the fine silver gilt monuments, of all the magnificence of the choir, the dazzling holiday displays, the Christmas illuminations with torches, the Easter suns, all those splendid solemnities, in which shrines, candlesticks, pixes, tabernacles, and reliquaries, embossed the altars as it were with a covering of gold and jewels. Certain it is that, at that flattering moment, cagoux and malingreux, archisuppôts and rifodés, were all of them thinking much less about delivering the gypsy girl than about plundering Notre-Dame. Nay, we could even go so far as to believe that, with a good many of them, La Esmeralda was merely a pretext—if, indeed, thieves could have need of a pretext.

All at once, at the moment that they were crowding about the battering-ram for a final effort, each one holding in his breath and gathering up his muscles, so as to give full force to the decisive stroke, a howling more terrific yet than that which had burst forth and expired under the fall of the great beam, arose from the midst of them. They who had not cried out, they who were still alive looked, and saw two jets of melted lead falling from the top of the edifice into the thickest of the crowd. The waves of that human sea had

shrunk under the boiling metal, which, at the two points where it fell, had made two black and reeking hollows in the crowd, like the effect of hot water thrown upon snow. There were to be seen dying wretches burned half to a cinder, and moaning with agony. Around the two principal jets, there were drops of that horrible rain falling scatteredly upon the assailants, and entering their skulls like fiery gimlet points.

The outcry was heart-rending. They fled in disorder, throwing down the beam upon the dead bodies—the boldest of them as well as the most timid—and the Parvis was left empty for the second time.

All eyes were now cast upward to the top of the church, and they beheld an extraordinary sight. On the topmost gallery, higher than the great central window, was a great flame ascending between the two steeples, with clouds of sparks—a great flame, irregular and furious, a portion of which, by the action of the wind, was at intervals enveloped in the smoke. Underneath that flame, underneath the trifoliated balustrade showing darkly upon its glare, two monster-headed gutters were vomiting incessantly that burning shower, the silver-trickling of which shone out upon the darkness of the lower part of the grand front. As they approached the ground, the two jets of liquid lead spread out into myriads of drops like water sprinkled from the small holes of a watering-pan. Above the flame the huge towers, of each of which two faces were to be seen in all their sharpness of outline, the one quite black, the other quite red, seemed huger still by all the immensity of shadow which they cast into the sky. Their innumerable sculptured demons and dragons assumed a formidable aspect. The restless flickering light from the unaccountable flame, made them seem as if they were moving. Some of the guivres seemed to be laughing—some of the gargouilles you might have fancied you heard yelping; there were salamanders puffing at the fire—tarasques sneezing in the smoke. And among those monsters, thus awakened from their stony slumber by that unearthly flame, by that unwonted clamor, there was one walking about and seen from time to time to pass before the blazing front of the pile like a bat before a torch.

Assuredly, this strange beacon-light must have awakened the far woodcutter on the Bicêtre hills, startled to see wavering upon his coppices the gigantic shadows of the towers of Notre-Dame.

The silence of terror now took place among the Truands; during which nothing was heard but the cries of alarm from the canons, shut up in their cloisters and more uneasy than the horses in a burning stable—the stealthy sound of windows opened quick and shut yet quicker—the stir in the interior of the houses and of the Hôtel-Dieu—the wind agitating the flame—the last groans of the dying—and the continued crackling of the shower of boiling lead upon the pavement.

Meanwhile the principal Truands, having retreated under the porch of the Logis Gondelaurier, were there holding a council of war. The Duke of Egypt, seated upon a boundary-stone, was contemplating with religious awe the phantasmagoric pile blazing two hundred feet aloft in the air. Clopin Trouillefou was gnawing his great fists with rage. "Not possible to get in!" muttered he to himself.

"An old elf of a church!" growled the old Bohemian, Mathias Hungadi Spicali.

"By the Pope's whiskers!" added a gray-headed narquois who had once been in actual service, "but there are two church gutters that spit molten lead at you better than the machicolles at Lectoure!"

"Do you see that demon, going backward and forward before the fire?" cried the Duke of Egypt.

"Par-Dieu!" said Clopin, "it's the damned ringer—it's Quasimodo."

The Bohemian shook his head. "I tell you, no," said he; "it's the spirit Sabnac, the great marquis, the demon of fortifications. Out of an armed soldier he's been making a lion's head. Sometimes he's mounted on a frightful horse. He turns men into stones, and builds towers of them. He commands fifty legions. It's he, sure enough. I know him again. Sometimes

he has on a fine robe of gold, figured after the Turkish fashion."

"Where's Bellevigne - de - l'Etoile?" asked Clopin.

"He's dead," answered a female Truand.

Here Andry-le-Rouge observed, laughing idiotically, "Notre-Dame's finding work for the Hôtel-Dieu."

"Is there no way to force that door, then?" said the King of Tunis, stamping his foot.

Hereupon the Duke of Egypt pointed with a melancholy look to the two streams of boiling lead, which streaked the dark front of the building, looking like two long phosphoric distaffs. "There have been churches known to defend themselves so," observed he with a sigh. "St. Sophia's, at Constantinople—some forty years ago—threw down to the ground three times, one after another, the crescent of Mahound—just by shaking her domes, which are her heads. William of Paris, that built this here, was a magician."

"And are we to slink away pitifully, then, like so many running footmen?" said Clopin. "What! leave our sister there, for those ugly hooded fellows of canons to hang to-morrow!"

"And the sacristy—where there are cartloads of gold!" said a Truand, with whose name we are sorry to say that we are not acquainted.

"Barbe-Mahom!" exclaimed Trouillefou.

"Let us try once more," rejoined the Truand.

Mathias Hungadi shook his head. "We shall not get in at the door," said he. "We must find out some seam in the old elf's armor—a hole—a false postern—a joint of some sort or other."

"Who's for it?" said Clopin. "I'll go at it again. By-the-by, where's the little scholar, Jehan, that had cased himself up so?"

"He's dead, no doubt," answered some one, "for nobody hears him laugh."

The King of Tunis knit his brows. "So much the worse!" said he. "There was a stout heart under that iron case. And Maître Pierre Gringoire?"

"Captain Clopin," said Andry-le-Rouge, "he stole away before we had got as far as the Pont-aux-Changeurs."

Clopin stamped with his foot. "Gueule-Dieu!" he cried, "that fellow pushed us into this business, and then leaves us here just in the thick of the job. A prating nightcap-helmeted coward!"

"Captain Clopin," cried Andry-le-Rouge, looking up the Rue de Parvis, "here comes the little scholar!"

"Blessed be Pluto!" said Clopin. "But what the devil is he pulling after him?"

It was in fact Jehan, coming up as quick as he found practicable under his ponderous knightly accoutrements, with a long ladder, which he was dragging stoutly over the pavement, more out of breath than an ant which has harnessed itself to a blade of grass twenty times its own length.

"Victory! Te Deum!" shouted the scholar. "Here's the ladder belonging to the unladers of St. Landry's wharf."

Clopin went up to him. "My lad," said he, "what are you going to do, corne-Dieu! with that ladder?"

"I have it," answered Jehan, panting. "I knew where it was. Under the shed of the lieutenant's house. There's a girl there, that I'm acquainted with, that thinks me quite a Cupido for beauty. It was through her I tried to get the ladder—and now I have the ladder, Pasque-Mahom! The poor girl came out in her shift to let me in."

"Yes, yes," said Clopin; "but what do you want to do with this ladder?"

Jehan gave him a roguish, knowing look, and snapped his fingers. At that moment he was quite sublime. He had upon his head one of those overloaded helmets of the fifteenth century which affrighted the enemy with their monstrous-looking peaks. The one which he wore was jagged with no less than ten beaks of steel so that Jehan might have contended for the formidable epithet of δεκεμβολος with the Homeric ship of Nestor.

"What do I want to do with it, august King of Tunis?" said he. "Do you see that row of statues there, that look like blockheads, over the three doorways?"

"Yes. Well?"

"It's the gallery of the Kings of France.

"What's that to me?" said Clopin.

"Wait a bit. At the end of that gallery there's a door that's always on the latch. With this ladder I get up to it, and then I'm in the church."

"Let me get up first, lad," said the other.

"No, comrade; the ladder's mine. Come along—you shall be the second."

"Beelzebub strangle thee!" said Clopin, turning sulky. "I'll not go after anybody."

"Then, Clopin, go look for a ladder."

And therewith Jehan set off again across the Place, dragging along his ladder, and shouting, "Follow me, boys!"

In an instant the ladder was reared up, and the top of it placed against the balustrade of the lower gallery, over one of the side doorways. The crowd of the Truands, raising great acclamations, pressed to the foot of it for the purpose of ascending. But Jehan maintained his right, and was the first that set foot on the steps of the ladder. The passage to be made was a long one. The gallery of the French kings is, at this day, about sixty feet from the ground; to which elevation was, at that period, added the height of the eleven steps of entrance. Jehan ascended slowly, much encumbered with his heavy armor, with one hand upon the ladder and the other grasping his cross-bow. When he was half way up, he cast down a melancholy glance upon the poor dead Argotiers, strewed upon the steps of the grand portal. "Alas!" said he, "here's a heap of dead worthy the fifth book of the Iliad!" Then he continued his ascent. The Truands followed him. There was one upon each step of the ladder. To see that line of mailed backs thus rise undulating in the dark, one might have imagined it a serpent with steely scales, rearing itself up to assail the church, but that the whistling of Jehan, who formed its head, was not exactly the serpent-like sound requisite to complete the illusion.

The scholar at length reached the parapet of the gallery, and strode lightly over it, amid the applauses of the whole Truandry. Thus master of the citadel, he uttered a joyful shout—but stopped short all at once, confounded. He had just discovered, behind one of the royal statues, Quasimodo in concealment, his eye all flashing in the dark.

Before another of the besiegers had time to gain footing on the gallery, the formidable hunchback sprang to the head of the ladder; took hold without saying a word, of the ends of the two uprights with his two powerful hands; heaved them away from the edge of the balustrade; balanced for a moment, amid cries of anguish, the long bending ladder, covered with Truands from top to bottom; then suddenly, with superhuman strength, he threw back that cluster of men into the Place. For a moment or two the most resolute felt their hearts palpitate. The ladder thus hurled backward with all that living weight upon it, remained perpendicular for an instant, and its inclination seemed doubtful; then it wavered; then, suddenly describing a frightful arc of eighty feet radius, it came down upon the pavement, with its load of brigands, more swiftly than a drawbridge when its chains give way. There arose one vast imprecation—then all was still, and a few mutilated wretches were seen crawling out from under the heap of dead.

A mixed murmur of pain and resentment among the besiegers succeeded their first shouts of triumph. Quasimodo, unmoved, his elbows resting upon the balustrade, was quietly looking on, with the mien of some old long-haired king looking out at his window.

Jehan Frollo, on the other hand, was in a critical situation. He found himself in the gallery with the redoubtable ringer—alone, separated from his companions by eighty feet of perpendicular wall. While Quasimodo was dealing with the ladder, the scholar had run to the postern, which he expected to find on the latch. No such thing. The ringer, as he entered the gallery, had fastened it behind him. Jehan had then hidden himself behind one of the stone kings, not daring to draw breath, but fixing upon the monstrous hunchback a look of wild apprehension—like the man who, upon a time, making love to the wife

of a menagerie-keeper, and going one evening to meet her in an assignation, scaled the wrong wall, and suddenly found himself tête-à-tête with a white bear.

For the first few moments the hunchback took no notice of him; but at length he turned his head and drew up his limbs, for the scholar had just caught his eye.

Jehan prepared for a rude encounter; but his deaf antagonist remained motionless; only his face was turned toward the scholar, at whom he continued looking.

"Ho, ho!" said Jehan, "what dost thou look at me for with that one melancholy eye of thine?" And so saying, the young rogue was stealthily making ready his cross-bow. "Quasimodo," he cried, "I'm going to change thy surname. They shall call thee the blind."

Jehan let fly the winged shaft, which whistled through the air, and struck its point into the left arm of the hunchback. This no more disturbed Quasimodo than a scratch would have done his stone neighbor, King Pharamond. He laid his hand upon the arrow, drew it out of his arm, and quietly broke it over his clumsy knee. Then he dropped, rather than threw, the two pieces on the ground. But he did not give Jehan time to discharge a second shaft. As soon as the arrow was broken, Quasimodo, breathing strongly through his nostrils, bounded like a grasshopper upon the scholar, whose armor this shock of his flattened against the wall.

Then, through that atmosphere in which wavered the light of the torches, was dimly seen a sight of terror.

Quasimodo had grasped in his left hand both the arms of Jehan, who made no struggle, so utterly did he give himself up for lost. With his right hand the hunchback took off, one after another, with ominous deliberation, the several pieces of his armor, offensive and defensive—the sword, the daggers, the helmet, the breastplate, the armpieces—as if it had been a monkey peeling a walnut. Quasimodo dropped at his feet, piece after piece, the scholar's iron shell.

When the scholar had found himself disarmed and uncased, feeble and naked, in those formidable hands, he did not offer to speak to his deaf enemy; but he fell to laughing audaciously in his face, and singing, with the careless assurance of a boy of sixteen, a popular air of the time:

"Elle est bien babillée,
La ville de Cambrai;
Marafin l'a pillée . . ."

He had not time to finish. Quasimodo was now seen standing upon the parapet of the gallery, holding the scholar by the feet with one hand only, and swinging him round like a sling over the external abyss. Then a noise was heard like some box made of bone dashing against a wall; and something was seen falling, but it stopped a third part of the way down, being arrested in its descent by one of the architectural projections. It was a dead body which remained suspended there, bent double, the loins broken, and the skull empty.

A cry of horror arose from the Truands. "Revenge!" cried Clopin. "*A sac!*" answered the multitude. "Assault! assault!" Then there was a prodigious howling mixed up of all languages, all dialects, and all tones of voice. The poor scholar's death inspired the crowd with a frantic ardor. They were seized with shame and resentment at having been so long kept in check, before a church, by a hunchback. Their rage found them ladders, multiplied their torches, and in a few minutes Quasimodo, in confusion and despair, saw a frightful swarm ascending from all sides, to the assault of Notre-Dame. They who had no ladders had knotted ropes; and they who had not ropes climbed up by means of the projections of the sculpture. They hung at one another's tattered habiliments. There was no means of resisting this rising tide of frightful visages. Fury seemed to writhe in those ferocious countenances; their dirty foreheads were streaming with perspiration; their eyes flashed; and all those varieties of grimace and ugliness were besetting Quasimodo. It seemed as if some other church had sent her gorgons, her dogs, her drées, her demons, all her most fantastic sulptures, to assail Notre-Dame. It was a coat of living monsters covering the stone monsters of the façade.

Meanwhile a thousand torches had kindled in the Place. This disorderly scene, buried until then in thick obscurity, was wrapped in a sudden blaze of light. The Parvis was resplendent, and cast a radiance on the sky while the pile that had been lighted on the high platform of the church still burned and illumined the city far around. The vast outline of the two towers, projected far upon the roofs of Paris, threw amid that light a huge mass of shade. The whole town seemed now to be roused from its slumber. Distant tocsins were mournfully sounding; the Truands were howling, panting, swearing, climbing; and Quasimodo, powerless against so many enemies, trembling for the gypsy girl, seeing all those furious faces approaching nearer and nearer to his gallery, was imploring a miracle from heaven, and writhing his arms in despair.

---

## CHAPTER V.

### THE RETREAT IN WHICH MONSIEUR LOUIS OF FRANCE SAYS HIS PRAYERS.

THE reader has probably not forgotten that Quasimodo, a moment or two before he perceived the nocturnal band of the Truands in motion, while looking over Paris from the top of his steeple, saw but one single remaining light, twinkling at a window in the topmost story of a lofty and gloomy building, close by the Porte St. Antoine. That building was the Bastile; and that twinkling light was Louis XI.'s candle.

Louis XI. had, in fact, been at Paris for the last two days. He was to set out again the next day but one, for his citadal of Plessis, or Montilz-les-Tours. He seldom made his appearance in this good city of Paris, and when he did appear, it was during very short intervals, as he did not there feel himself surrounded by a sufficient abundance of pitfalls, gibbets, and Scottish archers.

He had come that day to sleep at the Bastile. His grand chamber at the Louvre, five toises square, with its grand chimney-piece loaded with twelve great beasts and thirteen great prophets, and his great bed, eleven feet by twelve, were little to his taste. He felt himself lost amidst all those grandeurs. This good homely king preferred the Bastile with a chamber and a bed of humbler dimensions; and, besides, the Bastile was stronger than the Louvre.

The chamber which Louis XI. reserved to himself in the famous state prison, notwithstanding its comparative smallness, was positively spacious, occupying the upper story of a secondary tower adhering to the donjon or great keep of the fortress. It was a circular apartment, hung with matting of shining straw; ceiled with wooden beams decorated with raised fleurs-de-lys of gilt metal, with colored spaces between them, and wainscoted with rich carvings interspersed with rosettes of white metal, and painted of a fine light green made of orpiment and fine indigo.

There was but one window, a long pointed one, latticed with iron bars and brass wire, and still further darkened with fine glass painted with the arms of the king and queen, each pane of which had cost two-and-twenty sols.

There was but one entrance, a modern doorway under an overhanging circular arch, furnished inside with a piece of tapestry, and outside with one of those porches of Irish wood (*bois d'Irelande*), as it was called—frail structures of curious cabinet-work, which were still to be seen abounding in old French mansions a hundred and fifty years ago. "Although they disfigure and encumber the places," says Sauval in despair, "yet our old gentlemen will not put them out of the way, but keep them in spite of everybody."

No description of ordinary furniture was to be seen in this chamber; neither benches, nor trestles, nor forms, nor common box stools, nor fine stools supported by pillars, and counter pillars, at four sols apiece; there was only one easy arm-chair, a very magnificent one; the wood of it was painted with roses upon a red ground, and its seat was of red morocco, decorated with long silken fringe and with abundance of gold-headed nails. The soleness of this chair testified that one person alone was

entitled to be seated in the chamber. By the chair, and close to the window, there was a table, the cover of which was figured with birds. On the table were a gallemard or standish, spotted with ink, some scrolls of parchment, some pens, and a hanap or large cup of silver chased. A little further on were a chauffe-doux, and, for the purpose of prayer, a prie-Dieu or small pew of crimson velvet set off with golden bosses. And behind was a plain bed of yellow and pink damask, without any sort of tinsel decoration, having only an ordinary fringe. It was this same bed, famous for having borne the sleep or the sleeplessness of Louis XI., that was still to be beheld two hundred years back, at the house of a councilor of state, where it was seen by the aged Madame Pilou, celebrated in the great romance of "Cyrus" under the nume of *Arricidie* and that of *La Morale Vivante*. Such was the chamber which was then popularly styled "the closet where Louis of France says his prayers."

At the moment at which we have introduced the reader into it, this closet was very dark. The curfew had rung an hour ago; it was dark night; and there was but one wavering wax candle set upon the table to light five different persons variously grouped in the chamber.

The first upon whom the light fell was a seigneur splendidly attired in a doublet and hose of scarlet striped with silver, and a cloak with mahoîtres, or shoulder pieces, of cloth of gold with black figures. This splendid costume, as the light played upon it, glittered flamingly at every fold. The man who wore it had upon his breast his arms embroidered in brilliant colors—*un chevron accompagné en pointe d'un daim payssant*. The escutcheon was accosté on the right by an olive branch, and on the left by a stag's horn. This man wore in his girdle a rich dagger, the hilt of which, of silver gilt, was chased in the form of a helmet top, and surmounted by a count's coronet. His hair was unprepossessing, his look haughty and stiff. At the first glance you saw arrogance in his face; at the second, cunning.

He was standing, bareheaded, with a long written scroll in his hand, behind the easy-chair, upon which was seated, with his body ungracefully bent double, his knees thrown one across the other, and his elbow resting on the table, a person in very indifferent habiliments. Imagine, indeed, upon the rich morocco seat, a pair of crooked joints, a pair of lean thighs poorly wrapped in a web of black worsted, a trunk wrapped in a loose coat of linsey-woolsey, the fur trimming of which had much more leather left than hair, and, to crown the whole, an old greasy hat of the meanest black cloth, garnished all round with a band of small leaden figures. Such, together with a dirty skull-cap beneath which hardly a single hair was visible, was all that could be distinguished of the sitting personage. He kept his head so much bent down over his chest that nothing was visible of his face thus thrown into shadow, except only the extremity of his nose, upon which a ray of light fell, and which, it was evident, must be a long one. The thinness of his wrinkled hand showed it to be an old man. It was Louis XI.

At some distance behind them there were talking in a low voice two men habited after the Flemish fashion, who were not so completely lost in the darkness but that any one who had attended the performance of Gringoire's mystery could recognize in them two of the principal Flemish envoys, Guillaume Rym, the sagacious pensionary of Ghent, and Jacques Coppenole, the popular hosier. It will be recollected that these two men were concerned in the secret politics of Louis XI.

And quite behind all the rest, near the door, there was standing in the dark, motionless as a statue, a stout, brawny, thick-set man, in military accoutrements, with an emblazoned casaque, whose square face, with its prominent eyes, its immense cleft of a mouth, its ears concealed each under a great mat of hair, and with scarcely any forehead, seemed a sort of compound of the dog and the tiger.

All were uncovered except the king.

The seigneur standing by him was reading over to him a sort of long official paper, to which his majesty seemed to be

attentively listening, while the two Flemings were whispering to each other behind.

"Croix-Dieu!" muttered Coppenole, "I'm tired of standing. Is there never a chair here?"

Rym answered by a negative gesture, accompanied with a circumspect smile.

"Croix-Dieu!" resumed Coppenole, quite wretched at being obliged thus to lower his voice, "I feel a mighty itching to sit myself down on the floor, with my legs across, hosier-like, as I do in my own shop."

"You had better beware of doing so, Maître Jacques," was the reply.

"Hey-day! Maître Guillaume—so, then, here a man can be nohow but on his feet?"

"Or on his knees," said Rym.

At that moment the king raised his voice, and they ceased talking.

"Fifty sols for the gowns of our valets, and twelve livres for the mantles of the clerks of our crown! That's the way! Pour out gold by tons! Are you mad, Olivier?"

So saying the old man had raised his head. The golden shells of the collar of St. Michael were now seen to glitter about his neck. The candle shone full upon his meager and morose profile. He snatched the paper from the hands of the other.

"You're ruining us!" cried he, casting his hollow eyes over the schedule. "What's all this? What need have we of so prodigious a household? Two chaplains at the rate of ten livres a month each, and a chapel clerk at a hundred sols! A valet-de-chambre at ninety livres a year! Four squires of the kitchen at a hundred and twenty livres a year each! A roaster, a potagier, a saucier, a chief cook, an armory-keeper, two sumpter-men, at the rate of ten livres a month each! Two turnspits at eight livres! A groom and his two helpers at four-and-twenty livres a month! A porter, a pastry-cook, a baker, two carters, each sixty livres a year! And the marshal of the forges a hundred and twenty livres! And the master of our exchequer chamber twelve hundred livres! And the comptroller five hundred! And God knows what besides! Why it's absolutely monstrous! The wages of our domestics are laying France under pillage! All the treasure in the Louvre will melt away in such a blaze of expense! We shall have to sell our plate! And next year, if God and Our Lady" (here he raised his hat from his head) "grant us life, we shall drink our ptisans out of a pewter pot!"

So saying, he cast his eye upon the silver goblet that was glittering on the table. He coughed, and continued:

"Maître Olivier! princes who reign over great seigneuries, as kings and emperors, ought not to let sumptuousness be engendered in their households, for 'tis a fire that will spread from thence into their provinces. And so, Maître Olivier, set this down for certain—that the thing displeases us. What! Pasque-Dieu! until the year '79, it never exceeded thirty-six thousand livres; in '80, it rose to forty-three thousand six hundred and nineteen livres—I've the figures in my head; in '81, it came to sixty-six thousand six hundred and eighty; and this year, by the faith of my body, it will amount to eighty thousand livres! Doubled in four years! Monstrous!"

He stopped quite out of breath, then resumed with vehemence: "I see none about me but people fattening upon my leanness. You suck money from me at every pore!"

All kept silence. It was one of those fits of passion which must be allowed to run its course. He continued:

"It's just like that Latin memorial from the body of the French seigneurs, requesting us to re-establish what they call the great offices of the crown. Ha! messieurs, you tell us that we are no king to reign *dapifero nullo, buticulario nullo.* But we'll show you, Pasque-Dieu! whether we're a king or not."

Here he smiled in the consciousness of his power; his ill-humor was allayed by it, and he turned round to the Flemings:

"Look you, Compère Guillaume, the grand baker, the grand butler, the grand chamberlain, the grand seneschal, are not so useful as the meanest valet. Bear this in mind, Compère Coppenole—they're of no service whatever. Keeping themselves

thus useless about the king, they put me in mind of the four evangelists that surround the face of the great clock of the Palais, and that Philippe Brille has just now been renovating. They're gilt indeed, but they don't mark the hour, and the hand of the clock can do very well without them."

He remained thoughtful for a moment, and then added, shaking his aged head, "Ho, ho! by Our Lady, but I'm not Philippe Brille, and I'm not going to regild the great vassals. Proceed, Olivier."

The person whom he designated by that name again took the sheet in his hands, and went on reading aloud:

"To Adam Tenon, keeper of the seals of the provostry of Paris, for the silver, workmanship, and engraving of the said seals, which have been made new, because the former ones, by reason of their being old and worn out, could no longer be used —twelve livres parisis.

"To Guillaume, his brother, the sum of four livres four sols parisis, for his trouble and cost in having fed and nourished the pigeons of the two pigeon-houses at the Hôtel des Tournelles, during the months of January, February, and March of this year, for the which he has furnished seven sextiers of barley.

"To a cordelier, for confessing a criminal, four sols parisis."

The king listened in silence. From time to time he coughed; then he lifted the goblet to his lips, and swallowed a draft of its contents, at which he made a wry face.

"In this year have been made," continued the reader, "by judicial order, by sound of trumpet, through the streets of Paris, fifty-six several cries. Account not made up.

"For search made in divers places, in Paris and elsewhere, after treasure said to have been concealed in the said places, but nothing has been found, forty-five livres parisis——"

"Burying an écu to dig up a sou!" said the king.

"For putting in, at the Hôtel des Tournelles, six panes of white glass, at the place where the iron cage is, thirteen sols. For making and delivering, by the king's command, on the day of the musters, four escutcheons, bearing the arms of our said lord, and wreathed all round with chaplets of roses, six livres. For two new sleeves to the king's old doublet, twenty sols. For a box of grease to grease the king's boots, fifteen deniers. A new sty for keeping the king's black swine, thirty livres parisis. Divers partitions, planks, and trap-doors, for the safe-keeping of the lions at the Hôtel St. Pol, twenty-two livres."

"Dear beasts, those!" said Louis XI. "But no matter; it's a fair piece of royal magnificence. There's a great red lion that I love for his pretty behavior. Have you seen him, Maître Guillaume? Princes must have those wondrous animals. For dogs we kings should have lions, and for cats, tigers. The great befits a crown. In the time of the pagans of Jupiter, when the people offered up at the churches a hundred oxen and a hundred sheep, the emperors gave a hundred lions and a hundred eagles. That was very fierce and noble. The Kings of France have always those roarings about their throne. Nevertheless, this justice will be done me, to admit that I spent less money in that way than my predecessors, and that I have a more moderate stock of lions, bears, elephants, and leopards. Go on, Maître Olivier—only we had a mind to say so much to our Flemish friends."

Guillaume Rym made a low bow, while Coppenole, with his gruff countenance, looked much like one of the bears of whom his majesty spoke. The king did not observe it; he had just then put the goblet to his lips, and was spitting out what remained in his mouth of the unsavory beverage, saying, "Foh! the nauseous ptisan!" His reader continued:

"For the food of a rogue and vagabond, kept for the last six months in the lock-up house of the Ecorcherie, until it should be known what was to be done with him, six livres four sols."

"What's that?" interrupted the king, sharply. "Feeding what ought to be hanged? Pasque-Dieu! I'll not give a single sol toward such feeding. Olivier,

you'll arrange that matter with Monsieur d'Estouteville, and this very night you'll make preparations for uniting this gentleman in holy matrimony to a gallows. Now go on with your reading."

Olivier made a mark with his thumb-nail at the rogue and vagabond article, and went on:

"To Henriet Cousin, executioner-in-chief at the justice of Paris, the sum of sixty sols parisis, to him adjudged by monseigneur the provost of Paris, for having bought, by order of the said lord the provost, a large broad-bladed sword, to be used in executing and beheading persons judicially condemned for their delinquencies, and had it furnished with a scabbard and other appurtenances, as also for repairing and putting in order the old sword which had been splintered and jagged by executing justice upon Messire Louis of Luxemburg, as can be more fully made appear——"

Here the king interrupted him.

"Enough," said he; "I shall give the order for that payment with all my heart. Those are expenses I make no account of. I have never grudged that money. Proceed."

"For making a great new cage——"

"Ha!" said the king, laying each hand upon an arm of his chair, "I knew I was come to this Bastile for something or other. Stop, Maître Olivier—I will see that cage myself. You shall read over to me the cost of it while I examine it. Messieurs the Flemings, you must come and see that—it's curious."

Then he rose, leaned upon the arm of his interlocutor, made a sign to the sort of mute who kept standing before the doorway to go before him, made another to the two Flemings to follow him, and went out of the chamber.

The royal train was recruited at the door by men-at-arms ponderous with steel, and slender pages carrying flambeaux. It proceeded for some time in the interior of the gloomy donjon, perforated by staircases and corridors even into the thickness of the walls. The captain of the Bastile walked at its head, and directed the opening of the successive narrow doors, before the old sickly and stooping king, who coughed as he walked along.

At each doorway, every one was obliged to stoop in order to pass, except only the old man bent with age. "Hum!" said he, between his gums, for he had no teeth left—"We're quite ready for the door of the sepulchre. A low door needs a stooping passenger."

At length, after making their way through the last door of all, so loaded with complicated locks that it took a quarter of an hour to open it, they entered a spacious and lofty chamber, of Gothic vaulting, in the center of which was discernible, by the light of the torches, a great cubical mass of masonry, iron, and wood-work. The interior was hollow. It was one of those famous cages for state prisoners which were called familiarly les fillettes du roi. In its walls there were two or three small windows, so thickly latticed with massive iron bars as to leave no glass visible. The door consisted of a single large, flat stone, like that of a tomb—one of those doors that serve for entrance only. The difference was, that here the tenant was alive.

The king went and paced slowly round this small edifice examining it carefully, while Maître Olivier, following him, read out his paper of expenses aloud:

"For making a great wooden cage, of heavy beams, joists, and rafters, measuring inside nine feet long by eight broad, and seven feet high between the planks; morticed and bolted with great iron bolts; which has been fixed in a certain chamber of one of the towers of the Bastile St. Antoine; in which said cage is put and kept by command of our lord the king, a prisoner, that before inhabited an old, decayed, and worn-out cage. Used, in making the said new cage, ninety-six horizontal beams and fifty-two perpendicular; ten joists, each three toises long. Employed, in squaring, planing and fitting all the said wook-work, in the yard of the Bastile—nineteen carpenters for twenty days——"

"Very fine heart of oak," said the king, rapping his knuckles against the timbers.

"Used in this cage," continued the other, "two hundred and twenty great iron bolts, nine feet and a half long—the

rest of a medium length—together with the plates and nuts for fastening the said bolts—the said irons weighing altogether three thousand seven hundred and thirty-five pounds; besides eight heavy iron equières for fixing the said cage in its place; with the cramp-irons and nails; weighing altogether two hundred and eighteen pounds; without reckoning the iron for the trellis-work of the windows of the chamber in which the said cage has been placed, the iron bars of the door of the chamber, and other articles——"

"Here's a deal of iron," observed the king, "to restrain the levity of a spirit."

"The whole amounts to three hundred and seventeen livres, five sols, seven deniers."

"Pasque-Dieu!" cried the king.

At this oath, which was the favorite one of Louis XI., some one seemed to be aroused in the interior of the cage. There was a noise of chains clanking on its floor; and a feeble voice was heard, which seemed to issue from the tomb, exclaiming—"Sire, sire! mercy, mercy!" It could not be seen who uttered this exclamation.

"Three hundred and seventeen livres, five sols, seven deniers!" repeated Louis XI.

The voice of lamentation which had issued from the cage chilled the blood of all present, even that of Maître Olivier. The king alone looked as if he had not heard it. At his command, Maître Olivier resumed his reading; and his majesty coolly continued his inspection of the cage.

"Besides the above, there has been paid to a mason for making the holes to fix the window-grates and the floor of the chamber containing the cage, because the other floor would not have been strong enough to support such cage, by reason of its weight—twenty-seven livres, fourteen sols parisis——"

Again the voice began to complain—"Mercy, sire! I assure you that it was Monsieur the Cardinal of Angers that committed the treason, and not I!"

"The mason is a rough hand," said the king. "Proceed, Olivier."

Olivier continued—"To a joiner for window-frames, bedstead, close-stool, and other matters, twenty livres two sols parisis——"

The voice still continued—"Alas, sire! will you not listen to me? I protest it was not I that wrote that matter to Monseigneur of Guyenne—it was Monsieur the Cardinal Balue."

"The joiner charges high," observed the king. "Is that all?"

"No, sire—To a glazier for the window glass of the said chamber, forty-six sols eight deniers parisis."

"Have mercy, sire!" cried the voice again. "Is it not enough that all my property has been given to my judges—my plate to Monsieur de Torcy—my library to to Maître Pierre Doriolle—and my tapestry to the governor of Roussillon? I am innocent. It is now fourteen years that I have been shivering in an iron cage! Have mercy, sire! and you will find it in heaven!"

"Maître Olivier," said the king, "what is the sum total?"

"Three hundred and sixty-seven livres eight sols three deniers parisis."

"Our Lady!" exclaimed the king. "Here's a cage out of all reason!"

"He snatched the account from the hands of Maître Olivier, and began to reckon it up himself upon his fingers, examining, by turns, the paper and the cage. Meanwhile, the prisoner was heard sobbing within. The effect, in the darkness, was dismal in the extreme; and the faces of the bystanders turned pale and looked at one another.

"Fourteen years, sire! It is fourteen years since April, 1469. In the name of the holy mother of God, sire, hearken to me. All that time you have been enjoying the warmth of the sun—and shall I, wretched that I am! never again see the light? Mercy, sire!—be merciful! Clemency is a noble virtue in a king, that turns aside the stream of wrath. Does your majesty think that at the hour of death it is a great satisfaction for a king to have left no offense unpunished? Besides, sire, it was not I that betrayed your majesty—it was Monsieur of Angers. And I have a very heavy chain to my foot, with a huge ball of iron at the end of it, much

heavier than is needful. Oh, sire, do have pity on me!"

"Olivier," said the king, shaking his head, "I observe that they put me down the bushel of plaster at twenty sols, though it's only worth twelve. You'll draw out this account afresh."

He turned his back on the cage, and began to move toward the door of the chamber. The wretched prisoner judged by the withdrawing of the torchlight and the noise, that the king was going away. "Sire! sire!" cried he in despair. The door closed again, and he no longer distinguished anything but the hoarse voice of the turnkey humming in his ears a popular song of the day:

> Maître Jehan Balue
> Has lost out of view
> His good bishoprics all:
> Monsieur de Ferdum
> Can not now boast of one;
> They are gone, one and all.

The king reascended in silence to his closet, followed by the persons of his train, horror-struck at the last groanings of the condemned. All at once his majesty turned round to the Governor of the Bastile. "By-the-by," said he, "was there not some one in that cage?"

"Par-Dieu, yes, sire!" answered the governor astounded at the question.

"And who, pray?"

"Monsieur the Bishop of Verdun."

The king knew that better than any one else, but this was a mania of his.

"Ha!" said he, with an air of simplicity, as if he was thinking of it for the first time—"Guillaume de Harancourt, the friend of Monsieur the Cardinal Balue. A good fellow of a bishop."

A few moments after, the door of the closet had reopened and then closed again upon the five persons whom the reader had found there at the beginning of this chapter, and who had severally resumed their places, their postures, and their whispering conversation.

During the king's absence, some dispatches had been laid upon the table, of which he himself broke the seal. Then he began to read them over diligently one after another; motioned to Maître Olivier, who seemed to act as his minister, to take up a pen; and, without communicating to him the contents of the dispatches, he began, in a low voice, to dictate to him the answers, which the latter wrote, very uncomfortably to himself, on his knees before the table.

Guillaume Rym was on the watch.

The king spoke so low that the Flemings could hear nothing at all of what he was dictating, except here and there a few isolated and scarcely intelligible fragments, as thus: "To maintain the fertile places by commerce, the sterile ones by manufactures—To show the English lords our four bombards, the Londres, the Brabant, the Bourg-en-Bresse, the St. Omer—It is owing to artillery that war is now more judiciously carried on—To our friend Monsieur de Bressuire—The armies can not be kept on foot without contributions—" etc.

Once he spoke aloud: "Pasque-Dieu! Monsieur the King of Sicily seals his letters with yellow wax like a King of France! Perhaps we do wrong to permit him. My fair cousin of Burgundy gave no arms on a field gule. The greatness of a house is secured by maintaining the integrity of its prerogatives. Note that down, Compère Olivier."

At another moment, "Oh, oh," said he, "the bold message! What is our friend the emperor demanding of us?" Then casting his eyes over the missive, interrupting his perusal here and there with brief interjections: "Certes, that Germany is so large and powerful that it's hardly credible! But we don't forget the old proverb. The finest country is Flanders; the finest duchy, Milan; the finest kingdom, France! Is it not so, messieurs the Flemings?"

This time, Coppenole bowed as well as Guillaume Rym. The hosier's patriotism was tickled.

The last dispatch of all made Louis XI. knit his brows. "What's that?" he exclaimed. "Complaints and petitions against our garrisons in Picardy! Olivier, write with all speed to Monsieur the Marshal de Rouault. The discipline is relaxed. That the gendarmes of the ordonnance, the nobles, the free archers, the Swiss, do

infinite mischief to the inhabitants. That the military, not content with what they find in the houses of the husbandmen, compel them, with heavy blows of staves or bills, to go and fetch from the town, wine, fish, groceries, and other unreasonable articles. That the king knows all that. That we mean to protect our people from annoyance, theft and pillage. That such is or will, by Our Lady! That furthermore, it does not please us, that any musician, barber, or servant-at-arms should go clad like a prince, in velvet, silk, and gold rings. That such vanities are hateful to God! That we, who are a gentleman, content ourselves with a doublet made of cloth at sixteen sols the Paris ell. That messieurs the servingmen of the army may come down to that price likewise. Order and command. To our friend, Monsieur de Rouault. Good."

He dictated this letter aloud, in a firm tone, and in short, abrupt sentences. At the moment of his finishing it, the door opened, and admitted a fresh person, who rushed all aghast into the chamber, crying: "Sire! sire! there's a sedition of the populace of Paris!"

The grave countenance of Louis XI. was contracted for a moment; but all that was visible in his emotion passed away like a flash. He contained himself, and said with a tone of quiet severity: "Compère Jacques, you enter very abruptly."

"Sire, sire, there's a revolt!" resumed Compère Jacques, quite out of breath.

The king, who had risen from his seat, seized him roughly by the arm, and said in his ear, so as to be heard by no one else, with an expression of internal anger, and an oblique glance at the Flemings, "Hold your tongue—or speak low!"

The new-comer understood, and set himself to make to the king a very terrified narration, to which the latter listened calmly, while Guillaume Rym was calling Coppenole's attention to the face and dress of the news-bearer—his furred capuce or hood (*caputia fourrata*)—his short épitoge (*epitogia curta*) and his black velvet gown, which bespoke a President of the Court of Accompts.

No sooner had this person given the king some explanations, than Louis XI. exclaimed with a burst of laughter: "Nay, in sooth, speak aloud, Compère Coictier. What occasion have you to whisper so? Our Lady knows we have no secrets with our good Flemish friends."

"But, sire——"

"Speak up!" said the king.

Compère Coictier remained mute with surprise.

"Come, come," resumed the king; "speak out, sir. There's a commotion of the people in our good city of Paris?"

"Yes, sire."

"And which is directed, you say, against Monsieur the Bailiff of the Palais de Justice?"

"So it appears," said the compère, who still stammered out his words, quite confounded at the sudden and inexplicable change which had taken place in the mind of the king.

Louis XI. resumed: "Whereabouts did the watch meet with the mob?"

"Coming along from the great Truandry toward the Pont-aux-Changeurs, sire. I met it myself as I was coming hither in obedience to your majesty's orders. I heard some of them crying, 'Down with the Bailiff of the Palais!'"

"And what grievances have they against the bailiff?"

"Ah," said Compère Jacques, "that he is their seigneur."

"Is it really so?"

"Yes, sire. They are rascals from the Court of Miracles. They have long been complaining of the bailiff, whose vassals they are. They will not acknowledge him either as justiciary or as keeper of the highways."

"So, so," said the king with a smile of satisfaction, which he strove in vain to disguise.

"In all their petitions to the parliament," continued Compère Jacques, "they pretend that they have only two masters—your majesty, and their God, whom I believe to be the Devil."

"Oh, oh," said the king.

He rubbed his hands; laughed with that internal laugh which irradiates the

countenance; and was quite unable to dissemble his joy, though he now and then strove to compose himself. None of those present could at all understand his hilarity —not even Maître Olivier. At length his majesty remained silent for a moment, with a thoughtful but satisfied air.

All at once he asked, "Are they in force?"

"Yes, sire; that they certainly are," answered Compère Jacques.

"How many?"

"At least six thousand."

The king could not help saying, "Good!" He went on: "Are they armed?"

"Yes, sire, with scythes, pikes, hackbuts, pickaxes, all sorts of most violent weapons."

The king seemed to be not at all disturbed by this awful detail. Compère Jacques thought proper to add: "Unless your majesty sends speedy succor to the bailiff, he is lost!"

"We will send," said the king, with affected seriousness. "Good! certainly we will send. Monsieur the bailiff is our friend. Six thousand! They're determined rogues! Their boldness is marvelous, and deeply are we wroth at it. But we have few men about us to-night. It will be time enough to-morrow morning."

Compère Jacques could not help exclaiming: "Directly, sire. They'll have time to sack the bailiff's house twenty times over, violate the seigneury, and hang the bailiff himself. For God's sake, sire, send before to-morrow morning."

The king looked him full in the face. "I have told you to-morrow morning." It was one of those looks to which there is no reply.

After a pause, Louis XI. again raised his voice. "My Compère Jacques, you should know that. What was . . . . ." (he corrected himself). "What is the bailiff's feudal jurisdiction?"

"Sire, the Bailiff of the Palais has the Rue de la Calandre, as far as the Rue de l'Herberie; the Place St. Michel, and the places commonly called Les Mureaux, situated near the church of Notre-Dame-des-Champs," (here the king lifted the brim of his hat), "which mansions amount to thirteen; besides the Court of Miracles, and the lazaretto called the Banlieue; and all the highway beginning at the lazaretto and ending at the Porte St. Jacques. Of those several places he is keeper of the ways—chief, mean, and inferior justiciary—full and entier lord."

"So ho!" said the king, scratching his left ear with his right hand, "that makes a good slice of my town! So, monsieur the bailiff was king of all that, eh?"

This time he did not correct himself. He continued ruminating and as if talking to himself: "Softly, monsieur the bailiff, you had a very pretty slice of our Paris in your clutches, truly."

All at once he broke forth: "Pasque-Dieu! what are all these people that pretend to be highway-keepers, justiciaries, lords, and masters along with us, that have their toll-gate at the corner of every field, their justice and their bourreau at every cross-way among our people? so that, as the Greek thought he had as many gods as he had springs of water, and the Persian as many as he saw stars, so the Frenchman reckons up as many kings as he sees gibbets. Par-Dieu! this thing is evil, and the confusion of it displeases me. I should like to be told, now, if it be God's pleasure that there should be at Paris any highway-keepers but the king—any justiciary but our parliament —any emperor but ourself in this empire. By the faith of my soul, but the day must come when there shall be in France but one king, one lord, one judge, one headsman, as there is but one God in heaven."

Here he lifted his cap again, and continued, still ruminating, and with the look and accent of a huntsman cheering on his pack: "Good, my people! Well done! Shatter those false seigneurs! Do your work! On, on! Pillage—hang—sack them! So, you want to be kings, messeigneurs? On, my people, on!"

Here he suddenly stopped himself; bit his lip, as if to recall his half-wandering thoughts; fixed his piercing eye in turn upon each each of the five persons around him; and then, all at once taking his hat between both hands, and looking stead-

fastly at it, he said, "Oh, I would burn thee, if thou couldst know what I have in my head!"

Then once more casting around him the cautious, anxious look of a fox stealing back into his hole: "No matter," said he; "we will send succor to monsieur the bailiff. Unluckily, we have very few troops here at this moment, against such a number of the populace. We must wait till to-morrow. Order then shall be restored in the city; and all who are taken shall be hanged up forthwith."

"Apropos, sire," said Compère Coictier; "I had forgotten that in my first perturbation. The watch have seized two stragglers belonging to the gang. If it be your majesty's pleasure to see the men, they are here."

"If it be my pleasure!" exclaimed the king. "What, Pasque-Dieu! Canst thou forget such a thing as that? Run—quick! Olivier—go and fetch them in."

Maître Olivier went out, and returned in a minute with the two prisoners surrounded by archers of the ordonnance. The first of the two had a great idiotic, drunken, and wonder-struck visage. He was clothed in tatters, and walked with one knee bent and the foot dragging along; the other had a pale, half-smiling countenance, with which the reader is already acquainted.

The king scrutinized them a moment, without saying a word; then suddenly addressing the first of the two prisoners, "What is thy name?" he asked.

"Geoffroy Pincebourde."

"Thy trade?"

"A Truand."

"What was thou going to do in that damnable sedition?"

The Truand looked at the king, swinging his arms the while with an air of sottish stupidity. His was one of those heads of awkward conformation, in which the intellect is about as much at its ease as a light under an extinguisher. "I don't know," said he. "They were going—and so I went."

"Were you not going outrageously to attack and plunder your lord the bailiff of the Palais?"

"I know they were going to take something at somebody's—and that's all."

Here a soldier showed the king a pruning-hook which had been found upon the Truand.

"Dost thou know that weapon?" asked the king.

"Yes—it's my pruning-hook. I'm a vine-dresser."

"And dost thou know that man for thy comrade?" asked Louis XI., pointing to the other prisoner.

"No, I don't know him."

"Enough," said the king; and motioning with his finger to the silent person standing motionless by the door whom we have already pointed out to the reader, "Compère Tristan," said he, "there's a man for you."

Tristan l'Hermite bowed to his majesty, and then whispered an order to a couple of archers, who thereupon carried away the poor Truand.

Meanwhile, the king had addressed the second prisoner, who was perspiring profusely, "Thy name?"

"Sire, it is Pierre Gringoire."

"Thy trade?"

"A philosopher, sire."

"How comes it, fellow, that thou hast the audacity to go and beset our friend Monsieur the Bailiff of the Palais? and what hast thou to say about this popular commotion?"

"Sire, I was not in it."

"Come, come, paillard, wast thou not apprehended by the watch in that company?"

"No, sire—there's a mistake. It's a fatality. I write tragedies, sire. I implore your majesty to hear me. I am a poet. It's the hard lot of men of my profession to be going about the streets at night. By mere chance I happened to be going by there this evening. They took me up without reason. I am quite innocent of this civil storm. Your majesty saw that the Truand did not recognize me. I entreat your majesty——"

"Hold your tongue," said the king, between two draughts of his ptisan—"you split our head!"

Tristan l'Hermite stepped forward, and

said, pointing to Gringoire: "Sire, may we hang that one too?" This was the first word he had uttered.

"Oh, why," answered the king, carelessly, "I don't see any objections."

"But I see many," said Gringoire.

At this moment, our philosopher's countenance was horribly livid. He saw, by the cool and indifferent manner of the king, that he had no resource but in something excessively pathetic; and he threw himself at the feet of Louis XI. with gestures of despair:

"Sire, your majesty will vouchsafe to hear me. Sire, burst not in thunder upon so poor a thing as I am. God's great thunderbolts strike not the lowly plant. Sire, you are an august and most puissant monarch—have pity on a poor honest man, as incapable of fanning the flame of revolt as an icicle of striking a spark. Most gracious sire, mildness is the virtue of a lion and of a king. Alas! severity does but exasperate; the fierce blasts of the north wind make not the traveler lay aside his cloak; but the sun darting his rays by little and little, warms him so that at length he will gladly strip himself. Sire, you are the sun. I protest to you, my sovereign lord and master, that I am not a companion of Truands, thievish and disorderly. Rebellion and pillage go not in the train of Apollo. I am no man to go and rush into those clouds which burst in seditious clamour. I am a faithful vassal of your majesty. The same jealousy which the husband has for the honor of his wife—the affection with which the son should requite his father's love—a good vassal should feel for the glory of his king. He should wear himself out for the upholding of his house and the promoting of his service. Any other passion that should possess him would be mere frenzy. Such, sire, are my maxims of state; do not, then, judge me to be seditious and plundering because my garment is out at the elbows. If you show me mercy, sire, I will wear it out at the knees in praying for you morning and night. Alas! I am not extremely rich, it is true—indeed I am rather poor; but I am not wicked for all that. It is no fault of mine. Everybody knows that great wealth is not to be acquired by the belles-lettres; and that the most accomplished writers have not always a great fire in winter time. The gentlemen of the law take all the wheat to themselves, and leave nothing but the chaff for the other learned professions. There are forty most excellent proverbs about the philosopher's threadbare cloak. Oh, sire, clemency is the only light that can enlighten the interior of a great soul. Clemency carries the torch before all the other virtues. Without her they are but blind, and seek God in the dark. Mercy, which is the same thing as clemency, produces loving subjects, who are the most powerful bodyguard of the prince. What can it signify to your majesty, by whom all faces are dazzled, that there should be one poor man more upon the earth? a poor innocent philosopher, creeping about in the darkness of calamity, with his empty fob lying flat upon his empty stomach. Besides, sire, I am a man of letters. Great kings add a jewel to their crown by patronizing letters. Hercules did not disdain the title of Musagetes. Matthias Corvinus showed favor to Jean de Monroyal, the ornament of mathematics. Now, 'tis an ill way of patronizing letters, to hang up the lettered. What a stain to Alexander if he had had Aristotle hanged! The act would not have been a small patch upon the face of his reputation to embellish it, but a virulent ulcer to disfigure it. Sire, I wrote a very appropriate epithalamium for Mademoiselle of Flanders and Monseigneur the most august Dauphin. That was not like a firebrand of rebellion. Your majesty sees that I am no dunce—that I have studied excellently—and that I have much natural eloquence. Grant me mercy, sire. So doing, you will do an act grateful to Our Lady; and I assure you, sire, that I am very much frightened at the idea of being hanged!"

So saying, the desolate Gringoire kissed the king's slippers; while Guillaume Rym whispered to Coppenole: "He does well to crawl upon the floor; kings are like the Jupiter of Crete—they hear only through their feet." And, quite inattentive to the

Cretan Jupiter, the hosier answered, with a heavy smile, and his eyes fixed upon Gringoire, "Ah, that's good! I could fancy I heard the Chancellor Hugonet asking me for mercy."

When Gringoire stopped at length quite out of breath, he raised his eyes, trembling, toward the king, who was scratching with his finger-nail a spot which he saw upon his breeches' knee, after which his majesty took another draught from the goblet. But he uttered not a syllable—and this silence kept Gringoire in torture. At last the king looked at him. "Here's a terrible prater," said he. Then, turning to Tristan l'Hermite: "Pshaw! let him go."

Gringoire fell backward upon his posteriors, quite thunderstruck with joy.

"Let him go!" grumbled Tristan. "Is it not your majesty's pleasure that he should be caged for a little while?"

"Compère," returned Louis XI., "dost thou think it is for birds like this that we have cages made at three hundred and sixty-seven livres eight sols three deniers apiece? Let him go directly, the paillard; and send him out with a drubbing."

"Oh," exclaimed Gringoire, in ecstasy, "this is indeed a great king."

Then, for fear of a countermand, he rushed toward the door, which Tristan opened for him with a very ill grace. The soldiers went out with him, driving him before them with hard blows of their fists, which Gringoire endured like a true stoic philosopher.

The good humor of the king, since the revolt against the bailiff had been announced to him, manifested itself in everything. This unusual clemency of his was no small sign of it. Tristan l'Hermite, in his corner, was looking as surly as a mastiff dog balked of his meal.

Meanwhile the king was gayly beating with his fingers upon his chair arm, the Pont-Audemer march. Though a dissembling prince, he was much better able to conceal his sorrow than his rejoicing. These his external manifestations of joy on the receipt of any good news, sometimes carried him great lengths; as, for instance, at the death of Charles the Rash of Burgundy, to that of vowing balustrades of silver to St. Martin of Tours; and, on his accession to the throne, to that of forgetting to give orders for his father's funeral.

"Ha, sire!" suddenly exclaimed Jacques Coictier, "what is become of the sharp pains on account of which your majesty sent for me?"

"Oh!" said the king, "truly, my compère, I am suffering greatly. I've a singing in my ears, and teeth of fire raking my breast."

Coictier took the king's hand, and began to feel his pulse with a knowing look.

"Look there, Coppenole," whispered Rym. "There you see him between Coictier and Tristan. That's his whole court—a physician for himself, and a hangman for other people."

While feeling the king's pulse, Coictier was assuming a look of greater and greater alarm. Louis XI. looked at him with some anxiety; while the physician's countenance grew more and more dismal. The king's bad health was the only estate the good man had to cultivate, and accordingly he made the most of it.

"Oh! oh!" muttered he at last, "this is serious, indeed!"

"Is it not?" said the king, uneasy.

"*Pulsus creber, anhelans, crepitans, irregularis,*" continued the physician.

"Pasque-Dieu!" exclaimed his majesty.

"This might carry a man off in less than three days!"

"Our Lady!" cried the king. "And the remedy, compère?"

"I'm thinking of it, sire."

He made the king put out his tongue; shook his head; made a wry face; and in the midst of this grimacing, "Par-Dieu, sire," said he, all on a sudden, "I must inform you that there is a receivership of episcopal revenues vacant, and that I have a nephew."

"I give the receivership to thy nephew, Compère Jacques," answered the king; "but take this fire out of my breast!"

"Since your majesty is so gracious," resumed the physician, "I am sure you will not refuse to assist me a little in the

building of my house in the Rue St. André-des-Arcs."

"Heu!" said the king.

"I'm at the end of my cash," said the doctor, "and it would really be a pity that the house should be left without a roof—not for the sake of the house itself, which is quite plain and homely; but for the sake of the paintings by Jehan Fourbault, that adorn its wainscoting. There's a Diana flying in the air—so excellently done—so tender—so delicate—of an action so artless—her head so well dressed, and crowned with a crescent—her flesh so white—that she leads into temptation those who examine her too curiously. Then, there's a Ceres—and she, too, is a very beautiful divinity. She's sitting upon corn sheaves, and crowned with a goodly wreath of ears of corn intertwined with purple goat's-beard and other flowers. Never were seen more amorous eyes, rounder legs, a nobler air, or a more gracefully flowing skirt. She's one of the most innocent and most perfect beauties ever produced by the pencil."

"Bourreau!" grumbled Louis XI., "what art thou driving at?"

"I want a roof over these paintings, sire; and, although it is but a trifle, I have no money left."

"What will thy roof cost?"

"Oh . . . . why . . . . a roof of copper, figured and gilt . . . . not above two thousand livres."

"Ha! the assassin!" cried the king. "He never draws me a tooth but he makes a diamond of it."

"Am I to have my roof?" said Coictier.

"Yes—the devil take you! but cure me."

Jacques Coictier made a low bow, and said: "Sire, it is a repellent that will save you. We shall apply to your loins the grand defensive, composed of cerate, bole armoniac, white of eggs, oil, and vinegar. You will continue your ptisan—and we will answer for your majesty's safety."

A lighted candle never attracts one gnat only. Maître Olivier, seeing the king in a liberal mood, and deeming the moment propitious, approached in his turn—"Sire!"

"What next?" said Louis XI.

"Sire, your majesty is aware that Maître Simon Radin is dead."

"Well?"

"He was king's councilor for the jurisdiction of the treasury."

"Well?"

"Sire, his place is vacant."

While thus speaking, Maître Olivier's haughty countenance had exchanged the arrogant for the fawning expression—the only alternation that ever takes place in the countenance of a courtier. The king looked him full in the face, and said, dryly, "I understand."

His majesty resumed: "Maître Olivier, Marshal de Boucicault used to say, 'There's no good gift but from a king; there's no good fishing but in the sea.' I see that you are of the marshal's opinion. Now, hear this. We have a good memory. In the year '68, we made you groom of our chamber; in '69 castellan of the bridge of St. Cloud, with a salary of a hundred livres tournois—you wanted them parisis. In November, '73, by letters given at Gergeaule, we appointed you keeper of the Bois de Vincennes, in lieu of Gilbert Acle, esquire; in '75, warden of the forest of Rouvray-les-Saint-Cloud, in the place of Jacques Le Maire; in '78, we graciously settled upon you, by letters-patent sealed on extra label with green wax, an annuity of ten livres parisis, to you and your wife, upon the Place-aux-Marchands, situated at the Ecole St. Germain. In '79, we made you warden of the forest of Senart, in room of that poor Jehan Daiz; then captain of the castle of Loches; then governor of St. Quentin; then captain of the bridge of Meulen, of which you call yourself count. Out of the fine of five sols paid by every barber that shaves on a holiday, you get three, and we get what you leave. We were pleased to change your name of Le Mauvais, which was too much like your countenance. In '74, we granted you, to the great displeasure of our nobility, armorial bearings of a thousand colors, that make you a breast like a peacock. Pasque-Dieu! have you not your fill? Is not the draught of fishes fine and miraculous enough? And are you not afraid lest a single salmon more should be enough to

sink your boat? Pride will ruin you, my compère. Pride is ever followed close behind by ruin and shame. Think of that, and be silent."

These words, uttered in a low tone of severity, brought back the chagrined physiognomy of Maître Olivier to its former insolent expression. "Good!" muttered he, almost aloud. "It's plain enough that the king's ill to-day, for he gives all to the physician."

Louis XI., far from taking offense at this piece of presumption, resumed, with some mildness: "Stay—I forgot to add that I made you ambassador to Madame Marie at Ghent. Yes, gentlemen," added the king, turning to the Flemings; "this man has been an ambassador. There, my compère," continued he, again addressing Maître Olivier, "let us not fall out—we're old friends. It's getting very late. We've got through our work. Shave me."

Our readers have doubtless already recognized in Maître Olivier that terrible Figaro whom Providence, the great dramatist of all, so artfully mixed up in the long and sanguinary play of Louis XI.'s reign. We shall not here undertake to develop, at full length, that singular character. This barber to the king had three names. At court he was called politely Olivier-le-Daim, from the daim, or stag, upon his escutcheon; and among the people Olivier-le-Diable, or the Devil. But, by his right name, he was called Olivier-le-Mauvais, or the Bad.

Olivier-le-Mauvais then stood motionless, looking sulkily at the king, and enviously at Jacques Boictier. "Yes, yes—the physician!" muttered he.

"Well, yes—the physician!" resumed Louis XI., with singular good humor; "the physician has yet more influence than thyself. It's a matter of course. He has got our whole body in his hands; and thou dost but hold us by the chin. Come, come, my poor barber, there's nothing amiss. What wouldst thou say, and what would become of thy office, if I were a king like King Chilperic, whose way it was to hold his beard with one hand. Come, my compère, perform thy office, and shave me—go and fetch thy tools."

Olivier, seeing that the king had resolved to take the matter in jest, and that there was no means even of provoking him, went out, grumbling, to execute his commands. The king rose from his seat, went to the window, and suddenly opening it in extraordinary agitation—"Oh, yes!" exclaimed he, clapping his hands; "there's a glare in the sky over the city. It's the bailiff burning; it can not be anything else. Ha! my good people, so you help me, then, at last, to pull down the seigneuries!"

Then turning to the Flemings: "Gentlemen," said he, "come and see. Is not that a fire that glares so red?"

The two Gantois came forward to look.

"It's a great fire," said Guillaume Rym.

"Oh," added Coppenole, whose eyes all at once began to sparkle, "that reminds me of the burning of the house of the Seigneur d'Hymbercourt. There must be a stout revolt there."

"You think so, Maître Coppenole?" said the king; and he looked almost as much pleased as the hosier himself. "Don't you think it will be difficult to resist it?" he added.

"Croix-Dieu! sire, it may cost your majesty many a company of good soldiers."

"Ha! cost me! that's quite another thing," returned the king. "If I chose ——"

The hosier rejoined boldly: "If that revolt be what I suppose, you would choose in vain, sire."

"Compère," said Louis XI., "two companies of my ordonnance, and the discharge of a serpentine, are quite sufficient to rout a mob of the common people."

The hosier, in spite of the signs that Guillaume Rym was making to him, seemed determined to contest the matter with the king. "Sire," said he, "the Swiss were common people, too. Monsieur the Duke of Burgundy was a great gentleman, and made no account of that canaille. At the battle of Grandson, sire, he called out, 'Cannoneers, fire upon those villains!' and he swore by St. George. But the avoyer, Scharnactal, rushed upon the fine duke with his club and his people; and at the shock of the peasants, with

their bull-hides, the shining Burgundian army was shattered like a pane of glass by a flint-stone. Many a knight was killed there by those base churls; and Monsieur de Château-Guyon, the greatest lord in Burgundy, was found dead, with his great gray horse in a little boggy field!"

"Friend," returned the king, "you're talking of a battle; but here it's only a riot, and I can put an end to it with a single frown, when I please." The other replied, unconcernedly, "That may be, sire. In that case the people's hour is not yet come."

Guillaume Rym thought he must now interfere. "Maître Coppenole," said he, "you are talking to a mighty king."

"I know it," answered the hosier, gravely.

"Let him go on, Monsieur Rym, my friend," said the king; "I like this plain speaking. My father, Charles VII., used to say that truth was sick! for my part I thought she was dead, and had found no confessor; but Maître Coppenole shows me I was mistaken."

Then clapping his hand familiarly upon Coppenole's shoulder, "You were saying then, Maître Jacques——"

"I say, sire, that perhaps you are right—that the people's hour is not yet come with you."

Louis XI. looked at him with his penetrating eye: "And when will that hour come, maître?"

"You will hear it strike."

"By what clock, pray?"

Coppenole, with his quiet and homely self-possession, motioned to the king to approach the window. "Hark you, sire," said he; "here there are a donjon, an alarm-bell, cannon, townspeople, soldiers. When the alarm-bell shall sound—when the cannon shall roar—when, with great clamor, the donjon walls shall be shattered—when townspeople and soldiers shall shout and kill each other—then the hour will strike."

The countenance of Louis XI. became gloomy and thoughtful. He remained silent for a moment; then tapping gently with his hand against the massive wall of the donjon, as if patting the crupper of a war-horse, "Ah, no, no!" said he, "thou wilt not so easily be shattered, wilt thou, my good Bastile?"

Then, turning abruptly round to the bold Fleming, he said: "Have you ever seen a revolt, Maître Jacques?"

"I have made one," said the hosier.

"What do you do?" said the king, "to make a revolt?"

"Oh!" answered Coppenole, "it's not very hard to do. There are a hundred ways. First of all, there must be dissatisfaction in the town. That's nothing uncommon. And then, one must consider the character of the inhabitants. Those of Ghent are prone to revolt. They always like the son of the prince, but never the prince himself. Well, now, one morning, we'll suppose, somebody comes into my shop, and says, Father Coppenole, it's so and so—as that Lady of Flanders wants to save her ministers—that the high bailiff is doubling the toll on vegetables—or what not—anything you like. Then I throw by my work, go out into the street, and cry—*A sac!* There's always some empty cask or other in the way. I get upon it, and say with a loud voice, the first words that come into my head—what's uppermost in my heart—and when one belongs to the people, sire, one has always something upon one's heart. Then a crowd gets together—they shout—they ring the tocsin—the people get arms by disarming the soldiers—the market people join the rest—and then they go to work; and it will always be so, so long as there are seigneurs in the seigneuries, townspeople in the towns, and country-people in the country."

"And against whom did you rebel thus?" asked the king. "Against your bailiffs—against your lords?"

"Sometimes. That's as it may happen. Against the duke, too, sometimes."

"Louis XI. returned to his seat, and said, with a smile, "Ah! but here they have not yet got farther than the bailiffs."

At that moment Olivier-le-Daim reentered, followed by two pages carrying the apparatus for dressing his majesty; but what struck Louis XI. was to see him also accompanied by the provost of Paris

and the knight of the watch, who seemed both in consternation. There was consternation, too, in the look of the mortified barber; but there was satisfaction lurking under it. It was he that spoke first. "Sire, I beg pardon of your majesty for the calamitous news I bring you."

The king, turning sharply round, grazed the mat upon the floor with the feet of his chair. "What's it about?" said he.

"Sire," returned Olivier, with a malicious look of a man rejoicing that he has to deal a violent blow, "it is not against the bailiff of the Palais that this popular sedition is driving."

"Against whom, then?"

"Against you, sire."

The aged king rose upon his feet, and erect, like a young man. "Explain, Olivier, explain—and look well to thy head, my compère—for I swear to thee, by the cross of St. Lô, that if thou speakest false in this matter, the sword that cut Monsieur Luxemburg's throat is not so dinted but it shall saw thine, too."

The oath was formidable. Louis XI. had never but twice in his life sworn by the cross of St. Lô. Olivier opened his lips to reply. "Sire——"

"Down on your knees!" interrupted the king, with violence. "Tristan, keep your eye upon this man."

Olivier fell upon his kness, and said composedly: "Sire, a witch has been condemned to death by your court of parliament. She has taken refuge in Notre-Dame. The people want to take her from thence by main force. Monsieur the provost and monsieur the knight of the watch, who are come straight from the spot, are here to contradict me if I speak not the truth. It is Notre-Dame that the people are besieging."

"Ah, ah," said the king, in an undertone, all pale and trembling with passion; "Notre-Dame! They are besieging Our Lady, my good mistress, in her own cathedral! Rise, Olivier! Thou art right; I give thee Simon Radin's office. Thou art right; it is me they're attacking. The witch is under the safeguard of the church; the church is under my safeguard, and I, who thought all the while it was only the bailiff, 'tis against myself!"

Then, invigorated by passion, he began to pace hurriedly to and fro. He laughed no longer; he was terrible. The fox was changed into a hyena. He seemed to be choking with rage; his lips moved without utterance, and his withered hands were clenched. All at once he raised his head; his hollow eye seemed full of light, and his voice burst forth like a clarion: "Upon them, Tristan! Fall upon the knaves! Go, Tristan, my friend! Kill! kill!"

When this paroxysm was over, he went once more to his seat, and said, with a cool and concentrated passion: "Here, Tristan! We have with us in this Bastile the fifty lances of the Viscount de Gif, making three hundred horse; you'll take them. There's also Monsieur de Chateaupers's company of the archers of our ordonnance; you'll take them. You are provost-marshal, and have the men of your provostry; you'll take them. At the Hôtel St. Pol, you'll find forty archers of Monsieurs the Dauphin's new guard; you'll take them. And, with the whole, you'll make all speed to Notre-Dame. Ha! messieurs the commons of Paris—so you presume to fly in the face of the crown of France, the sanctity of Our Lady, and the peace of this commonwealth. Exterminate, Tristan! exterminate! and let not one escape except for Montfaucon!"

Tristan bowed. "'Tis well, sire."

He added after a pause: "And what shall I do with the witch?"

This question set the king ruminating. "Ha," said he, "the witch! Monsieur d'Estouteville, what did the people want to do with her?"

"Sire," answered the provost of Paris, "I imagine that, as the people are come to drag her away from her sanctuary of Notre-Dame, it is her impunity that offends them, and they want to hang her."

The king seemed to reflect deeply; then, addressing himself to Tristan l'Hermite, he said: "Well, my compère, exterminate the people and hang the witch."

"Just so," whispered Rym to Coppen-

ole. "Punish the people for wishing, and do what they wish."

"Enough, sire," answered Tristan. "If the witch be still in Notre-Dame, must we take her away in spite of the sanctuary?"

"Pasque-Dieu! the sanctuary!" said the king, scratching his ear; "and yet that woman must be hanged."

Here, as if a thought had suddenly occurred to him, he knelt down before his chair, took off his hat, placed it upon the seat, and looking devoutly at one of the leaden figures with which it was loaded: "Oh," said he, clasping his hands, "Our Lady of Paris, my gracious patroness, pardon me. I will only do it this once. That criminal must be punished. I assure you, O Lady Virgin, my good mistress, that she is a witch, unworthy of your kind protection. You know, Lady, that many very pious princes have trespassed upon the privileges of churches, for the glory of God and the necessity of the state. Saint Hugh, an English bishop, permitted King Edward to seize a magician in his church. My master, Saint Louis of France, transgressed for the like purpose in the church of Monsieur St. Paul, as did also Monsieur Alphonse, King of Jerusalem, in the church of the Holy Sepulchre itself. Pardon me, then, for this once, Our Lady of Paris. I will never do so again; and I will give you a fine statue of silver like that which I gave last year to our Lady of Ecouys. So be it."

He crossed himself, rose from his knees, put on his hat, and said to Tristan: "Make all speed, my compère. Take Monsieur de Chateaupers with you. You'll have the tocsin rung. You'll crush the populace. You'll hang the witch. That's settled. You yourself will defray all charges of the execution, and bring me in an account of them. Come, Olivier, I shall not lie down to-night. Shave me."

Tristan l'Hermite bowed and departed. Then the king, motioning to Rym and Coppenole to retire: "God keep you, messieurs, my good Flemish friends!" said he. "Go and take a little rest. The night is fast wearing away; we are nearer the morning than the evening."

They both withdrew, and on reaching their apartments, to which they were conducted by the captain of the Bastile, Coppenole said to Guillaume Rym: "Humph! I've had enough of this coughing king. I've seen Charles of Burgundy drunk, but he was not so mischievous as Louis XI. sick."

"Maître Jacques," answered Rym, with mock solemnity, "that is because a king finds less cruelty in his wine than in his barley-water."

---

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE PASSWORD.

On quitting the Bastile, Gringoire ran down the Rue St. Antoine with the speed of a runaway horse. When he had reached the Porte Baudoyer, he walked straight up to the stone cross standing in the middle of the open space there, as if he could have discerned in the dark the figure of a man clothed and hooded in black, sitting upon the steps of the cross. "Is it you master?" said Gringoire.

The person in black rose. "Death and passion! you drive me mad, Gringoire!" said he. "The man upon St. Gervais's tower has just been calling half-past one in the morning!"

"Oh," returned Gringoire, "it's no fault of mine, but of the watch, and of the king. I've had a narrow escape. Yet I always just miss being hanged—it's my predestination."

"You just miss everything," said the other. "But come along quick. Have you the password?"

"Only think, master. I've seen the king. I've just left him. He wears worsted breeches. It's an adventure, I can tell you."

"Oh, thou spinner of words! What's thy adventure to me? Hast thou got the password of the Truands?"

"I've got it. Make yourself easy. It's *Petite flambe en baguenaud.*"

"Very well. Otherwise we should not have been able to make our way to the church. The Truands block up the streets.

Fortunately, it seems, they've met with resistance. Perhaps we shall still get there in time."

"Yes, master; but how shall we get into Notre-Dame?"

"I have the key of the towers."

"And how shall we get out again?"

"There's a small door, behind the cloister, which leads to the Terrain, and so to the water-side. I have taken possession of the key, and I moored a boat there this morning."

"I've had a nice miss of being hanged," repeated Gringoire.

"Ah—well—come along quick," said the other; and they both walked off at a great rate toward the City.

---

## CHAPTER VII.

### CHATEAUPERS TO THE RESCUE.

The reader probably bears in his recollection the critical situation in which he left Quasimodo. The brave ringer, assailed on all sides, had lost, though not all courage, at least all hope of saving—not himself—he thought not of himself—but the gypsy girl. He ran wildly to and fro along the gallery. Notre-Dame was on the point of being carried by the Truands, when all at once a great galloping of horses filled the neighboring streets, and, with a long file of torches, and a dense column of horsemen, lances and bridles lowered, these furious sounds came rushing into the Place like a hurricane: "France! France! Cut down the knaves! Chateaupers to the rescue! Provostry! provostry!"

The Truands in terror faced about.

Quasimodo, though he heard nothing, saw the drawn swords, the flambeaux, the spear-heads—all that cavalry, at the head of which he recognized Captain Phœbus; he saw the confusion of the Truands, the terror of some of them, the perturbation of the stoutest-hearted among them, and this unexpected succor so much revived his own energies, that he hurled back from the church the most forward of the assailants, who were already striding over into the gallery.

It was in fact the king's troops that had just arrived.

The Truands bore themselves bravely, and defended themselves desperately. Attacked in flank from the Rue Saint-Pierre-aux-Bœufs, and in rear from the Rue du Parvis—pressed against Notre-Dame, which they were still assailing, and which Quasimodo was defending—at once besieging and besieged—they were in the singular situation which, subsequently, at the famous siege of Turin, in 1640, was that of Count Henri d'Harcourt, between Prince Thomas of Savoy, whom he was besieging, and the Marquis of Leganez, who was blockading him—*Taurinum obsessor idem et obsessus*, as his epitaph expresses it.

The mêlée was frightful. Wolves' flesh calls for dog's teeth, as Father Matthieu phrases it. The king's horsemen, amid whom Phœbus de Chateaupers bore himself valiantly, gave no quarter, and they who escaped the thrust of the lance fell by the edge of the sword. The Truands, ill-armed, foamed and bit with rage and despair. Men, women, and children threw themselves upon the cruppers and chests of the horses, and clung to them like cats with their teeth and claws; others struck the archers in the face with their torches; and others, again, aimed their bill-hooks at the necks of the horsemen, striving to pull them down, and mangled such as fell. One of them was seen with a large glittering scythe, with which, for a long time, he mowed the legs of the horses. He was terrific; he went on, singing a song with a nasal intonation, taking long and sweeping strokes with his scythe. At each stroke he described around him a great circle of severed limbs. He advanced in this manner into the thickest of the cavalry, with the quiet slowness, the regular motion of the head and drawing of the breath, of a harvest-man putting the scythe into a field of corn. This was Clopin Trouillefou. He fell by the shot of an arquebus.

Meantime, the windows had opened again. The neighbors, hearing the war-shouts of the king's men, had taken part in the affair, and from every story bullets

were showered upon the Truands. The Parvis was filled with a thick smoke, which the flashing of the musketry streaked with fire. Through it were confusedly discernible the front of Notre-Dame, and the decrepit Hôtel-Dieu, with a few pale-faced invalids looking from the top of its roof checkered with skylights.

At last the Truands gave way. Exhaustion, want of good weapons, the terror struck into them by this surprise, the discharges of musketry from the windows, and the spirited charge of the king's troops, all combined to overpower them. They broke through the line of their assailants, and filed in all directions, leaving the Parvis covered with their dead.

When Quasimodo, who had not for a moment ceased fighting, beheld this rout, he fell upon his knees, and lifted his hands to heaven. Then, intoxicated with joy, he mounted with the quickness of a bird up to that cell the approaches of which he had so intrepidly defended. He had now but one thought—it was, to go and fall upon his knees before her whom he had saved for the second time.

When he entered the cell, however, he found it empty.

## BOOK X.

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE LITTLE SHOE.

At the moment when the Truands had assailed the church, La Esmeralda was asleep. But soon, the constantly increasing clamor about the edifice, and the plaintive bleating of her goat, which was awakened before herself, had chased away her slumber. She had then sat up in bed, listened, and looked around her; and then, frightened at the light and the noise, she had hurried out of the cell and gone to see what was the matter. The aspect of the Place; the strange vision that was moving in it; the disorder of that noctural assault; that hideous crowd leaping about like a cloud of frogs, half distinguishable in the darkness; the croaking of that hoarse multitude; the few red torches running backward and forward, passing and repassing one another in the dark, like those meteors of the night that play over the misty surface of a marsh; all together seemed to her like some mysterious battle commenced between the phantoms of a witches' sabbath and the stone monsters of the church. Imbued from her infancy with the superstitions which at that day possessed the minds of many of her tribe, the notion that first suggested itself to her was, that she had come unawares upon the magic revels of the beings proper to the night. Then she ran back in terror to cower in her cell, and ask of her humble couch some less horrible vision.

By degrees, however, the first fumes of her terror had dispersed from her brain; and by the constantly increasing noise, together with other signs of reality, she discovered that she was beset, not by specters, but by human beings. Then her fear, though it had not increased, had changed its nature. She had thought of the possibility of a popular rising to drag her from her asylum. The idea of once more losing life, hope, Phœbus, who still was ever present to her hopes; her extreme helplessness; all flight barred; her abandonment; her solitariness; these and a thousand other cruel thoughts had quite overwhelmed her. She had fallen upon her knees, with her head upon her couch, and her hands clasped upon her head, full of anxiety and trepidation; and gypsy, idolatress, and heathen as she was, she had begun, sobbing, to ask mercy of the God of the Christians, and to pray to Our Lady her hostess. "For," says our author, "whether one believes anything or nothing, there are moments in life when one is always of the religion of the temple nearest at hand."

She remained thus prostrate for a considerable time; trembling, indeed, yet more than she prayed; her blood running cold as the breath of that furious multitude approached nearer and nearer; ignorant of the nature of this popular storm—of what was in agitation—of what was doing—of what was intended; but

feeling a presentiment of some dreadful result.

In the very midst of all this anguish, she heard footsteps approaching her. She turned her head. Two men, one of whom carried a lantern, had just entered her cell. She uttered a feeble cry.

"Don't be afraid," said a voice to which she was not a stranger. "'Tis I."

"'Tis who?" asked she.

"Pierre Gringoire."

This name encouraged her. She raised her eyes, and saw that it was indeed the poet. But close by him there was a dark figure, veiled from head to foot, the sight of which struck her dumb.

"Ah!" resumed Gringoire, in a reproachful tone, "Djali had recognized me before you did."

The little goat, in fact, had not waited for Gringoire to announce himself. No sooner had he entered than she had begun to rub herself affectionately against his knees, covering the poet with caresses and with white hairs, for she was changing her coat. Gringoire returned her caresses with the greatest cordiality.

"Who is that with you?" whispered the gypsy girl. "Make yourself easy," answered Gringoire; "it is a friend of mine."

Then the philosopher, setting his lantern on the floor, squatted down upon the stones, and exclaimed with enthusiasm, clasping Djali in his arms: "Oh! it's a charming animal!—more remarkable, to be sure, for beauty and cleanliness than for size; but clever, cunning, and lettered as a grammarian! Let us see, now, my Djali, if thou rememberest all thy pretty tricks. How does Maître Jacques Charmolue go——"

The man in black did not let Gringoire finish. He came up to him, and pushed him forcibly by the shoulder. Gringoire got up again. "True," said he; "I'd forgotten that we're in haste. However, master, that's no reason for using folks so roughly. My pretty dear," said he, addressing the gypsy girl, "your life's in danger, and Djali's too. They want to hang you again. We're your friends and have come to save you. Follow us."

"Is that true?" exclaimed she, quite overcome.

"Yes—quite true. Come, quick."

"I will," faltered she; "but why does not that friend of yours speak?"

"Ha!" said Gringoire; "that's because his father and mother were whimsical people, and made him of a silent disposition."

She was obliged to content herself with this explanation. Gringoire took her by the hand. His companion took up the lantern from the floor, and walked first. Fear made the young girl quite passive; she let them lead her along. The goat skipped after them; so delighted to see Gringoire again that she made him stumble at almost every step, with thrusting her horns against his legs. "Such is life," said the philosopher, once that he was very near being laid prostrate; "it is often our best friends that occasion our fall."

They rapidly descended the staircase of the towers, crossed the interior of the church, which was all dark and solitary, but resounded from the uproar without, thus offering a frightful contrast; and went out by the Porte Rouge into the court of the cloisters. The cloisters themselves were deserted, the canons having taken refuge in the bishop's house, there to offer up their prayers in common; only some terrified serving-men were skulking in the darkest corners. They proceeded toward the small door leading from that court to the Terrain. The man in black opened it with a key which he had about him. Our readers are aware that the Terrain was a slip of ground enclosed with walls on the side next the City, and belonging to the chapter of Notre-Dame, which terminated the island eastward, behind the church. They found this enclosure perfectly solitary. Here, too, they found the tumult in the air sensibly diminished. The noise of the assault by the Truands reached their ears more confusedly and less clamorously. The cool breeze which follows the current of the river, stirred the leaves of the only tree planted at the point of the Terrain, with a noise which was now perceptible to them. Nevertheless, they were still very near the danger. The buildings nearest to them were

the bishop's palace and the church. There was evidently great confusion within the residence of the bishop. Its dark mass was tracked in all directions by lights hurrying from one window to another; just as, after burning a piece of paper, there remains a dark structure of ashes, over which bright sparks are running in a thousand fantastic courses. And close by it, the huge towers of Notre-Dame, seen thus from behind, with the long nave over which they rear themselves, showing black upon the vast red light which glowed above the Parvis, looked like the gigantic uprights of some Cyclopean fire-grate.

What was visible of Paris seemed wavering on all sides in a sort of shadow mingled with light, resembling some of Rembrandt's backgrounds.

The man with the lantern walked straight to the projecting point of the Terrain; where, at the extreme verge of the water, were the decayed remains of a fence of stakes with laths nailed across, upon which a low vine spread out its few meagre branches like the fingers of an open hand. Behind this sort of lattice-work, in the shade which it cast, a small boat lay hidden. The man motioned to Gringoire and the young woman to enter it; and the goat jumped in after them. The man himself got in last of all; then he cut the rope; pushed off from the shore with a long boat-hook; and laying hold of a pair of oars, he seated himself in front, and rowed with all his might across the stream. The Seine is very rapid at that place, and he found considerable difficulty in clearing the point of the island.

Gringoire's first care, on entering the boat, was to place the goat upon his lap. He placed himself in the hinder part of the boat; and the young girl, whom the sight of the stranger filled with indescribable uneasiness, went and seated herself as close as possible to the poet. When our philosopher felt the boat in motion, he clapped his hands, and kissed Djali upon the forehead.

"Oh!" cried he, "now we are all four saved!" He added, with the look of a profound thinker, "We are indebted sometimes to fortune, sometimes to contrivance, for the happy issue of a great undertaking."

The boat was making its way slowly toward the right bank. The young girl watched the movement of the unknown with a secret terror. He had carefully turned off again the light of his dark lantern; and he was now discernible, like a specter, at the head of the boat. His hood, which was constantly down, was a sort of mask over his face; and every time that, in rowing, he half opened his arms, upon which he had large, black, hanging sleeves, they looked like a pair of enormous bat's wings. But he had not yet breathed a single syllable. There was a perfect stillness in the boat, excepting only the periodical plash of the oars, and the rippling of the water against the side of the skiff.

"Upon my soul!" exclaimed Gringoire, all at once. "Here we go, as gay and as merry as owlets! We're as silent as so many Pythagoreans, or so many fish. Pasque-Dieu! my friends—I should like somebody to talk to me. The human voice is music to the human ear. That's not a saying of mine, but of Didymus of Alexandria—and a capital sentence it is. Certes, Didymus of Alexandria is no mean philosopher. One word, my pretty dear—do just say one word to me, I beg. By-the-by, you used to have a curious odd little mow of your own—do you make it still? You must know, my dear, that the parliament has full jurisdiction over all places of sanctuary, and that you were in great peril in that little box of yours at Notre-Dame. Alas! the little bird, the trochylus, maketh its nest in the crocodile's mouth. Master, here's the moon coming out again. So that they don't discover us! We're doing a laudable act in saving mademoiselle. And yet they'd hang us up in the king's name if they were to catch us. Alas! every human action has two handles. One man gets praised for what another gets blamed for. One man admires Cæsar, and reproaches Catiline. Is it not so, master? What say you to this philosophy? I possess the philosophy of instinct, of nature, *ut apes geometriam*, as the bees do geometry. So,

nobody answers me. What a plaguey humor you're both in! I'm obliged to talk all by myself. That's what we call in tragedy, a monologue. Pasque-Dieu! I'd have you to know that I've just now seen King Louis XI., and that it's from him I've caught that oath. Pasque-Dieu! then, they're still making a glorious howl in the City. He's a vile, mischievous old king. He's all wrapped about with furs. He still owes me the money for my epithalamium; and he has all but hanged me to-night, which would have been very awkward for me indeed. He's niggardly to men of merit. He should e'en read Salvian of Cologne's four books *adversus Avaritiam*. In sooth, he's a king very paltry in his dealings with men of letters—and that commits very barbarous cruelties. He's a sponge sucking up the money that's raised from the people. His savings are as the spleen, that grows big upon the pining of the other members. And so the complaints of the hardness of the times turn to murmurs against the prince. Under this mild and pious lord of ours the gibbets are overloaded with carcasses, the blocks stream with gore, the prisons are crammed to bursting. This king strips with one hand and hangs with the other. He's grand caterer to Dame Gabelle and Monseigneur Gibet. The high are stripped of their dignities, and the low are everlastingly loaded with fresh burdens. It's an exorbitant prince. I don't like this monarch. What say you, master?"

The man in black let the loquacious poet run on. He was still struggling against the strong, compressed current which separates the prow of the City from the stern of the Ile Notre-Dame, now called, l'Ile Saint-Louis.

"By-the-by, master," resumed Gringoire suddenly, "just as we reached the Parvis through the enraged Truands, did your reverence observe that poor little devil, whose brains that deaf man of yours seemed in a fair way to knock out upon the balustrade of the gallery of the royal statues? I'm short-sighted, and could not distinguish his features. Who might it be, think you?"

The unknown answered not a word. But he suddenly left off rowing; his arms dropped as if they had been broken; his head fell upon his breast; and La Esmeralda could hear him sighing convulsively. She started—she had heard sounds like those before.

The boat, left to itself, followed for some moments the impulse of the stream. But at length the man in black recovered himself; seized the oars again, and again set himself to row against the current. He doubled the point of the Ile Notre-Dame, and made for the landing place at the Port-au-Foin or Hay-wharf.

"Ha!" said Gringoire, "over there is the Logis Barbeau. There, master, look, that group of black roofs, that makes such odd angles—there, just underneath that heap of low, dirty, ragged clouds, where the moon is all crushed and spread about like the yolk of an egg when the shell's broken. It's a fine mansion. There's a chapel with a little vaulted roof, lined with enrichments excellently cut. You may discern the bull-turret above it, very delicately perforated. There's also a pleasant garden, consisting of a pond, an aviary, an echo, a mall, a labyrinth, a wild-beast house, and plenty of thick-shaded walks very agreeable to Venus. And then there's a rogue of a tree which they call *le luxurieux*, because it once favored the pleasures of a famous princess and a certain constable of France, a man of wit and gallantry. Alas! we poor philosophers are to a constable of France, as a cabbage-plot or a radish bed is to a grove of laurels. After all, what does it signify? Human life is a mixture of good and evil for the great as well as for us. Sorrow ever attends upon joy—the spondee upon the dactyl. Master, I must tell you that story about the Logis Barbeau. It ends tragically. It was in 1319, in the reign of Philip the Fifth, the longest of all the French kings. The moral of the story is, that the temptations of the flesh are pernicious and malign. Let us not look too steadfastly upon our neighbor's wife, how much soever our senses may be taken with her beauty. Fornication is a very libertine thought. Adultery is a prying into

another man's pleasure. Eh! what! the noise grows louder there!"

The tumult was in fact increasing around Notre-Dame. They listened, and could very distinctly hear shouts of victory. All at once, a hundred flambeaux, the light of which glittered upon the helmets of men-at-arms, spread themselves over the church at all elevations—on the towers—on the galleries—under the buttresses. Those torches seemed to be carried in search of something; and soon those distant clamors reached distinctly the ears of the fugitives: "The gypsy!" they cried: "the witch! death to the gypsy!"

The head of the unfortunate girl dropped upon her hands, and the unknown began to row with violence toward the bank. Meanwhile our philosopher was reflecting. He pressed the goat in his arms, and sidled away very gently from the gypsy girl, who kept pressing closer and closer to him, as to her only remaining protection.

It is certain that Gringoire was in a cruel perplexity. He reflected that the goat too, *d'après la législation existante*, would be hanged if she were retaken—that it would be a great pity, poor Djali! that two condemned females thus clinging to him would be too much for him, and that his companion would be most happy to take charge of the gypsy girl. Yet a violent struggle was taking place in his mind; wherein, like the Jupiter of the Iliad, he placed in the balance alternately the gypsy girl and the goat; and he looked first at one of them, then at the other, his eyes moist with tears, and muttering between his teeth, "And yet I can not save you both!"

The striking of the boat at length apprised them that they had reached the shore. The fearful acclamations were still resounding through the city. The unknown rose, came up to the gypsy girl, and offered to take her arm in order to help her out of the boat. She pushed him away from her, and laid hold of Gringoire's sleeve, when he, in turn, being fully occupied with the goat, almost repulsed her. Then she jumped ashore by herself. She was in such perturbation that she knew not what she was doing nor whither she was going. She remained thus for a few moments, quite stupefied, watching the water as it flowed. When she recovered a little, she found herself alone upon the landing-place with the unknown. It appears that Gringoire had availed himself of the moment of their going ashore, to make off with the goat into the mass of houses of the Rue Grenier-sur-l'Eau.

The poor gypsy girl shuddered to find herself alone with that man. She strove to speak, to cry out, to call Gringoire; but her tongue refused its office, and no sound issued from her lips. All at once she felt the hand of the stranger placed upon her own; the hand was cold and strong. Her teeth chattered. She turned paler than the moonbeams that were shining upon her. The man said not a word. He began to walk up the river-side at a rapid pace, toward the Place de Grève, holding her by the hand. At that moment she had a vague feeling of the irresistibleness of destiny. No muscular strength remained to her; she let him drag her along, running while he walked. The quay, at that place, was somewhat rising before them; and yet it seemed to her as if she was going down a declivity.

She looked on all sides, but not a passenger was to be seen; the quay was absolutely solitary. She heard no sound, she perceived no one stirring, except in the glaring and tumultuous city, from which she was separated only by an arm of the Seine, and from which her name reached her ear mingled with the shouts of "Death!" The rest of Paris lay spread around her in great masses of shade.

Meanwhile the unknown was still dragging her on, in the same silence and with the same rapidity. She had no recollection of any of the places through which she was passing. As they were going by a lighted window, she made one effort, suddenly drew up, and cried out, "Help!"

The master of the house opened the windows, showed himself in his nightgown with his lamp in his hand, looked out between sleeping and waking on the quay, uttered some words which she did not hear, and closed his shutter again. It

was the extinction of her last ray of hope.

The man in black uttered not a syllable. He held her fast, and walked on yet quicker than before. She made no more resistance, but followed him like a thing utterly powerless.

Now and then, indeed, she gathered just strength enough to say, with a voice interrupted by the unevenness of the pavement and the rapidity of her motion, which had almost taken her breath, "Who are you? who are you?" But he made no answer.

In that manner, keeping constantly along the quay, they arrived at a square of considerable size. There was then a little moonlight. It was the Grève. A sort of black cross was discernible, standing in the middle of it; that was the gibbet. She observed all this, and then she knew where she was.

The man stopped, turned toward her, and lifted his hood. "Oh!" faltered she, almost petrified, "I knew it was he again!"

It was in fact the priest. He looked like the ghost of himself. It was an effect of the moonlight—a light by which one seems to see only the specters of objects.

"Listen," said he; and she shuddered at the sound of that ill-omened voice, which it was long since she had heard. He continued, speaking with that short and gasping utterance which bespeaks deep internal heavings, "listen. We are here. I have to talk to thee. This is the Grève. This is an extreme point. Fate gives up each of us to the other. I am going to dispose of thy life—thou, of my soul. Beyond this place and this night, nothing is to be seen. Listen to me, then. I'm going to tell thee. . . . . First of all, don't talk to me of thy Phœbus." So saying, he paced backward and forward, like a man incapable of standing still, dragging her after him. "Talk not of him. Mark me, if thou utter his name, I know not what I shall do, but it will be something terrible!"

Then, like a body finding its center of gravity again, he once more became motionless; but his words betrayed no less agitation. His voice grew lower and lower. "Don't turn thy head aside so. Hearken to me. 'Tis a serious matter. First of all, I'll tell thee what has happened. There will be no laughing about this, I assure thee. What was I saying? remind me—Ah! it is that there's a decree of the parliament, delivering thee over to execution again. I've just now taken thee out of their hands. But they are pursuing thee. Look."

He stretched out his arm toward the City; where, indeed, the search seemed to be eagerly continued. The clamor came nearer. The tower of the lieutenant's house, situated opposite to the Grève, was full of noise and lights; and soldiers were running over the quay opposite with torches in their hands, shouting: "The gypsy woman! where is the gypsy woman? Death! Death!"

"Thou seest plainly enough," resumed the priest, "that they're pursuing thee, and that I tell no falsehood. I love thee. Open not thy lips. Rather, speak not a word, if it be to tell me that thou hatest me. I'm determined not to hear that again. I've just now saved thee. First, let me finish. I can save thee quite. I've made all things ready. Thou hast only to will it. As thou wilt, I can do."

Here he violently checked himself. "No, that is not what I had to say."

And with hurried step—making her hurry too, for he never let go her arm—he went straight up to the gibbet, and pointing to it: "Choose between us," said he, coolly.

She tore herself from his grasp, fell at the foot of the gibbet, and clasped that dismal supporter; then she half turned her beautiful head, and looked at the priest over her shoulder. She had the air of a Madonna at the foot of the cross. The priest had remained quite still, his finger raised toward the gibbet, and his gesture unchanged like a statue.

At length the gypsy girl said to him, "It is less horrible to me than you are."

Then he let his arm drop slowly, and cast his eyes upon the ground in deep dejection. "If these stones could speak," muttered he—"yes, they would say, Here is, indeed, an unhappy man!"

He resumed. The young girl, kneeling before the gibbet, enveloped in her long, flowing hair, let him speak without interrupting him. His accent was now mild and plaintive, contrasting mournfully with the haughty harshness of his features:

"I love you! Oh, still, 'tis very true I do! And is nothing, then, perceivable without, of that fire which consumes my heart? Alas! young girl—night and day—yes, night and day! does that deserve no pity! 'Tis a love of the night and the day, I tell you—'tis a torture! Oh, I suffer too much, my poor child—'tis a thing worthy of compassion, I do assure you. You see that I speak gently to you. I would fain have you cease to abhor me. For, after all, when a man loves a woman, 'tis not his fault. Oh, my God! What! will you never forgive me, then? will you hate me always? and is it all over? That is what makes me wicked, do you see, and horrible to myself. You don't so much as look at me. You are thinking of something else, perhaps, while I talk to you as I stand shuddering on the brink of eternity to both of us! But, of all things, don't talk to me of the officer! What! I might throw myself at your feet! What! I might kiss—not your feet—you would not permit it—but the ground under your feet. What! I might sob like a child—I might heave from my breast—not words—but my very heart—to tell you that I love you! and yet all would be in vain—all! And yet there is nothing in your soul but what is kind and tender. You are all beaming with the loveliest gentleness—all sweet, all merciful, all charming! Alas! you have no malevolence but for me alone. Oh, what a fatality!"

He hid his face in his hands. The young girl heard him weeping. It was the first time. Standing thus erect, and convulsed by sobbing, he looked even more wretched and suppliant than on his knees. For a while he continued weeping.

"But come," he continued, as soon as these first tears were over—"I find no words. And yet I had well meditated what I had to say to you. Now I tremble and shiver—I stagger at the decisive moment—I feel that something transcendent wraps us round—and my voice falters. Oh, I shall fall to the ground if you do not take pity on me, pity on yourself. Do not condemn us both. If you did but know how much I love you! What a heart is mine! Oh, what desertion of all virtue! what desperate abandonment of myself! A doctor, I mock at science—a gentleman, I tarnish my name—a priest, I make my missal a pillow of desire, I spit in the face of my God! All that for thee, enchantress! to be more worthy of thy hell! and yet thou rejectest the reprobate! Oh, let me tell thee all—more still—something more horrible—oh, yet more horrible!"

As he uttered these last words, his look became utterly bewildered. He was silent for a moment; then resumed, as if talking to himself, and in a strong voice, "Cain, what hast thou done with thy brother?"

He paused again; and then continued: "What have I done with him, Lord? I have taken him to myself—nourished him, brought him up, loved him, idolized him—and killed him! Yes, Lord, just now, before my eyes, have they dashed his head upon the stones of thine house—and it was because of me—because of this woman—because of her!"

His eye was haggard—his voice was sinking—he repeated several times over, mechanically, at considerable intervals, like the last stroke of a clock prolonging its vibration, "Because of her—because of her." Then his tongue articulated no perceptible sound, though his lips continued to move. All at once, he sank down, like something falling to pieces, and remained upon the ground with his head between his knees.

A slight movement of the young girl, drawing away her foot from under him, brought him to himself. He passed his hand slowly over his hollow cheeks, and looked for some moments, in stupor, at his fingers, which were wet. "What," murmured he, "have I been weeping!"

And turning suddenly to the gypsy girl, with inexpressible anguish: "Alas! you have beheld me weep, unmoved! Child, dost thou know that those tears are tears

of fire? And is it, then, so true, that from the man we hate nothing can move us? Thou wouldst see me die, and thou wouldst laugh the while. Oh, I wish not to see thee die! One word—one single word of forgiveness! Tell me not that thou lovest me—tell me only that thou art willing—that will suffice, and I will save thee. If not—— Oh, the time flies! I entreat thee, by all that is sacred, wait not until I am become of stone again, like this gibbet which claims thee, too! Think, that I hold both our destinies in my hand—that I am maddened—'tis terrible—that I may let all go—and that there is beneath us, unhappy girl, a bottomless abyss, wherein my fall will pursue thine for all eternity! One word of kindness—say one word—but one word!"

She opened her lips to answer him. He threw himself on his knees before her, to receive with adoration the word, perhaps of relenting, which was about to fall from those lips. She said to him, "You are an assassin!"

The priest took her in his arms with fury, and laughed an abominable laugh. "Well—yes—an assassin," said he—"and I will have thee. Thou wilt not have me for thy slave—thou shalt have me for thy master. I will have thee! I have a den, whither I will drag thee. Thou shalt follow me—thou must follow me, or I deliver thee over! You must die, my fair one, or be mine—the priest's—the apostate's—the assassin's—this very night—dost thou hear? Come—joy! Come! kiss me, silly girl! The grave! or my couch!"

His eyes were sparkling with rage and licentiousness; and his lascivious lips were covering the young girl's neck with scarlet. She struggled in his arms, and he kept loading her with furious kisses.

"Don't bite me, monster!" she cried. "Oh, the hateful, poisonous monk! Leave me! I'll pull off thy vile gray hair, and throw it by handfuls in thy face!"

He turned red—then pale—then left hold of her, and gazed upon her with a dismal look. She now thought herself victorious, and continued: "I tell thee, I belong to my Phœbus—that it is Phœbus I love—that 'tis Phœbus who is handsome! Thou, priest, art old! thou art ugly! Get thee gone!"

He uttered a violent cry, like some wretch under a branding-iron. "Die, then!" said he, grinding his teeth. She saw his frightful look, and offered to fly. But he seized her again, shook her, threw her upon the ground, and walked rapidly toward the angle of the Tour-Roland, dragging her after him by her beautiful hands.

When he had reached that corner of the square, he turned round to her and said: "Once for all, wilt thou be mine?"

She answered him with emphasis, "No!"

Then he called out in a loud voice, "Gudule! Gudule! here's the gypsy woman! take thy revenge!"

The young girl felt herself seized suddenly by the arm. She looked; it was a fleshless arm extended through a window-place in the wall, and grasping her with a hand of iron.

"Hold fast!" said the priest; "it's the gypsy woman escaped. Don't let her go. I'm going to fetch the sergeants. Thou shalt see her hanged."

A guttural laugh from the interior of the wall, made answer to these deadly words—"Hah! hah! hah!" The gypsy girl saw the priest hurry away toward the Pont Notre-Dame, in which direction a trampling of horses was heard.

The young girl had recognized the malicious recluse. Panting with terror, she strove to disengage herself. She twisted herself about, made several bounds in agony and despair, but the other held her with incredible strength. The lean, bony fingers that pinched her were clenched and met round her flesh; it seemed as if that hand was rivited to her arm. It was more than a chain—more than an iron ring; it was a pair of pincers, with life and understanding, issuing from a wall.

Quite exhausted, she fell back against the wall, and then the fear of death came over her. She thought of all the charms of life—of youth—of the sight of the heavens—of the aspect of nature—of love of Phœbus—of all that was flying from

her; and then, of all that was approaching—of the priest betraying her—of the executioner that was coming—of the gibbet that was there. Then she felt terror mounting even to the roots of her hair—and she heard the dismal laugh of the recluse, saying low to her: "Ha! ha! thou'rt going to be hanged!"

She turned with a dying look toward the window of her cell, and she saw the wild countenance of the Sachette through the bars. "What have I done to you?" said she, almost inarticulately.

The recluse made no answer, but began to mutter, in a singing, irritated, and mocking tone, "Daughter of Egypt! daughter of Egypt! daughter of Egypt!"

The unfortunate Esmeralda let her head drop under her long, flowing hair, understanding that it was no human being she had here to deal with.

All at once the recluse exclaimed, as if the gypsy's question had taken all that time to reach her apprehension: "What hast thou done to me, dost thou say? Ha! what hast thou done to me, gypsy woman? Well, hark thee! I had a child—dost thou see—I had a child—a child, I tell thee—a pretty little girl—my Agnès!" she continued wildly, kissing something in the dark. "Well, dost thou see, daughter of Egypt, they took my child from me—they stole my child—they ate my child! That is what thou hast done to me!"

The young girl answered, like the lamb in the fable: "Alas! perhaps I was not then born!"

"Oh, yes," rejoined the recluse; "thou must have been born then. Thou wast one of them—she would have been of thy age. For fifteen years have I been here—fifteen years have I been suffering—fifteen years have I been knocking my head against these four walls. I tell thee, they were gypsy women that stole her from me—dost thou hear that? and they ate her with their teeth. Hast thou a heart? Only think what it is to see one's own child playing, sucking, sleeping; it's so innocent! Well, that's what they've taken from me—what they've killed. God Almighty knows it well. Now, it's my turn; I'm going to eat some gypsy woman's flesh. Oh, how I would bite thee, if the bars didn't hinder me—my head's too big. Poor little thing—while she was asleep! And if they woke her with taking her away, in vain might she cry—I was not there! Ha! you gypsy mothers—you ate my child—now come and look at yours!"

Then she laughed, or ground her teeth—for the two things were alike in that frantic countenance. The day was beginning to dawn, dimly spreading over this scene an ashy tint, and the gibbet was growing more and more distinctly visible in the centre of the Place. On the other side, toward the Pont Notre-Dame, the poor condemned girl thought she heard the noise of the horsemen approaching.

"Madame!" she cried, clasping her hands and falling upon her knees, disheveled, wild, distracted with extremity of dread, "madame, have pity! They're coming. I've done nothing to you. Can you wish me to die in that horrible manner before your eyes? You pity me, I am sure. 'Tis too dreadful! Let me fly for my life—let me go, for mercy's sake! I wish not to die so!"

"Give me back my child!" said the recluse.

"Mercy! mercy!"

"Give me back my child!"

"Let me go, in heaven's name!"

"Give me back my child!"

And now, again, the young girl sank exhausted, powerless, having already the glazy eye of one in the grave. "Alas!" faltered she, "you seek your child—I seek my parents!"

"Give me back my little Agnès!" continued Gudule. "Knowest thou not where she is? Then, die! I'll tell thee! I was once a girl of pleasure; I had a child; they took my child from me—it was the gypsy women. Thou seest plain enough that thou must die. When the gypsy mother comes to ask for thee, I shall say to her, 'Mother, look at that gibbet.' Else, give me back my child! 'Dost thou know where she is, little girl? Here—let me show thee—here's her shoe, all that's left me of her. Dost thou know where the

fellow to it is? If thou dost, tell me; and if it's only at the other end of the earth, I'll go thither on my knees to fetch it!"

So saying, with her other arm extended through the window-place, she showed the gypsy girl the little embroidered shoe. There was already daylight enough to distinguish its shape and its colors.

The gypsy girl, starting, said, "Let me see that shoe. Oh, heavens!" And at the same time, with the hand she had at liberty, she eagerly opened the little bag with green glass ornaments which she wore about her neck.

"Ha, there!" muttered Gudule, "rummage thy amulet of the foul fiend—" She suddenly stopped short, her whole frame trembled, and she cried in a voice that came from her inmost heart, "My daughter!"

The gypsy girl had just taken out of the bag a little shoe exactly matching the other. To the little shoe was attached a slip of parchment, upon which was written this rude couplet:

"When thou the like to this shalt see,
Thy mother'll stretch her arms to thee."

With lightning quickness the recluse had compared the two shoes, read the inscription on the parchment, and then put close to the window bars her face all beaming with a celestial joy, exclaiming, "My daughter! my daughter!"

"My mother!" answered the gypsy girl.

Here all description fails us.

The wall and the iron bars were between them. "Oh, the wall!" cried the recluse. "To see her and not embrace her! Thy hand! thy hand!"

The young girl passed her arm through one of the openings. The recluse threw herself upon that hand, pressed her lips to it, and there she remained, absorbed in that kiss, giving no sign of animation but a sob which heaved her sides from time to time. Meanwhile she was weeping in torrents, in the silence and the darkness, like rain falling in the night. The poor mother was pouring out in floods upon that adored hand that deep, dark well of sorrow into which all her grief had filtered, drop by drop, for fifteen years.

All at once she rose up, threw her long gray hair from off her forehead, and without saying a word, strove with both hands, and with the fury of a lioness, to shake the bars of her window hole. But the bars were not so to be shaken. She then went and fetched from one corner of her cell a large paving-stone, which served her for a pillow, and hurled it against them with such violence that one of the bars broke, casting numberless sparks. A second stroke completed the bursting out of the old iron cross that barricaded the window-place. Then, exerting both hands, she managed to loosen and remove the rusty stumps of the bars. There are moments when the hands of a woman are possessed of superhuman strength.

The passage being thus cleared—and it was all done in less than a minute—she took her daughter by the middle, and drew her through into the cell. "Come," murmured she, "let me drag thee out of the abyss!"

As soon as she had her daughter within the cell, she set her gently on the ground, then took her up again, and, carrying her in her arms as if she were still only her little Agnès, she passed to and fro in her narrow lodge intoxicated, frantic with joy, shouting, singing, kissing her daughter, talking to her, laughing aloud, melting into tears—all at once and all vehemently.

"My daughter! my daughter!" said she, "I have my daughter! Here she is! God Almighty has given her back to me! Ha! you—come all of you—is there anybody there to see that I've got my daughter? Lord Jesus, how beautiful she is! You have made me wait fifteen years, O my God, but it was that you might give her back to me so beautiful. So the gypsy women had not eaten her! Who said that they had? My little girl! my little girl! kiss me! Those good gypsy women! I love the gypsy women! So, 'tis thou indeed. So it was that that made my heart leap every time thou didst go by. And I took that for hatred! Forgive me, my Agnès—forgive me! Thou thoughtest me

very malicious, didst thou not? I love thee. Hast thou that little mark on thy neck yet? Let me see. She has it yet. Oh, thou art so handsome! It was I that gave you those large eyes, mademoiselle. Kiss me. I love thee. What matters it to me that other mothers have children? I can laugh at them now! They have only to come and look. Here is mine. Look at her neck, her eyes, her hair, her hand. Find me anything so handsome as that? Oh, I'll answer for it, she'll have plenty of lovers. I've wept for fifteen years. All my beauty has gone away, and is come again in her—Kiss me."

She said a thousand other extravagant things to her of which the accent in which they were uttered made all the beauty; disordered the poor girl's apparel, even till she made her blush; smoothed out her silken tresses with her hand; kissed her foot, her knee, her forehead, her eyelids; was enraptured with everything. The young girl was quite passive the while, only repeating at intervals, very low and with infinite sweetness, "My mother!"

"Look you, my little girl," resumed the recluse, constantly interrupting her words with kisses, "look you—I shall love you so dearly. We will go away from here. We shall be so happy. I've inherited something at Reims, in our country. You know Reims. Oh, no, you don't know that—you were too little. If you did but know how pretty you were at four months old. Such little feet, that people came to see all the way from Epernay, which is five leagues off. We shall have a field and a house. Thou shalt sleep in my own bed. Oh, my God! who would believe it? I have my daughter again!"

"Oh, my mother!" said the young girl, gathering strength at last to speak in her emotion, "the gypsy woman had told me so. There was a good gypsy among our people that died last year, and that had always taken care of me like a foster-mother. It was she that put this little bag on my neck. She used always to say to me: 'Little girl, take care of this trinket—it's a treasure—it will make thee find thy mother again. Thou wearest thy mother about thy neck.' She foretold it—the gypsy woman."

Again the Sachette clasped her daughter in her arms. "Comè," said she, "let me kiss thee. Thou sayest that so prettily! When we get into the country, we'll put the little shoes on the feet of an infant Jesus in a church. We owe as much to the good Holy Virgin. Mon Dieu! what a pretty voice thou hast. When thou wast talking to me just now, it was like music. Ah, my Lord God! so I have found my child again! But is it to be believed now—all that story? Surely nothing will kill one—or I should have died of joy."

And then she clapped her hands again, laughing, and exclaiming, "We shall be so happy."

At that moment the cell resounded with a clattering of arms and galloping of horses, which seemed to be issuing from the Pont Notre-Dame and approaching nearer and nearer along the quay. The gypsy girl threw herself in agony into the arms of the Sachette. "Save me! save me! my mother—they are coming!"

The recluse turned pale again. "Oh, Heaven! what dost thou say? I'd forgotten: They're pursuing thee. Why, what hast thou done?"

"I don't know," answered the unfortunate girl, "but I'm condemned to die."

"To die!" exclaimed Gudule, tottering as if struck by a thunderbolt. "To die!" she repeated slowly, looking upon her daughter with her fixed eye.

"Yes, my mother," repeated the young girl, with wild despair, "they want to kill me. They're coming to hang me. That gallows is for me. Save me, save me! They're here. Save me!"

The recluse remained for a few moments in petrified silence, then shook her head doubtingly, then, suddenly falling into a burst of laughter, but of that former frightful laughter which had now returned to her: "Oh, oh, no!" said she, "it's a dream thou art telling me of. Ah! what! that I should have lost her; that should have lasted fifteen years; and that then I should find her again, and that should last only a minute. That they should take her

from me again, now that she's handsome—that she's grown up—that she talks to me—that she love me; that now they should come and devour her before my own eyes, who am her mother. Oh, no! such things can not be; God Almighty permits nothing like that."

Now the cavalcade seemed to stop, and a voice at a distance was heard saying: "This way, Messire Tristan. The priest says we shall find her at the Trou-aux-Rats." The trampling of horses was then heard to recommence.

The recluse started up with a cry of despair: "Fly, fly, my child. I remember it well. Thou art right. 'Tis thy death! Oh, horror! malediction! fly!"

She put her head to the loophole, and drew it back again hastily. "Stay," said she, in an accent low, brief, and dismal, pressing convulsively the hand of the gypsy girl, who was already more dead than alive. "Stay, don't breathe. There are soldiers all about. You can't go out. There's too much daylight."

Her eyes were dry and burning. For a few moments she said nothing, only pacing hurriedly to and fro in the cell, and stopping now and then plucking her gray hairs in frenzy from her head.

All at once she said: "They're coming near. I'll speak to them. Hide thee in that corner. They'll not see thee. I'll tell them that thou art run away—that I let thee go, i'faith."

She sat down her daughter (for she had constantly been carrying her in her arms) in an angle of the cell which was not visible from without. She made her squat down; arranged all carefully, so that neither foot nor hand should project from out the shade; unbound her black hair, and spread it over her white gown, to mask it from view; and set before her her pitcher and her paving-stone—the only articles of furniture she had—imagining that that pitcher and that stone would conceal her. And when all was finished, finding herself more calm, she knelt down and prayed. As the dawn was only just breaking, there was still great darkness in the Trou-aux-Rats.

At that instant, the voice of the priest—that infernal voice—passed very near the cell, crying, "This way, Captain Phœbus de Chateaupers."

At that name, from that voice, La Esmeralda, squatted in her corner, made a movement. "Don't stir," said Gudule.

Scarcely had she said this, before a tumultuous crowd of men, swords, and horses, stopped around the cell. The mother, rising quick from her knees, went and posted herself before her loophole, to cover the aperture. She beheld a strong body of armed men, horse and foot, drawn up on the Grève. Their commander dismounted and walked up to her. "Old woman," said this man, whose features had an atrocious expression, "we're seeking a witch, to hang her. We've been told that you had got her."

The poor mother, assuming as indifferent an air as she was able, replied, "I don't very well understand what you mean."

The other resumed: "Tête-Dieu! Then what sort of a tale was that wild, staring archdeacon telling us? Where is he?"

"Monseigneur," said a soldier, "he's disappeared."

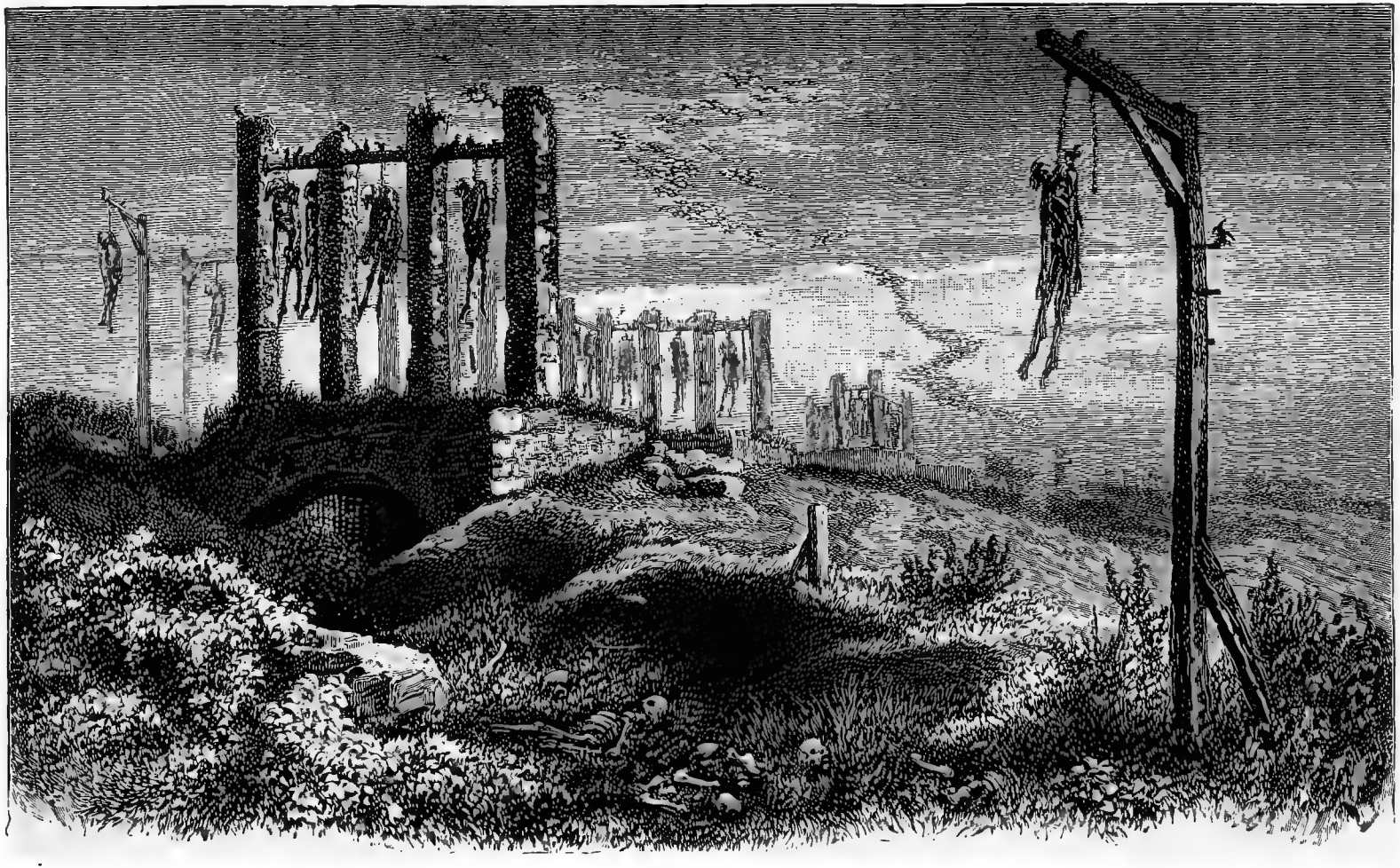
"Come, come, old mad woman," resumed the commander, "don't tell me any lies. There was a witch given you to keep. What have you done with her?"

The recluse would not give a flat denial, for fear of awakening suspicion, but answered, in a downright and surly tone, "If you're talking of a tall young girl that was given to me to hold just now, I can tell you that she bit me, and I let her go. That's all. Leave me at rest."

The commander made a grimace of disappointment. "Let me have no lying, old specter," he resumed once more. "My name's Tristan l'Hermite, and I am the king's compère. Tristan l'Hermite! Dost thou hear?" he added, casting his eyes around the Place de Grève. "It's a name that has echoes here."

"If you were Satan l'Hermite," rejoined Gudule, gathering hope, "I should have nothing else to tell you; nor should I be afraid of you."

"Tête-Dieu," said Tristan, "here's a commère. Ha! so the witch-girl has got away. And which way is she gone?"



MONTFAUCON.

Hugo, vol. I., p. 250.

Gudule answered, in a tone of unconcern, "By the Rue du Mouton, I believe."

Tristan turned his head, and motioned to his men to make ready for resuming their march. The recluse took breath.

"Monseigneur," said an archer all at once, "just ask the old elf how it is that her window-bars are broken out so?"

This question plunged the heart of the wretched mother in anguish again. Still she did not lose all presence of mind. "They were always so," stammered she.

"Pshaw!" returned the archer; "no longer ago than yesterday they made a fine black cross that it made one devout to look at."

Tristan cast an oblique glance at the recluse. "I think the commère's perplexed," said he.

The unfortunate woman felt that all depended upon keeping her self-possession; and so, though death was in her soul, she began to jeer at them. Mothers are equal to efforts like this. "Bah!" said she, "that man's drunk. It's above a year since the back of a cart laden with stones ran against my window-place, and burst out the bars. I well remember how I scolded the driver."

"It's true," said another archer; "I was by when it happened."

There are always to be found, in all places, people who have seen everything. This unlooked-for testimony of the archer's revived the spirits of the recluse, who, in undergoing this interrogatory, was crossing an abyss upon the edge of a knife.

But she was doomed to a perpetual alternation of hope and alarm.

"If a cart had done that," resumed the first soldier, "the stumps of the bars must have been driven inward, but you see that they've been forced outward."

"Ha, ha!" said Tristan to the soldier, "thou hast the nose of an inquisitor at the Châtelet. Answer what he says, old woman."

"Mon Dieu!" exclaimed she, reduced to the last extremity, and bursting into tears in spite of herself, "I assure you, monseigneur, that it was a cart that broke those bars. You hear, that man saw it. And besides, what has that to do with the gypsy girl you talk of?"

"Hum!" growled Tristan.

"Diable!" continued the soldier, flattered by the provost's commendation, "the iron looks quite fresh broken!"

Tristan shook his head. She turned pale. "How long is it, do you say, since this cart affair?" he asked.

"A month—perhaps a fortnight, monseigneur. I don't recollect."

"At first she said above a year," observed the soldier.

"That looks queer!" said the provost.

"Monseigneur," cried she, still standing up close to the loophole, and trembling lest suspicion should prompt them to put their heads through and look round the cell—"monseigneur, I do assure you, it was a cart that broke this grating; I swear it to you by all the angels in paradise. If it was not done by a cart, I wish I may go to everlasting perdition, and I deny my God!"

"Thou art very hot in that oath of thine," said Tristan, with his inquisitorial glance.

The poor woman felt her assurance deserting her more and more. She was already making blunders, and had a terrible consciousness that she was saying what she should not have said.

And now another soldier came up, crying: "Monseigneur, the old elf lies. The witch has not run away by the Rue du Mouton; the chain of that street has been stretched across all night, and the chain-keeper has seen nobody go by."

Tristan, the expression of whose countenance was every moment growing more sinister, again interrogated the recluse: "What hast thou to say to that?"

Still she strove to bear up against this fresh incident. "That I don't know, monseigneur," she replied—"that I may have been mistaken. In fact, I think she went across the water."

"That's on the opposite side," said the provost. "And yet it's not very likely that she should have wanted to go into the City again, where they were making search for her. You lie, old woman."

"And besides," added the first soldier,

"there's no boat, neither on this side the water nor on the other."

"She might swim across," replied the recluse, defending her ground inch by inch.

"Do women swim?" said the soldier.

"Tête-Dieu! old woman! you lie! you lie!" replied Tristan angrily; "I've a good mind to leave the witch and take thee. A quarter of an hour's questioning will perhaps get the truth out of thy throat. Come—thou shalt go along with us."

She caught eagerly at these words: "Just as you please, monseigneur. Do as you say. The question, the question. I'm quite willing. Carry me with you. Quick, quick!—let us go directly." In the meantime, thought she, my daughter will make her escape.

"Mort-Dieu!" said the provost, "what an appetite for the chevalet. This mad woman's quite past my comprehension."

An old gray-headed sergeant of the watch now stepped out of the ranks, and, addressing the provost, said: "Mad, in truth, monseigneur! If she let the gypsy go, it's not her fault, for she's no liking for gypsy women. For fifteen years have I been on this duty, and every night I hear her cursing against those Bohemian dames with execrations without end. If the one we are seeking be, as I believe she is, the little dancing-girl with the goat, she detests her above all the rest."

Gudule made an effort, and repeated, "Her above all the rest."

The unanimous testimony of the men of the watch confirmed to the provost what the old sergeant had said. Tristan l'Hermite, despairing of getting anything out of the recluse, turned his back upon her; and she, with inexpressible anxiety, watched him pace slowly back toward his horse. "Come," said he, grumblingly, "forward! we must continue the search. I will not sleep until the gypsy woman be hanged."

Still he hesitated for awhile before mounting his horse. Gudule was palpitating between life and death while she beheld him throwing around the Place that restless look of a hound that feels himself to be near the lair of the game and is reluctant to go away. At last he shook his head, and sprang into his saddle.

Gudule's heart, which had been so horribly compressed, now dilated; and she said in a whisper, casting a glance upon her daughter, at whom she had not yet ventured to look since the arrival of her pursuers, "Saved!"

The poor girl had remained all this time in her corner, without breathing or stirring; with the image of death staring her in the face. No particular of the scene between Gudule and Tristan had escaped her, and each pang of her mother's had vibrated in her own heart. She had heard, as it were, each successive cracking of the thread which had held her suspended over the abyss; oftentimes had she thought she perceived it breaking asunder; and it was only now that she was beginning to take breath and to feel the ground steady under her feet. At that moment she heard a man saying to the provost—"Corbœuf! monsieur the provost, it's not my business, who am a man-at-arms, to hang witches. The rabble rout of the populace is put down. I leave you to do your own work by yourself. You'll allow me to go back to my company, who are waiting for their captain." The voice, as the reader will probably have divined, was that of Phœbus de Chateaupers. What passed in the breast of the gypsy girl, it is not easy to describe. So he was there—her friend—her protector—her support—her shelter—her Phœbus! She started up; and before her mother could prevent her, she had sprung to the loophole, crying out, "Phœbus! hither! my Phœbus!"

Phœbus was no longer there. He had just galloped round the corner of the Rue de la Coutellerie. But Tristan was not yet gone away.

The recluse rushed upon her daughter with a roar of agony, and drew her violently back, her nails entering the flesh of the poor girl's neck; but the grasp of a tigress mother can not be nicely cautious. It was too late, however—Tristan had observed.

"Ha, ha," he cried, with a laugh that showed all his teeth, and made his face

resemble the muzzle of a wolf, "two mice in the trap."

"I suspected as much," said the soldier.

Tristan slapped him on the shoulder, saying, "Thou art a good cat! Come," he added, "where is Henriet Cousin?"

A man who had neither the dress nor the mien of a soldier, now stepped out of their ranks. He wore a suit half gray, half brown—his hair combed out flat—leathern sleeves—and carried a bundle of ropes in his large hand. This man constantly attended upon Tristan, who constantly attended upon Louis XI.

"Friend," said Tristan l'Hermite, "I presume that this is the witch we were seeking. Thou wilt hang me that one. Hast thou thy ladder with thee?"

"There's one under the shed of the Maison-aux-Piliers," answered the man. "Is it at that justice there that we're to do the job?" continued he, pointing to the stone gibbet.

"Yes."

"So ho!" said the man, with a loud laugh, more brutal still than that of the provost, "we shall not have far to go!"

"Make haste," said Tristan, "and do thy laughing after."

Meanwhile, since the time that Tristan had observed her daughter, and all hope was lost, the recluse had not yet uttered a word. She had thrown the poor gypsy girl, half dead, into the corner of the cell, and resumed her post at the loophole, her two hands resting upon the bottom of the stone window case, like the clutches of some animal. In that attitude she was seen throwing intrepidly over all those soldiers her look, which was become wild and frantic again. At the moment that Henriet Cousin approached the place, she looked at him so savagely that he shrank back.

"Monseigneur," said he, turning back to the provost, "which must I take?"

"The young one."

"So much the better, for the old one seems none so easy to take."

"Poor little dancing-girl with the goat!" said the old sergeant of the watch.

Henriet Cousin again approached the window-place. The mother's eye made his own droop. He said very timidly, "Madame——"

She interrupted him in a voice very low but furious: "What do you want?"

"Not you," said he, "but the other."

"What other?"

"The young one."

She began to shake her head, crying, "There's nobody! there's nobody! there's nobody!"

"Yes, there is somebody, you know it well enough," returned the hangman. "Let me take the young one; I don't want to do you any harm."

She answered, with a strange, sneering expression, "Ha! you don't want to do me any harm!"

"Let me have the other, madame," said the man. "It's the will of monsieur the provost."

She replied, with a look of insanity, "There's nobody!"

"I tell you there is," rejoined the hangman. "We've all seen that there were two of you."

"You'd better look!" said the recluse, with her strange sneer. "Thrust your head through the window."

The man observed the threatening nails of the mother, and did not venture.

"Make haste!" cried Tristan, who had just drawn up his troops in a circle about the Trou-aux-Rats, and had stationed himself on horseback near the gibbet.

Henriet once more went back to the provost, quite perplexed. He had laid his ropes upon the ground, and, with a sheepish look, was turning about his hat in his hands. "Monseigneur," he asked, "how must I get in?"

"Through the door."

"There is none."

"Through the window, then."

"It's not wide enough."

"Widen it, then," said Tristan, angrily. "Hast thou no picks with thee?"

The mother, from the interior of the cave, was still steadfastly watching them. She had ceased to hope—she no longer knew what she wanted—except that she wanted them not to take from her her daughter.

Henriet Cousin went and fetched the

box of tools of the bass-œuvres (that is, the implements for the use of the sub-executioners) from under the hangar or long shed of the Maison-aux-Piliers. He also brought out from the same place the double ladder, which he immediately set up against the gibbet. Five or six of the provost's men provided themselves with pickaxes and crowbars, and Tristan went up with them to the window of the cell.

"Old woman," said the provost, in a tone of severity, "give us up the girl quietly."

She looked at him like one who does not understand.

"Tête-Dieu!" resumed Tristan; "what good can it do thee to hinder that witch from being hanged as it pleases the king?"

The wretched woman fell a-laughing with her wild laugh. "What good can it do me? She's my daughter!"

The tone in which this word was uttered produced a shudder in Henriet Cousin himself.

"I'm sorry for it," returned the provost; "but it's the king's pleasure."

She cried, laughing her terrific laugh with redoubled loudness, "What's thy king to me? I tell thee it's my daughter!"

"Make a way through the wall," said Tristan.

To make an opening sufficiently large, it was only necessary to loosen one course of stone underneath the window-place. When the mother heard the picks and the levers sapping her fortress, she uttered a dreadful cry. Then she began to go with frightful quickness round and round her cell—a habit of a wild beast, which her long residence in that cage had given her. She no longer said anything, her eyes were flaming. The soldiers felt their blood chilled to the very heart.

All at once she took up her paving-stone, laughed, and threw it with both hands at the workmen. The stone, ill-thrown (for her hands were trembling), touched no one, but fell quite harmless at the feet of Tristan's horse. She gnashed her teeth.

Meanwhile, although the sun was not yet risen, it was become broad daylight, and a fine roseate tint beautified the old decayed chimneys of the Maison-aux-Piliers. It was the hour when the windows of the earliest risers in the great city opened cheerfully upon the roofs. A few rustics, a few fruit-sellers, going to the Halles upon their asses, were beginning to cross the Grève, stopped for a moment before that group of soldiers gathered about the Trou-aux-Rats, gazed at it with looks of astonishment, and passed on.

The recluse had gone and seated herself close to her daughter, covering her with her own figure—her eyes fixed—listening to the poor girl, who stirred not, but was murmuring low her only word—"Phœbus! Phœbus!" In proportion as the work of the demolishers seemed to be advancing, the mother mechanically shrunk away pressing the young girl closer and closer against the wall. All at once, the recluse saw the course of stone (for she was on the watch, and had her eyes constantly fixed upon it) beginning to give way, and she heard the voice of Tristan encouraging the workmen. Then starting out of the sort of prostration into which her spirit had sunk for some minutes, she cried out—and, as she spoke, her voice now tore the ear like a saw, now faltered as if every species of malediction had crowded to her lips to burst forth at one and the same time—"Ho, ho, ho! but it's horrible! You are robbers! Are you really going to take my daughter from me? I tell you she's my daughter! Oh, the cowards! oh, the hangman lackeys! the miserable murdering suttlers! Help! help! fire! And will they take my child from me so? Who is it, then, that they call the good God of heaven?"

Then, addressing herself to Tristan, with foaming mouth and haggard eyes, on all fours, and bristling like a panther—"You'd better come and take my daughter. Dost thou not understand that this woman tells thee it's her daughter? Dost thou not know what it is to have a child, eh? thou he-wolf! Hast thou never laid with thy mate? Hast thou never had a cub by her? And if thou hast little ones, when they howl is there nothing stirs within thee?"

"Down with the stones!" said Tristan; "they're quite loose now."

The crowbars now heaved up the heavy course of stone. It was, as we have said, the mother's last bulwark. She threw herself upon it—she would fain have held it in its place—she scratched the stones with her nails; but the heavy mass, put in motion by half a dozen men, escaped her grasp, and fell gently down to the ground along the iron levers.

The mother, seeing the breach effected, threw herself on the floor across the opening, barricading it with her body, writhing her arms, beating her head against the flag-stones, and crying in a loud voice, hoarse and nearly inarticulate with exhaustion—"Help, help!—fire, fire!"

"Now, take the girl," said Tristan, still imperturbable.

The mother looked at the soldiers in so formidable a manner, that they had more disposition to retreat than to advance.

"Now for it!" resumed the provost. "You, Henriet Cousin."

Nobody advanced a step.

The provost swore. "Tête-Christ! my fighting men! Afraid of a woman!"

"Monseigneur," said Henriet, "do you call that a woman?"

"She has a lion's mane," said another.

"Come!" continued the provost; "the gap's large enough. Enter three abreast, as at the breach of Pontoise. Let's get done with it, mort-Mahom! The first man that gives back, I'll cleave him in two."

Placed thus between the provost and the mother, the soldiers hesitated a moment; then made up their minds, and went up to the Trou-aux-Rats.

When the recluse saw this, she suddenly reared herself upon her knees, threw aside her hair from her face, then dropped her lean, grazed hands upon her hips. Then big tears issued one by one from her eyes, coursing each other down her furrowed cheeks, like a stream down the bed that it has worn itself. At the same time she began to speak, but in a voice so suppliant, so gentle, so submissive, so heart-piercing, that more than one old, hardened argousin among those who surrounded Tristan wiped his eyes.

"Messeigneurs," said she, "messieurs, the sergeants! one word! There's a thing I must tell you. It's my daughter, do you see—my dear little daughter, that I had lost. Listen; it's quite a history. Consider that I'm very well acquainted with messieurs the sergeants. They were always good to me in those times when the little boys used to throw stones at me because I was a girl of pleasure. So you see—you'll leave me my child when you know all! I was a poor woman of the town. It was the gypsy women that stole her away from me—by the same token that I've kept her shoe these fifteen years. Look! here it is. She'd a foot like that. At Reims—La Chantefleurie—Rue Folle-Peine. Perhaps you know all that. It was I. In your youth—in those days—it was a merry time — and there were merry doings. You'll have pity on me, won't you, messeigneurs? The gypsy women stole her from me. They hid her from me for fifteen years. I thought she was dead! Only think, my good friends; I thought she was dead! I've passed fifteen years here—in this cave—without fire in the winter. It's hard, that! The poor, dear, little shoe! I cried so much that at last God Almighty heard me. This night he has given me back my daughter. It's a miracle of God Almighty's. She was not dead. You'll not take her from me—I'm sure you won't. If it were myself, now, I can't say—but to take her, a child of sixteen! Let her have time to see the sun. What has she done to you? Nothing at all. Nor I neither. If you did but know, now, that I have but her—that I am old—that it's a blessing the Holy Virgin sends me! And then, you're all of you so good! You didn't know it was my daughter—but you know now. Oh, I love her so. Monsieur the grand-provost, I would rather have a stab in my side than a scratch upon her finger! It's you that look like a good seigneur! What I tell you now explains the thing to you, doesn't it? Oh, if you have had a mother, monseigneur! You are the commander, leave me my child. Only consider that I am praying to you on my knees, as they pray to a Christ Jesus! I ask nothing of anybody. I am of Reims,

messeigneurs—I've a little field there that was Mahiet Pradon's. I am not a beggar. I want nothing—but I want to keep my child. God Almighty, who is master of all, has not given her back to me for nothing. The king—you say, the king. It can't be any great pleasure to him that they should kill my little girl. Besides, it's my daughter—it's my daughter—mine—she's not the king's—she's not yours! I want to go away from here—we both want to go—and when two women are going along, mother and daughter, you let them go quietly. Let us go quietly. We belong to Reims. Oh, you're so good, messieurs the sergeants—I love you all. You'll not take my dear little one away from me—it's impossible? Is it not, now, quite impossible? My child! my child!"

We shall not attempt to give an idea of her gesture, her accent—the tears which she drank in while speaking—the clasping and the writhing of her hands, the agonizing smiles, the swimming looks, the sighs, the moans, the miserable and piercing cries which she mingled with these disordered, wild, and incoherent words. When she ceased, Tristan l'Hermite knit his brows, but it was to conceal a tear that was standing in his tiger's eye. However, he overcame this weakness, and said, with brief utterance, "the king wills it."

Then he whispered in the ear of Henriet Cousin, "Get done quickly." It might be that the redoubtable provost felt his own heart failing him—even his.

The executioner and the sergeants entered the cell. The mother made no resistance; she only crept up to her daughter, and threw herself madly upon her. When the gypsy girl saw the soldiers approaching, the horror of death gave her strength again. "My mother," cried she, in a tone of indescribable distress; "oh my mother! they are coming; defend me!" "Yes, my love, I am defending you!" answered the mother, in a faint voice; and clasping her closely in her arms, she covered her with kisses. To see them both thus upon the ground, the mother upon the daughter, was truly piteous.

Henriet Cousin took hold of the gypsy girl just below her beautiful shoulders. When she felt his hands touching her, she cried, "Heuh!" and fainted. The executioner, from whose eye big tears were falling upon her drop by drop, offered to carry her away in his arms. He strove to unclasp the embrace of the mother, who had, as it were, drawn her hand in a knot about her daughter's waist; but the grasp which thus bound her to the person of her child was so powerful that he found it impossible to unloose it. Henriet Cousin then dragged the young girl out of the cell, and her mother after her. The eyes of the mother were closed as well as those of the daughter.

The sun was rising at that moment; and already there was a considerable collection of people upon the Place, looking from a distance to see what they were thus dragging along the ground toward the gibbet. For this was a way of the Provost Tristan's at executions—he had a rage for preventing the curious from coming near.

There was nobody at the windows. Only there were to be seen at a distance, on the top of that one of the towers of Notre-Dame which looks upon the Grève, two men, whose figures stood darkly out against the clear morning sky, and who seemed to be looking on.

Henriet Cousin stopped with what he was dragging along, at the foot of the fatal ladder; and, with troubled breath—such a pity did he think it—he passed the robe round the young girl's lovely neck. The unfortunate girl felt the horrible contact of the hempen cord. She raised her eyelids, and beheld the skeleton arm of the stone gibbet extended over her head. Then she shook herself, and cried, in a loud and agonizing voice, "No! no! I won't! I won't!" The mother, whose head was quite buried under her daughter's attire, said not a word; but a long shudder was seen to run through her whole frame, and she was heard multiplying her kisses upon the form of her child. The executioner seized that moment to unclasp, by a strong and sudden effort, the arms with which she held fast the condemned; and, whether from exhaustion or despair,

they yielded. Then he took the young girl upon his shoulder, from whence her charming figure fell gracefully bending over his large head. And then he set his foot upon the ladder in order to ascend.

At that moment, the mother, who had sunk upon the ground, quite opened her eyes. Without uttering any cry, she started up with a terrific expression of countenance; then, like a beast rushing upon its prey, she threw herself upon the executioner's hand, and set her teeth in it. This was done with the quickness of lightning. The executioner howled with pain. They came to his relief, and with difficulty liberated his bleeding hand from the bite of the mother. She kept a profound silence. They pushed her away with brutal violence, and it was remarked that her head fell back heavily upon the ground. They raised her up—she fell back again. The fact was, that she was dead.

The executioner, who had kept his hold of the young girl, began again to ascend the ladder.

## CHAPTER II.

LA CREATURA BELLA, BIANICO VESTITA.

When Quasimodo saw that the cell was empty—that the gypsy girl was gone—that she had been carried off while he had been defending her—he grasped his hair with both hands, and stamped with surprise and grief; then he went running over the whole church, seeking his young Bohemian—brawling strange cries at every corner—strewing his red hair upon the pavement. It was just the moment when the king's archers were entering victorious into Notre-Dame, likewise in search of the gypsy girl. The poor deaf ringer assisted their search without in the least suspecting their fatal intentions; he thought that the enemies of the gypsy girl were the Truands. He himself showed Tristan l'Hermite the way into every possible nook of concealment; opened him the secret doors, the false backs of the altars, the inner sacristies. Had the unfortunate girl been still there, it would have been he himself that would have put her in their hands. When the irksomeness of seeking in vain had tired out Tristan, who was not to be tired out easily, Quasimodo continued the search by himself. Twenty times, a hundred times over, did he make the circuit of the church, from one end to the other, and from top to bottom—ascending, descending, running, calling, shouting, peeping, rummaging, ferreting, putting his head into every hole, thrusting a torch under every vault, and desperate, mad, haggard, and moaning as a beast that had lost his mate. At length, when he had made himself sure, quite sure, that she was gone—that all was over—that they had stolen her from him—he slowly reascended the tower staircase—that staircase which he had mounted so nimbly and triumphantly on the day that he had saved her. He now passed by the same spots, with drooping head, voiceless, tearless, and hardly drawing breath. The church had become solitary and silent again. The archers had quitted it to pursue the sorceress into the City. Quasimodo, left alone in that vast Notre-Dame, the moment before so besieged and so tumultuous, took his way once more toward the cell in which the gypsy girl had slept for so many weeks under his protection. As he approached it, he could not help fancying to himself that perhaps, on arriving, he should find her there again. On reaching that bend of the gallery which looks upon the roof of the side aisle, he could see the narrow receptacle, with its little window and its little door, lying close under one of the great buttresses, like a bird's nest under a bough. The poor fellow's heart failed him, and he leaned against a pillar to keep himself from falling. He figured to himself that perhaps she might have come back thither—that some good genius had no doubt brought her back—that that little nest was too quiet, too safe, and too charming for her not to be there—and he dared not advance a step farther, for fear of dispelling the illusion. "Yes," said he to himself, "she's sleeping, perhaps—or praying—I mustn't disturb her." At last he summoned up courage,

approached on tip-toe, looked, entered. Empty! the cell was still empty! The unhappy man moved slowly round it, lifted up her couch, and looked underneath it, as if she could have been hidden between the mattress and the stones; then he shook his head, and stood stupefied. All at once he furiously stamped out his torchlight, and without uttering a word or breathing a sigh, he rushed with all his force headforemost against the wall, and fell senseless upon the floor.

When his senses returned, he threw himself upon the bed, rolling about, and frantically kissing the yet warm place where the young girl had slept! then he remained for some minutes motionless, as if he was expiring there, then he rose again, streaming with perspiration, panting, frenzied; and fell to beating the walls with his head with the frightful regularity of the stroke of a clock, and the resolution of a man determined to fracture his skull. At length he sank exhausted a second time. Then he crawled to the outside of the cell, and remained crouching in an attitude of astonishment in front of the door, for a full hour, with his eyes fixed upon the solitary dwelling-place—more gloomy and pensive than a mother seated between the cradle and the coffin of her departed child. He uttered not a word; only at intervals, a violent sob agitated his whole frame—but it was a sobbing devoid of tears.

It seems to have been that, striving to divine, amidst his desolate ruminations, who could have been the unexpected ravisher of the gypsy girl, he thought of the archdeacon. He recollected that Dom Claude alone had a key of the staircase leading to the cell. He remembered his nocturnal attempts upon La Esmeralda—the first of which he, Quasimodo, had aided—the second of which he had prevented. He called to mind a thousand various particulars; and soon he felt quite convinced that it was the archdeacon that had taken the gypsy girl from him. Yet such was his reverence for the priest—his gratitude, his devotedness, his love for that man were so deeply rooted in his heart—that they resisted, even at this dire moment, the fangs of jealousy and despair.

He reflected that the archdeacon had done it; and that sanguinary, deadly resentment which he would have felt for it against any other individual, was turned in the poor ringer's breast, the moment that Claude Frollo was concerned, simply into an increase of sorrow.

At the moment that his thoughts were thus fixing themselves upon the priest, while the buttresses were whitening in the daybreak, he beheld, on the upper story of Notre-Dame, at the angle formed by the external balustrade which runs round the top of the chancel, a figure walking. The figure was coming toward him. He recognized it, it was that of the archdeacon. Claude was pacing along gravely and slowly. He did not look before him as he advanced, directing his steps toward the northern tower; his face was turned aside toward the right bank of the Seine; and he carried his head erect, as if striving to obtain a view of something over the roofs. The owl has often that oblique attitude, flying in one direction and looking in another. In this manner the priest passed above Quasimodo without seeing him.

The deaf spectator, whom this sudden apparition had confounded, saw the figure disappear through the door of the staircase of the northern tower, which, as the reader is aware, is the one commanding a view of the Hôtel-de-Ville. Quasimodo rose up and followed the archdeacon.

Quasimodo ascended the tower staircase to learn why the priest was ascending it, but the poor ringer knew not what he himself was going to do, what he was going to say, what he wanted. He was full of rage and full of dread. The archdeacon and the gypsy girl clashed together in his heart.

When he had reached the top of the tower, before issuing from the shade of the staircase upon the open platform, he cautiously observed whereabouts the priest was. The priest had his back toward him. An open balustrade surrounds the platform of the steeple. The priest, whose eyes were bent upon the

town, was leaning his breast upon that one of the four sides of the balustrade which looks upon the Pont Notre-Dame.

Quasimodo stole up behind him to see what we was looking at so, and the priest's attention was so completely absorbed elsewhere that he heard not the step of his deaf servant near him.

It is a magnificent and captivating spectacle, and at that day it was yet more so, to look down upon Paris from the summit of the towers of Notre-Dame, in the fresh light of a summer dawn. The day in question might be one of the early ones of July. The sky was perfectly serene. A few lingering stars were fading away in different directions, and eastward there was one very brilliant, in the lightest part of the heavens. The sun was on the point of making his appearance. Paris was beginning to stir. A very white, pure light showed vividly to the eye the endless varieties of outline which its buildings presented on the east, while the giant shadows of the steeples traversed building after building from one end of the great city to the other. Already voices and noises were to be heard from several quarters of the town. Here was heard the stroke of a bell—there that of a hammer—and there again the complicated clatter of a dray in motion. Already the smoke from some of the chimneys was escaping scatteredly over all that surface of roofs, as if through the fissures of some vast sulphur-work. The river, whose waters are rippled by the piers of so many bridges and the points of so many islands, was wavering in folds of silver. Around the town, outside the ramparts, the view was lost in a great circle of fleecy vapors through which were indistinctly discernible the dim line of the plains and the graceful swelling of the heights. All sorts of floating sounds were scattered over that half-awakened region. And eastward, the morning breeze was chasing across the sky a few light locks plucked from the fleecy mantle of the hills.

In the Parvis some good women, with their milk-pots in their hands, were pointing out to one another, in astonishment, the singularly shattered state of the great door of Notre-Dame, and the two congealed streams of lead all down the crevices of the front. It was all that remained of the tumult of the night before. The pile kindled by Quasimodo between the towers was extinct. Tristan had cleared the ground of the Place, and had the dead thrown into the Seine. Kings like Louis XI. take care to clean the pavements quick after a massacre.

Outside the balustrade of the tower, exactly underneath the point where the priest had stopped, was one of those fantastically carved stone gutters which diversify the exterior of Gothic buildings; and in a crevice of the gutter, two pretty wallflowers in full bloom, shaken and vivified as it were by the breath of the morning, made sportive salutation to each other, while over the towers, far above in the sky, were heard the cheerful voices of early birds.

But the priest neither saw nor heard anything of all that. He was one of those men to whom there are neither mornings, nor birds, nor flowers. In all that immense horizon, spread around him with such diversity of aspect, his contemplation was concentrated upon one single point.

Quasimodo burned to ask him what he had done with the gypsy girl, but the archdeacon seemed at that moment to be rapt out of the world. He was evidently in one of those violent passages of existence when the earth itself might fall to ruin without our perceiving it.

With his eyes invariably fixed upon a certain spot, he remained motionless and silent; and in that silence and immobility there was something so formidable that the savage ringer shuddered at the contemplation, and dared not intrude upon them. All that he did—and it was one way of interrogating the archdeacon—was to follow the direction of his vision, which thus guided the view of the unfortunate hunchback to the Place de Grève.

In this manner he discovered what the priest was looking at. The ladder was erected against the permanent gibbet. There was some people in the Place, and a number of soldiers. A man was dragging

along the ground something white, to which something black was clinging. This man stopped at the foot of the gibbet. Here something took place which Quasimodo could not very distinctly see—not that his only eye had not preserved its long reach—but there was a body of soldiers in the way, which prevented him from distinguishing all. Moreover, at that instant the sun appeared, and such a flood of light burst over the horizon, that it seemed as if every point of Paris—spires, chimneys, and gables—were taking fire at once.

Meantime, the man began to ascend the ladder. Then Quasimodo saw him distinctly again. He was carrying a female figure upon his shoulder—a young girl clad in white. There was a noose round the young girl's neck. Quasimodo recognized her. It was she!

The man arrived with his burden at the top of the ladder. There he arranged the noose. And now the priest, to have a better view, set himself on his knees upon the balustrade.

All at once the man pushed away the ladder with his heel; and Quasimodo, who for some moments had not drawn his breath, saw wavering at the end of the cord, about two toises above the ground, the form of the unfortunate girl with that of the man squatted upon her shoulders. The cord made several turns upon itself, and Quasimodo beheld horrible convulsions agitating the frame of the gypsy girl. On the other hand, the priest, with outstretched neck and starting eyeballs, was contemplating that frightful group of the man and the girl—the spider and the fly!

At the moment when it looked the most horrible, a demoniacal laugh—a laugh such as can come only from one who is no longer human—burst from the livid visage of the priest. Quasimodo did not hear that laugh, but he saw it. The ringer made a few steps backward from behind the archdeacon, and then rushing furiously upon him, thrusting both his large hands against his back, he pushed Dom Claude over into the abyss toward which he had been leaning.

The priest cried out, "Damnation!" and fell.

The gutter-head over which he had been leaning arrested his fall. He clung to it with desperate gripe; but, at the moment that he was opening his lips to cry out again, he saw passing along the verge of the balustrade above him the formidable and avenging countenance of Quasimodo, and was silent.

Beneath him was the abyss—a fall of full two hundred feet—and the pavement. In this dreadful situation the archdeacon said not a word, breathed not a groan. Only he writhed upon the gutter, making incredible efforts to re-ascend; but his hands had no hold of the granite, his feet constantly slid away upon the blackened wall. They who have ascended to the top of the towers of Notre-Dame know that the stone-work swells out immediately below the balustrade. It was on the re-entering angle of this ridge that the miserable archdeacon was exhausting his efforts. It was not with a wall merely perpendicular that he was striving, but with a wall that sloped away from under him.

Quasimodo would only have had to stretch out his hand to him to draw him from the gulf, but he did not so much as look at him. He was looking on the Grève—he was looking on the gibbet—he was looking on the gypsy girl. The poor deaf creature had leaned his elbows on the balustrade in the very place where the archdeacon had been the moment before, and there, keeping his eye fixed upon the only object of which at that moment he was conscious, he was mute and motionless as one struck by the thunderbolt—except that a long stream of tears was flowing from that eye which until then had never shed but one.

Meanwhile the archdeacon was panting; his bald forehead was streaming with perspiration; his nails were bleeding against the stones; he was grazing his knees against the wall. He could hear his cassock, which had caught hold of the gutter, tearing more and more at each jerk that he gave it; and to complete his misfortune, the gutter itself terminated in a

leaden pipe, which he could feel slowly bending under the weight of his body. The wretched man was saying to himself, that when his hands should be worn out with fatigue—when his cassock should be rent asunder—when that lead should be completely bent—he must of necessity fall—and terror froze his vitals. Now and then he looked down bewilderedly upon a sort of small table formed some ten feet lower by projections of sculpture; and he implored heaven from the bottom of his agonizing soul, that he might be permitted to spend the remainder of his life upon that narrow space of two feet square, though it were to last a hundred years. Once he ventured to look down into the Place below him, but when he turned his head upward again, it was with closing eyes and hair erect.

There was something frightful in the silence of these two men. While the archdeacon was agonizing in that horrible manner but a few feet from him, Quasimodo was weeping and looking upon the Grève.

The archdeacon, finding that all his efforts to raise himself served only to warp the one feeble point of support that remained to him, had at length resolved to remain quite still. There he was—clasping the gutter—scarce drawing his breath—stirring not at all—without any other motion than that mechanical convulsion of the viscera which is felt in a dream when we fancy we are falling. His fixed eyes were wide open with a stare of pain and astonishment. Meanwhile he felt himself going by degrees; his fingers slipped upon the gutter; he felt more and more the weakness of his arms and the weight of his body; the bending piece of lead that supported him inclined more and more downward. He saw beneath him, frightful to look upon, the sharp roof of the church of Saint-Jean-de-Rond, small as a card bent double. He looked, one after another, at the imperturbable sculptures of the tower—like him suspended over the precipice—but without terror for themselves or pity for him. All around him was of stone—before his eyes, the gaping monsters; in the Place below, the pavement; over his head, Quasimodo weeping.

Down in the Parvis there were some groups of worthy starers, quietly striving to guess what madman it could be that was amusing himself after so strange a fashion. The priest could hear them saying—for their voices mounted up to him clear and shrill—"Why, he'll surely break his neck."

Quasimodo was weeping.

At length the archdeacon, foaming with rage and dread, felt that all was unavailing. However, he gathered what strength he had remaining for one last effort. He drew himself up on the gutter, sprung from against the wall with both his knees, hung his hands in a cleft of the stonework, and succeeded, perhaps, in climbing up with one foot; but the force which he was obliged to use gave a sudden bend to the leaden beak that supported him; and the same effort rent his cassock asunder. Then, finding everything under him give way—having only his benumbed and powerless hands by which to cling to anything—the unhappy man closed his eyes, left hold of the gutter, and fell.

Quasimodo looked at him falling.

A fall from such a height is seldom perpendicular. The archdeacon, launched through the void, fell at first with his head downward and his arms extended—then turned round several times. The wind carried him against the top of one of the houses, upon which the miserable man was first dashed. However, he was not dead when he reached it. The ringer could perceive him still make an effort to cling to the gable with his hands, but the slope was too quick, and he had no strength left. He glided rapidly down the roof, like a loosened tile, then dashed upon the pavement, and there he lay quite still.

Quasimodo then lifted his eyes to look upon the gypsy girl, whose body, suspended from the gibbet, he beheld quivering afar, under its white robe, in the last struggles of death; then again he dropped it upon the archdeacon, stretched a shapeless mass at the foot of the tower, and he said, with a sob that heaved his deep breast to the bottom, "Oh!—all that I've ever loved!"

## CHAPTER III.

### THE MARRIAGE OF CAPTAIN PHŒBUS.

WHEN, toward the evening of that day, the judicial officers of the bishop came to remove the shattered body of the archdeacon, Quasimodo had disappeared from Notre-Dame.

This circumstance gave rise to various rumors. It was considered unquestionable that the day had at length arrived when, according to compact. Quasimodo —that is to say the Devil—was to carry off Claude Frollo, that is to say the sorcerer. It was presumed that he had broken up the body in taking the soul, as a monkey cracks the shell to get at the nut.

It was for this reason that the archdeacon was not interred in consecrated ground.

Louis XI. died the following year in August, 1483.

As for Pierre Gringoire, he not only succeeded in saving the goat, but obtained considerable success as a writer of tragedy. It appears that after dabbling in astrology, philosophy, architecture, hermetics—in short, in every vanity, he came back to tragedy, which some people think the vainest pursuit of all. This he called coming to a tragical end. On the subject of his dramatic triumphs, we read in the "Ordinary's Accounts for 1483," as follows:

"To Jehan Marchand and Pierre Gringoire, carpenter and composer, for making and composing the mystery performed at the Châtelet of Paris on the day of the entry of Monsieur the Legate; for duly ordering the characters with properties and habiliments proper for the said mystery, and likewise for making the wooden stages necessary for the same—one hundred livres."

Phœbus de Chateaupers also came to a tragical end; he married.

---

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE MARRIAGE OF QUASIMODO.

WE have already said that Quasimodo disappeared from Notre-Dame on the day of the death of the gypsy girl and the archdeacon. In fact he was never seen again, nor was it known what had become of him.

In the night immediately following the execution of Esmeralda, the executioner's men had taken down her body from the gibbet, and, according to custom, had carried it away and deposited it in the great charnel vault of Montfaucon.

Montfaucon, to use the words of the antiquary Sauval, was the most ancient and the most superb gibbet in the kingdom. Between the faubourg of the Temple and St. Martin, at the distance of about one hundred and sixty toises from the walls of Paris, and a few bow-shots from the village of La Courtille, was to be seen on the summit of an almost imperceptibly rising ground, but on a spot sufficiently elevated to be visible for several leagues around, an edifice of a strange form, much resembling a Druidical cromlech, and having, like the cromlech, its human sacrifices.

Let the reader imagine a great oblong mass of stone work, fifteen feet high, thirty feet wide, and forty long, based upon a pile of plaster, and having a door, an external railing, and an upper platform. Standing upon this platform are sixteen enormous pillars of unhewn stone, thirty feet high, ranged in a colonnade around three of the four sides of the huge block supporting them, and connected at the top by heavy beams, from which chains are hanging at short intervals. At each of those chains are a group of skeletons—not far off, in the plain, are a stone cross and two secondary gibbets, rising like shoots from the great central tree, and in the sky, hovering over the whole, a perpetual flock of carrion crows. Such was Montfaucon.

At the end of the fifteenth century this formidable gibbet, which had stood since 1328, was already much dilapidated; the beams were decayed, the chains were corroded with rust, the pillars green with mould, the courses of hewn stone were all gaping at their joints, and the grass was growing upon that platform to which no foot reached. The structure showed a

horrible profile against the sky—especially at night time—when the moonlight gleaming upon those whitened skulls, or when the breeze of evening sweeping past the chains and skeletons, made them rattle in the darkness. The presence of this gibbet communicated a dismal character to the surrounding landscape.

The mass of stonework that formed the base of the repulsive edifice was hollow. An immense cavern had been constructed within it, the entrance of which was closed with an old battered iron grating, and into which were thrown not only the human relics taken down from the chains of Montfaucon, but also the carcasses of the sufferers at all the other permanent gibbets of Paris. To that deep charnel-house, wherein so many human remains, and the memories of so many crimes, have festered and been confounded together, many a great one of the earth, and many of the innocent, at one time or other, contributed their bones—from Enguerrand de Marigni, and who was one of the just, down to the Admiral De Coligni, who had the last, and was of the just also.

As for Quasimodo's mysterious disappearance, all that we have been able to ascertain respecting it is this:

About a year and a half or two years after the events that conclude this history, when search was made in the cave of Montfaucon for the body of Olivier le Daim, who had been hanged two days before, and to whom Charles VIII., son and successor of Olivier's kind master, granted the favor of being interred at the church of St. Laurent in better company, there were found among all those hideous carcasses, two skeletons, the arms of one of which were thrown round the other. One of the two, that of a woman, had still about it some tattered fragments of a garment, apparently of a stuff that had once been white; and about its neck was a string of grains of adrezarach, together with a small silken bag, ornamented with green glass, which was open and empty. These articles had been of so little value, that the executioner, doubtless, had not cared to take them. The other skeleton, which held this one close in its arms, was that of a man. It was remarked in the latter, that the spine was crooked, the head compressed between the shoulder-blades, and that one leg was shorter than the other. It was also remarkable there was no rupture of the vertebræ at the nape of the neck, whence it was evident that he had not been hanged. Hence it was inferred that the man must have come hither of himself, and died there. When they strove to detach this skeleton from the one it was embracing, it fell into dust.

THE END.

# THE HISTORY OF A CRIME.

## *PREFACE.*

THIS work is more than opportune; it is imperative. I publish it.

V. H.

PARIS, *October* 1, 1877.

## NOTE.

This work was written twenty-six years ago at Brussels, during the first months of exile. It was begun on the 14th December, 1851, and on the day following the Author's arrival in Belgium, and was finished on the 5th May, 1852, as though Chance had willed that the anniversary of the death of the First Bonaparte should be countersigned by the condemnation of the Second. It is also Chance which, through a combination of work, of cares, and of bereavements, has delayed the publication of this History until this extraordinary year 1877. In causing the recital of events of the past to coincide with the events of to-day has Chance had any purpose? We hope not. As we have just said, the story of the *Coup d'État* was written by a hand still hot from the combat against the *Coup d'État*. The exile immediately became an historian. He carried away this crime in his angered memory, and he was resolved to lose nothing of it. Hence this book. The manuscript of 1851 has been very little revised. It remains what it was, abounding in details, and living, it might be said bleeding, with real facts. The Author constituted himself an interrogating Judge; all his companions of the struggle and of exile came to give evidence before him. He has added his testimony to theirs. Now History is in possession of it. It will judge.

## *THE FIRST DAY.—THE AMBUSH.*

### CHAPTER I.

"SECURITY."

ON December 1, 1851, Charras * shrugged his shoulders and unloaded his pistols. In truth, the belief in the possibility of a *coup d'état* had become humiliating. The supposition of such illegal violence on the part of M. Louis Bonaparte vanished upon serious consideration. The great question of the day was manifestly the Devincq election; it was clear that the Government was only thinking of that matter. As to a conspiracy against the Republic and against the People, how could any one premeditate such a plot? Where was the man capable of entertaining such a dream? For a tragedy there must be an actor, and here assuredly the actor was wanting. To outrage Right, to suppress the Assembly, to abolish the Constitution, to strangle the Republic, to overthrow the Nation, to sully the Flag, to dishonor the Army, to suborn Clergy and the Magistracy, to succeed, to triumph, to govern, to administer, to exile, to banish, to transport, to ruin, to assassinate, to reign, with such complicities that the law at last resembles a foul bed of corruption. What! All these enormities were to be committed! And by whom? By a Colossus? No, by a dwarf. People laughed at the notion. They no longer said, "What a crime!" but "What a farce!" For after all they reflected; heinous crimes require stature. Certain crimes are too lofty for certain hands. A man who would achieve an 18th Brumaire must have Arcola in his past and Austerlitz in his future. The art of becoming a great scoundrel is not accorded to the first comer. People said to themselves, Who is this son of Hor-

* Colonel Charras was Under-Secretary of State in 1848, and Acting Secretary of War under the Provisional Government.

tense? He has Strasbourg behind him instead of Arcola, and Boulogne in place of Austerlitz. He is a Frenchman, born a Dutchman, and naturalized a Swiss; he is a Bonaparte crossed with a Verhuell; he is only celebrated for the ludicrousness of his imperial attitude, and he who would pluck a feather from his eagle would risk finding a goose's quill in his hand. This Bonaparte does not pass currency in the army; he is a counterfeit image less of gold than of lead, and assuredly French soldiers will not give us the change for this false Napoleon in rebellion, in atrocities, in massacres, in outrages, in treason. If he should attempt roguery it would miscarry. Not a regiment would stir. Besides, why should he make an attempt? Doubtless he has his suspicious side, but why suppose him an absolute villain? Such extreme outrages are beyond him; he is incapable of them physically, why judge him capable of them morally? Has he not pledged honor? Has he not said, "No one in Europe doubts my word?" Let us fear nothing. To this could be answered, Crimes are committed either on a grand or on a mean scale. In the first category there is Cæsar; in the second there is Mandrin. Cæsar passes the Rubicon, Mandrin bestrides the gutter. But wise men interposed, "Are we not prejudiced by offensive conjectures? This man has been exiled and unfortunate. Exile enlightens, misfortune corrects."

For his part Louis Bonaparte protested energetically. Facts abounded in his favor. Why should he not act in good faith? He had made remarkable promises. Towards the end of October, 1848, then a candidate for the Presidency, he was calling at No. 37 Rue de la Tour d'Auvergne, on a certain personage, to whom he remarked, "I wish to have an explanation with you. They slander me. Do I give you the impression of a madman? They think that I wish to revivify Napoleon. There are two men whom a great ambition can take for its models, Napoleon and Washington. The one is a man of Genius, the other is a man of Virtue. It is ridiculous to say, 'I will be a man of Genius;' it is honest to say, 'I will be a man of Virtue.' Which of these depends upon ourselves? Which can we accomplish by our will? To be Genius? No. To be Probity? Yes. The attainment of Genius is not possible; the attainment of Probity is a possibility. And what could I revive of Napoleon? One sole thing—a crime. Truly a worthy ambition! Why should I be considered mad? The Republic being established, I am not a great man, I shall shall not copy Napoleon; but I am an honest man. I shall imitate Washington. My name, the name of Bonaparte, will be inscribed on two pages of the history of France: on the first there will be crime and glory, on the second probity and honor. And the second will perhaps be worth the first. Why? Because if Napoleon is the greater, Washington is the better man. Between the guilty hero and the good citizen I choose the good citizen. Such is my ambition."

From 1848 to 1851 three years elapsed. People had long suspected Louis Bonaparte; but long-continued suspicion blunts the intellect and wears itself out by fruitless alarms. Louis Bonaparte had had dissimulating ministers such as Magne and Rouher; but he had also had straightforward ministers such as Léon Faucher and Odilon Barrot; and these last had affirmed that he was upright and sincere. He had been seen to beat his breast before the doors of Ham; his foster sister, Madame Hortense Cornu, wrote to Mieroslawsky, "I am a good Republican, and I can answer for him." His friend of Ham, Peauger, a loyal man, declared, "Louis Bonaparte is incapable of treason." Had not Louis Bonaparte written the work entitled "Pauperism?" In the intimate circles of the Elysée, Count Potocki was a Republican and Count d'Orsay was a Liberal; Louis Bonaparte said to Potocki, "I am a man of the Democracy," and to D'Orsay, "I am a man of Liberty." The Marquis du Hallays opposed the *coup d'état*, while the Marquise du Hallays was in its favor. Louis Bonaparte said to the Marquis, "Fear nothing" (it is true that he whispered to the Marquise, "Make your mind easy"). The Assembly, after having shown here and there some symptoms of

uneasiness, had grown calm. There was General Neumayer, "who was to be depended upon," and who from his position at Lyons would at need march upon Paris. Changarnier exclaimed, "Representatives of the people, deliberate in peace." Even Louis Bonaparte himself had pronounced these famous words, "I should see an enemy of my country in any one who would change by force that which has been established by law," and, moreover, the Army was "force," and the Army possessed leaders, leaders who were beloved and victorious. Lamoricière, Changarnier, Cavaignac, Leflô, Bedeau, Charras; how could any one imagine the Army of Africa arresting the Generals of Africa? On Friday, November 28, 1851, Louis Bonaparte said to Michel de Bourges, "If I wanted to do wrong, I could not. Yesterday, Thursday, I invited to my table five Colonels of the garrison of Paris, and the whim seized me to question each one by himself. All five declared to me that the Army would never lend itself to a *coup de force*, nor attack the inviolability of the Assembly. You can tell your friends this."—"He smiled," said Michel de Bourges, reassured, "and I also smiled." After this, Michel de Bourges declared in the Tribune, "This is the man for me." In that same month of November a satirical journal, charged with calumniating the President of the Republic, was sentenced to fine and imprisonment for a caricature depicting a shooting-gallery and Louis Bonaparte using the Constitution as a target. Morigny, Minister of the Interior, declared in the Council before the President "that a Guardian of Public Power ought never to violate the law, as otherwise he would be—" "a dishonest man," interposed the President. All these words and all these facts were notorious. The material and moral impossibility of the *coup d'état* was manifest to all. To outrage the National Assembly! To arrest the Representatives! What madness! As we have seen, Charras, who had long remained on his guard, unloaded his pistols. The feeling of security was complete and unanimous. Nevertheless there were some of us in the Assembly who still retained a few doubts, and who occasionally shook our heads, but we were looked upon as fools.

## CHAPTER II.

### PARIS SLEEPS—THE BELL RINGS.

On the 2nd December, 1851, Representative Versigny, of the Haute-Saône, who resided at Paris, at No. 4, Rue Léonie, was asleep. He slept soundly; he had been working till late at night. Versigny was a young man of thirty-two, soft-featured and fair-complexioned, of a courageous spirit, and a mind tending towards social and economical studies. He had passed the first hours of the night in the perusal of a book by Bastiat, in which he was making marginal notes, and, leaving the book open on the table, he had fallen asleep. Suddenly he awoke with a start at the sound of a sharp ring at the bell. He sprang up in surprise. It was dawn. It was about seven o'clock in the morning.

Never dreaming what could be the motive for so early a visit, and thinking that some one had mistaken the door, he again lay down, and was about to resume his slumber, when a second ring at the bell, still louder than the first, completely aroused him. He got up in his night-shirt and opened the door.

Michel de Bourges and Théodore Bac entered. Michel de Bourges was the neighbor of Versigny; he lived at No. 16, Rue de Milan.

Théodore Bac and Michel were pale, and appeared greatly agitated.

"Versigny," said Michel, "dress yourself at once—Baune has just been arrested."

"Bah!" exclaimed Versigny. "Is the Mauguin business beginning again?"

"It is more than that," replied Michel. "Baune's wife and daughter came to me half-an-hour ago. They awoke me. Baune was arrested in his bed at six o'clock this morning."

"What does that mean?" asked Versigny.

The bell rang again.

"This will probably tell us," answered Michel de Bourges. Versigny opened the door. It was the Representative Pierre Lefranc. He brought, in truth, the solution of the enigma.

"Do you know what is happening?" said he.

"Yes," answered Michel. "Baune is in prison."

"It is the Republic who is a prisoner," said Pierre Lefranc. "Have you read the placards?"

"No."

Pierre Lefranc explained to them that the walls at that moment were covered with placards which the curious crowd were thronging to read, that he had glanced over one of them at the corner of his street, and that the blow had fallen.

"The blow!" exclaimed Michel. "Say rather the crime."

Pierre Lefranc added that there were three placards—one decree and two proclamations—all three on white paper, and pasted close together.

The decree was printed in large letters.

The ex-Constituent Laissac, who lodged, like Michel de Bourges, in the neighborhood (No. 4, Cité Gaillard), then came in. He brought the same news, and announced further arrests which had been made during the night.

There was not a minute to lose.

They went to impart the news to Yvan, the Secretary of the Assembly, who had been appointed by the Left, and who lived in the Rue de Boursault.

An immediate meeting was necessary. Those Republican Representatives who were still at liberty must be warned and brought together without delay.

Versigny said, "I will go and find Victor Hugo."

It was eight o'clock in the morning. I was awake and was working in bed. My servant entered and said, with an air of alarm,—

"A Representative of the people is outside who wishes to speak to you, sir."

"Who is it?"

"Monsieur Versigny."

"Show him in."

Versigny entered, and told me the state of affairs. I sprang out of bed.

He told me of the "rendezvous" at the rooms of the ex-Constituent Laissac.

"Go at once and inform the other Representatives," said I. He left me.

---

## CHAPTER III.

### WHAT HAD HAPPENED DURING THE NIGHT.

PREVIOUS to the fatal days of June, 1848, the Esplanade of the Invalides was divided into eight huge grass plots, surrounded by wooden railings and enclosed between two groves of trees, separated by a street running perpendicularly to the front of the Invalides. This street was traversed by three streets running parallel to the Seine. There were large lawns upon which children were wont to play. The centre of the eight grass plots was marked by a pedestal which under the Empire had borne the bronze lion of St. Mark, which had been brought from Venice; under the Restoration a white marble statue of Louis XVIII.; and under Louis Philippe a plaster bust of Lafayette. Owing to the Palace of the Constituent Assembly having been nearly seized by a crowd of insurgents on the 22nd of June, 1848, and there being no barracks in the neighborhood, General Cavaignac had constructed at three hundred paces from the Legislative Palace, on the grass plots of the Invalides, several rows of long huts, under which the grass was hidden. These huts, where three or four thousand men could be accommodated, lodged the troops specially appointed to keep watch over the National Assembly.

On the 1st December, 1851, the two regiments hutted on the Esplanade were the 6th and the 42nd Regiments of the Line, the 6th commanded by Colonel Garderens de Boisse, who was famous before the Second of December, the 42nd by Colonel Espinasse, who became famous since that date.

The ordinary night-guard of the Palace of the Assembly was composed of a bat-

talion of infantry and of thirty artillerymen, with a captain. The Minister of War, in addition, sent several troopers for orderly service. Two mortars and six pieces of cannon, with their ammunition wagons, were ranged in a little square courtyard situated on the right of the Cour d'Honneur, and which was called the Cour des Canons. The Major, the military commandant of the Palace, was placed under the immediate control of the Questors.* At nightfall the gratings and the doors were secured, sentinels were posted, instructions were issued to the sentries, and the Palace was closed like a fortress. The password was the same as in the Place de Paris.

The special instructions drawn up by the Questors prohibited the entrance of any armed force other than the regiment on duty.

On the night of the 1st and 2nd of December the Legislative Palace was guarded by a battalion of the 42nd.

The sitting of the 1st of December, which was exceedingly peaceable, and had been devoted to a discussion on the municipal law, had finished late, and was terminated by a Tribunal vote. At the moment when M. Baze, one of the Questors, ascended the Tribune to deposit his vote, a Representative, belonging to what was called "Les Bancs Elyséens" approached him, and said in a low tone, "To-night you will be carried off." Such warnings as these were received every day, and, as we have already explained, people had ended by paying no heed to them. Nevertheless, immediately after the sitting the Questors sent for the Special Commissary of Police of the Assembly, President Dupin being present. When interrogated, the Commissary declared that the reports of his agents indicated "dead calm"—such was his expression—and that assuredly there was no danger to be apprehended for that night. When the Questors pressed him further, President Dupin, exclaiming "Bah!" left the room.

* The Questors were officers elected by the Assembly, whose special duties were to keep and audit the accounts, and who controlled all matters affecting the social economy of the House.

On that same day, the 1st December, about three o'clock in the afternoon, as General Leflô's father-in-law crossed the boulevard in front of Tortoni's, some one rapidly passed by him and whispered in his ear these significant words, "Eleven o'clock — midnight." This incident excited but little attention at the Questure, and several even laughed at it. It had become customary with them. Nevertheless General Leflô would not go to bed until the hour mentioned had passed by, and remained in the offices of the Questure until nearly one o'clock in the morning.

The shorthand department of the Assembly was done out of doors by four messengers attached to the *Moniteur*, who were employed to carry the copy of the shorthand writers to the printing office, and to bring back the proof-sheets to the Palace of the Assembly, where M. Hippolyte Prévost corrected them. M. Hippolyte Prévost was chief of the stenographic staff, and in that capacity had apartments in the Legislative Palace. He was at the same time editor of the musical *feuilleton* of the *Moniteur*. On the 1st December, he had gone to the Opéra Comique for the first representation of a new piece, and did not return till after midnight. The fourth messenger from the *Moniteur* was waiting for him with a proof of the last slip of the sitting; M. Prévost corrected the proof, and the messenger was sent off. It was then a little after one o'clock, profound quiet reigned around, and, with the exception of the guard, all in the Palace slept. Towards this hour of the night, a singular incident occurred. The Captain-Adjutant-Major of the Guard of the Assembly came to the Major and said, "The Colonel has sent for me," and he added according to military etiquette, "Will you permit me to go?" The Commandant was astonished. "Go," he said, with some sharpness, "but the Colonel is wrong to disturb an officer on duty." One of the soldiers on guard, without understanding the meaning of the words, heard the Commandant pacing up and down, and muttering several times, "What the deuce can he want?"

Half an hour afterwards the Adjutant-Major returned. "Well," asked the Commandant, "what did the Colonel want with you?" "Nothing," answered the Adjutant; "he wished to give me the orders for to-morrow's duties." The night became further advanced. Towards four o'clock the Adjutant-Major came again to the Major. "Major," he said, "The Colonel has asked for me." "Again!" exclaimed the Commandant; "this is becoming strange; nevertheless, go."

The Adjutant-Major had amongst other duties that of giving out the instructions to the sentries, and consequently had the power of rescinding them.

As soon as the Adjutant-Major had gone out, the Major, becoming uneasy, thought that it was his duty to communicate with the Military Commandant of the Palace. He went upstairs to the apartment of the Commandant—Lieutenant-Colonel Niols. Colonel Niols had gone to bed, and the attendants had retired to their rooms in the attics. The Major, new to the Palace, groped about the corridors, and, knowing little about the various rooms, rang at a door which seemed to him that of the Military Commandant. Nobody answered, the door was not opened, and the Major returned down stairs, without having been able to speak to anybody.

On his part, the Adjutant-Major reentered the Palace, but the Major did not see him again. The Adjutant remained near the grated door of the Place Bourgogne, shrouded in his cloak, and walking up and down the courtyard as though expecting some one.

At the instant that five o'clock sounded from the great clock of the dome, the soldiers who slept in the hut-camp before the Invalides were suddenly awakened. Orders were given in a low voice in the huts to take up arms, in silence. Shortly afterwards two regiments, knapsack on back, were marching upon the Palace of the Assembly; they were the 6th and the 42nd.

At this same stroke of five, simultaneously in all the quarters of Paris, infantry soldiers filed out noiselessly from every barrack, with their colonels at their head. The *aides-de-camp* and orderly officers of Louis Bonaparte, who had been distributed in all the barracks, superintended this taking up of arms. The cavalry were not set in motion until three-quarters of an hour after the infantry, for fear that the ring of the horses' hoofs on the stones should wake slumbering Paris too soon.

M. de Persigny, who had brought from the Elysée to the camp of the Invalides the order to take up arms, marched at the head of the 42nd, by the side of Colonel Espinasse. A story is current in the army, for at the present day, wearied as people are with dishonorable incidents, these occurrences are yet told with a species of gloomy indifference—the story is current that at the moment of setting out with his regiment one of the colonels who could be named hesitated, and that the emissary from the Elysée, taking a sealed packet from his pocket, said to him, "Colonel, I admit that we are running a great risk. Here in this envelope, which I have been charged to hand to you, are a hundred thousand francs in bank notes *for contingencies*." The envelope was accepted, and the regiment set out. On the evening of the 2d of December the colonel said to a lady, "This morning I earned a hundred thousand francs and my General's epaulets." The lady showed him the door.

Xavier Durrieu, who tells us this story, had the curiosity later on to see this lady. She confirmed the story. Yes, certainly! she had shut the door in the face of this wretch; a soldier, a traitor to his flag, who dared visit her! She receive such a man? No! She could not do that, "and," states Xavier Durrieu, she added, "and yet I have no character to lose."

Another mystery was in progress at the Prefecture of Police.

These belated inhabitants of the Cité who may have returned home at a late hour of the night might have noticed a large number of street cabs loitering in scattered groups at different points round about the Rue de Jerusalem.

From eleven o'clock in the evening, under pretext of the arrival of refugees at Paris from Genoa and London, the Brigade

of Surety and the eight hundred *sergents de ville* had been retained in the Prefecture. At three o'clock in the morning a summons had been sent to the forty-eight Commissaries of Paris and of the suburbs, and also to the peace officers. An hour afterwards all of them arrived. They were ushered into a separate chamber, and isolated from each other as much as possible. At five o'clock a bell was sounded in the Prefect's cabinet. The Prefect Maupas called the Commissaries of Police one after another into his cabinet, revealed the plot to them, and alloted to each his portion of the crime. None refused; many thanked him.

It was a question of arresting at their own homes seventy-eight Democrats who were influential in their districts, and dreaded by the Elysée as possible chieftains of barricades. It was necessary, a still more daring outrage, to arrest at their houses sixteen Representatives of the People. For this last task were chosen among the Commissaries of Police such of those magistrates who seemed the most likely to become ruffians. Amongst these were divided the Representatives. Each had his man. Sieur Courtille had Charras, Sieur Desgranges had Nadaud, Sieur Hubaut the elder had M. Thiers, and Sieur Hubaut the younger General Bedeau; General Changarnier was allotted to Lerat, and General Cavaignac to Colin. Sieur Dourlens took Representative Valentin, Sieur Benoist Representative Miot, Sieur Allard Representative Cholat, Sieur Barlet took Roger (Du Nord), General Lamoricière fell to Commissary Blanchet, Commissary Gronfier had Representative Greppo, and Commissary Boudrot Representative Lagrange. The Questors were similarly allotted, Monsieur Baze to the Sieur Primorin, and General Leflô to Sieur Bertoglio.

Warrants with the name of the Representatives had been drawn up in the Prefect's private cabinet. Blanks had been only left for the names of the Commissaries. These were filled in at the moment of leaving.

In addition to the armed force which was appointed to assist them, it had been decided that each Commissary should be accompanied by two escorts, one composed of *sergents de ville*, the other of police agents in plain clothes. As Prefect Maupas had told M. Bonaparte, the Captain of the Republican Guard, Baudinet, was associated with Commissary Lerat in the arrest of General Changarnier.

Towards half-past five the *fiacres* which were in waiting were called up, and all started, each with his instructions.

During this time, in another corner of Paris—the old Rue du Temple—in that ancient Soubise Mansion which had been transformed into a Royal Printing Office, and is to-day a National Printing Office, another section of the Crime was being organized.

Towards one in the morning a passer-by who had reached the old Rue du Temple by the Rue de Vieilles-Haudriettes, noticed at the junction of these two streets several long and high windows brilliantly lighted up. These were the windows of the work-rooms of the National Printing Office. He turned to the right and entered the old Rue du Temple, and a moment afterwards paused before the crescent-shaped entrance of the front of the printing office. The principal door was shut, two sentinels guarded the side door. Through this little door, which was ajar, he glanced into the courtyard of the printing office, and saw it filled with soldiers. The soldiers were silent, no sound could be heard, but the glistening of their bayonets could be seen. The passer-by, surprised, drew nearer. One of the sentinels thrust him rudely back, crying out, "Be off."

Like the *sergents de ville* at the Prefecture of Police, the workmen had been retained at the National Printing Office under plea of night-work. At the same time that M. Hippolyte Prévost returned to the Legislative Palace, the manager of the National Printing Office re-entered his office, also returning from the Opéra Comique, where he had been to see the new piece, which was by his brother, M. de St. Georges. Immediately on his return, the manager, to whom had come an order from the Elysée during the day, took up a pair of



MAUPAS.

Hugo, vol. I., p. 269.

pocket pistols, and went down into the vestibule, which communicates by means of a few steps with the courtyard. Shortly afterwards the door leading to the street opened, a *fiacre* entered, a man who carried a large portfolio alighted. The manager went up to the man, and said to him, "Is that you, Monsieur de Béville?"

"Yes," answered the man.

The *fiacre* was put up, the horses placed in a stable, and the coachman shut up in a parlor, where they gave him drink, and placed a purse in his hand. Bottles of wine and louis d'or form the groundwork of this kind of politics. The coachman drank and then went to sleep. The door of the parlor was bolted.

The large door of the courtyard of the printing office was hardly shut than it reopened, gave passage to armed men, who entered in silence, and then reclosed. The arrivals were a company of the Gendarmerie Mobile, the fourth of the first battalion, commanded by a captain named La Roche d'Oisy. As may be remarked by the result, for all delicate expeditions the men of the *coup d'état* took care to employ the Gendarmerie Mobile and the Republican Guard, that is to say the two corps almost entirely composed of former Municipal Guards, bearing at heart a revengeful remembrance of the events of February.

Captain La Roche d'Oisy brought a letter from the Minister of War, which placed him and his soldiers at the disposition of the manager of the National Printing Office. The muskets were loaded without a word being spoken. Sentinels were placed in the work-rooms, in the corridors, at the doors, at the windows, in fact, everywhere, two being stationed at the door leading into the street. The captain asked what instructions he should give to the sentries. "Nothing more simple," said the man who had come in the *fiacre*. "Whoever attempts to leave or to open a window, shoot him."

This man, who, in fact, was De Béville, orderly officer to M. Bonaparte, withdrew with the manager into the large cabinet on the first story, a solitary room which looked out on the garden. There he communicated to the manager what he had brought with him, the decree of the dissolution of the Assembly, the appeal to the Army, the appeal to the People, the decree convoking the electors, and in addition, the proclamation of the Prefect Maupus and his letter to the Commissaries of Police.[4] The four first documents were entirely in the handwriting of the President, and here and there some erasures might be noticed.

The compositors were in waiting. Each man was placed between two gendarmes, and was forbidden to utter a single word, and then the documents which had to be printed were distributed throughout the room, being cut up in very small pieces, so that an entire sentence could not be read by one workman. The manager announced that he would give them an hour to compose the whole. The different fragments were finally brought to Colonel Béville, who put them together and corrected the proof-sheets. The machining was conducted with the same precautions, each press being between two soldiers. Notwithstanding all possible diligence the work lasted two hours. The gendarmes watched over the workmen. Béville watched over St. Georges.

When the work was finished a suspicious incident occurred, which greatly resembled a treason within a treason. To a traitor a greater traitor. This species of crime is subject to such accidents. Béville and St. Georges, the two trusty confidants in whose hands lay the secret of the *coup d'état*, that is to say the head of the President;—that secret which ought at no price be allowed to transpire before the appointed hour, under risk of causing everything to miscarry, took it into their heads to confide it at once to two hundred men, in order "to test the effect," as the ex-Colonel Béville said later on, rather naïvely. They read the mysterious document which had just been printed to the Gendarmes Mobiles, who were drawn up in the courtyard. These ex-municipal guards applauded. If they had hooted, it might be asked what the two experimentalists in the *coup d'état* would have done.

Perhaps M. Bonaparte would have waked up from his dream at Vincennes.

The coachman was then liberated, the *fiacre* was horsed, and at four o'clock in the morning the orderly officer and the manager of the National Printing Office, henceforward two criminals, arrived at the Prefecture of Police with the parcels of the decrees. Then began for them the brand of shame. Prefect Maupas took them by the hand.

Bands of bill-stickers, bribed for the occasion, started in every direction, carrying with them the decrees and proclamations.

This was precisely the hour at which the Palace of the National Assembly was invested. In the Rue de l'Université there is a door of the Palace which is the old entrance to the Palais Bourbon, and which opened into the avenue which leads to the house of the President of the Assembly. This door, termed the Presidency door, was according to custom guarded by a sentry. For some time past the Adjutant-Major, who had been twice sent for during the night by Colonel Espinasse, had remained motionless and silent, close by the sentinel. Five minutes after, having left the huts of the Invalides, the 42nd Regiment of the line, followed at some distance by the 6th Regiment, which had marched by the Rue de Bourgogne, emerged from the Rue de l'Université. "The regiment," says an eye-witness, "marched as one steps in a sick-room." It arrived with a stealthy step before the Presidency door. This ambuscade came to surprise the law.

The sentry, seeing these soldiers arrive, halted, but at the moment when he was going to challenge them with a *qui-vive*, the Adjutant-Major seized his arm, and, in his capacity as the officer empowered to countermand all instructions, ordered him to give free passage to the 42nd, and at the same time commanded the amazed porter to open the door. The door turned upon its hinges, the soldiers spread themselves through the avenue. Persigny entered, and said, "It is done."

The National Assembly was invaded.

At the noise of the footsteps the Commandant Meunier ran up. "Commandant," Colonel Espinasse cried out to him, "I come to relieve your battalion." The Commandant turned pale for a moment, and his eyes remained fixed on the ground. Then suddenly he put his hands to his shoulders, and tore off his epaulets, he drew his sword, broke it across his knee, threw the two fragments on the pavement, and, trembling with rage, exclaimed with a solemn voice, "Colonel, you disgrace the number of your regiment."

"All right, all right," said Espinasse.

The Presidency door was left open, but all the other entrances remained closed. All the guards were relieved, all the sentinels changed, and the battalion of the night guard was sent back to the camp of the Invalides, the soldiers piled their arms in the avenue, and in the Cour d'Honneur. The 42nd, in profound silence, occupied the doors outside and inside, the courtyard, the reception-rooms, the galleries, the corridors, the passages, while every one still slept in the Palace.

Shortly afterwards arrived two of those little chariots which are called "forty sons," and two *fiacres*, escorted by two detachments of the Republican Guard and of the Chasseurs de Vincennes, and by several squads of police. The Commissaries Bertoglio and Primorin alighted from the two chariots.

As these carriages drove up, a personage, bald, but still young, was seen to appear at the grated door of the Palace de Bourgogne. This personage had all the air of a man about town, who had just come from the opera, and, in fact, he had come from thence, after having passed through a den. He came from the Elysée. It was De Morny. For an instant he watched the soldiers piling their arms, and then went on to the Presidency door. There he exchanged a few words with M. de Persigny. A quarter of an hour afterwards, accompanied by 250 Chasseurs de Vincennes, he took possession of the Ministry of the Interior, startled M. de Thorigny in his bed, and handed him brusquely a letter of thanks from Monsieur Bonaparte. Some days previously, honest M. de Thorigny, whose ingenuous remarks we have already cited, said to a group of men near whom M. de Morny was passing, "How these

men of the Mountain calumniate the President! The man who would break his oath, who would achieve a *coup d'état* must necessarily be a worthless wretch." Awakened rudely in the middle of the night, and relieved of his post as Minister like the sentinels of the Assembly, the worthy man, astounded, and rubbing his eyes, muttered, "Eh! then the President *is* a——."

"Yes," said Morny, with a burst of laughter.

He who writes these lines knew Morny. Morny and Walewsky held in the quasi-reigning family the positions, one of Royal bastard, the other of Imperial bastard. Who was Morny? We will say, "A noted wit, an intriguer, but in no way austere, a friend of Romieu, and a supporter of Guizot, possessing the manners of the world, and the habits of the roulette table, self-satisfied, clever, combining a certain liberality of ideas with a readiness to accept useful crimes, finding means to wear a gracious smile with bad teeth, leading a life of pleasure, dissipated but reserved, ugly, good-tempered, fierce, well-dressed, intrepid, willingly leaving a brother prisoner under bolts and bars, and ready to risk his head for a brother Emperor, having the same mother as Louis Bonaparte, and like Louis Bonaparte, having some father or other, being able to call himself Beauharnais, being able to call himself Flahaut, and yet calling himself Morny, pursuing literature as far as light comedy, and politics, as far as tragedy, a deadly free liver, possessing all the frivolity consistent with assassination, capable of being sketched by Marivaux and treated of by Tacitus, without conscience, irreproachably elegant, infamous, and amiable, at need a perfect duke. Such was this malefactor."

It was not yet six o'clock in the morning. Troops began to mass themselves on the Place de la Concorde, where Leroy-Saint-Arnaud on horseback held a review.

The Commissaries of Police, Bertoglio, and Primorin, ranged two companies in order under the vault of the great staircase of the Questure, but did not ascend that way. They were accompanied by agents of police, who knew the most secret recesses of the Palais Bourbon, and who conducted them through various passages.

General Leflô was lodged in the Pavilion inhabited in the time of the Duc de Bourbon by Monsieur Feuchères. That night General Leflô had staying with him his sister and her husband, who were visiting Paris, and who slept in a room, the door of which led into one of the corridors of the Palace. Commissary Bertoglio knocked at the door, opened it, and together with his agents abruptly burst into the room, where a woman was in bed. The General's brother-in-law sprang out of bed, and cried out to the Questor, who slept in an adjoining room, "Adolphe, the doors are being forced, the Palace is full of soldiers. Get up!'

The General opened his eyes, he saw Commissary Bertoglio standing beside his bed.

He sprang up.

"General," said the Commissary, "I have come to fulfil a duty."

"I understand," said General Leflô; "you are a traitor."

The Commissary stammering out the words, "plot against the safety of the State," displayed a warrant. The General, without pronouncing a word, struck this infamous paper with the back of his hand.

Then dressing himself, he put on his full uniform of Constantine and of Médéah, thinking in his imaginative, soldier-like loyalty that there were still generals of Africa, for the soldiers whom he would find on his way. All the generals now remaining were brigands. His wife embraced him; his son, a child of seven years, in his night-shirt, and in tears, said to the Commissary of Police, "Mercy, Monsieur Bonaparte."

The General, while clasping his wife in his arms, whispered in her ear, "There is artillery in the courtyard, try and fire a cannon."

The Commissary and his men led him away. He regarded these policemen with contempt, and did not speak to them, but when he recognized Colonel Espinasse, his military and Breton heart swelled with indignation.

"Colonel Espinasse," said he, "you are

a villain, and I hope to live long enough to tear the buttons from your uniform."

Colonel Espinasse hung his head, and stammered, "I do not know you."

A major waved his sword, and cried, "We have had enough of lawyer generals." Some soldiers crossed their bayonets before the unarmed prisoners, three *sergents de ville* pushed him into a *fiacre*, and a sub-lieutenant approaching the carriage, and looking in the face of the man who, if he were a citizen, was his Representative, and if he were a soldier was his general, flung this abominable word at him, "Canaille!"

Meanwhile Commissary Primorin had gone by a more roundabout way in order the more surely to surprise the other Questor, M. Baze.

Out of M. Baze's apartment a door led to the lobby communicating with the chamber of the Assembly. Sieur Primorin knocked at the door. "Who is there?" asked a servant, who was dressing. "The Commissary of Police," replied Primorin. The servant, thinking that he was the Commissary of Police of the Assembly, opened the door.

At this moment M. Baze, who had heard the noise, and had just awaked, put on a dressing-gown, and cried, "Do not open the door."

He had scarcely spoken these words when a man in plain clothes and three *sergents de ville* in uniform rushed into his chamber. The man, opening his coat, displayed his scarf of office, asking M. Baze, "Do you recognize this?"

"You are a worthless wretch," answered the Questor.

The police agents laid their hands on M. Baze. "You will not take me away," he said. "You a Commissary of Police, you, who are a magistrate, and know what you are doing; you outrage the National Assembly, you violate the law, you are a criminal!" A hand-to-hand struggle ensued—four against one. Madame Baze and her two little girls giving vent to screams, the servant being thrust back with blows by the *sergents de ville*. "You are ruffians," cried out Monsieur Baze. They carried him away by main force in their arms, still struggling, naked, his dressing-gown being torn to shreds, his body being covered with blows, his wrist torn and bleeding.

The stairs, the landing, the courtyard, were full of soldiers with fixed bayonets and grounded arms. The Questor spoke to them. "Your Representatives are being arrested, you have not received your arms to break the laws!" A sergeant was wearing a brand new cross. "Have you been given the cross for this?" The sergeant answered, "We only know one master." "I note your number," continued M. Baze. "You are a dishonored regiment." The soldiers listened with a stolid air, and seemed still asleep. Commissary Primorin said to them, "Do not answer, this has nothing to do with you." They led the Questor across the courtyard to the guard-house at the Porte Noire.

This was the name which was given to a little door contrived under the vault opposite the treasury of the Assembly, and which opened upon the Rue de Bourgogne, facing the Rue de Lille.

Several sentries were placed at the door of the guard-house, and at the top of the flight of steps which led thither, M. Baze being left there in charge of three *sergents de ville*. Several soldiers, without their weapons, and in their shirt-sleeves, came in and out. The Questor appealed to them in the name of military honor. "Do not answer," said the *sergent de ville* to the soldiers.

M. Baze's two little girls had followed him with terrified eyes, and when they lost sight of him the youngest burst into tears. "Sister," said the elder, who was seven years old, "let us say our prayers," and the two children, clasping their hands, knelt down.

Commissiary Primorin, with his swarm of agents, burst into the Questor's study, and laid hands on everything. The first papers which he perceived on the middle of the table, and which he seized, were the famous decrees which had been prepared in the event of the Assembly having voted the proposal of the Questors. All the drawers were opened and searched. This overhauling of M. Baze's papers, which

the Commissary of Police termed a domiciliary visit, lasted more than an hour.

M. Baze's clothes had been taken to him, and he had dressed. When the "domiciliary visit" was over, he was taken out of the guard-house. There was a *fiacre* in the courtyard, into which he entered, together with the three *sergents de ville*. The vehicle, in order to reach the Presidency door, passed by the *Cour d'Honneur*, and then by the *Cour de Canons*. Day was breaking. M. Baze looked into the courtyard to see if the cannon were still there. He saw the ammunition wagons ranged in order with their shafts raised, but the places of the six cannon and the two mortars were vacant.

In the avenue of the Presidency the *fiacre* stopped for a moment. Two lines of soldiers, standing at ease, lined the footpaths of the avenue. At the foot of a tree were grouped three men: Colonel Espinasse, whom M. Baze knew and recognized, a species of Lieutenant-Colonel, who wore a black and orange ribbon round his neck, and a Major of Lancers, all three sword in hand, consulting together. The windows of the *fiacre* were closed; M. Baze wished to lower them to appeal to these men; the *sergents de ville* seized his arms. The Commissary Primorin then came up, and was about to re-enter the little chariot for two persons which had brought him.

"Monsieur Baze," said he, with that villainous kind of courtesy which the agents of the *coup d'état* willingly blended with their crime, "you must be uncomfortable with those three men in the *fiacre*. You are cramped; come in with me."

"Let me alone," said the prisoner. "With these three men I am cramped; with you I should be contaminated."

An escort of infantry was ranged on both sides of the *fiacre*. Colonel Espinasse called to the coachman, "Drive slowly by the Quai d'Orsay until you meet a cavalry escort. When the cavalry shall have assumed the charge, the infantry can come back." They set out.

As the *fiacre* turned into the Quai d'Orsay a picket of the 7th Lanciers arrived at full speed. It was the escort; the troopers surrounded the *fiacre*, and the whole galloped off.

No incident occurred during the journey. Here and there, at the noise of the horses' hoofs, windows were opened and heads put forth; and the prisoner, who had at length succeeded in lowering a window, heard startled voices saying, "What is the matter?"

The *fiacre* stopped. "Where are we?" asked M. Baze. "At Mazas," said a *sergent de ville*.

The Questor was taken to the office of the prison. Just as he entered he saw Baune and Nadaud being brought out. There was a table in the centre, at which Commissary Primorin, who had followed the *fiacre* in his chariot, had just seated himself. When the Commissary was writing, M. Baze noticed on the table a paper which was evidently a goal register, on which were these names, written in the following order: Lamoricière, Charras, Cavaignac, Changarnier, Leflô, Thiers, Bedeau, Roger (du Nord), Chambolle. This was probably the order in which the Representatives had arrived at the prison.

When Sieur Primorin had finished writing, M. Baze said, "Now, you will be good enough to receive my protest, and add to it your official report." "It is not an official report," objected the Commissary, "it is simply an order for committal." "I intend to write my protest at once," replied M. Baze. "You will have plenty of time in your cell," remarked a man who stood by the table. M. Baze turned round. "Who are you?" "I am the governor of the prison," said the man. "In that case," replied M. Baze, "I pity you, for you are aware of the crime you are committing." The man turned pale, and stammered a few unintelligible words.

The Commissary rose from his seat; M. Baze briskly took possession of his chair, seated himself at the table, and said to Sieur Primorin, "You are a public officer; I request you to add my protest to your official report." "Very well," said the Commissary, "let it be so." Baze wrote the protest as follows:—

"I, the undersigned, Jean-Didier Baze, Representative of the People, and Questor of the National Assembly, carried off by violence from my residence in the Palace of the National Assembly, and conducted to this prison by an armed force, which it is impossible for me to resist, protest in the name of the National Assembly and in my own name against the outrage on national representation committed upon my colleagues and upon myself.

"Given at Mazas on the 2nd December, 1851, at eight o'clock in the morning.

"BAZE."

While this was taking place at Mazas, the soldiers were laughing and drinking in the courtyard of the Assembly. They made their coffee in the saucepans. They had lighted enormous fires in the courtyard; the flames, fanned by the wind, at times reached the walls of the Chamber. A superior official of the Questure, an officer of the National Guard, Ramond de la Croisette, ventured to say to them, "You will set the Palace on fire;" whereupon a soldier struck him a blow with his fist.

Four of the pieces taken from the *Cour de Canons* were ranged in battery order against the Assembly; two on the Place de Bourgogne were pointed towards the grating, and two on the Pont de la Concorde were pointed towards the grand staircase.

As side-note to this instructive tale let us mention a curious fact. The 42nd Regiment of the line was the same which had arrested Louis Bonaparte at Boulogne. In 1840 this regiment lent its aid to the law against the conspirator. In 1851 it lent its aid to the conspirator against the law: such is the beauty of passive obedience.

---

## CHAPTER IV.

### OTHER DOINGS OF THE NIGHT.

DURING the same night in all parts of Paris acts of brigandage took place. Unknown men leading armed troops, and themselves armed with hatchets, mallets, pincers, crowbars, life-preservers, swords hidden under their coats, pistols, of which the butts could be distinguished under the folds of their cloaks, arrived in silence before a house, occupied the street, encircled the approaches, picked the lock of the door, tied up the porter, invaded the stairs, and burst through the doors upon a sleeping man, and when that man, awakening with a start, asked of these bandits, "Who are you?" their leader answered, "A Commissary of Police." So it happened to Lamoricière, who was seized by Blanchet, who threatened him with the gag; to Greppo, who was brutally treated and thrown down by Gronfier, assisted by six men carrying a dark lantern and a pole-axe; to Cavaignac, who was secured by Colin, a smooth-tongued villain, who affected to be shocked on hearing him curse and swear; to M. Thiers, who was arrested by Hubaut (the elder), who professed that he had seen him "tremble and weep," thus adding falsehood to crime; to Valentin, who was assailed in his bed by Dourlens, taken by the feet and shoulders, and thrust into a padlocked police van; to Miot, destined to the tortures of African casemates; to Roger (du Nord), who with courageous and witty irony offered sherry to the bandits. Charras and Changarnier were taken unawares. They lived in the Rue St. Honoré, nearly opposite to each other, Changarnier at No. 3, Charras at No. 14. Ever since the 9th of September Changarnier had dismissed the fifteen men armed to the teeth by whom he had hitherto been guarded during the night, and on the 1st December, as we have said, Charras had unloaded his pistols. These empty pistols were lying on the table when they came to arrest him. The Commissary of Police threw himself upon them. "Idiot," said Charras to him, "if they had been loaded, you would have been a dead man." These pistols, we may note, had been given to Charras upon the taking of Mascara by General Renaud, who at the moment of Charras' arrest was on horseback in the street helping to carry out the *coup d'état*. If these pistols had remained loaded, and if General Renaud

had had the task of arresting Charras, it would have been curious if Renaud's pistols had killed Renaud. Charras assuredly would not have hesitated. We have already mentioned the names of these police rascals. It is useless to repeat them. It was Courtille who arrested Charras, Lerat who arrested Changarnier, Desgranges who arrested Nadaud. The men thus seized in their own houses were Representatives of the People; they were inviolable, so that to the crime of the violation of their persons was added this high treason, the violation of the Constitution.

There was no lack of impudence in the perpetration of these outrages. The police agents made merry. Some of these droll fellows jested. At Mazas the under-jailors jeered at Thiers; Nadaud reprimanded them severely. The Sieur Hubaut (the younger) awoke General Bedeau. "General, you are a prisoner." —"My person is inviolable." — "Unless you are caught red-handed, in the very act." — "Well," said Bedeau, "I am caught in the act, the heinous act of being asleep." They took him by the collar and dragged him to a *fiacre*.

On meeting together at Mazas, Nadaud grasped the hand of Greppo, and Lagrange grasped the hand of Lamoricière. This made the police gentry laugh. A colonel, named Thirion, wearing a commander's cross round his neck, helped to put the Generals and the Representatives into gaol. "Look me in the face," said Charras to him. Thirion moved away.

Thus, without counting other arrests which took place later on, there were imprisoned during the night of the 2d of December, sixteen Representatives and seventy-eight citizens. The two agents of the crime furnished a report of it to Louis Bonaparte. Morny wrote "Boxed up;" Maupas wrote "Quadded." The one in drawing-room slang, the other in the slang of the galleys. Subtle gradations of language.

---

## CHAPTER V.

### THE DARKNESS OF THE CRIME.

VERSIGNY had just left me.

While I dressed hastily there came in a man in whom I had every confidence. He was a poor cabinet-maker out of work, named Girard, to whom I had given shelter in a room of my house, a carver of wood, and not illiterate. He came in from the street; he was trembling.

"Well," I asked, "what do the people say?"

Girard answered me,—

"People are dazed. The blow has been struck in such a manner. that it is not realized. Workmen read the placards, say nothing, and go to their work. Only one in a hundred speaks. It is to say 'Good!' This is how it appears to them. The law of the 31st May is abrogated—'Well done!' Universal suffrage is re-established—'Also well done!' The reactionary majority has been driven away —'Admirable!' Thiers is arrested —'Capital!' Changarnier is seized —'Bravo!' Round each placard there are *claqueurs*. Ratapoil explains his *coup d'état* to Jacques Bonhomme, Jacques Bonhomme takes it all in. Briefly, it is my impression that the people give their consent."

"Let it be so," said I.

"But," asks Girard of me, "what will you do, Monsieur Victor Hugo?"

I took my scarf of office from a cupboard, and showed it to him.

He understood.

We shook hands.

As he went out, Carini entered.

Colonel Carini is an intrepid man. He had commanded the cavalry under Mieroslawsky in the Sicilian insurrection. He has, in a few moving and enthusiastic pages, told the story of that noble revolt. Carini is one of those Italians who love France as we Frenchmen love Italy. Every warm-hearted man in this century has two fatherlands—the Rome of yesterday and the Paris of to-day.

"Thank God," said Carini to me, "you are still free;" and he added, "The blow

has been struck in a formidable manner. The Assembly is invested. I have come from thence. The Place de la Révolution, the Quays, the Tuileries, the boulevards, are crowded with troops. The soldiers have their knapsacks. The batteries are harnessed. If fighting takes place it will be desperate work."

I answered him, "There will be fighting."

And I added, laughing: "You have proved that the colonels write like poets; now it is the turn of the poets to fight like colonels."

I entered my wife's room; she knew nothing, and was quietly reading her paper in bed.

I had taken about me five hundred francs in gold. I put on my wife's bed a a box containing nine hundred francs, all the money which remained to me, and I told her what had happened.

She turned pale, and said to me, "What are you going to do?"

"My duty."

She embraced me, and only said two words:—

"Do it."

My breakfast was ready. I ate a cutlet in two mouthfuls. As I finished, my daughter came in. She was startled by the manner in which I kissed her, and asked me, "What is the matter?"

"Your mother will explain to you."

And I left them.

The Rue de la Tour d'Auvergne was as quiet and deserted as usual. Four workmen were, however, chatting near my door; they wished me "Good morning."

I cried out to them, "You know what is going on?"

"Yes," said they.

"Well. It is treason! Louis Bonaparte is strangling the Republic. The people are attacked. The people must defend themselves."

"They will defend themselves."

"You promise me that?"

"Yes," they answered.

One of them added, "We swear it."

They kept their word. Barricades were constructed in my street (Rue de la Tour d'Auvergne), in the Rue des Martyrs, in the Cité Rodier, in the Rue Coquenard, and at Notre-Dame de Lorette.

---

## CHAPTER VI.

### "PLACARDS."

On leaving these brave men I could read at the corner of the Rue de la Tour d'Auvergne and the Rue des Martyrs, the three infamous placards which had been posted on the walls of Paris during the night.

Here they are.

### "PROCLAMATION

### "OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC.

*"Appeal to the People.*

"Frenchmen! The present situation can last no longer. Every day which passes enhances the dangers of the country. The Assembly, which ought to be the firmest support of order, has become a focus of conspiracies. The patriotism of three hundred of its members has been unable to check its fatal tendencies. Instead of making laws in the public interest it forges arms for civil war; it attacks the power which I hold directly from the People, it encourages all bad passions, it compromises the tranquillity of France; I have dissolved it, and I constitute the whole People a judge between it and me.

"The Constitution, as you know, was constructed with the object of weakening beforehand the power which you were about to confide to me. Six millions of votes formed an emphatic protest against it, and yet I have faithfully respected it. Provocations, calumnies, outrages, have found me unmoved. Now, however, that the fundamental compact is no longer respected by those very men who incessantly invoke it, and that the men who have ruined two monarchies wish to tie my hands in order to overthrow the Republic, my duty is to frustrate their treacherous schemes, to maintain the Republic, and to save the Country by appealing to the

solemn judgment of the only Sovereign whom I recognize in France—the People.

"I therefore make a loyal appeal to the whole nation, and I say to you: If you wish to continue this condition of uneasiness which degrades us and compromises our future, choose another in my place, for I will no longer retain a power which is impotent to do good, which renders me responsible for actions which I cannot prevent, and which binds me to the helm when I see the vessel driving towards the abyss.

"If on the other hand you still place confidence in me, give me the means of accomplishing the great mission which I hold from you.

"This mission consists in closing the era of revolutions, by satisfying the legitimate needs of the People, and by protecting them from subversive passions. It consists, above all, in creating institutions which survive men, and which shall in fact form the foundations on which something durable may be established.

"Persuaded that the instability of power, that the preponderance of a single Assembly, are the permanent causes of trouble and discord, I submit to your suffrage the following fundamental bases of a Constitution which will be developed by the Assemblies later on:—

"1. A responsible Chief appointed for ten years.

"2. Ministers dependent upon the Executive Power alone.

"3. A Council of State composed of the most distinguished men, who shall prepare laws and shall support them in debate before the Legislative Body.

"4. A Legislative Body which shall discuss and vote the laws, and which shall be elected by universal suffrage, without *scrutin de liste*, which falsifies the elections.

"5. A Second Assembly composed of the most illustrious men of the country, a power of equipoise, the guardian of the fundamental compact, and of the public liberties.

"This system, created by the first Consul at the beginning of the century, has already given repose and prosperity to France; it would still insure them to her.

"Such is my firm conviction. If you share it, declare it by your votes. If, on the contrary, you prefer a government without strength, Monarchical or Republican, borrowed I know not from what past, or from what chimerical future, answer in the negative.

"Thus, for the first time since 1804, you will vote with a full knowledge of the circumstances, knowing exactly for whom and for what.

"If I do not obtain the majority of your suffrages I shall call together a New Assembly, and shall place in its hands the commission which I have received from you.

"But if you believe that the cause of which my name is the symbol,—that is to say, France regenerated by the Revolution of '89, and organized by the Emperor, is to be still your own, proclaim it by sanctioning the powers which I ask from you.

"Then France and Europe will be preserved from anarchy, obstacles will be removed, rivalries will have disappeared, for all will respect, in the decision of the People, the decree of Providence.

"Given at the Palace of the Elysée, 2nd December, 1851.

"LOUIS NAPOLÉON BONAPARTE."

---

"PROCLAMATION OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC TO THE ARMY.

"SOLDIERS! Be proud of your mission, you will save the country, for I count upon you not to violate the laws, but to enforce respect for the first law of the country, the National Sovereignty, of which I am the Legitimate Representative.

"For a long time past, like myself, you have suffered from obstacles which have opposed themselves both to the good that I wished to do and to the demonstrations of your sympathies in my favor. These obstacles have been broken down.

"The Assembly has tried to attack the authority which I hold from the whole Nation. It has ceased to exist.

"I make a loyal appeal to the People and to the Army, and I say to them, Either give me the means of insuring your prosperity, or choose another in my place.

"In 1830, as in 1848, you were treated as vanquished men. After having branded your heroic disinterestedness, they disdained to consult your sympathies and your wishes, and yet you are the flower of the Nation. To-day, at this solemn moment, I am resolved that the voice of the Army shall be heard.

"Vote, therefore, freely as citizens; but, as soldiers do not forget that passive obedience to the orders of the Chief of the State is the rigorous duty of the Army, from the general to the private soldier.

"It is for me, responsible for my actions both to the People and to posterity, to take those measures which may seem to me indispensable for the public welfare.

"As for you, remain immovable within the rules of discipline and of honor. By your imposing attitude help the country to manifest its will with calmness and reflection.

"Be ready to repress every attack upon the free exercise of the sovereignty of the People.

"Soldiers, I do not speak to you of the memories which my name recalls. They are engraven in your hearts. We are united by indissoluble ties. Your history is mine. There is between us, in the past, a community of glory and of misfortune.

"There will be in the future community of sentiment and of resolutions for the repose and the greatness of France.

"Given at the Palace of the Elysée, December 2d, 1851.

"(Signed) L. N. BONAPARTE."

---

"IN THE NAME OF THE FRENCH PEOPLE.

"The President of the Republic decrees:—

"ARTICLE I.

"The National Assembly is dissolved.

"ARTICLE II.

"Universal suffrage is re-established. The law of May 31 is abrogated.

"ARTICLE III.

"The French People are convoked in their electoral districts from the 14th December to the 21st December following.

"ARTICLE IV.

"The State of Siege is decreed in the district of the first Military Division.

"ARTICLE V.

"The Council of State is dissolved.

"ARTICLE VI.

"The Minister of the Interior is charged with the execution of this decree.

"Given at the Palace of the Elysée, 2nd December, 1851.

"LOUIS NAPOLÉON BONAPARTE.

"DE MORNY, Minister of the Interior."

---

## CHAPTER VII.

### NO. 70, RUE BLANCHE.

THE Cité Gaillard is somewhat difficult to find. It is a deserted alley in that new quarters which separates the Rue des Martyrs from the Rue Blanche. I found it however. As I reached No. 4, Yvan came out of the gateway and said, "I am here to warn you. The police have an eye upon this house; Michel is waiting for you at No. 70, Rue Blanche, a few steps from here."

I know No. 70, Rue Blanche. Manin, the celebrated President of the Venetian Republic, lived there. It was not in his rooms, however, that the meeting was to take place.

The porter of No. 70 told me to go up to the first floor. The door was opened, and a handsome, grey-haired woman of some forty summers, the Baroness Coppens, whom I recognized as having seen in society and at my own house, ushered me into a drawing-room.

Michel de Bourges and Alexander Rey were there, the latter an ex-Constituent, an eloquent writer, a brave man. At that time Alexander Rey edited the *National*.

We shook hands.

Michel said to me,—

"Hugo, what will you do?"

I answered him,—

"Everything."

"That also is my opinion," said he.

Numerous representatives arrived, and amongst others Pierre Lefranc, Labrousse, Théodore Bac, Noel Parfait, Arnauld (de l'Ariége), Demosthenes Olivier, an ex-Constituent, and Charamaule. There was deep and unutterable indignation, but no useless words were spoken.

All were imbued with that manly anger whence issue great resolutions.

They talked. They set forth the situation. Each brought forward the news which he had learnt.

Théodore Bac came from Léon Faucher, who lived in the Rue Blanche. It was he who had awakened Léon Faucher, and had announced the news to him. The first words of Léon Faucher were, "It is an infamous deed."

From the first moment Charamaule displayed a courage which, during the four days of the struggle, never flagged for a single instant. Charamaule is a very tall man, possessed of vigorous features and convincing eloquence; he voted with the Left, but sat with the Right. In the Assembly he was the neighbor of Montalembert and of Riancey. He had sometimes warm disputes with them, which we watched from afar off, and which amused us.

Charamaule had come to the meeting at No. 70 dressed in a sort of blue cloth military cloak, and armed, as we found out later on.

The situation was grave; sixteen Representatives arrested, all the generals of the Assembly, and he who was more than a general, Charras. All the journals suppressed, all the printing offices occupied by soldiers. On the side of Bonaparte an army of 80,000 men which could be doubled in a few hours; on our side nothing. The people deceived, and moreover disarmed. The telegraph at their command. All the walls covered with their placards, and at our disposal not a single printing case, not one sheet of paper. No means of raising the protest, no means of beginning the combat. The *coup d'état* was clad with mail, the Republic was naked; the *coup d'état* had a speaking trumpet, the Republic wore a gag.

What was to be done?

The raid against the Republic, against the Assembly, against Right, against Law, against Progress, against Civilization, was commanded by African generals. These heroes had just proved that they were cowards. They had taken their precautions well. Fear alone can engender so much skill. They had arrested all the men of war of the Assembly, and all the men of action of the Left, Baune, Charles Lagrange, Miot, Valentin, Nadaud, Cholat. Add to this that all the possible chiefs of the barricades were in prison. The organizers of the ambuscade had carefully left at liberty Jules Favre, Michel de Bourges, and myself, judging us to be less men of action than of the Tribune; wishing to leave the Left men capable of resistance, but incapable of victory, hoping to dishonor us if we did not fight, and to shoot us if we did fight.

Nevertheless, no one hesitated. The deliberation began. Other Representatives arrived every minute. Edgar Quinet, Doutre, Pelletier, Cassal, Bruckner, Baudin, Chauffour. The room was full, some were seated, most were standing, in confusion, but without tumult.

I was the first to speak.

I said that the struggle ought to be begun at once. Blow for blow.

That it was my opinion that the hundred and fifty Representatives of the Left should put on their scarves of office, should march in procession through the streets and the boulevards as far as the Madeline, and crying, "Vive la Republique! Vive la Constitution!" should appear before the troops, and alone, calm and unarmed, should summon Might to obey Right. If the soldiers yielded, they should go to the Assembly and make an end of Louis Bonaparte. If the soldiers fired upon their legislators, they should disperse throughout Paris, cry "To Arms," and resort to barricades. Resistance should be begun constitutionally, and if that failed, should be continued revolutionarily. There was no time to be lost.

"High treason," said I, "should be seized red-handed; it is a great mistake to

suffer such an outrage to be accepted by the hours as they elapse. Each minute which passes is an accomplice, and endorses the crime. Beware of that calamity called an 'Accomplished fact.' To arms!"

Many warmly supported this advice, among others Edgar Quinet, Pelletier, and Doutre.

Michel de Bourges seriously objected. My instinct was to begin at once, his advice was to wait and see. According to him there was danger in hastening the catastrophe. The *coup d'état* was organized, and the People were not. They had been taken unawares. We must not indulge in illusion. The masses could not stir yet. Perfect calm reigned in the faubourgs; Surprise existed, yes; Anger, no. The People of Paris, although so intelligent, did not understand.

Michel added, "We are not in 1830. Charles X., in turning out the 221, exposed himself to this blow, the re-election of the 221. We are not in the same situation. The 221 were popular. The present Assembly is not: a Chamber which has been insultingly dissolved is always sure to conquer, if the People support it. Thus the People rose in 1830. To-day they wait. They are dupes until they shall be victims." Michel de Bourges concluded, "The People must be given time to understand, to grow angry, to rise. As for us, Representatives, we should be rash to precipitate the situation. If we were to march immediately straight upon the troops, we should only be shot to no purpose, and the glorious insurrection for Right would thus be beforehand deprived of its natural leaders—the Representatives of the People. We should decapitate the popular army. Temporary delay, on the contrary, would be beneficial. Too much zeal must be guarded against, self-restraint is necessary, to give way would be to lose the battle before having begun it. Thus, for example, we must not attend the meeting announced by the Right for noon; all those who went there would be arrested. We must remain free, we must remain in readiness, we must remain calm, and must act waiting the advent of the People. Four days of this agitation without fighting would weary the army." Michel, however, advised a beginning, but simply by placarding Article 68 of the Constitution. But where should a printer be found?

Michel de Bourges spoke with an experience of revolutionary procedure which was wanting in me. For many years past he had acquired a certain practical knowledge of the masses. His council was wise. It must be added that all the information which came to us seconded him, and appeared conclusive against me. Paris was dejected. The army of the *coup d'état* invaded her peaceably. Even the placards were not torn down. Nearly all the Representatives present, even the most daring, agreed with Michel's counsel, to wait and see what would happen. "At night," said they, "the agitation will begin," and they concluded, like Michel de Bourges, that the people must be given time to understand. There would be a risk of being alone in too hasty a beginning. We should not carry the people with us in the first moment. Let us leave the indignation to increase little by little in their hearts. If it were begun prematurely our manifestation would miscarry. These were the sentiments of all. For myself, while listening to them, I felt shaken. Perhaps they were right. It would be a mistake to give the signal for the combat in vain. What good is the lightning which is not followed by the thunderbolt?

To raise a voice, to give vent to a cry, to find a printer, there was the first question. But was there still a free Press?

The brave old ex-chief of the 6th Legion, Colonel Forestier, came in. He took Michel de Bourges and myself aside.

"Listen," said he to us. "I come to you. I have been dismissed. I no longer command my legion, but appoint me in the name of the Left, Colonel of the 6th. Sign me an order and I will go at once and call them to arms. In an hour the regiment will be on foot."

"Colonel," answered I, "I will do more than sign an order, I will accompany you."

And I turned towards Charamaule, who had a carriage in waiting.

"Come with us," said I.

Forestier was sure of two majors of the 6th. We decided to drive to them at once, while Michel and the other Representatives should await us at Bonvalet's, in the Boulevard du Temple, near the Café Turc. There they could consult together.

We started.

We traversed Paris, where people were already beginning to swarm in a threatening manner. The boulevards were thronged with an uneasy crowd. People walked to and fro, passers-by accosted each other without any previous acquaintance, a note-worthy sign of public anxiety; and groups talked in loud voices at the corners of the streets. The shops were being shut.

"Come, this looks better," cried Charamaule.

He had been wandering about the town since the morning, and he had noticed with sadness the apathy of the masses.

We found the two majors at home upon whom Colonel Forestier counted. They were two rich linendrapers, who received us with some embarrassment. The shopmen had gathered together at the windows, and watched us pass by. It was mere curiosity.

In the meanwhile one of the two majors countermanded a journey which he was going to undertake on that day, and promised us his co-operation.

"But," added he, "do not deceive yourselves; one can foresee that we shall be cut to pieces. Few men will march out."

Colonel Forestier said to us, "Watrin, the present colonel of the 6th, does not care for fighting; perhaps he will resign me the command amicably. I will go and find him alone, so as to startle him the less, and will join you at Bonvalet's."

Near the Porte St. Martin we left our carriage, and Charamaule and myself proceeded along the boulevard on foot, in order to observe the groups more closely, and more easily to judge the aspect of the crowd.

The recent levelling of the road had converted the boulevard of the Porte St. Martin into a deep cutting, commanded by two embankments. On the summits of these embankments were the footways, furnished with railings. The carriages drove along the cutting, the foot passengers walked along the footways.

Just as we reached the boulevard, a long column of infantry filed into this ravine with drummers at their head. The thick waves of bayonets filled the square of St. Martin, and lost themselves in the depths of the Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle.

An enormous and compact crowd covered the two pavements of the Boulevard St. Martin. Large numbers of workmen, in their blouses, were there, leaning upon the railings.

At the moment when the head of the column entered the defile before the Theatre of the Porte St. Martin a tremendous shout of "Vive la République!" came forth from every mouth as though shouted by one man. The soldiers continued to advance in silence, but it might have been said that their pace slackened, and many of them regarded the crowd with an air of indecision. What did this cry of "Vive la République!" mean? Was it a token of applause? Was it a shout of defiance?

It seemed to me at that moment that the Republic raised its brow, and that the *coup d'état* hung its head.

Meanwhile Charamaule said to me, "You are recognized."

In fact, near the Château d'Eau the crowd surrounded me. Some young men cried out, "Vive Victor Hugo!" One of them asked me, "Citizen Victor Hugo, what ought we to do?"

I answered, "Tear down the seditious placards of the *coup d'état*, and cry, 'Vive la Constitution!'"

"And suppose they fire on us?" asked a young workman.

"You will hasten to arms."

"Bravo!" shouted the crowd.

I added: "Louis Bonaparte is a rebel, he has steeped himself to-day in every crime. We, Representatives of the People, declare him an outlaw, but there is no need for our declaration, since he is an outlaw by the mere fact of his treason. Citizens, you have two hands; take in one

your Right, and in the other your gun and fall upon Bonaparte."

"Bravo! Bravo!" again shouted the people.

A tradesman who was shutting up his shop said to me, "Don't speak so loud; if they heard you talking like that, they would shoot you."

"Well, then," I replied, "you would parade my body, and my death would be a boon if the justice of God could result from it."

All shouted, "Long live Victor Hugo!"

"Shout 'Long live the Constitution,'" said I.

A great cry of "Vive la Constitution! Vive la République," came forth from every breast.

Enthusiasm, indignation, anger flashed in the faces of all. I thought then, and still think, that this, perhaps, was the supreme moment. I was tempted to carry off all that crowd, and to begin the battle.

Charamaule restrained me. He whispered to me,—

"You will bring about a useless fusilade. Every one is unarmed. The infantry is only two paces from us, and see, here comes the artillery."

I looked round; in truth several pieces of cannon emerged at a quick trot from the Rue de Bondy, behind the Château d'Eau.

The advice to abstain, given by Charamaule, made a deep impression on me. Coming from such a man, and one so dauntless, it was certainly not to be distrusted. Besides, I felt myself bound by the deliberation which had just taken place at the meeting in the Rue Blanche.

I shrank before the responsibility which I should have incurred. To have taken advantage of such a moment might have been victory, it might also have been a massacre. Was I right? Was I wrong?

The crowd thickened around us, and it became difficult to go forward. We were anxious, however, to reach the *rendezvous* at Bonvalet's.

Suddenly some one touched me on the arm. It was Léopold Duras, of the *National*.

"Go no further," he whispered, "the Restaurant Bonvalet is surrounded. Michel de Bourges has attempted to harangue the People, but the soldiers came up. He barely succeeded in making his escape. Numerous Representatives who came to the meeting have been arrested. Retrace your steps. We are returning to the *rendezvous* in the Rue Blanche. I have been looking for you to tell you this."

A cab was passing; Charamaule hailed the driver. We jumped in, followed by the crowd, shouting, "Vive la République! Vive Victor Hugo!"

It appears that just at that moment a squadron of *sergents de ville* arrived on the boulevard to arrest me. The coachman drove off at full speed. A quarter of an hour afterwards we reached the Rue Blanche.

---

## CHAPTER VIII.

### "VIOLATION OF THE CHAMBER."

At seven o'clock in the morning the Pont de la Concorde was still free. The large grated gate of the Palace of the Assembly was closed; through the bars might be seen the flight of steps, that flight of steps whence the Republic had been proclaimed on the 4th May, 1848, covered with soldiers; and their piled arms might be distinguished upon the platform behind those high columns, which, during the time of the Constituent Assembly, after the 15th of May and the 23rd June, masked small mountain mortars, loaded and pointed.

A porter with a red collar, wearing the livery of the Assembly, stood by the little door of the grated gate. From time to time Representatives arrived. The porter said, "Gentlemen, are you Representatives?" and opened the door. Sometimes he asked their names.

M. Dupin's quarters could be entered without hindrance. In the great gallery, in the dining-room, in the *salon d'honneur* of the Presidency, liveried attendants silently opened the door as usual.

Before daylight, immediately after the arrest of the Questors, MM. Baze and Leflô, M. de Panat, the only Questor who remained free, having been spared or disdained as a Legitimist, awoke M. Dupin and begged him to summon immediately the Representatives from their own homes. M. Dupin returned this unprecedented answer, "I do not see any urgency."

Almost at the same time as M. Panat, the Representative, Jerôme Bonaparte, had hastened thither. He had summoned M. Dupin to place himself at the head of the Assembly. M. Dupin had answered, "I cannot; I am guarded." Jerôme Bonaparte burst out laughing. In fact, no one had deigned to place a sentinel at M. Dupin's door; they knew that it was guarded by his meanness.

It was only later on, towards noon, that they took pity on him. They felt that the contempt was too great, and allotted him two sentinels.

At half-past seven, fifteen or twenty Representatives, among whom were MM. Eugène Sue, Joret, de Rességuier, and de Talhouet, met together in M. Dupin's room. They also had vainly argued with M. Dupin. In the recess of a window a clever member of the Majority, M. Desmousseaux de Givré, who was a little deaf and exceedingly exasperated, almost quarrelled with a Representative of the Right, like himself, whom he wrongly supposed to be favorable to the *coup d'état*.

M. Dupin, apart from the group of Representatives, alone dressed in black, his hands behind his back, his head sunk on his breast, walked up and down before the fireplace, where a large fire was burning. In his own room, and in his very presence, they were talking loudly about himself, yet he seemed not to hear.

Two members of the Left came in, Benoît (du Rhône), and Crestin. Crestin entered the room, went straight up to M. Dupin, and said to him, "President, you know what is going on? How is it that the Assembly has not yet been convened?'

M. Dupin halted, and answered, with a shrug which was habitual with him,—

"There is nothing to be done."

And he resumed his walk.

"It is enough," said M. de Rességuier.

"It is too much," said Eugène Sue.

All the Representatives left the room.

In the meantime the Pont de la Concorde became covered with troops. Among them General Vast-Vimeux, lean, old, and little; his lank, white hair plastered over his temples, in full uniform, with his laced hat on his head. He was laden with two large epaulets, and displayed his scarf, not that of a Representative, but of a general, which scarf, being too long, trailed on the ground. He crossed the bridge on foot, shouting to the soldiers inarticulate cries of enthusiasm for the Empire and the *coup d'état*. Such figures as these were seen in 1814. Only instead of wearing a large tri-colored cockade, they wore a large white cockade. In the main the same phenomenon; old men crying, "Long live the Past!" Almost at the same moment M. de Larochejaquelein crossed the Place de la Concorde, surrounded by a hundred men in blouses, who followed him in silence, and with an air of curiosity. Numerous regiments of cavalry were drawn up in the grand avenue of the Champs Elysées.

At eight o'clock a formidable force invested the Legislative Palace. All the approaches were guarded, all the doors were shut. Some Representatives nevertheless succeeded in penetrating into the interior of the Palace, not, as has been wrongly stated, by the passage of the President's house on the side of the Esplanade of the Invalides, but by the little door of the Rue de Bourgogne, called the Black Door. This door, by what omission or what connivance I do not know, remained open till noon on the 2d December. The Rue de Bourgogne was nevertheless full of troops. Squads of soldiers scattered here and there in the Rue de l'Université allowed passers-by, who were few and far between, to use it as a thoroughfare.

The Representatives who entered by the door in Rue de Bourgogne, penetrated as far as the Salle des Conférences, where they met their colleagues coming out from M. Dupin.

A numerous group of men, representing every shade of opinion in the Assembly, was speedily assembled in this hall, amongst whom were MM. Eugène Sue, Richardet, Fayolle, Joret, Marc Dufraisse, Benoît (du Rhône), Canet, Gambon, d'Adelsward, Crépu, Répellin, Teillard-Latérisse, Rantion, General Leydet, Paulin Durrieu, Chanay, Brilliez, Collas (de la Gironde), Monet, Gaston, Favreau, and Albert de Rességuier.

Each new comer accosted M. de Panat.

"Where are the Vice-Presidents?"

"In prison."

"And the two other Questors?"

"Also in prison. And I beg you to believe, gentlemen," added M. de Panat, "that I have had nothing to do with the insult which has been offered me, in not arresting me."

Indignation was at its height; every political shade was blended in the same sentiment of contempt and anger, and M. de Rességuier was no less energetic than Eugène Sue. For the first time the Assembly seemed only to have one heart and one voice. Each at length said what he thought of the man of the Elysée, and it was then seen that for a long time past Louis Bonaparte had imperceptibly created a profound unanimity in the Assembly—the unanimity of contempt.

M. Collas (of the Gironde) gesticulated and told his story. He came from the Ministry of the Interior. He had seen M. de Morny, he had spoken to him; and he, M. Collas, was incensed beyond measure at M. Bonaparte's crime. Since then, that Crime has made him Councillor of State.

M. de Panat went hither and thither among the groups, announcing to the Representatives that he had convened the Assembly for one o'clock. But it was impossible to wait until that hour. Time pressed. At the Palais Bourbon, as in the Rue Blanche, it was the universal feeling that each hour which passed by helped to accomplish the *coup d'état*. Every one felt as a reproach the weight of his silence or of his inaction; the circle of iron was closing in, the tide of soldiers rose unceasingly, and silently invaded the Palace; at each instant a sentinel the more was found at a door, which a moment before had been free. Still, the group of Representatives assembled together in the Salle des Conférences was as yet respected. It was necessary to act, to speak, to deliberate, to struggle, and not to lose a minute.

Gambon said, "Let us try Dupin once more; he is our official man; we have need of him." They went to look for him. They could not find him. He was no longer there; he had disappeared; he was away, hidden, crouching, cowering, concealed, he had vanished, he was buried. Where? No one knew. Cowardice has unknown holes.

Suddenly a man entered the hall. A man who was a stranger to the Assembly, in uniform, wearing the epaulet of a superior officer and a sword by his side. He was a major of the 42nd, who came to summon the Representatives to quit their own House. All, Royalists and Republicans alike rushed upon him. Such was the expression of an indignant eye-witness. General Leydet, addressed him in language such as leaves an impression on the cheek rather than on the ear.

"I do my duty, I fulfil my instructions," stammered the officer.

"You are an idiot, if you think you are doing your duty," cried Leydet to him, "and you are a scoundrel if you know that you are committing a crime. Your name? What do you call yourself? Give me your name."

The officer refused to give his name, and replied, "So, gentlemen, you will not withdraw?"

"No."

"I shall go and obtain force."

"Do so."

He left the room, and in actual fact went to obtain orders from the Ministry of the Interior.

The Representatives waited in that kind of indescribable agitation which might be called the Strangling of Right by Violence.

In a short time one of them who had gone out came back hastily, and warned them that two companies of the *Gendarmerie Mobile* were coming with their guns in their hands.

Marc Dufraisse cried out, "Let the outrage be thorough. Let the *coup d'état* find us on our seats. Let us go to the Salle des Séances," he added. "Since things have come to such a pass, let us afford the genuine and living spectacle of an 18th Brumaire."

They all repaired to the Hall of Assembly. The passage was free. The Salle Casimir-Périer was not yet occupied by the soldiers.

They numbered about sixty. Several were girded with their scarves of office. They entered the Hall meditatively.

There, M. de Rességuier, undoubtedly with a good purpose, and in order to form a more compact group, urged that they should all instal themselves on the Right side.

"No," said Marc Dufraisse, "every one to his bench." They scattered themselves about the Hall, each in his usual place.

M. Monet, who sat on one of the lower benches of the Left Centre, held in his hand a copy of the Constitution.

Several minutes elapsed. No one spoke. If was the silence of expectation which precedes decisive deeds and final crises, and during which every one seems respectfully to listen to the last instructions of his conscience.

Suddenly the soldiers of the *Gendarmerie Mobile*, headed by a captain with his sword drawn, appeared on the threshold. The Hall of Assembly was violated. The Representatives rose from their seats simultaneously, shouting "Vive la République!"

The Representative Monet alone remained standing, and in a loud and indignant voice, which resounded through the empty hall like a trumpet, ordered the soldiers to halt.

The soldiers halted, looking at the Representatives with a bewildered air.

The soldiers as yet only blocked up the lobby of the Left, and had not passed beyond the Tribune.

Then the Representative Monet read the Articles 36, 37, and 68 of the Constitution.

Articles 36 and 37 established the inviolability of the Representatives. Article 68 deposed the President in the event of treason.

That moment was a solemn one. The soldiers listened in silence.

The Articles having been read, Representative d'Adelsward, who sat on the first lower bench of the Left, and who was nearest to the soldiers, turned towards them and said,—

"Soldiers, you see that the President of the Republic is a traitor, and would make traitors of you. You violate the sacred precinct of National Representation. In the name of the Constitution, in the name of the Law, we order you to withdraw."

While Adelsward was speaking, the major commanding the *Gendarmerie Mobile* had entered.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I have orders to request you to retire, and, if you do not withdraw of your own accord, to expel you."

"Orders to expel us!" exclaimed Adelsward; and all the Representatives added, "Whose orders? Let us see the orders!"

The major drew forth a paper and unfolded it. Scarcely had he unfolded it than he attempted to replace it in his pocket, but General Leydet threw himself upon him and seized his arm. Several Representatives leant forward, and read the order for the expulsion of the Assembly, signed "Fortoul, Minister of the Marine."

Marc Dufraisse turned towards the *Gendarmes Mobiles*, and cried out to them,—

"Soldiers, your very presence here is an act of treason. Leave the Hall!"

The soldiers seemed undecided. Suddenly a second column emerged from the door on the right, and at a signal from the commander, the captain shouted,—

"Forward! Turn them all out!"

Then began an indescribable hand-to-hand fight between the gendarmes and the legislators. The soldiers, with their guns in their hands, invaded the benches of the Senate. Repellin, Chanay, Rantion, were forcibly torn from their seats. Two gendarmes rushed upon Marc Dufraisse, two upon Gambon. A long struggle took place where MM. Odilon Barrot and Abbatucci were in the habbit of sitting. Paulin Durrieu resisted violence by

force; it needed three men to drag him from his bench. Monet was thrown down upon the benches of the Commissaries. They seized Adelsward by the throat, and thrust him outside the Hall. Richardet, a feeble man, was thrown down and brutally treated. Some were pricked with the points of the bayonets; nearly all had their clothes torn.

The commander shouted to the soldiers, "Rake them out."

It was thus that sixty Representatives of the People were taken by the collar by the *coup d'état*, and driven from their seats. The manner in which the deed was executed completed the treason. The physical performance was worthy of the moral performance.

The three last to come out were Fayolle, Teillard-Latérisse, and Paulin Durrieu.

They were allowed to pass by the great door of the Palace, and they found themselves in the Place Bourgogne.

The Place Bourgogne was occupied by the 42nd Regiment of the Line, under the orders of Colonel Garderens.

Between the Palace and the statue of the Republic, which occupied the centre of the square, a piece of artillery was pointed at the Assembly opposite the great door.

By the side of the cannon some Chasseurs de Vincennes were loading their guns and biting their cartridges.

Colonel Garderens was on horseback near a group of soldiers, which attracted the attention of the Representatives Teillard-Latérisse, Fayolle, and Paulin Durrieu.

In the middle of this group three men, who had been arrested, were struggling vigorously, crying, "Long live the Constitution! Vive la République!"

Fayolle, Paulin Durrieu, and Teillard-Latérisse approached, and recognized in the three prisoners three members of the majority, Representatives Toupet-des-Vignes Radoubt, Lafosse, and Arbey.

Representative Arbey was warmly protesting. As he raised his voice, Colonel Garderens cut him short with these words, which are worthy of preservation,—

"Hold your tongue! One word more, and I will have you thrashed with the butt-end of a musket."

The three Representatives of the Left indignantly called upon the Colonel to release their colleagues.

"Colonel," said Fayolle, "you break the law three-fold."

"I will break it six-fold," answered the Colonel, and he arrested Payolle, Durrieu, and Teillard-Latérisse.

The soldiers were ordered to conduct them to the guard-house of the Palace, then being built for the Minister of Foreign Affairs.

On the way the six prisoners, marching between a double file of bayonets, met three of their colleagues, Representatives Eugène Sue, Chanay, and Benoît (du Rhône).

Eugène Sue placed himself before the officer who commanded the detachment, and said to him,—

"We summon you to set our colleagues at liberty."

"I cannot do so," answered the officer.

"In that case complete your crimes," said Eugène Sue. "We summon you to arrest us also."

The officer arrested them.

They were taken to the guard-house of the Ministry for Foreign Affairs, and, later on, to the barracks of the Quai d'Orsay. It was not till night that two companies of the line came to transfer them to this ultimate resting-place.

While placing them between his soldiers the commanding officer bowed down to the ground, politely remarking, "Gentlemen, my men's guns are loaded."

The clearance of the Hall was carried out, as we have said, in a disorderly fashion, the soldiers pushing the Representatives before them through all the outlets.

Some, and amongst the number those of whom we have just spoken, went out by the Rue de Bourgogne, others were dragged through the Salle des Pas Perdus towards the grated door opposite the Pont de la Concorde.*

* This grated door was closed on December 2, and was not reopened until the 12th March, when M. Louis Bonaparte came to inspect the works of the Hall of the Corps Legislatif.

The Salle des Pas Perdus has an antechamber, a sort of crossway room, upon which opened the staircase of the High Tribune, and several doors, amongst others the great glass door of the gallery which leads to the apartments of the President of the Assembly.

As soon as they had reached this crossway room which adjoins the little rotunda, where the side door of the exit of the Palace is situated, the soldiers set the Representatives free.

There, in a few moments, a group was formed, in which the Representatives Canet and Favreau began to speak. One universal cry was raised, "Let us search for Dupin, let us drag him here if is necessary."

They opened the glass door and rushed into the gallery. This time M. Dupin was at home. M. Dupin having learnt that the gendarmes had cleared out the Hall, had come out of his hiding-place. The Assembly being thrown prostrate, Dupin stood erect. The law being made prisoner, this man felt himself set free.

The group of Representatives, led by MM. Canet and Favreau, found him in his study.

There a dialogue ensued. The Representatives summoned the President to put himself at their head, and to re-enter the Hall; he, the man of the Assembly, with them, the men of the Nation.

M. Dupin refused point-blank, maintained his ground, was very firm, and clung bravely to his nonentity.

"What do you want me to do?" said he, mingling with his alarmed protests many law maxims and Latin quotations, an instinct of chattering jays, who pour fourth all their vocabulary when they are frightened. "What do you want me to do? Who am I? What can I do? I am nothing. No one is any longer anything. *Ubi nihil, nihil.* Might is there. Where there is Might the people lose their Rights. *Novus nascitur ordo.* Shape your course accordingly. I am obliged to submit. *Dura lex, sed lex.* A law of necessity we admit, but not a law of right. But what is to be done? I ask to be let alone. I can do nothing. I do what I can. I am not wanting in good will. If I had a corporal and four men, I would have them killed."

"This man only recognizes force," said the Representatives. "Very well, let us employ force."

They used violence towards him, they girded him with a scarf like a cord round his neck, and, as they had said, they dragged him towards the Hall, begging for his "liberty," moaning, kicking—I would say wrestling, if the word were not too exalted.

Some minutes after the clearance, this Salle des Pas Perdus, which had just witnessed Representatives pass by in the clutch of gendarmes, saw M. Dupin in the clutch of the Representatives.

They did not get far. Soldiers barred the great, green folding-doors. Colonel Espinasse hurried thither, the commander of the gendarmerie came up. The butt-ends of a pair of pistols were seen peeping out of the commander's pocket.

The colonel was pale, the commander was pale, M. Dupin was livid. Both sides were afraid. M. Dupin was afraid of the colonel; the colonel assuredly was not afraid of M. Dupin, but behind this laughable and miserable figure he saw a terrible phantom rise up — his crime, and he trembled. In Homer there is a scene where Nemesis appears behind Thersites.

M. Dupin remained for some moments stupefied, bewildered, and speechless.

The Representative, Gambon, exclaimed to him,—

"Now, then, speak, M. Dupin, the Left does not interrupt you."

Then, with the words of the Representatives at his back, and the bayonets of the soldiers at his breast, the unhappy man spoke. What his mouth uttered at this moment, what the President of the Sovereign Assembly of France stammered to the gendarmes at this intensely critical moment, no one could gather.

Those who heard the last gasps of this moribund cowardice, hastened to purify their ears. It appears, however, that he stuttered forth something like this :—

"You are Might, you have bayonets; I

invoke Right, and I leave you. I have the honor to wish you good-day."

He went away.

They let him go. At the moment of leaving he turned round and let fall a few more words. We will not gather them up. History has no rag-picker's basket.

## CHAPTER IX.

### AN END WORSE THAN DEATH.

We should have been glad to have put aside, never to have spoken of him again, this man who had borne for three years this most honorable title, President of the National Assembly of France, and who had only known how to be lacquey to the majority. He contrived in his last hour to sink even lower than could have been believed possible even for him. His career in the Assembly had been that of a valet, his end was that of a scullion.

The unprecedented attitude that M. Dupin assumed before the gendarmes when uttering with a grimace his mockery of a protest, even engendered suspicion. Gambon exclaimed, "He resists like an accomplice. He knew all."

We believe these suspicions to be unjust. M. Dupin knew nothing. Who indeed amongst the organizers of the *coup d'état* would have taken the trouble to make sure of his joining them? Corrupt M. Dupin? was it possible? And, further, to what purpose? To pay him? Why? It would be money wasted when fear alone was enough. Some connivances are secured before they are sought for. Cowardice is the old fawner upon felony. The blood of the law is quickly wiped up. Behind the assassin who holds the poniard comes the trembling wretch who holds the sponge.

Dudin took refuge in his study. They followed him.

"My God!" he cried, "can't they understand that I want to be left in peace."

In truth they had tortured him ever since the morning, in order to extract from him an impossible scrap of courage.

"You ill-treat me worse than the gendarmes," said he.

The Representatives installed themselves in his study, seated themselves at his table, and, while he groaned and scolded in an arm-chair, they drew up a formal report of what had just taken place, as they wished to leave an official record of the outrage in the archives.

When the official report was ended, Representative Canet read it to the President, and offered him a pen.

"What do you want me to do with this?" he asked.

"You are the President," answered Canet. "This is our last sitting. It is your duty to sign the official report."

This man refused.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE BLACK DOOR.

M. Dupin is a matchless disgrace.

Later on he had his reward. It appears that he became some sort of an Attorney-General at the Court of Appeal.

M. Dupin renders to Louis Bonaparte the service of being in his place the meanest of men.

To continue this dismal history.

The Representatives of the Right, in their first bewilderment caused by the *coup d'état*, hastened in large numbers to M. Daru, who was Vice-President of the Assembly, and at the same time one of the Presidents of the Pyramid Club. This Association had always supported the policy of the Elysée, but without believing that a *coup d'état* was premeditated. M. Daru lived at No. 75, Rue de Lille.

Towards ten o'clock in the morning, about a hundred of these Representatives had assembled at M. Daru's home. They resolved to attempt to penetrate into the Hall where the Assembly held its sittings. The Rue de Lille opens out into the Rue de Bourgogne, almost opposite the little door by which the Palace is entered, and which is called the Black Door.

They turned their steps towards this door, with M. Daru at their head. They marched arm in arm and three abreast. Some of them had put on their scarves of office. They took them off later on.

The Black Door, half-open as usual, was only guarded by two sentries.

Some of the most indignant, and amongst them M. de Kerdrel, rushed towards this door and tried to pass. The door, however, was violently shut, and there ensued between the Representatives and the *sergents de ville* who hastened up, a species of struggle, in which a Representative had his wrist sprained.

At the same time a battalion which was drawn up on the Place de Bourgogne moved on, and came at the double towards the group of Representatives. M. Daru, stately and firm, signed to the commander to stop; the battalion halted, and M. Daru, in the name of the Constitution, and in his capacity as Vice-President of the Assembly, summoned the soldiers to lay down their arms, and to give free passage to the Representatives of the Sovereign People.

The commander of the battalion replied by an order to clear the street immediately, declaring that there was no longer an Assembly; that as for himself, he did not know what the Representatives of the People were, and that if those persons before him did not retire of their own accord, he would drive them back by force.

"We will only yield to violence," said M. Daru.

"You commit high treason," added M. de Kerdrel.

The officer gave the order to charge.

The soldiers advanced in close order.

There was a moment of confusion; almost a collision. The Representatives, forcibly driven back, ebbed into the Rue de Lille. Some of them fell down. Several members of the Right were rolled in the mud by the soldiers. One of them, M. Etienne, received a blow on the shoulder from the butt-end of a musket. We may here add that a week afterwards M. Etienne was a member of that concern which they styled the Consulative Committee. He found the *coup d'état* to his taste, the blow with the butt-end of a musket included.

They went back to M. Daru's house, and on the way the scattered group reunited, and was even strengthened by some new comers.

"Gentlemen," said M. Daru, "the President has failed us, the Hall is closed against us. I am the Vice-President; my house is the Palace of the Assembly."

He opened a large room, and there the Representatives of the Right installed themselves. At first the discussions were somewhat noisy. M. Daru, however, observed that the moments were precious, and silence was restored.

The first measure to be taken was evidently the deposition of the President of the Republic by virtue of Article 68 of the Constitution. Some Representatives of the party which was called *Burgraves* sat round a table and prepared the deed of deposition.

As they were about to read it aloud a Representative who came in from out of doors appeared at the door of the room, and announced to the Assembly that the Rue de Lille was becoming filled with troops, and that the house was being surrounded.

There was not a moment to lose.

M. Benoist-d'Azy said, "Gentlemen, let us go to the Mairie of the tenth arrondissement; there we shall be able to deliberate under the protection of the tenth legion, of which our colleague, General Lauriston, is the colonel.

M. Daru's house had a back entrance by a little door which was at the bottom of the garden. Most of the Representatives went out that way.

M. Daru was about to follow them. Only himself, M. Odilon Barrot, and two or three others remained in the room, when the door opened. A captain entered, and said to M. Daru,—

"Sir, you are my prisoner."

"Where am I to follow you?" asked M. Daru.

"I have orders to watch over you in your own house."

The house, in truth, was militarily occupied, and it was thus that M. Daru was

prevented from taking part in the sitting at the Mairie of the tenth arrondisement.

The officer allowed M. Odilon Barrot to go out.

---

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE.

WHILE all this was taking place on the left bank of the river, towards noon a man was noticed walking up and down the great Salle des Pas Perdus of the Palace of Justice. This man, carefully buttoned up in an overcoat, appeared to be attended at a distance by several possible supporters—for certain police enterprises employ assistants whose dubious appearance renders the passers-by uneasy, so much so that they wonder whether they are magistrates or thieves. The man in the buttoned-up overcoat loitered from door to door, from lobby to lobby, exchanging signs of intelligence with the myrmidons who followed him; then came back to the great Hall, stopping on the way the barristers, solicitors, ushers, clerks, and attendants, and repeating to all in a low voice, so as not to be heard by the passers-by, the same question. To this question some answered "Yes," others replied "No." And the man set to work again, prowling about the Palace of Justice with the appearance of a bloodhound seeking the trail.

He was a Commisary of the arsenal police.

What was he looking for?

The High Court of Justice.

What was the High Court of Justice doing?

It was hiding.

Why? To sit in Judgment?

Yes and no.

The Commissary of the arsenal police had that morning received from the Prefect Maupas the order to search everywhere for the place where the High Court of Justice might be sitting, if perchance it thought it its duty to meet. Confusing the High Court with the Council of State, the Commissary of Police had first gone to the Quai d'Orsay. Having found nothing, not even the Council of State, he had come away empty-handed, and at all events had turned his steps towards the Palace of Justice, thinking that as he had to search for justice he would perhaps find it there.

Not finding it he went away.

The High Court, however, had nevertheless met together. Where and how? We shall see.

At the period whose annals we are now chronicling, before the present reconstruction of the old buildings of Paris, when the Palace of Justice was reached by the Cour de Harlay, a staircase the reverse of majestic led thither by turning out into a long corridor called the Gallerie Mercière. Towards the middle of this corridor there were two doors; one on the right, which led to the Court of Appeals, the other on the left, which led to the Court of Cassation. The folding-doors to the left opened upon an old gallery called St. Louis, recently restored, and which serves at the present time for a Salle des Pas Perdus to the barristers of the Court of Cassation. A wooden statue of St. Louis stood opposite the entrance door. An entrance contrived in a niche to the right of this statue led into a winding lobby ending in a sort of blind passage, which apparently was closed by two double doors. On the door to the right might be read "First President's Room;" on the door to the left, "Council Chamber." Between these two doors, for the convenience of the barristers going from the Hall to the Civil Chamber, which formerly was the Great Chamber of Parliament, had been formed a narrow and dark passage, in which, as one of them remarked, "every crime could be committed with impunity."

Leaving on one side the First President's Room and opening the door which bore the inscription, "Council Chamber," a large room was crossed, furnished with a huge horse-shoe table, surrounded by green chairs. At the end of this room, which in 1793 had served as a deliberating hall for the juries of the Revolutionary Tribunal, there was a door placed in the wainscoting, which led to a little lobby, where were

two doors on the right, the door of the room appertaining to the President of the Criminal Chamber, on the left the door of the Refreshment Room. "Sentenced to death!—Now let us go and dine!" These two ideas, Death and Dinner, have jostled against each other for centuries. A third door closed the extremity of this lobby. This door was, so to speak, the last of the Palace of Justice, the farthest off, the least known, the most hidden; it opened into what was called the Library of the Court of Cassation, a large square room lighted by two windows overlooking the great inner yard of the Conciergerie, furnished with a few leather chairs, a large table covered with green cloth, and with law books lining the walls from the floor to the ceiling.

This room, as may be seen, is the most secluded and the best hidden of any in the Palace.

It was here,—in this room, that there arrived successively on the 2nd December, towards eleven o'clock in the morning, numerous men dressed in black, without robes, without badges of office, affrighted, bewildered, shaking their heads, and whispering together. These trembling men were the High Court of Justice.

The High Court of Justice, according to the terms of the Constitution, was composed of seven magistrates; a President, four Judges, and two Assistants, chosen by the Court of Cassation from among its own members and renewed every year.

In December, 1851, these seven judges were named Hardouin, Pataille, Moreau, Delapalme, Cauchy, Grandet, and Quesnault, the two last-named being Assistants.

These men, almost unknown, had nevertheless some antecedents. M. Cauchy, a few years previously President of the Chamber of the Royal Court of Paris, an amiable man and easily frightened, was the brother of the mathematician, member of the Institute, to whom we owe the computation of waves of sound, and of the ex-Registrar Archivist of the Chamber of Peers. M. Delapalme had been Advocate-General, and had taken a prominent part in the Press trials under the Restoration; M. Pataille had been Deputy of the Centre under the Monarchy of July; M. Moreau (de la Seine) was noteworthy, inasmuch as he had been nicknamed "de la Seine" to distinguish him from M. Moreau (de la Meurthe), who on his side was noteworthy, inasmuch as he had been nicknamed "de la Meurthe" to distinguish him from M. Moreau (de la Seine). The first Assistant, M. Grandet, had been President of the Chamber at Paris. I have read this panegyric of him: "He is known to possess no individuality or opinion of his own whatsoever." The second Assistant, M. Quesnault, a Liberal, a Deputy, a Public Functionary, Advocate-General, a Conservative, learned, obedient, had attained, by making a stepping-stone of each of these attributes, to the Criminal Chamber of the Court of Cassation, where he was known as one of the most severe members. 1848 had shocked his notion of Right, he had resigned after the 24th of February; he did not resign after the 2nd December.

M. Hardouin, who presided over the High Court, was an ex-President of Assizes, a religious man, a rigid Jansenist, noted amongst his colleagues as a "scrupulous magistrate," living in Port Royal, a diligent reader of Nicolle, belonging to the race of the old Parliamentarians of the Marais, who used to go to the Palais de Justice mounted on a mule; the mule had now gone out of fashion, and whoever visited President Hardouin would have found no more obstinacy in his stable than in his conscience.

On the morning of the 2nd December, at nine o'clock, two men mounted the stairs of M. Hardouin's house, No. 10 Rue de Condé, and met together at his door. One was M. Pataille; the other, one of the most prominent members of the bar of the Court of Cassation, was the ex-Constituent Martin (of Strasbourg). M. Pataille had just placed himself at M. Hardouin's disposal.

Martin's first thought, while reading the placards of the *coup d'état*, had been for the High Court. M. Hardouin ushered M. Pataille into a room adjoining his study, and received Martin (of Strasbourg) as a man to whom he did not wish

to speak before witnesses. Being formally requested by Martin (of Strasbourg) to convene the High Court, he begged that he would leave him alone, declared that the High Court would "do its duty," but that first he must "confer with his colleagues," concluding with this expression, "It shall be done to-day or to-morrow." "To-day or to-morrow!" exclaimed Martin (of Strasbourg); "Mr. President, the safety of the Republic, the safety of the country, perhaps, depends on what the High Court will or will not do. Your responsibility is great; bear that in mind. The High Court of Justice does not do its duty to-day or to-morrow; it does it at once, at the moment, without losing a minute, without an instant's hesitation."

Martin (of Strasbourg) was right, Justice always belongs to To-day.

Martin (of Strasbourg) added, "If you want a man for active work, I am at your service." M. Hardouin declined the offer; declared that he would not lose a moment, and begged Martin (of Strasbourg) to leave him to "confer" with his colleague, M. Pataille.

In fact, he called together the High Court for eleven o'clock, and it was settled that the meeting should take place in the Hall of the Library.

The Judges were punctual. At a quarter past eleven they were all assembled. M. Pataille arrived the last.

They sat at the end of the great green table. They were alone in the Library.

There was no ceremonial. President Hardouin thus opened the debate: "Gentlemen, there is no need to explain the situation, we all know what it is."

Article 68 of the Constitution was imperative. It was necessary that the High Court should meet *under penalty of high treason*. They gained time, they swore themselves in, they appointed as Recorder of the High Court M. Bernard, Recorder of the Court of Cassation, and they sent to fetch him, and while waiting requested the librarian, M. Denevers, to hold his pen in readiness. They settled the time and place for an evening meeting. They talked of the conduct of the Constituent Martin (of Strasbourg), with which they were offended, regarding it almost as a nudge of the elbow given by Politics to Justice. They spoke a little of Socialism, of the Mountain, and of the Red Republic, and a little also of the judgment which they had to pronounce. They chatted, they told stories, they found fault, they speculated, they spun out the time.

What were they waiting for?

We have related what the Commissary of Police was doing for his part in his department.

And, in reference to this design, when the accomplices of the *coup d'état* considered that the people, in order to summon the High Court to do its duty, could invade the Palace of Justice, and that they would never look for it where it was assembled, they felt that this room had been excellently chosen. When, however, they considered that the police would also doubtless come to expel the High Court, and that perhaps they would not succeed in finding it, each one regretted to himself the choice of the room. They wished to hide the High Court, they had succeeded too well. It was grievous to think that perhaps when the police and the armed force should arrive, matters would have gone too far, and the High Court would be too deeply compromised.

They had appointed a Recorder, now they must organize a Court. A second step, more serious than the first.

The judges delayed, hoping that fortune would end by deciding on one side or the other, either for the Assembly or for the President, either against the *coup d'état* or for it, and that there might thus be a vanquished party, so that the High Court could then with all safety lay its hands upon somebody.

They lengthily argued the question, whether they should immediately decree the accusation of the President, or whether they should draw up a simple order of inquiry. The latter course was adopted.

They drew up a judgment, not the honest and outspoken judgment which was placarded by the efforts of the Representatives of the Left and published, in which are found these words of bad taste, *Crime* and *High Treason;* this judgment, a weapon

of war, has never existed otherwise than as a projectile. Wisdom in a judge sometimes consists in drawing up a judgment which is not one, one of those judgments which has no binding force, in which everything is conditional, in which no one is incriminated, and nothing is called by its right name. There are species of intermediate courses which allow of waiting and seeing; in delicate crises men who are in earnest must not inconsiderately mingle with possible events that bluntness which is called Justice. The High Court took advantage of this, it drew up a prudent judgment; this judgment is not know; it is published here for the first time. Here it is. It is a masterpiece of equivocal style:—

EXTRACT
FROM THE REGISTRY OF THE HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE.

"The High Court of Justice.

"According to Article 68 of the Constitution, considering that printed placards beginning with these words, 'The President of the Republic' and ending with the signatures, 'Louis Napoléon Bonaparte' and 'De Morny, Minister of the Interior,' the said placards ordaining amongst other measures the dissolution of the National Assembly, have been posted to-day on the walls of Paris, that this fact of the dissolution of the National Assembly by the President of the Republic would be of the nature to constitute the case provided for by Article 68 of the Constitution, and renders, in the terms of the aforesaid article, the meeting of the High Court indispensable.

"It is declared that the High Court of Justice is organized, that it appoints* . . . to fulfill with it the functions of the Public Ministry; that M. Bernard, the Recorder of the Court of Cassation, should fulfil the duties of Recorder, and in order to proceed further, according to the terms of the aforesaid Article 68 of the Constitution, the Court will adjourn until to-morrow, the 3rd of December, at noon.

"Drawn up and discussed in the Council Chamber, where were sitting MM. Hardouin, president, Pataille, Moreau, Delapalme, and Cauchy, judges, December 2, 1851."

The two Assistants, MM. Grandet and Quesnault, offered to sign the decree, but the President ruled that it would be more correct only to accept the signatures of the titular judges, the Assistants not being qualified when the Court was complete.

In the meantime it was one o'clock, the news began to spread through the Palace that a decree of deposition against Louis Bonaparte had been drawn up by a part of the Assembly; one of the judges who had gone out during the debate, brought back this rumor to his colleagues. This coincided with an outburst of energy. The President observed that it would be to the purpose to appoint a Procureur-General.

Here was a difficulty. Whom should they appoint? In all preceding trials they had always chosen for a Procureur-General at the High Court the Procureur-General at the Court of Appeal of Paris. Why should they introduce an innovation? They determined upon this Procureur-General of the Court of Appeal. This Procureur-General was at the time M. de Royer, who had been keeper of the Seals for M. Bonaparte. Thence a new difficulty and a long debate.

Would M. de Royer consent? M. Hardouin undertook to go and make the offer to him. He had only to cross the Mercière Gallery.

M. de Royer was in his study. The proposal greatly embarrassed him. He remained speechless from the shock. To accept was serious, to refuse was still more serious.

There was risk of treason. On the 2nd December, an hour after noon, the *coup d'état* was still a crime. M. de Royer, not knowing whether the high treason would succeed, ventured to stigmatize the

* This line was left blank. It was filled in later on with the name of M. Renouard, Councillor of the Court of Cassation.

deed as such in private, and cast down his eyes with a noble shame before this violation of the laws which, three months later, numerous purple robes, including his own, endorsed with their oaths. But his indignation did not go to the extent of supporting the indictment. An indictment speaks aloud. M. de Royer as yet only murmured. He was perplexed.

M. Hardouin understood this state of conscience. Persistence would have been unreasonable. He withdrew.

He returned to the room where his colleagues were awaiting him.

In the meantime the Commissary of the Arsenal Police had come back.

He had ended by succeeding in "unearthing"—such was his expression—the High Court. He penetrated as far as the Council Chamber of the Civil Chamber; at that moment he had still no other escort than the few police agents of the morning. A boy was passing by. The Commissary asked him the whereabouts of the High Court. "The High Court?" answered the boy; "what is that?" Nevertheless the boy told the Librarian, who came up. A few words were exchanged between M. Denevers and the Commissary.

"What are you asking for?"

"The High Court."

"Who are you?"

"I want the High Court."

"It is in session."

"Where is it sitting?"

"Here."

And the Librarian pointed to the door.

"Very well," said the Commissary.

He did not add another word, and returned into the Mercière Gallery.

We have just said that he was only accompanied at that time by a few police agents.

The High Court was, in truth, in session. The President was relating to the judges his visit to the Procureur-General. Suddenly a tumultuous sound of footsteps is heard in the lobby which leads from the Council Chamber to the room where they were deliberating. The door opens abruptly. Bayonets appear, and in the midst of the bayonets a man in a buttoned-up overcoat, with a tri-colored sash upon his coat.

The magistrates stare, stupefied.

"Gentlemen," said the man, "dissolve your meeting immediately."

President Hardouin rises.

"What does this mean? Who are you? Are you aware to whom you are speaking?"

"I am aware. You are the High Court, and I am the Commissary of the Police."

"Well, then?"

"Be off."

There were there thirty-five municipal guards, commanded by a lieutenant, and with a drum at their head.

"But——" said the President.

The Commissary interrupted him with these words, which are literally given,—

"Mr. President, I am not going to enter upon an oratorical combat with you. I have my orders, and I transmit them to you. Obey."

"Whom?"

"The Prefect of Police."

The President asked this strange question, which implied the acceptance of an order,—

"Have you a warrant?"

The Commissary answered,—

"Yes."

And he handed a paper to the President.

The judges turned pale.

The President unfolded the paper; M. Cauchy put his head over M. Hardouin's shoulder. The President read out,—

"You are ordered to dissolve the High Court, and, in case of refusal, to arrest MM. Béranger, Rocher, De Boissieux, Pataille, and Hello."

And, turning towards the judges, the President added,—

"Signed, Maupus."

Then, addressing himself to the Commissary, he resumed,—

"There is some mistake, these are not our names. MM. Béranger, Rocher, and De Boissieux have served their time and are no longer judges of the High Court; as for M. Hello, he is dead."

The High Court, in reality, was temporary and renewable; the *coup d'état* over-

threw the Constitution, but did not understand it. The warrant signed "Maupas" was applicable to the preceding High Court. The *coup d'état* had been misled by an old list. Such is the heedlessness of assassins.

"Mr. Commissary of Police," continued the President, "you see that these names are not ours."

"That does not matter to me," replied the Commissary. "Whether this warrant does or does not apply to you, disperse, or I shall arrest all of you."

And he added,—

"At once."

The judges were silenced; one of them picked up from the table a loose sheet of paper, which was the judgment they had drawn up, and put the paper in his pocket. Then they went away.

The Commissary pointed to the door where the bayonets were and said,—

"That way."

They went out by the lobby between two ranks of soldiers. The detachment of Republican Guards escorted them as far as the St. Louis Gallery.

There they set them free; their heads bowed down.

It was about three o'clock.

While these events were taking place in the Library, close by, in the former great Chamber of the Parliament, the Court of Cassation was sitting in judgment as usual, without noticing what was happening so near at hand. It would appear, then, that the police exhale no odor.

Let us at once have done with this High Court.

In the evening at half-past seven the seven judges met together at the house of one of their number, he who had taken away the decree; they framed an official report, drew up a protest, and recognizing the necessity of filling in the line left blank in their decree, on the proposition of M. Quesnault, appointed as Procureur-General M. Renouard, their colleague at the Court of Cassation. M. Renouard, who was immediately informed, consented.

They met together for the last time on the next day, the 3rd, at eleven o'clock in the morning, an hour before the time mentioned in the judgment which we have read above,—again in the Library of the Court of Cassation. M. Renouard was present. An official minute was given to him, recording his appointment, as well as certain details with which he asked to be supplied. The judgment which had been drawn up was taken by M. Quesnault to the Recorder's Office, and immediately entered upon the Register of the Secret Deliberations of the Court of Cassation, the High Court not having a Special Register, and having decided, from its creation, to use the Register of the Court of Cassation. After the decree they also transcribed the two documents described as follows on the Register:—

I. An official report recording the interference of the police during the discussion upon the preceding decree.

II. A minute of the appointment of M. Renouard to the office of Procureur-General.

In addition seven copies of these different documents, drawn up by the hands of the judges themselves, and signed by them all, were put in a place of safety, as also, it is said, a note-book, in which were written five other secret decisions relating to the *coup d'état*.

Does this page of the Register of the Court of Cassation exist at the present time? Is it true, as has been stated, that the prefect Maupas sent for the Register and tore out the leaf containing the decree? We have not been able to clear up this point. The Register now is shown to no one, and those employed at the Recorder's Office are dumb.

Such are the facts, let us summarize them. If this Court so called "High," had been of a character to conceive such an idea as that of doing its duty—when it had once met together the mere organization of itself was a matter of a few minutes—it would have proceeded resolutely and rapidly, it would have appointed as Procureur-General some energetic man belonging to the Court of Cassation, either from the body of magistrates, such as Freslon, or from the bar, like Martin (of Strasbourg). By virtue of Article 68, and without waiting the initiative of the

Assembly, it would have drawn up a judgment stigmatizing the crime, it would have launched an order of arrest against the President and his accomplices and have ordered the removal of the person of Louis Bonaparte to gaol. As for the Procureur-General, he would have issued a warrant of arrest. All this could have been done by half-past eleven, and at that time no attempt had been made to dissolve the High Court. These preliminary proceedings concluded, the High Court, by going out through a nailed-up door leading into the Salle des Pardus, could have descended into the street, and there have proclaimed its judgment to the people. At this time it would have met with no hindrance. Finally, and this in any case, it should have sat robed on the Judges' Bench, with all magisterial state, and when the police agent and his soldiers appeared should have ordered the soldiers, who perhaps would have obeyed them, to arrest the agent, and if the soldiers had disobeyed, should have allowed themselves to be formally dragged to prison, so that the people could see, under their own eyes, out in the open street, the filthy hoof of the *coup d'état* trampling upon the robe of Justice.

Instead of this, what steps did the High Court take? We have just seen.

"Be off with you!"

"We are going."

We can imagine, after a very different fashion, the dialogue between Mathieu Molé and Vidocq.

---

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE MAIRIE OF THE TENTH ARRONDISSEMENT.

THE Representatives, having come out from M. Daru, rejoined each other and assembled in the street. There they consulted briefly, from group to group. There were a large number of them. In less than an hour, by sending notices to the houses on the left bank of the Seine alone, on account of the extreme urgency, more than three hundred members could be called together. But where should they meet? At Lemardelay's? The Rue Richelieu was guarded. At the Salle Martel? It was a long way off. They relied upon the Tenth Legion, of which General Lauriston was colonel. They showed a preference for the Mairie of the Tenth Arrondissement. Besides, the distance was short, and there was no need to cross any bridges.

They formed themselves into column, and set forth.

M. Daru, as we have said, lived in the Rue de Lille, close by the Assembly. The section of the Rue de Lille lying between his house and the Palais Bourbon was occupied by infantry. The last detachment barred his door, but it only barred it on the right, not on the left. The Representatives, on quitting M. Daru, bent their steps on the side of the Rue des Saints-Pères, and left the soldiers behind them. At that moment the soldiers had only been instructed to prevent their meeting in the Palace of the Assembly; they could quietly form themselves into a column in the street, and set forth. If they had turned to the right instead of to the left, they would have been opposed. But there were no orders for the other alternative; they passed through a gap in the instructions.

An hour afterwards this threw St. Arnaud into a fit of fury.

On their way fresh Representatives came up and swelled the column. As the members of the Right lived for the most part in the Faubourg St. Germain, the column was composed almost entirely of men belonging to the majority.

At the corner of the Quai d'Orsay they met a group of members of the Left, who had reunited after their exit from the Palace of the Assembly, and who were consulting together. There were the Representatives Esquiros, Marc Dufraisse, Victor Hennequin, Colfavru, and Chamiot.

Those who were marching at the head of the column left their places, went up to the group, and said, "Come with us."

"Where are you going?" asked Marc Dufraisse.

"To the Mairie of the Tenth Arrondissement."

"What do you intend to do there?"

"To decree the deposition of Louis Bonaparte."

"And afterwards?"

"Afterwards we shall go in a body to the Palace of the Assembly; we will force our way in spite of all resistance, and from the top of the steps we will read out the decree of deposition to the soldiers."

"Very good, we will join you," said Marc Dufraisse.

The five members of the Left marched at some distance from the column. Several of their friends who were mingled with the members of the Right rejoined them; and we may here mention a fact without giving it more importance than it possesses, namely, that the two fractions of the Assembly represented in this unpremeditated gathering marched towards the Mairie without being mingled together; one on each side of the street. It chanced that the men of the majority kept on the right side of the street, and the men of the minority on the left.

No one had a scarf of office. No outward token caused them to be recognized. The passers-by stared at them with surprise, and did not understand what was the meaning of this procession of silent men through the solitary streets of the Faubourg St. Germain. One district of Paris was as yet unaware of the *coup d'état*.

Strategically speaking, from a defensive point of view, the Mairie of the Tenth Arrondissement was badly chosen. Situated in a narrow street in that short section of the Rue de Grenelle-St.-Germain which lies between the Rue des Saints-Pères and the Rue du Sépulcre, close by the cross-roads of the Croix-Rouge, where the troops could arrive from so many different points, the Mairie of the Tenth Arrondissement, confined, commanded, and blockaded on every side, was a pitiful citadel for the assailed National Representation. It is true that they no longer had the choice of a citadel, any more than later on they had the choice of a general.

Their arrival at the Mairie might have seemed a good omen. The great gate which leads into a square courtyard was shut; it opened. The post of the National Guards, composed of some twenty men, took up their arms and rendered military honors to the Assembly. The Representatives entered, a Deputy Mayor received them with respect on the threshold of the Mairie.

"The Palace of the Assembly is closed by troops," said the Representatives, "we have come to deliberate here." The Deputy Mayor led them to the first story, and admitted them to the Great Municipal Hall. The National Guard cried, "Long live the National Assembly!"

The Representatives having entered, the door was shut. A crowd began to gather in the street and shouted "Long live the Assembly!" A certain number of strangers to the Assembly entered the Mairie at the same time as the Representatives. Overcrowding was feared, and two sentries were placed at a little side-door, which was left open, with orders only to allow members of the Assembly who might come afterwards to enter. M. Howyn Trenchère stationed himself at this door, and undertook to identify them.

On their arrival at the Mairie, the Representatives numbered somewhat under three hundred. They exceeded this number later on. It was about eleven o'clock in the morning. All did not go up at once into the Hall where the meeting was to take place. Several, those of the Left in particular, remained in the courtyard, mingling with the National Guards and citizens.

They talked of what they were going to do.

This was the first difficulty.

The Father of the meeting was M. de Kératry.

Was he going to preside?

The Representatives who were assembled in the Great Hall were in his favor.

The Representatives remaining in the courtyard hesitated.

Marc Dufraisse went up to MM. Jules de Lasteyrie and Léon de Maleville, who had stayed behind with the Representatives of the Left, and said to them, "What

are they thinking of upstairs? To make Kératry President? The name of Kératry would frighten the people as thoroughly as mine would frighten the middle classes."

A member of the Right, M. de Kéranflech, came up, and intending to support the objection, added, "And then, think of Kératry's age. It is madness to pit a man of eighty against this hour of danger."

But Esquiros exclaimed:

"That is a bad reason! Eighty years! They constitute a force."

"Yes; where they are well borne," said Colfavru. "Kératry bears them badly."

"Nothing is greater," resumed Esquiros, "than great octogenarians."

"It is glorious," added Chamiot, "to be presided over by Nestor.

"No, by Gerontes," * said Victor Hennequin.

These words put an end to the debate. Kératry was thrown out. MM. Lêon de Maleville and Jules de Lasteyrie, two men respected by all parties, undertook to make the members of the Right listen to reason. It was decided that the "bureau" † should preside. Five members of the "bureau" were present: two Vice-Presidents, MM. Benoist d'Azy and Vitet, and three Secretaries, MM. Grimault, Chapot, and Moulin. Of the two other Vice-Presidents, one, General Bedeau, was at Mazas; the other, M. Daru, was under guard in his own house. Of the three other Secretaries, two, MM. Peupin and Lacaze, men of the Elysée, were absentees; the other, M. Yvan, a member of the Left, was at the meeting of the Left, in the Rue Blanche, which was taking place almost at the same moment.

In the meantime an usher appeared on the steps of the Mairie, and cried out, as on the most peaceful days of the Assembly, "Representatives, to the sitting!"

This usher, who belonged to the Assembly, and who had followed it, shared its fortunes throughout this day, the sequestration on the Quai d'Orsay included.

At the summons of the usher all the Representatives in the courtyard, and amongst whom was one of the Vice-Presidents, M. Vitet, went upstairs to the Hall, and the sitting was opened.

This sitting was the last which the Assembly held under regular conditions. The Left, which, as we have seen, had on its side boldly recaptured the Legislative power, and had added to it that which circumstance required—as was the duty of Revolutionists; the Left, without a "bureau," without an usher, and without secrataries, held sittings in which the accurate and passionless record of shorthand was wanting, but which live in our memories and which History will gather up.

Two shorthand writers of the Assembly, MM. Grosselet and Lagache, were present at the sitting at the Mairie of the Tenth Arrondissement. They have been able to record it. The censorship of the victorious *coup d'état* has mutilated their report and has published through its histories this mangled version as the true version. One lie more. That does not matter. This shorthand recital belongs to the brief of the 2nd December, it is one of the leading documents in the trial which the future will institute. In the notes of this book will be found this document complete. The passages in inverted commas are those which the censorship of M. Bonaparte has suppressed. This suppression is a proof of their significance and importance.

Shorthand reproduces everything except life. Stenography is an ear. It hears and sees not. It is therefore necessary to fill in here the inevitable blanks of the shorthand account.

In order to obtain a complete idea of this sitting of the Tenth Arrondissement, we must picture the great Hall of the Mairie, a sort of parallelogram, lighted on the right by four or five windows overlooking the courtyard; on the left, along the wall, furnished with several rows of

* The Gerontes, or Gerontia, were the Elders of Sparta, who constituted the Senate.

† The "bureau" of the Assembly consists of the President, for the time being, of the Assembly, assisted by six secretaries, whose duties mainly lie in deciding in what sense the Deputies have voted. The "bureau" of the Assembly should not be confounded with the fifteen "bureaus" of the Deputies, which answer to our Select Committees of the House of Commons, and are presided over by self-chosen Presidents.

benches which had been hastily brought thither, on which were piled up the three hundred Representatives, assembled together by chance. No one was sitting down, those in front were standing, those behind were mounted on the benches. Here and there were a few small tables. In the centre people walked to and fro. At the bottom, at the end opposite the door, was a long table furnished with benches, which occupied the whole width of the wall, and behind which sat the "bureau." "Sitting" is merely the conventional term. The "bureau" did not "sit;" like the rest of the Assembly it was on its feet. The secretaries, MM. Chapot, Moulin, and Grimault wrote standing. At certain moments the two Vice-Presidents mounted on the benches so as to be better seen from all points of the room. The table was covered by an old green tablecloth, stained with ink, three or four inkstands had been brought in, and a quire of paper was scattered about. There the decrees were written as soon as they were drawn up. They multiplied the copies, some Representatives became secretaries on the spur of the moment, and helped the official secretaries.

This great hall was on a level with the landing. It was situated, as we have said, on the first floor; it was reached by a very narrow staircase.

We must recollect that nearly the whole of the members present were members of the Right.

The first moment was a serious one. Berryer came out to advantage. Berryer, like all those extemporizers without style, will only be remembered as a name, and a much disputed name, Berryer having been rather a special pleader than an orator who believed what he said. On that day Berryer was to the point, logical and earnest. They began by this cry, "What shall we do?" "Draw up a declaration," said M. de Falloux. "A protest," said M. de Flavigny. "A decree," said Berryer.

In truth a declaration was empty air, a protest was noise, a decree was action. They cried out, "What decree?" "Deposition," said Berryer. Deposition was the extreme limit of the energy of the Right. Beyond deposition, there was outlawry; deposition was practicable for the Right, outlawry was only possible for the Left. In fact it was the Left who outlawed Louis Bonaparte. They did it at their first meeting in the Rue Blanche. We shall see this later on. At deposition, Legality came to an end; at outlawry, the Revolution began. The recurrences of Revolution are the logical consequences of *coups d'état*. The deposition having been voted, a man who later on turned traitor, Quentin Bauchart, exclaimed, "Let us all sign it." All signed it. Odilon Barro, came in and signed it. Antony Thouret came in and signed.

Suddenly M. Piscatory announced that the Mayor was refusing to allow Representatives who had arrived to enter the Hall. "Order him to do so by decree," said Berryer. And the decree was voted. Thanks to this decree, MM. Favreau and Monet entered; they came from the Legislative Palace; they related the cowardice of Dupin. M. Dahirel, one of the leaders of the Right, was exasperated, and said, "We have received bayonet thrusts." Voices were raised, "Let us summon the Tenth Legion. Let the call to arms be beaten. Lauriston hesitates. Let us order him to protect the Assembly." "Let us order him by decree," said Berryer. This decree was drawn up, which, however, did not prevent Lauriston from refusing. Another decree, again proposed by Berryer, pronounced any one who had outraged the Parliamentary inviolability to be a traitor, and ordered the immediate release of those Representatives who had been wrongfully made prisoners. All this was voted at once without debate, in a sort of great unanimous confusion, and in the midst of a storm of fierce conversations. From time to time Berryer imposed silence. Then the angry outcries broke forth again. "The *coup d'état* will not dare to come here." "We are masters here." "We are at home." "It would be impossible to attack us here." "These wretches will not dare to do so." If the uproar had been less violent, the Representatives might have heard through

the open windows close at hand, the sound of soldiers loading their guns.

A regiment of Chasseurs of Vincennes had just entered silently into the garden of the Mairie, and, while waiting for orders, were loading their guns.

Little by little the sitting, at first disorderly and tumultuous, had assumed an ordinary aspect. The uproar had relapsed into a murmur. The voice of the usher, crying, "Silence, gentlemen," had succeeded in overcoming the hubbub. Every moment fresh Representatives came in, and hastened to sign the decree of deposition at the "bureau." As there was a great crowd round the "bureau" waiting to sign, a dozen loose sheets of paper to which the Representatives affixed their signatures were circulated in the great Hall and the two adjoining rooms.

The first to sign the decree of deposition was M. Dufaure, the last was M. Betting de Lancastel. Of the two Presidents, one, M. Benoist d'Azy, was addressing the Assembly; the other, M. Vitet, pale, but calm and resolute, distributed instructions and orders. M. Benoist d'Azy maintained a decorous countenance, but a certain hesitation in his speech revealed an inner agitation. Divisions, even in the Right, had not disappeared at this critical moment. A Legitimist member was overhead saying in a low voice, while speaking of one of the Vice-Presidents, "This great Vitet looks like a whited sepulchre." Vitet was an Orleanist.

Given this adventurer with whom they had to deal, this Louis Bonaparte, capable of everything, the hour and the man being wrapt in mystery, some Legitimist personages of a candid mind were seriously but comically frightened. The Marquis of ——, who acted the fly on the coach-wheel to the Right, went hither and thither, harangued, shouted, declaimed, remonstrated, proclaimed, and trembled. Another, M. A—— N——, perspiring, red-faced, out of breath, rushed about distractedly. "Where is the guard? How many men are there? Who commands them? The officer! send me the officer! Long live the Republic! National Guard, stand firm! Long live the Republic!" All the Right shouted this cry. "You wish then to kill it," said Esquiros. Some of them were dejected; Bourbousson maintained the silence of a vanquished placeman. Another, the Viscount of ——, a relative of the Duke of Escars, was so alarmed that every moment he adjourned to a corner of the courtyard. In the crowd which filled the courtyard there was a *gamin* of Paris, a child of Athens, who has since become an elegant and charming poet, Albert Glatigny. Albert Glatigny cried out to this frightened Viscount, "Hulloa there! Do you think that *coups d'état* are extinguished in the way Gulliver put out the fire?"

Oh, Laughter, how gloomy you are when attended with Tragedy!

The Orleanists were quieter, and maintained a more becoming attitude. This arose from the fact that they ran greater danger.

Pascal Duprat replaced at the top of the decrees the words, "République Française," which had been forgotten.

From time to time men who were not speaking on the subject of the moment mentioned this strange word "Dupin," upon which there ensued shouts of derision and burst of laughter. "Utter the name of that coward no more," cried Antony Thouret.

There were motions and counter-motions; it was a continual uproar interrupted by deep and solemn silences. Alarmist phrases circulated from group to group. "We are in a blind alley." "We are caught here as in a rat trap;" and then on each motion voices were raised: "That is it!" "It is right!" "It is settled!" They agreed in a low voice upon a rendezvons at No. 19, Rue de la Chaussée-d'Antin, in case they should be expelled from the Mairie. M. Bixio carried off the decree of deposition to get it printed. Esquiros, Marc Dufraisse, Pascal Duprat, Rigal, Dherbette, Chamiot, Latrade, Colfavru, Antony Thouret, threw in here and there energetic words of advice. M. Dufaure, resolute and indignant, protested with authority. M. Odilon Barrot, mo-

tionless in a corner, maintained the silence of stupefied silliness.

MM. Passy and de Tocqueville, in the midst of the groups described that when they were Ministers they had always entertained an uneasy suspicion of a *coup d'état*, and that they clearly perceived this fixed idea in the brain of Louis Bonaparte. M. de Tocqueville added, "I said to myself every night, 'I lie down to sleep a Minister; what if I should awake a prisoner?'"

Some of those men who were termed "men of order," muttered while signing the decree of deposition, "Beware of the Red Republic!" and seemed to entertain an equal fear of failure and of success. M. de Vatimesnil pressed the hands of the men of the Left, and thanked them for their presence. "You make us popular," said he. And Antony Thouret answered him, "I know neither Right nor Left today; I only see the Assembly."

The younger of the two shorthand writers handed their written sheets to the Representatives who had spoken, and asked them to revise them at once, saying, "We shall not have the time to read them over." Some Representatives went down into the street, and showed the people copies of the decree of deposition, signed by the members of thé "bureau." One of the populace took one of these copies, and cried out, "Citizens! the ink is still quite wet! Long live the Republic!"

The Deputy Mayor stood at the door of the Hall; the staircase was crowded with National Guards and spectators. In the Assembly several had penetrated into the Hall, and amongst them the ex-Constituent Beslay, a man of uncommon courage. It was at first wished to turn them out, but they resisted, crying, "This is our business. You are the Assembly, but we are the People." "They are right," said M. Berryer.

M. de Falloux, accompanied by M. de Kéranflech, came up to the Constituent Beslay, and leaned by his side on the stove, saying to him, "Good day, colleague;" and reminded him that they both had formed part of the Committee of the National Workshops, and that they together had visited the Workmen at the Parc Monceaux. The Right felt themselves falling; they became affectionate towards Republicans. The Republic is called To-morrow.

Each spoke from his place; this member upon a bench, that member on a chair, a few on the tables. All contradictory opinions burst forth at once. In a corner some ex-leaders of "order" were scared at the possible triumph of the "Reds." In another the men of the Right surrounded the men of the Left, and asked them: "Are not the faubourgs going to rise?"

The narrator has but one duty, to tell his story; he relates everything, the bad as well as the good. Whatever may have taken place, however, and notwithstanding all these details of which it was our duty to speak, apart from the exceptions which we have mentioned, the attitude of the men of the Right who composed the large majority of this meeting was in many respects honorable and worthy. Some of them, as we have just mentioned, even prided themselves upon their resolution and their energy, almost as though they had wished to rival the members of the Left.

We may here remark—for in the course of this narrative we shall more than once see the gaze of some members of the Right turned towards the people, and in this no mistake should be made—that these monarchical men who talked of popular insurrection and who invoked the faubourgs were a minority in the majority,—an imperceptible minority. Antony Thouret proposed to those who were leaders there to go in a body through the working-class neighborhoods with the decree of deposition in their hands. Brought to bay, they refused. They declared that they would only protect themselves by organized powers, not by the people. It is a strange thing to say, but it must be noted, that with their habits of political shortsightedness, the popular armed resistance, even in the name of the Law, seemed sedition to them. The utmost appearance of revolution which they could endure was a regiment of the National Guard, with their

drums at their head; they shrank from the barricade; Right in a blouse was no longer Right, Truth armed with a pike was no longer Truth, Law unpaving a street gave them the impression of a Fury. In the main, however, and taking them for what they were, and considering their position as politicians, these members of the Right were well-advised. What would they have done with the people? And what would the people have done with them? How would they have proceeded to set fire to the masses? Imagine Falloux as a tribune, fanning the Faubourg St. Antoine into a flame!

Alas! in the midst of this dense gloom, in these fatal complications of circumstances by which the *coup d'état* profited so odiously and so perfidiously, in that mighty misunderstanding which comprised the whole situation, for kindling the revolutionary spark in the heart of the people, Danton himself would not have sufficed.

The *coup d'état* entered into this meeting impudently, with its convict's cap on its head. It possessed an infamous assurance there, as well as everywhere else. There were in this majority three hundred Representatives of the People. Louis Napoleon sent a sergeant to drive them away. The Assembly, having resisted the sergeant, he sent an officer, the temporary commander of the sixth battalion of the Chasseurs de Vincennes. This officer, young, fair-haired, a scoffer, half laughing, half threatening, pointed with his finger to the stairs filled with bayonets, and defied the Assembly. "Who is this young spark?" asked a member of the Right. A National Guard who was there said, "Throw him out of the window!" "Kick him downstairs!" cried one of the people.

This Assembly, grievous as were its offences against the principles of the Revolution—and with these wrongs Democracy alone had the right to reproach it—this Assembly, I repeat, was the National Assembly, that is to say, the Republic incarnate, the living Universal Suffrage, the Majesty of the Nation, upright and visible. Louis Bonaparte assassinated this Assembly, and moreover insulted it. A slap on the face is worse than a poniard thrust.

The gardens of the neighborhood occupied by the troops were full of broken bottles. They had plied the soldiers with drink. They obeyed the "epaulettes" unconditionally, and according to the expression of eye-witnesses, appeared "dazed-drunk." The Representatives appealed to them, and said to them, "It is a crime!" They answered, "We are not aware of it."

One soldier was heard to say to another, "What have you done with your ten francs of this morning?"

The sergeants hustled the officers. With the exception of the commander, who probably earned his cross of honor, the officers were respectful, the sergeants brutal.

À lieutenant showing signs of flinching, a sergeant cried out to him, "You are not the only one who commands here! Come, therefore, march!"

M. de Vatimesnil asked a soldier, "Will you dare to arrest us—us, the Representatives of the People?"

"Assuredly!" said the soldier.

Several soldiers hearing some Representatives say that they had eaten nothing since the morning, offered them their ration bread. Some Representatives accepted. M. de Tocqueville, who was unwell, and who was noticed to be pale and leaning on the sill of a window, received from a soldier a piece of this bread, which he shared with M. Chambolle.

Two Commissaries of Police appeared in "full dress," in black coats girded with their sash-girdles and their black, corded hats. One was an old man, the other a young man. The first was named Lemoine-Tacherat, and not Bacherel, as has been wrongly printed; the second was named Barlet. These names should be noted. The unprecedented assurance of this Barlet was remarked. Nothing was wanting in him,—cynical speech, provoking gesture, sardonic intonation. It was with an inexpressible air of insolence that Barlet, when summoning the meeting to dissolve itself, added, "Rightly or Wrongly." They murmured on the benches of

the Assembly, "Who is this scoundrel?" The other, compared to him, seemed moderate and inoffensive. Emile Péan exclaimed, "The old man is simply working in his profession, but the young man is working out his promotion."

Before this Tacherat and this Barlet entered, before the butts of the muskets had been heard ringing on the stones of the staircase, this Assembly had talked of resistance. Of what kind of resistance? We have just stated. The majority could only listen to a regular organized resistance, a military resistance in uniform and in epaulettes. Such a resistance was easy to decree, but it was difficult to organize. The Generals on whom the Assembly were accustomed to rely having been arrested, there only remained two possible Generals, Oudinot and Lauriston. General Marquis de Lauriston, ex-peer of France, and at the same time Colonel of the Tenth Legion and Representative of the People, drew a distinction between his duty as Representative and his duty as Colonel. Summoned by some of his friends of the Right to beat to arms and call together the Tenth Legion, he answered, "As Representative of the People I ought to indict the Executive Power, but as Colonel I ought to obey it." It appears that he obstinately shut himself up in this singular reasoning, and that it was impossible to draw him out of it.

"How stupid he is!" said Piscatory.

"How sharp he is!" said Falloux.

The first officer of the National Guard who appeared in uniform, seemed to be recognized by two members of the Right, who said, "It is M. de Perigord!" They made a mistake, it was M. Guilbot, major of the third battalion of the Tenth Legion. He declared that he was ready to march on the first order from his Colonel, General Lauriston. General Lauriston went down into the courtyard, and came up a moment afterwards, saying, "They do not recognize my authority. I have just resigned." Moreover, the name of Lauriston was not familiar to the soldiers. Oudinot was better known in the army. But how?

At the moment when the name of Oudinot was pronounced, a shudder ran through this meeting, almost exclusively composed of members of the Right. In fact, at this critical time, at this fatal name of Oudinot, reflections crowded upon each other in every mind.

What was the *coup d'état?*

It was the "Roman expedition at home." Which was undertaken against whom? Against those who had undertaken the "Roman expedition abroad." The National Assembly of France, dissolved by violence, could only find one single General to defend it in its dying hour. And whom? Precisely he, who in the name of the National Assembly of France had dissolved by violence the National Assembly of Rome. What power could Oudinot, the strangler of a Republic, possess to save a Republic? Was it not evident that his own soldiers would answer him, "What do you want with us? That which we have done at Rome we now do at Paris." What a story is this story of treason! The French Legislature had written the first chapter with the blood of the Roman Constituent Assembly; Providence wrote the second chapter with the blood of the French Legislature, Louis Bonaparte holding the pen.

In 1849, Louis Bonaparte had assassinated the sovereignty of the People in the person of its Roman Representatives; in 1851 he assassinated it in the person of its French Representatives. It was logical, and although it was infamous, it was just. The Legislative Assembly bore at the same time the weight of two crimes; it was the accomplice of the first, the victim of the second. All these men of the majority felt this, and were humbled. Or rather it was the same crime, the crime of the Second of July, 1849, ever erect, ever alive, which had only changed its name, which now called itself the Second of December, and which, the offspring of this Assembly, stabbed it to the heart. Nearly all crimes are parricidal. On a certain day they recoil upon those who have committed them, and slay them.

At this moment, so full of anxiety, M. de Falloux must have glanced round for M. de Montalembert. M. de Montalembert was at the Elysée.

When Tamisier rose and pronounced this terrifying word, "The Roman Question!" distracted M. de Dampierre shouted to him, "Silence! You kill us!"

It was not Tamisier who was killing them—it was Oudinot.

M. de Dampierre did not perceive that he cried "Silence!" to History.

And then without even reckoning the fatal remembrance which at such a moment would have crushed a man endowed in the highest degree with great military qualities, General Oudinot, in other respects an excellent officer, and a worthy son of his brave father, possessed none of those striking qualities which in the critical hour of revolution stir the soldier and carry with them the people. At that instant to win back an army of a hundred thousand men, to withdraw the balls from the cannons' mouths, to find beneath the wine poured out to the Prætorians the true soul of the French soldier half drowned and nearly dead, to tear the flag from the *coup d'état* and restore it to the law, to surround the Assembly with thunders and lightnings, it would have needed one of those men who exist no longer; it would have needed the firm hand, the calm oratory, the cold and searching glance of Desaix, that French Phocion; it would have needed the huge shoulders, the commanding stature, the thundering voice, the abusive, insolent, cynical, gay, and sublime eloquence of Kléber, that military Mirabeau. Desaix, the countenance of a just man, or Kléber, the face of a lion! General Oudinot, little, awkward, embarrassed, with an indecisive and dull gaze, red cheeks, low forehead, with grizzled and lank hair, polite tone of voice, a humble smile, without oratory, without gesture, without power, brave before the enemy, timid before the first comer, having assuredly the bearing of a soldier, but having also the bearing of a priest; he caused the mind to hesitate between the sword and the taper; he had in his eyes a sort of "Amen!"

He had the best intentions in the world, but what could he do? Alone, without prestige, without true glory, without personal authority, and dragging Rome after him! He felt all this himself, and he was as it were paralyzed by it. As soon as they had appointed him he got upon a chair and thanked the Assembly, doubtless with a firm heart, but with hesitating speech. When the little fair-haired officer dared to look him in the face and insult him, he, holding the sword of the people, he, General of the sovereign Assembly, he only knew how to stammer out such wretched phrases as these: "I have just declared to you that we are unable, 'unless compelled and constrained,' to obey the order which prohibits us from remaining assembled together." He spoke of obeying, he who ought to command. They had girded him with his scarf, and it seemed to make him uncomfortable. He inclined his head alternately first to one shoulder and then to the other; he held his hat and cane in his hand, he had a a benevolent aspect. A Legitimist member muttered in a low voice to his neighbor, "One might imagine he was a bailiff speechifying at a wedding." And his neighbor, a Legitimist also, replied, "He reminds me of the Duc d'Angoulême."

What a contrast to Tamisier! Tamisier, frank, earnest, confident, although a mere Captain of Artillery, had the bearing of a General. Had Tamisier with his grave and gentle countenance, high intelligence, and dauntless heart, a species of soldier-philosopher, been better known, he could have rendered decisive services. No one could tell what would have happened if Providence had given the soul of Tamisier to Oudinot, or the epaulettes of Oudinot to Tamisier.

In this bloody enterprise of December we failed to find a General's uniform becomingly worn. A book might be written on the part which gold lace plays in the destiny of nations.

Tamisier, appointed Chief of the Staff some instants before the invasion of the Hall, placed himself at the disposal of the Assembly. He was standing on a table. He spoke with a resonant and hearty voice. The most downcast became reassured by this modest, honest, devoted attitude. Suddenly he drew himself up, and looking all that Royalist majority in the face, ex-

claimed, "Yes, I accept the charge you offer me. I accept the charge of defending the Republic! Nothing but the Republic! Do you perfectly understand?"

A unanimous shout answered him. "Long live the Republic!"

"Ah!" said Beslay, "the voice comes back to you as on the Fourth of May."

"Long live the Republic! Nothing but the Republic!" repeated the men of the Right, Oudinot louder than the others. All arms were stretched towards Tamisier, every hand pressed his. Oh, Danger! irresistible converter! In his last hour the Atheist invokes God, and the Royalist the Republic. They cling to that which they have repudiated.

The official historians of the *coup d'état* have stated that at the beginning of the sitting two Representatives had been sent by the Assembly to the Ministry of the Interior to "negotiate." What is certain is that these two Representatives had no authority. They presented themselves, not on behalf of the Assembly, but in their own name. They offered themselves as intermediaries to procure a peaceable termination of the catastrophe which had begun. With an honesty which bordered on simplicity, they summoned Morny to yield himself a prisoner, and to return within the law, declaring that in case of refusal the Assembly would to its duty, and call the people to the defence of the Constitution and of the Republic. Morny answered them with a smile, accompanied by these plain words: "If you appeal to arms, and if I find any Representatives on the barricades, I will have them all shot to the last man."

The meeting in the Tenth Arrondissement yielded to force. President Vitet insisted that they should forcibly arrest him. A police agent who seized him turned pale and trembled. In certain circumstances, to lay violent hands upon a man is to lay them upon Right, and those who dare to do so are made to tremble by outraged Law.

The exodus from the Mairie was long and beset with obstructions. Half-an-hour elapsed while the soldiers were forming a line, and while the Commissaries of Police, all the time appearing solely occupied with the care of driving back the crowd in the street, sent for orders to the Ministry of the Interior. During that time some of the Representatives, seated round a table in the great Hall, wrote to their families, to their wives, to their friends. They snatched up the last leaves of paper; the pens failed; M. de Luynes wrote to his wife a letter in pencil. There were no wafers; they were forced to send the letters unsealed; some soldiers offered to post them. M. Chambolle's son, who accompanied his father thus far, undertook to take the letters addressed to Mesdames de Luynes, de Lasteyrie, and Duvergier de Hauranne.

General Forey—the same who had refused a battalion to the President of the Constituent Assembly, Marrast, who had promoted him from a colonel to a general—General Forey, in the centre of the courtyard of the Mairie, his face inflamed, half drunk, coming out, they said, from breakfast at the Elysée, superintended the outrage. A member, whose name we regret we do not know, dipped his boot into the gutter and wiped it along the gold stripe of the regimental trousers of General Forey. Representatives Lherbette came up to General Forey, and said to him, "General, you are a coward." Then turning to his colleagues, he exclaimed, "Do you hear? I tell this general that he is a coward." General Forey did not stir. He kept the mud on his uniform and the epithet on his cheek.

The meeting did not call the people to arms. We have just explained that it was not strong enough to do so; nevertheless, at the last moment, a member of the left, Latrade, made a fresh effort. He took M. Berryer aside, and said to him, "Our official measures of resistance have come to an end; let us not allow ourselves now to be arrested. Let us disperse throughout the streets crying, "To arms!" M. Berryer consulted a few seconds on the matter with the Vice-President M. Benoist d'Azy, who refused.

The Deputy Mayor, hat in hand, reconducted the members of the Assembly as far as the gate of the Mairie. As soon

as they appeared in the courtyard ready to go out between two lines of soldiers, the post of National Guards presented arms, and shouted, "Long live the Assembly! Long live the Representatives of the People!" The National Guards were at once disarmed, almost forcibly, by the Chasseurs de Vincennes.

There was a wine-shop opposite the Mairie. As soon as the great folding gates of the Mairie opened, and the Assembly appeared in the street, led by General Forey on horseback, and having at its head the Vice-President Vitet, grasped by the necktie by a police agent, a few men in white blouses, gathered at the windows of this wine shop, clapped their hands and shouted, "Well done! down with the 'twenty-five francs'!" *

They set forth.

The Chasseurs de Vincennes, who marched in a double line on each side of the prisoners, cast at them looks of hatred. General Oudinot said in a whisper, "These little infantry soldiers are terrible fellows. At the siege of Rome they flung themselves at the assault like madmen. These lads are very devils." The officers avoided the gaze of the Representatives. On leaving the Mairie, M. de Coislin passed by an officer and exclaimed, "What a disgrace for the uniform!" the officer retaliated with angry words, and incensed M. de Coislin. Shortly afterwards, during the march, he came up to M. de Coislin and said to him, "Sir, I have reflected; it is I who am wrong."

They proceeded on the way slowly. At a few steps from the Mairie the procession met M. Chegaray. The Representatives called out to him, "Come!" He answered, while making an expressive gesture with his hands and his shoulders, "Oh! I dare say! As they have not arrested me" . . . and he feigned as though he would pass on. He was ashamed, however, and went with them. His name is found in the list of the roll-call at the barracks.

A little further on, M. Lespérut passed them. They cried out to him, "Lespérut! Lespérut!" "I am with you," answered he. The soldiers pushed him back. He seized the butt ends of the muskets and forced his way into the column.

In one of the streets through which they went a window was opened. Suddenly a woman appeared with a child; the child, recognizing its father amongst the prisoners, held out its arms and called to him, the mother wept in the background.

It was at first intended to take the Assembly in a body straight to Mazas, but this was counter-ordered by the Ministry of the Interior. It was feared that this long walk, in broad daylight, through populous and easily aroused streets, might prove dangerous; the D'Orsay barracks were close at hand. They selected these as a temporary prison.

One of the commanders insolently pointed out with his sword the arrested Representatives to the passers-by, and said in a loud voice, "These are the Whites, we have orders to spare them. Now it is the turn of the Red Representatives, let them look out for themselves!"

Wherever the procession passed, the populace shouted from the pavements, at the doors, at the windows, "Long live the National Assembly!" When they perceived a few Representatives of the Left sprinkled in the column they cried, "Vive la République!" "Vive la Constitution!" and Vive la Loi!" The shops were not shut, and passers-by went to and fro. Some people said, "Wait until the evening; this is not the end of it."

A staff-officer on horseback, in full uniform, met the procession, recognized M. de Vatimesnil, and came up to greet him. In the Rue de Beaune, as they passed the house of the *Démocratie Pacifique* a group shouted, "Down with the Traitor of the Elysée!"

On the Quai d'Orsay, the shouting was redoubled. There was a great crowd there. On either side of the quay a file of soldiers of the Line, elbow to elbow, kept back the spectators. In the middle of the space left vacant, the members of the Assembly slowly advanced between a

* An allusion to the twenty-five francs a day officially payable to the members of the Assembly.

double file of soldiers, the one stationary, which threatened the people, the other on the march, which threatened the Representatives.

Serious reflections arise in the presence of all the details of the great crime which this book is designed to relate. Every honest man who sets himself face to face with the *coup d'état* of Louis Bonaparte hears nothing but a tumult of indignant thoughts in his conscience. Whoever reads our work to the end will assuredly not credit us with the intention of extenuating this monstrous deed. Nevertheless, as the deep logic of actions ought always to be italicized by the historian, it is necessary here to call to mind and repeat, even to satiety, that apart from the members of the Left, of whom a very small number were present, and whom we have mentioned by name, the three hundred Representatives who thus defiled before the eyes of the crowd, constituted the old Royalists and reactionary majority of the Assembly. If it were possible to forget, that—whatever were their errors, whatever were their faults, and, we venture to add, whatever were their illusions—these persons thus treated were the Representatives of the leading civilized nation, were sovereign Legislators, senators of the people, inviolable Deputies, and sacred by the great law of Democracy, and that in the same manner as each man bears in himself something of the mind of God, so each of these nominees of universal suffrage bore something of the soul of France; if it were possible to forget this for a moment, it assuredly would be a spectacle perhaps more laughable than sad, and certainly more philosophical than lamentable to see, on this December morning, after so many laws of repression, after so many exceptional measures, after so many votes of censure and of the state of siege, after so many refusals of amnesty, after so many affronts to equity, to justice, to the human conscience, to the public good faith, to right, after so many favors to the police, after so many smiles bestowed on absolutism, the entire Party of Order arrested in a body and taken to prison by the *sergents de ville!*

One day, or rather, one night, the moment having come to save society, the *coup d'état* abruptly seizes the Demagogues, and finds that it holds by the collar, Whom? the Royalists.

They arrived at the barracks, formerly the barracks of the Royal Guard, and on the pediment of which is a carved escutcheon, whereon are still visible the traces of the three *fleurs de lys* effaced in 1830. They halted. The door was opened. "Why!" said M. de Broglie, "here we are."

At that moment a great placard posted on the barrack wall by the side of the door bore in big letters—

"REVISION OF THE CONSTITUTION."

It was the advertisement of a pamphlet, published two or three days previous to the *coup d'état*, without any author's name, demanding the Empire, and was attributed to the President of the Republic.

The Representatives entered and the doors were closed upon them. The shouts ceased; the crowd, which occasionally has its meditative moments, remained for some time on the quay, dumb, motionless, gazing alternately at the closed gate of the Barracks, and at the silent front of the Palace of the Assembly, dimly visible in the misty December twilight, two hundred paces distant.

The two Commissaries of Police went to report their "success" to M. de Morny. M. de Morny said, "Now the struggle has begun. Excellent! These are the last Representatives who will be made prisoners."

---

## CHAPTER XIII.

### LOUIS BONAPARTE'S SIDE-FACE.

THE minds of all these men, we repeat, were very differently affected.

The extreme Legitimist party, which represents the White of the flag, was not, it must be said, highly exasperated at the *coup d'état*. Upon many faces might be read the saying of M. de Falloux: "I am so satisfied that I have considerable diffi-

culty in affecting to be only resigned." The ingenuous spirits cast down their eyes—that is becoming to purity; more daring spirits raised their heads. They felt an impartial indignation which permitted a little admiration. How cleverly these generals have been ensnared! The Country assassinated,—it is a horrible crime; but they were enraptured at the jugglery blended with the parricide. One of the leaders said, with a sigh of envy and regret, "We do not possess a man of such talent." Another muttered, "It is Order." And he added, "Alas!" Another exclaimed, "It is a frightful crime, but well carried out." Some wavered, attracted on one side by the lawful power which rested in the Assembly, and on the other by the abomination which was in Bonaparte; honest souls poised between duty and infamy. There was a M. Thomines Desmazures who went as far as the door of the Great Hall of the Mairie, halted, looked inside, looked outside, and did not enter. It would be unjust not to record that others amongst the pure Royalists, and above all M. de Vatimesnil, had the sincere intonation and the upright wrath of justice.

Be it as it may, the Legitimist party, taken as a whole, entertained no horror of the *coup d'état*. It feared nothing. In truth, should the Royalists fear Louis Bonaparte? Why?

Indifference does not inspire fear. Louis Bonaparte was indifferent. He only recognized one thing, his object. To break through the road in order to reach it, that was quite plain; the rest might be left alone. There lay the whole of his policy, to crush the Republicans, to disdain the Royalists.

Louis Bonaparte had no passion. He who writes these lines, talking one day about Louis Bonaparte with the ex-king of Westphalia, remarked, "In him the Dutchman tones down the Corsican."—"If there be any Corsican," answered Jérome.

Louis Bonaparte has never been other than a man who has lain wait for fortune, a spy trying to dupe God. He had that livid dreaminess of the gambler who cheats. Cheating admits audacity, but excludes anger. In his prison at Ham he only read one book, "The Prince." He belonged to no family, as he could hesitate between Bonaparte and Berhuell; he had no country, as he could hesitate between France and Holland.

This Napoleon had taken St. Helena in good part. He admired England. Resentment! To what purpose? For him on earth there only existed his interests. He pardoned, because he speculated; he forgot everything, because he calculated upon everything. What did his uncle matter to him? He did not serve him; he made use of him. He rested his shabby enterprise upon Austerlitz. He stuffed the eagle.

Malice is an unproductive outlay. Louis Bonaparte only possessed as much memory as is useful. Hudson Lowe did not prevent him from smiling upon Englishmen; the Marquis of Montchenu did not prevent him from smiling upon the Royalists.

He was a man of earnest politics, of good company, wrapped in his own scheming, not impulsive, doing nothing beyond that which he intended, without abruptness, without hard words, discreet, accurate, learned, talking smoothly of a necessary massacre, a slaughterer, because it served his purpose.

All this, we repeat, without passion, and without anger.

Louis Bonaparte was one of those men, who had been influenced by the profound iciness of Machiavelli.

It was through being a man of that nature that he succeeded in submerging the name of Napoleon by superadding December upon Brumaire.

---

## CHAPTER XIV.

### THE D'ORSAY BARRACKS.

It was half-past three.

The arrested Representatives entered into the courtyard of the barracks, a huge parallelogram closed in and commanded by high walls. These walls are pierced by three tiers of windows, and possess

that dismal appearance which distinguishes barracks, schools, and prisons.

This courtyard is entered by an arched portal which extends through all the breadth of the front of the main building. This archway, under which the guard-house has been made, is closed on the side of the quay by large solid folding doors, and on one side of the courtyard by an iron grated gateway. They closed the door and the grated gateway upon the Representatives. They "set them at liberty" in the bolted and guarded courtyard.

"Let them stroll about," said an officer.

The air was cool, the sky was grey. Some soldiers, in their shirt-sleeves and wearing foraging caps, busy with fatigue duty, went hither and thither amongst the prisoners.

First M. Grimault and then M. Antony Thouret instituted a roll-call. The Representatives made a ring around them. Lherbette said laughingly, "This just suits the barracks. We look like sergeant-majors who have come to report." They called over the seven hundred and fifty names of the Representatives. To each name they answered "Absent" or "Present," and the secretary jotted down with a pencil those who were present. When the name of Morny was reached, some one cried out, "At Clichy!" At the name of Persigny, the same voice exclaimed, "At Poissy!" The inventor of these two jokes, which by the way are very poor, has since allied himself to the Second of December, to Morny and Persigny; he has covered his cowardice with the embroidery of a senator.

The roll-call verified the presence of two hundred and twenty Representatives, whose names were as follows:—

Le Duc de Luynes, d'Andigné de la Chasse, Antony Thouret, Arène, Audren de Kerdrel (Ille-et-Vilaine), Audren de Kerdrel (Morbihan), de Balzac, Barchou de Penhoen, Barillon, O. Barrot, Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire, Quentin Bauchard, G. de Beaumont, Béchard, Behaghel, de Belvèze, Benoist-d'Azy, de Bernardy, Berryer, de Berset, Basse, Betting de Lancastel, Blavoyer, Bocher, Boissié, de Botmillan, Bouvatier, le Duc de Broglie, de la Broise, de Bryas, Buffet, Caillet du Tertre, Callet, Camus de la Guibourgère, Canet, de Castillon, de Cazalis, Admiral Cécile, Chambolle, Chamiot, Champannet, Chaper, Chapot, de Charencey, Chasseigne, Chauvin, Chazant, de Chazelles, Chegaray, Comte de Coislin, Colfavru, Colas de la Motte, Coquerel, de Corcelles, Cordier, Corne, Creton, Daguilhon-Pujol, Dahirel, Vicomte Dambray, Marquis de Dampierre, de Brotonne, de Fontaine, de Fontenay, Vicomte de Sèze, Desmars, de la Devansaye, Didier, Dieuleveult, Druet-Desvaux, A. Dubois, Dufaure, Dufougerais, Dufour, Dufournel, Marc Dufraisse, P. Duprat, Duvergier de Hauranne, Étienne, Vicomte de Falloux, de Faultrier, Faure (Rhône), Favreau, Ferre, des Ferrès, Vicomte de Flavigny, de Foblant, Frichon, Gain, Gasselin, Germonière, de Giequiau, de Goulard, de Gouyon, de Grandville, de Grasset, Grelier-Dufougerais, Grévy, Grillon, Grimault, Gros, Guislier de la Tousche, Harscouët de Saint-Georges, Marquis d'Havrincourt, Hennequin, d'Hespel, Houel, Hovyn-Tranchère, Huot, Joret, Jouannet, de Kéranflech, de Kératry, de Kéridec, de Kermazec, de Kersauron, Penendreff, Lêo de Laborde, Laboulie, Lacave, Oscar Lafayette, Lafosse, Lagarde, Lagrenée Laimé, Lainé, Comte Lanjuinais, Larabit, de Larcy, J. de Lasteyrie, Latrade, Laureau, Laurenceau, General Marquis de Lauriston, de Laussat, Lefebvre de Grosriez, Legrand, Legros-Desvaux, Lemaire, Émile Leroux, Lespérut, de l'Espinoy, Lherbette, de Linsaval, de Luppé, Maréchal, Martin de Villers, Maze-Saunay, Mèze, Arnauld de Melun, Anatole de Melun, Merentié, Michaud, Mispoulet, Monet, Duc de Montebello, de Montigny, Moulin, Murat-Sistrière, Alfred Nettement, d'Olivier, General Oudinot, Duc de Reggio, Paillat, Duparc, Passy, Émile Péan, Pécoul, Casimir Perier, Pidoux, Pigeon, de Piogé, Piscatory, Proa, Prudhomme, Querhoent, Randoing, Raudot, Raulin, de Ravinel, de Rémusat, Renaud, Rezal, Comte de Rességuier, Henri de Riancey, Rigal, de la Rochette, Rodat, de Roquefeuille, des Rotours de Chaulieu, Rouget-Lafosse, Rouillé, Roux-Carbonel, Saint-

Beuve, de Saint Germain, General Comte de Saint-Priest, Salmon (Meuse), Marquis Sauvaire-Barthélemy, de Serré, Comte de Sesmaisons, Simonot, de Staplande, de Surville, Marquis de Talhouet, Talon, Tamisier, Thuriot de la Rosière, de Tinguy, Comte de Tocqueville, de la Tourette, Comte de Tréveneuc, Mortimer-Ternaux, de Vatimesnil, Baron de Vandœuvre, Vernhette (Hérault), Vernhette (Aveyron), Vézin, Vitet, Comte de Vogüé.

After this list of names may be read as follows in the shorthand report:—

"The roll-call having been completed, General Oudinet asked the Representatives who were scattered about in the courtyard to come round him, and made the following announcement to them,—

"'The Captain-Adjutant-Major, who has remained here to command the barracks, has just received an order to have rooms prepared for us, where we are to withdraw, as we are considered to be in custody. (Hear! hear!) Do you wish me to bring the Adjutant-Major here? (No, no; it is useless.) I will tell him that he had better execute his orders.' (Yes, yes, that is right)."

The Representatives remained "penned" and "strolling" about in this yard for two long hours. They walked about arm in arm. They walked quickly, so as to warm themselves. The men of the Right said to the men of the Left, "Ah! if you had only voted the proposals of the Questors!" They also exclaimed: "Well, how about the *invisible sentry!*" * And they laughed. Then Marc Dufraisse answered, "Deputies of the People! deliberate in peace!" It was then the turn of the Left to laugh. Nevertheless, there was no bitterness. The cordiality of a common misfortune reigned amongst them.

They questioned his ex-ministers about Louis Bonaparte. They asked Admiral Cécile, "Now, really, what does this mean?" The Admiral answered by this definition: "It is a small matter." M. Vézin added, "He wishes History to call him 'Sire.'" "Poor Sire, then," said M. de Camus de la Guibourgère. M. Odilon Barrot exclaimed, "What a fatality, that we should have been condemned to employ this man!"

This said, these heights attained, political philosophy was exhausted, and they ceased talking.

On the right, by the side of the door, there was a canteen elevated a few steps above the courtyard. "Let us promote this canteen to the dignity of a refreshment room," said the ex-ambassador to China, M. de la Lagrenée. They entered, some went up to the stove, others asked for a basin of soup. MM. Favreau, Piscatory, Larabit, and Vatimesnil took refuge in a corner. In the opposite corner drunken soldiers chatted with the maids of the barracks. M. de Kératry, bent with his eighty years, was seated near the stove on an old worm-eaten chair; the chair tottered; the old man shivered.

Towards four o'clock a regiment of Chasseurs de Vincennes arrived in the courtyard with their platters, and began to eat, singing, and with loud bursts of merriment. M. de Broglie looked at them and said to M. Piscatory, "It is a strange spectacle to see the porringers of the Janissaries vanished from Constantinople reappearing at Paris!"

Almost at the same moment a staff officer informed the Representatives on behalf of General Forey that the apartments assigned to them were ready, and requested them to follow him. They were taken into the eastern building, which is the wing of the barracks farthest from the Palace of the Council of State; they were conducted to the third floor. They expected chambers and beds. They found long rooms, vast garrets with filthy walls and low ceilings, furnished with wooden tables and benches. These were the "apartments." These garrets, which adjoin each other, all open on the same corridor, a narrow passage, which runs the length of the main building. In one of these rooms they saw, thrown into a corner, side-drums, a big drum, and various instruments of military music. The Representatives scattered themselves about in these rooms. M. de Tocqueville, who

* Michel de Bourges had thus characterized Louis Bonaparte as the guardian of the Republic against the Monarchical parties.

was ill, threw his overcoat on the floor in the recess of a window, and lay down. He remained thus stretched upon the ground for several hours.

These rooms were warmed very badly by cast-iron stoves, shaped like hives. A Representative wishing to poke the fire, upset one, and nearly set fire to the wooden flooring.

The last of these rooms looked out on the quay. Antony Thouret opened a window and leaned out. Several Representatives joined him. The soldiers who were bivouacking below on the pavement, caught sight of them, and began to shout, "Ah! there they are, those rascals at 'twenty-five francs a day,' who wish to cut down our pay!" In fact, on the preceding evening, the police had spread this calumny through the barracks that a proposition had been placed on the Tribune to lessen the pay of the troops. They had even gone so far as to name the author of this proposition. Antony Thouret attempted to undeceive the soldiers. An officer cried out to him, "It is one of your party who made the proposal. It is Lamennais!"

In about an hour and a half there were ushered into these rooms MM. Vallette, Bixio, and Victor Lefranc, who had come to join their colleagues and constitute themselves prisoners.

Night came. They were hungry. Several had not eaten since the morning. M. Howyn de Tranchère, a man of considerable kindness and devotion, who had acted as porter at the Mairie, acted as forager at the barracks. He collected five francs from each Representative, and they sent and ordered a dinner for two hundred and twenty from the Café d'Orsay, at the corner of the Quay, and the Rue du Bac. They dined badly, but merrily. Cookshop mutton, bad wine, and cheese. There was no bread. They ate as they best could, one standing, another on a chair, one at a table, another astride on his bench, with his plate before him, "as at a ball-room supper," a dandy of the Right said laughingly, Thuriot de la Rosière, son of the regicide Thuriot. M. de Rémusat buried his head in his hands. Émile Péan said to him, "We shall get over it." And Gustave de Beaumont cried out, addressing himself to the Republicans, "And your friends of the Left! Will they preserve their honor? Will there be an insurrection at least?" They passed each other the dishes and plates, the Right showing marked attention to the Left. "Here is the opportunity to bring about a fusion," said a young Legitimist. Troopers and canteen men waited upon them. Two or three tallow candles burnt and smoked on each table. There were few glasses. Right and Left drank from the same. "Equality, fraternity," exclaimed the Marquis Sauvaire-Barthélemy, of the Right. And Victor Hannequin answered him, "But not Liberty."

Colonel Feray, the son-in-law of Marshal Bugeaud, was in command at the barracks; he offered the use of his drawing-room to M. de Broglie and to M. Odilon Barrot, who accepted it. The barrack doors were opened to M. de Kératry, on account of his great age, to M. Dufaure, as his wife had just been confined, and to M. Étienne, on account of the wound which he had received that morning in the Rue de Bourgogne. At the same time there were added to the two hundred and twenty, MM. Eugène Sue, Benoist (du Rhône), Fayolle, Chanay, Toupet des Vignes, Radoubt-Lafosse, Arbey, and Teillard-Latérisse, who up to that time had been detained in the new Palace of Foreign Affairs.

Towards eight o'clock in the evening, when dinner was over, the restrictions were a little relaxed, and the intermediate space between the door and the barred gate of the barracks began to be littered with carpet-bags and articles of toilet sent by the families of the imprisoned Representatives.

The Representatives were summoned by their names. Each went down in turn, and briskly remounted with his cloak, his coverlet, or his foot-warmer. A few ladies succeeded in making their way to their husbands. M. Chambolle was able to press his son's hand through the bars.

Suddenly a voice called out, "Oho! We are going to spend the night here."

Mattresses were brought in, which were thrown on the tables, on the floor, anywhere.

Fifty or sixty Representatives found resting-places on them. The greater number remained on their benches. Marc Dufraisse settled himself to pass the night on a footstool, leaning on a table. Happy was the man who had a chair.

Nevertheless, cordiality and gaiety did not cease to prevail. "Make room for the 'Burgraves!' said smilingly a venerable veteran of the Right. A young Republican Representative rose, and offered him his mattress. They pressed on each offers of overcoats, cloaks, and coverlets.

"Reconciliation," said Chamoit, while offering the half of his mattress to the Duc de Luynes. The Duc de Luyens, who had 80,000*l.* a year, smiled, and replied to Chamoit, "You are St. Martin, and I am the beggar."

M. Paillet, the well-known barrister, who belonged to the "Third Estate," used to say, "I passed the night on a Bonapartist straw mattress, wrapt in a burnouse of the Mountain, my feet in a Democratic and Socialist sheepskin, and my head in a Legitimist cotton nightcap."

The Representatives, although prisoners in the barracks, could stroll about freely. They were allowed to go down into the courtyard. M. Cordier (of Calvados) came upstairs again, saying, "I have just spoken to the soldiers. They did not know that their generals had been arrested. They appeared surprised and discontented." This incident raised the prisoners' hopes.

Representative Michel Renaud, of the Basses-Pyrénees, found several of his compatriots of the Basque country amongst the Chasseurs de Vincennes who occupied the courtyard. Some had voted for him, and reminded him of the fact. They added, "Ah! We would again vote for the 'Red' list." One of them, quite a young man, took him aside and said to him, "Do you want any money, sir? I have a forty-sous piece in my pocket."

Towards ten o'clock in the evening a great hubbub arose in the courtyard. The doors and the barred gate turned noisily upon their hinges. Something entered which rumbled like thunder. They leaned out of window, and saw at the foot of the steps a sort of big, oblong chest, painted black, yellow, red, and green, on four wheels, drawn by post-horses, and surrounded by men in long overcoats, and with fierce-looking faces, holding torches. In the gloom, and with the help of imagination, this vehicle appeared completely black. A door could be seen, but no other opening. It resembled a great coffin on wheels. "What is that? Is it a hearse?" "No, it is a police-van." "And those people, are they undertakers?" "No, they are gaolers." "And for whom has this come?"

"For you, gentlemen!" cried out a voice.

It was the voice of an officer; and the vehicle which had just entered was in truth a police-van.

At the same time a word of command was heard: "First squadron to horse." And five minutes afterwards the Lancers who were to escort the vehicle formed in line in the courtyard.

Then arose in the barracks the buzz of a hive of angry bees. The Representatives ran up and down the stairs, and went to look at the police-van close at hand. Some of them touched it, and could not believe their eyes. M. Piscatory met M. Chambolle, and cried out to him, "I am leaving in it!" M. Berryer met Eugène Sue, and they exchanged these words: "Where are you going?" "To Mount Valérien. And you?" "I do not know."

At half-past ten the roll-call of those who were to leave began. Police agents stationed themselves at a table between two candles in a parlor at the foot of the stairs, and the Representatives were summoned two by two. The Representatives agreed not to answer to their names, and to reply to each name which should be called out, "He is not here." But those "Burgraves" who had accepted the hospitality of Colonel Feray considered such petty resistance unworthy of them, and answered to the calling out of their names. This drew the others after them. Everybody answered. Amongst the Legitimists some serio-comic scenes were enacted.

They who alone were not threatened insisted on believing that they were in danger. They would not let one of their orators go. They embraced him, and held him back, almost with tears, crying out, "Do not go away! Do you know where they are taking you? Think of the trenches of Vincennes!"

The Representatives, having been summoned two by two, as we have just said, filed into the parlor before the police agents, and then they were ordered to get into the "robbers' box." The stowage was apparently made at haphazard and promiscuously; nevertheless, later, by the difference of the treatment accorded to Representatives in the various prisons, it was apparent that this promiscuous loading had perhaps been somewhat prearranged. When the first vehicle was full, a second, of a similar construction, drew up. The police agents, pencil and pocket-book in hand, noted down the contents of each vehicle. These men knew the Representatives. When Marc Dufraisse, called in his turn, entered the parlor, he was accompanied by Benoist (du Rhône). "Ah! here is M. Marc Dufraisse," said the attendant who held the pencil. When asked for his name, Benoist replied "Benoist." "Du Rhône," added the police agent; and he continued, "for there are also Benoist d'Azy and Benoist-Champy."

The loading of each vehicle occupied nearly half an hour. The successive arrivals had raised the number of imprisoned Representatives to two hundred and thirty-two. Their embarkation, or, to use the expression of M. de Vatimesnil, their "barreling up," which began a little after ten in the evening, was not finished until nearly seven o'clock in the morning. When there were no more police-vans available omnibuses were brought in. These various vehicles were portioned off into three detachments, each escorted by Lancers. The first detachment left towards one o'clock in the morning, and was driven to Mont Valérien; the second towards five o'clock, and was driven to Mazas; the third towards half-past six to Vincennes.

As this business occupied a long time, those who had not yet been called benefited by the mattresses and tried to sleep. Thus, from time to time, silence reigned in the upper rooms. In the midst of one of these pauses M. Bixio sat upright, and raising his voice, cried out, "Gentlemen, what do you think of 'passive obedience?'" An unanimous burst of laughter was the reply. Again, during one of these pauses another voice exclaimed,—

"Romieu will be a senator."

Émile Péan asked,—

"What will become of the Red Spectre?"

"He will enter the priesthood," answered Antony Thouret, "and will turn into the Black Spectre."

Other exclamations which the historians of the Second of December have spread were not uttered. Thus, Marc Dufraisse never made the remark with which the men of Louis Bonaparte have wished to excuse their crimes: "If the President does not shoot all those among us who resist, he does not understand his business."

For the *coup d'état* such a remark might be convenient; but for History it is false.

The interior of the police-vans was lighted while the Representatives were entering. The air-holes of each compartment were not closed. In this manner Marc Dufraisse, through the aperture could see M. du Rémusat in the opposite cell to his own. M. du Rémusat had entered the van coupled with M. Duvergier de Hauranne.

"Upon my word, Monsieur Marc Dufraisse," exclaimed Duvergier de Hauranne, when they jostled each other in the gangway of the vehicle, "upon my word, if any one had said to me, 'You will go to Mazas in a police-van,' I should have said, 'It is improbable;' but if they had added, 'You will go with Marc Dufraisse,' I should have said, 'It is impossible!'"

As soon as the vehicle was full, five or six policemen entered and stood in the gangway. The door was shut, the steps were thrown up, and they drove off.

When all the police-vans had been filled, there were still some Representatives left. As we have said, omnibuses were brought

into requisition. Into these Representatives were thrust, one upon the other, rudely, without deference for either age or name. Colonel Feray, on horseback, superintended and directed operations. As he mounted the steps of the last vehicle but one, the Duc de Montebello cried out to him, "To-day is the anniversary of the battle of Austerlitz, and the son-in-law of Marshal Bugeaud compels the son of Marshal Lannes to enter a convicts' van."

When the last omnibus was reached, there were only seventeen places for eighteen Representatives. The most active mounted first. Antony Thouret, who himself alone equalled the whole of the Right, for he had as much mind as Thiers and as much stomach as Murat; Antony Thouret, corpulent and lethargic, was the last. When he appeared on the threshold of the omnibus in all his hugeness, a cry of alarm arose:—Where was he going to sit?

Antony Thouret, noticing Berryer at the bottom of the omnibus, went straight up to him, sat down on his knees, and quietly said to him, "You wanted 'compression,' Monsieur Berryer. Now you have it."

---

## CHAPTER XV.

### MAZAS.

THE police-vans, escorted as far as Mazas by Lancers, found another squadron of Lancers ready to receive them at Mazas. The Representatives descended from the vehicle one by one. The officer commanding the Lancers stood by the door, and watched them pass with a dull curiosity.

Mazas, which has taken the place of the prison of La Force, now pulled down, is a lofty reddish building, close to the terminus of the Lyons Railway, and stands on the waste land of the Faubourg St. Antoine. From a distance the building appears as though built of bricks, but on closer examination it is seen to be constructed of flints set in cement. Six large detached buildings, three stories high, all radiating from a rotunda which serves as the common centre, and touching each other at the starting-point, separated by courtyards which grow broader in proportion as the buildings spread out, pierced with a thousand little dormer windows which give light to the cells, surrounded by a high wall, and presenting from a bird's-eye point of view the shape of a fan—such is Mazas. From the rotunda which forms the centre, springs a sort of minaret, which is the alarm-tower. The ground floor is a round room, which serves as the registrar's office. On the first story is a chapel where a single priest says mass for all; and the observatory, where a single attendant keeps watch over all the doors of all the galleries at the same time. Each building is termed a "division." The courtyards are intersected by high walls into a multitude of little oblong walks.

As each Representative descended from the vehicle he was conducted into the rotunda, where the registry office was situated. There his name was taken down, and in exchange for his name he was assigned a number. Whether the prisoner be a thief or a legislator, such is always the rule in this prison; the *coup d'état* reduced all to a footing of equality. As soon as a Representative was registered and numbered, he was ordered to "file off." They said to him, "Go up stairs," or "Go on;" and they announced him at the end of the corridor to which he was allotted by calling out, "Receive number So-and-So." The gaoler in that particular corridor answered, "Send him on." The prisoner mounted alone, went straight on, and on his arrival found the gaoler standing near an open door. The gaoler said, "Here it is, sir." The prisoner entered, the gaoler shut the door, and they passed on to another.

The *coup d'état* acted in a very different manner towards the various Representatives. Those whom it desired to conciliate, the men of the Right, were placed in Vincennes; those whom it detested, the men of the Left, were placed in Mazas. Those at Vincennes had the quarters of M. Montpensier, which were expressly reopened for them; an excellent dinner,

eaten in company; wax candles, fire, and the smiles and bows of the governor, General Courtigis.

This is how it treated those at Mazas.

A police-van deposited them at the prison. They were transferred from one box to another. At Mazas a clerk registered them, weighed them, measured them, and entered them into the gaol-book as convicts. Having passed through the office, each of them was conducted along a gallery shrouded in darkness, through a long damp vault to a narrow door which was suddenly opened. This reached, a gaoler pushed the Representative in by the shoulders, and the door was shut.

The Representative, thus immured, found himself in a little, long, narrow, dark room. It is this which the prudent language of modern legislation terms a "cell." Here the full daylight of a December noon only produced a dusky twilight. At one end there was a door, with a little grating; at the other, close to the ceiling, at a height of ten or twelve feet, there was a loophole with a fluted glass window. This window dimmed the eye, and prevented it from seeing the blue or grey of the sky, or from distinguishing the cloud from the sun's ray, and invested the wan daylight of winter with an indescribable uncertainty. It was even less than a dim light, it was a turbid light. The inventors of this fluted window succeeded in making the heavens squint.

After a few moments the prisoner began to distinguish objects confusedly, and this is what he found: Whitewashed walls here and there turned green by various exhalations; in one corner a round hole guarded by iron bars, and exhaling a disgusting smell; in another corner a slab turning upon a hinge like the bracket seat of a *fiacre*, and thus capable of being used as a table; no bed; a straw-bottomed chair; under foot a brick floor. Gloom was the first impression; cold was the second. There, then, the prisoner found himself, alone, chilled, in this semi-darkness, being able to walk up and down the space of eight square feet like a caged wolf, or to remain seated on his chair like an idiot at Bicêtre.

In this situation an ex-Republican of the Eve, who had become a member of the majority, and on occasions sided somewhat with the Bonapartists, M. Émile Leroux, who had, moreover, been thrown into Mazas by mistake, having doubtless been taken for some other Leroux, began to weep with rage. Three, four, five hours thus passed away. In the meanwhile they had not eaten since the morning; some of them, in the excitement caused by the *coup d'état* had not even breakfasted. Hunger came upon them. Were they to be forgotten there? No; a bell rang in the prison, the grating of the door opened, and an arm held out to the prisoner a pewter porringer and a piece of bread.

The prisoner greedily seized the bread and the porringer. The bread was black and sticky; the porringer contained a sort of thick water, warm and reddish. Nothing can be compared to the smell of this "soup." As for the bread, it only smelt of mouldiness.

However great their hunger, most of the prisoners during the first moment threw down their bread on the floor, and emptied the porringer down the hole with the iron bars.

Nevertheless the stomach craved, the hours passed by, they picked up the bread, and ended by eating it. One prisoner went so far as to pick up the porringer and to attempt to wipe out the bottom with his bread, which he afterwards devoured. Subsequently, this prisoner, a Representative set at liberty in exile, described to me this dietary, and said to me, "A hungry stomach has no nose."

Meanwhile there was absolute solitude and profound silence. However, in the course of a few hours, M. Émile Leroux—he himself has told the fact to M. Versigny—heard on the other side of the wall on his right a sort of curious knocking, spaced out and intermittent at irregular intervals. He listened, and almost at the same moment on the other side of the wall to his left a similar rapping responded. M. Émile Leroux, enraptured—what a pleasure it was to hear a noise of some kind!—thought of his colleagues, prisoners like

himself, and cried out in a tremendous voice, "Oh, oh! you are there also, you fellows!" He had scarcely uttered this sentence when the door of his cell was opened with a creaking of hinges and bolts; a man—the gaoler—appeared in a great rage, and said to him,—

"Hold your tongue!"

The Representative of the People, somewhat bewildered, asked for an explanation.

"Hold your tongue," replied the gaoler, "or I will pitch you into a dungeon."

This gaoler spoke to the prisoner as the *coup d'état* spoke to the nation.

M. Émile Leroux, with his persistent parliamentary habits, nevertheless attempted to insist.

"What!" said he, "can I not answer signals which two of my colleagues are making to me?"

"Two of your colleagues, indeed," answered the gaoler; "they are two thieves." And he shut the door, shouting with laughter.

They were, in fact, two thieves, between whom M. Émile Leroux was, not crucified, but locked up.

The Mazas prison is so ingeniously built that the least word can be heard from one cell to another. Consequently there is no isolation, notwithstanding the cellular system. Thence this rigorous silence imposed by the perfect and cruel logic of the rules. What do the thieves do? They have invented a telegraphic system of raps, and the rules gain nothing by their stringency. M. Émile Leroux had simply interrupted a conversation which had been begun.

"Don't interfere with our friendly patter," cried out his thief neighbor, who for this exclamation was thrown into the dungeon.

Such was the life of the Representatives at Mazas. Moreover, as they were in secret confinement, not a book, not a sheet of paper, not a pen, not even an hour's exercise in the courtyard was allowed to them.

The thieves also go to Mazas, as we have seen.

But those who know a trade are permitted to work; those who know how to read are supplied with books; those who know how to write are granted a desk and paper; all are permitted the hour's exercise required by the laws of health and authorized by the rules.

The Representatives were allowed nothing whatever. Isolation, close confinement, silence, darkness, cold, "the amount of *ennui* which engenders madness," as Linguet has said when speaking of the Bastille.

To remain seated on a chair all day long, with arms and legs crossed: such was the situation. But the bed! Could they lie down?

No.

There was no bed.

At eight o'clock in the evening the gaoler came into the cell, and reached down, and removed something which was rolled up on a plank near the ceiling. This "something" was a hammock.

The hammock having been fixed, hooked up, and spread out, the gaoler wished his prisoner "Good night."

There was a blanket on the hammock, sometimes a mattress some two inches thick. The prisoner, wrapt in this covering, tried to sleep, and only succeeded in shivering.

But on the morrow he could at least remain lying down all day in his hammock?

Not at all.

At seven o'clock in the morning the gaoler came in, wished the Representative "Good morning," made him get up, and rolled up the hammock on its shelf near the ceiling.

But in this case could not the prisoner take down the authorized hammock, unroll it, hook it up, and lie down again?

Yes, he could. But then there was the dungeon.

This was the routine. The hammock for the night, the chair for the day.

Let us be just, however. Some obtained beds, amongst others MM. Thiers and Roger (du Nord). M. Grévy did not have one.

Mazas is a model prison of progress; it is certain that Mazas is preferable to the *piombi* of Venice, and to the under-water

dungeon of the Châtelet. Theoretical philanthropy has built Mazas. Nevertheless, as has been seen, Mazas leaves plenty to be desired. Let us acknowledge that from a certain point of view the temporary solitary confinement of the law-makers at Mazas does not displease us. There was perhaps something of Providence in the *coup d'état*. Providence, in placing the Legislators at Mazas, has performed an act of good education. Eat of your own cooking; it is not a bad thing that those who own prisons should try them.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE EPISODE OF THE BOULEVARD ST. MARTIN.

When Charamaule and I reached No. 70, Rue Blanche, a steep, lonely street, a man in a sort of naval sub-officer's uniform was walking up and down before the door. The portress, who recognized us, called our attention to him. "Nonsense," said Charamaule, "a man walking about in that manner, and dressed after that fashion, is assuredly not a police spy."

"My dear colleague," said I, "Bedeau has proved that the police are blockheads."

We went upstairs. The drawing-room and a little ante-chamber which led to it were full of Representatives, with whom were mingled a good many persons who did not belong to the Assembly. Some ex-members of the Constituent Assembly were there, amongst others, Bastide and several Democratic journalists. The *Nationale* was represented by Alexander Rey and Léopold Duras, the *Révolution* by Xavier Durrieu, Vasbenter, and Watripon, the *Avénement du Peuple* by H. Coste, nearly all the other editors of the *Avénement* being in prison. About sixty members of the Left were there, and among others Edgar Quinet, Schœlcher, Madier de Montjau, Carnot, Noël Parfait, Pierre Lafranc, Bancel, de Flotte, Bruckner, Chaix, Cassal, Esquiros, Durand-Savoyat, Yvan, Carlos Forel, Etchegoyen, Labrousse, Barthélemy (Eure-et-Loire), Huguenin, Aubrey (du Nord), Malardier, Victor Chauffour, Belin, Renaud, Bac, Versigny, Sain, Joigneaux, Brives, Guilgot, Pelletier, Doutre, Gindrier, Arnauld (de l'Ariége), Raymond (de l'Isère), Brillier, Maigne, Sartin, Raynaud, Léon Vidal, Lafon, Lamargue, Bourzat, and General Rey.

All were standing. They were talking without order. Léopold Duras had just described the investment of the Café Bonvalet. Jules Favre and Baudin, seated at a little table between the two windows, were writing. Baudin had a copy of the Constitution open before him, and was copying Article 68.

When we entered there was silence, and they asked us, "Well, what news?"

Charamaule told them what had just taken place on the Boulevard du Temple, and the advice which he had thought right to give me. They approved his action.

"What is to be done?" was asked on every side. I began to speak.

"Let us go straight to the fact and to the point," said I. "Louis Bonaparte is gaining ground, and we are losing ground, or rather, we should say, he has as yet everything, and we have as yet nothing. Charamaule and I have been obliged to separate ourselves from Colonel Forestier. I doubt if he will succeed. Louis Bonaparte is doing all he can to suppress us, we must no longer keep in the background. We must make our presence felt. We must fan this beginning of the flame of which we have seen the spark on the Boulevard du Temple. A proclamation must be made, no matter by whom it is printed, or how it is placarded, but it is absolutely necessary, and that immediately. Something brief, rapid, and energetic. No set phrases. Ten lines—an appeal to arms! We are the Law, and there are occasions when the Law should utter a war-cry. The Law, outlawing the traitor, is a great and terrible thing. Let us do it."

They interrupted me with "Yes, that is right, a proclamation!"

"Dictate! dictate!"

"Dictate," said Baudin to me, "I will write."

"I dictated:—

"To the People.

"Louis Napoléon Bonaparte is a traitor.

"He has violated the Constitution.

"He is forsworn.

"He is an outlaw——"

They cried out to me on every side,—

"That is right! Outlaw him."

"Go on."

I resumed the dictation. Baudin wrote,—

"The Republican Representatives refer the People and the Army to Article 68——"

They interrupted me: "Quote it in full."

"No," said I, "it would be too long Something is needed which can be placarded on a card, stuck with a wafer, and which can be read in a minute. I will quote Article 110. It is short, and contains the appeal to arms." I resumed,—

"The Republican Representatives refer the People and the Army to Article 68 and to Article 110, which runs thus—'The Constituent Assembly confides the existing Constitution and the Laws which it consecrates to the keeping and the patriotism of all Frenchmen.'

"The People henceforward and for ever in possession of universal suffrage, and who need no Prince for its restitution, will know how to chastise the rebel.

"Let the People do its duty. The Republican Representatives are marching at its head.

"Vive la République! To Arms!"

They applauded.

"Let us all sign," said Pelletier.

"Let us try to find a printing-office without delay," said Schœlcher, "and let the proclamation be posted up immediately."

"Before nightfall—the days are short," added Joigneaux.

"Immediately, immediately, several copies!" called out the Representatives.

Baudin, silent and rapid, had already made a second copy of the proclamation.

A young man, editor of the provincial Republican journal, came out of the crowd, and declared that, if they would give him a copy at once, before two hours should elapse the Proclamation should be posted at all the street corners in Paris.

I asked him,—

"What is your name?"

He answered me,—

"Millière."

Millière. It is in this manner that this name made its first appearance in the gloomy days of our History. I can still see that pale young man, that eye at the same time piercing and half closed, that gentle and forbidding profile. Assassination and the Pantheon awaited him. He was too obscure to enter into the Temple; he was sufficiently deserving to die on its threshold. Baudin showed him the copy which he had just made.

Millière went up to him.

"You do not know me," said he; "my name is Millière; but I know you; you are Baudin."

Baudin held out his hand to him.

I was present at the handshaking between these two spectres.

Xavier Durrieu, who was editor of the *Révolution*, made the same offer as Millière.

A dozen Representatives took their pens and sat down, some around a table, others with a sheet of paper on their knees, and called out to me,—

"Dictate the Proclamation to us."

I had dictated to Baudin, "Louis Napoléon Bonaparte is a traitor." Jules Favre requested the erasure of the word Napoléon, that name of glory fatally powerful with the People and with the Army, and that there should be written, Louis Bonaparte is a traitor.

"You are right," said I to him.

A discussion followed. Some wished to strike out the word "Prince." But the Assembly was impatient. "Quick! quick!" they cried out. "We are in December; the days are short," repeated Joigneaux.

Twelve copies were made at the same time in a few minutes. Schœlcher, Rey, Xavier Durrieu, and Millière each took one, and set out in search of a printing office.

As they went out a man whom I did not know, but who was greeted by several Representatives, entered and said, "Citizens, this house is marked. Troops are on the way to surround you. You have not a second to lose."

Numerous voices were raised,—

"Very well! Let them arrest us!"

"What does it matter to us?"

"Let them complete their crime."

"Colleagues," said I, "let us not allow ourselves to be arrested. After the struggle, as God pleases; but before the combat—No! It is from us that the people are awaiting the initiative. If we are taken, all is at an end. Our duty is to bring on the battle, our right is to cross swords with the *coup d'état*. It must not be allowed to capture us, it must seek us and not find us. We must deceive the arm which it stretches out against us, we must remain concealed from Bonaparte, we must harass him, weary him, astonish him, exhaust him, disappear and reappear unceasingly, change our hiding-place, and always fight him, be always before him, and never beneath his hand. Let us not leave the field. We have not numbers, let us have daring."

They approved of this. "It is right," said they, "but where shall we go?"

Labrousse said,—

"Our former colleague of the Constituent Assembly, Beslay, offers us his house."

"Where does he live?"

"No. 33, Rue de la Cérisaie, in the Marais."

"Very well," answered I, "let us separate. We will meet again in two hours at Beslay's, No. 33, Rue de la Cérisaie."

All left; one after another, and in different directions. I begged Charamaule to go to my house and wait for me there, and I walked out with Noël Parfait and Lafon.

We reached the then still uninhabited districts which skirts the ramparts. As we came to the corner of the Rue Pigalle, we saw at a hundred paces from us, in the deserted streets which cross it, soldiers gliding all along the houses, bending their steps towards the Rue Blanche.

At three o'clock the members of the Left rejoined each other in the Rue de la Cerisaie. But the alarm had been given, and the inhabitants of these lonely streets stationed themselves at the windows to see the Representatives pass. The place of meeting, situated and hemmed in at the bottom of a back yard, was badly chosen in the event of being surrounded; all these disadvantages were at once perceived, and the meeting only lasted a few seconds. It was presided over by Joly; Xavier Durrieu and Jules Gouache, who were editors of the *Révolution*, also took part, as well as several Italian exiles, amongst others Colonel Carini and Montanelli, ex-Minister of the Grand Duke of Tuscany. I liked Montanelli, a gentle and dauntless spirit.

Madier de Montjau brought news from the outskirts. Colonel Forestier, without losing and without taking away hope, told them of the obstacles which he had encountered in his attempts to call together the 6th Legion. He pressed me to sign his appointment as Colonel, as well as Michel de Bourges; but Michel de Bourges was absent, and besides, neither Michel de Bourges nor I had yet at that time the authority from the Left. Nevertheless, under this reservation I signed his appointment. The perplexities were becoming more and more numerous. The Proclamation was not yet printed, and the evening was closing in. Schœlcher explained the difficulties; all the printing offices closed and guarded; an order placarded that whoever should print an appeal to arms would be immediately shot; the workmen terrified; no money. A hat was sent round, and each threw into it what money he had about him. They collected in this manner a few hundred francs.

Xavier Durrieu, whose fiery courage never flagged for a single moment, reiterated that he would undertake the printing, and promised that by eight o'clock that evening there should be 40,000 copies of the Proclamation. Time pressed. They separated, after fixing as a rendezvous the premises of the Society of Cabinet-makers in the Rue de Charonne, at eight o'clock in the evening, so as to allow time for the situation to reveal itself. As we went out and crossed the Rue Beautreillis I saw Pierre Leroux coming up to me. He had

taken no part in our meetings. He said to me,—

"I believe this struggle to be useless. Although my point of view is different from yours, I am your friend. Beware. There is yet time to stop. You are entering into the catacombs. The catacombs are Death."

"They are also Life," answered I.

All the same, I thought with joy that my two sons were in prison, and that this gloomy duty of street fighting was imposed upon me alone.

There yet remained five hours until the time fixed for the rendezvous. I wished to go home, and once more embrace my wife and daughter before precipitating myself into that abyss of the "unknown" which was there, yawning and gloomy, and which several of us were about to enter, never to return.

Arnauld (de l'Ariége) gave me his arm. The two Italian exiles, Carini and Montanelli, accompanied me.

Montanelli took my hands and said to me, "Right will conquer. You will conquer. Oh! that this time France may not be selfish as in 1848, and that she may deliver Italy." I answered him, "She will deliver Europe."

Those were our illusions at that moment, but this, however, does not prevent them from being our hopes to-day. Faith is thus constituted; shadows demonstrate to it the light.

There is a cab-stand before the front gate of St. Paul. We went there. The Rue St. Antoine was alive with that indescribable, uneasy swarming which precedes those strange battles of ideas against deeds which are called Revolutions. I seemed to catch, in this great working-class district, a glimpse of a gleam of light, which, alas, died out speedily. The cab-stand before St. Paul was deserted. The drivers had foreseen the possibility of barricades, and had fled.

Three miles separated Arnauld and myself from our houses. It was impossible to walk there through the middle of Paris, without being recognized at each step. Two passers-by extricated us from our difficulty. One of them said to the other, "The omnibuses are still running on the Boulevards."

We profited by this information, and went to look for a Bastille omnibus. All four of us got in.

I entertained at heart, I repeat, wrongly or rightly, a bitter reproach for the opportunity lost during the morning. I said to myself that on critical days such moments come, but do not return. There are two theories of Revolution: to arouse the people, or to let them come of themselves. The first theory was mine, but, through force of discipline, I had obeyed the second. I reproached myself with this. I said to myself, "The People offered themselves, and we did not accept them. It is for us now not to offer ourselves, but to do more, to give ourselves."

Meanwhile the omnibus had started. It was full. I had taken my place at the bottom on the left; Arnauld (de l'Ariége) sat next to me, Carini opposite, Montanelli next to Arnauld. We did not speak; Arnauld and myself silently exchanged that pressure of hands which is a means of exchanging thoughts.

As the omnibus proceeded towards the centre of Paris the crowd became denser on the Boulevard. As the omnibus entered into the cutting of the Porte St. Martin a regiment of heavy cavalry arrived in the opposite direction. In a few seconds this regiment passed by the side of us. They were cuirassiers. They filed by at a sharp trot and with drawn swords. The people leaned over from the height of the pavements to see them pass. Not a single cry. On the one side the people dejected, on the other the soldiers triumphant. All this stirred me.

Suddenly the regiment halted. I do not know what obstruction momentarily impeded its advance in this narrow cutting of the Boulevard in which we were hemmed in. By its halt it stopped the omnibus. There were the soldiers. We had them under our eyes, before us, at two paces distance, their horses touching the horses of our vehicle, these Frenchmen who had become Mamelukes, these citizen soldiers of the Great Republic transformed into supporters of the degraded Empire.

From the place where I sat I almost touched them; I could no longer restrain myself.

I lowered the window of the omnibus. I put out my head, and, looking fixedly at the dense line of soldiers which faced me, I called out, "Down with Louis Bonaparte. Those who serve traitors are traitors!"

Those nearest to me turned their heads towards me and looked at me with a tipsy air; the others did not stir, and remained at "shoulder arms," the peaks of their helmets over their eyes, their eyes fixed upon the ears of their horses.

In great affairs there is the immobility of statues; in petty, mean affairs there is the immobility of puppets.

At the shout which I raised Arnauld turned sharply round. He also had lowered his window, and he was leaning half out of the omnibus, with his arms extended towards the soldiers, and he shouted, "Down with the traitors!"

To see him thus with his dauntless gesture, his handsome head, pale and calm, his fervent expression, his beard and his long chestnut hair, one seemed to behold the radiant and fulminating face of an angry Christ.

The example was contagious and electrical.

"Down with the traitors!" shouted Carini and Montanelli.

"Down with the Dictator! Down with the traitors!" repeated a gallant young man with whom we were not acquainted, and who was sitting next to Carini.

With the exception of this young man, the whole omnibus seemed seized with terror!

"Hold you tongues!" exclaimed these poor frightened people; "you will cause us all to be massacred." One, still more terrified, lowered the window, and began to shout to the soldiers, "Long live Prince Napoléon! Long live the Emperor!"

There were five of us, and we overpowered this cry by our persistent protest, "Down with Louis Bonaparte! Down with the traitors!"

The soldiers listened in gloomy silence. A corporal turned with a threatening air towards us, and shook his sword. The crowd looked on in bewilderment.

What passed within me at that moment? I cannot tell! I was in a whirlwind. I had at the same time yielded to a calculation, finding the opportunity good, and to a burst of rage, finding the encounter insolent.

A woman cried out to us from the pavement, "You will get yourself cut to pieces." I vaguely imagined that some collision was about to ensue, and that, either from the crowd or from the Army, the spark would fly out. I hoped for a sword cut from the soldiers or a shout of anger from the people. In short I had obeyed rather an instinct than an idea.

But nothing came of it, neither the sword cut nor the shout of anger. The soldiers did not bestir themselves and the people maintained silence. Was it too late? Was it too soon?

The mysterious man of the Elysée had not foreseen the event of an insult to his name being thrown in the very face of the soldiers. The soldiers had no orders. They received them that evening. This was seen on the morrow.

In another moment the regiment broke into a gallop, and the omnibus resumed its journey. As the cuirassiers filed passed us, Arnauld (de l'Ariége), still leaning out of the vehicle, continued to shout in their ears, for as I have just said, their horses touched us, "Down with the Dictator! Down with the traitors!"

We alighted in the Rue Lafitte. Carini, Montanelli, and Arnauld left me, and I went on alone towards the Rue de la Tour d'Auvergene. Night was coming on. As I turned the corner of the street a man passed close by me. By the light of a street lamp I recognized a workman at a neighboring tannery, and he said to me in a low tone, and quickly, "Do not return home. The police surround your house."

I went back again towards the Boulevard, through the streets laid out, but not then built, which make a Y under my windows behind my house. Not being able to embrace my wife and daughter, I thought over what I could do during the

moments which remained to me. A remembrance came into my mind.

---

## CHAPTER XVII.

### THE REBOUND OF THE 24TH JUNE, 1848, ON THE 2ND DECEMBER, 1851.

On Sunday, 26th June, 1848, that four days' combat, that gigantic combat so formidable and so heroic on both sides, still continued, but the insurrection had been overcome nearly everywhere, and was restricted to the Faubourg St. Antoine. Four men who had been amongst the most dauntless defenders of the barricades of the Rue Pont-aux-Choux, of the Rue St. Claudé, and of the Rue St. Louis in the Marais, escaped after the barricades had been taken, and found safe refuge in a house, No. 12, Rue St. Anastase. They were concealed in an attic. The National Guards and the Mobile Guards were hunting for them, in order to shoot them. I was told of this. I was one of the sixty Representatives sent by the Constituent Assembly into the middle of the conflict, charged with the task of everywhere preceding the attacking column, of carrying, even at the peril of their lives, words of peace to the barricades, to prevent the shedding of blood, and to stop the civil war. I went into the Rue St. Anastase, and I saved the lives of those four men.

Amongst those men there was a poor workman of the Rue de Charonne, whose wife was confined at that very moment, and who was weeping. One could understand, when hearing his sobs and seeing his rags, how he had cleared with a single bound these three steps—poverty, despair, rebellion. Their chief was a young man, pale and fair, with high cheek bones, intelligent brow, and an earnest and resolute countenance. As soon as I set him free, and told him my name, he also wept. He said to me, "When I think that an hour ago I knew that you were facing us, and that I wished that the barrel of my gun had eyes to see and kill you!" He added, "In the times in which we live we do not know what may happen. If ever you need me, for whatever purpose, come." His name was Auguste, and he was a wine-seller in the Rue de la Roquette.

Since that time I had only seen him once, on the 26th August, 1849, on the day when I held the corner of Balzac's pall. The funeral procession was going to Père la Chaise. Auguste's shop was on the way. All the streets through which the procession passed were crowded. Auguste was at his door with his young wife and two or three workmen. As I passed he greeted me.

It was this remembrance which came back to my mind as I descended the lonely streets behind my house; in the presence of the 2nd of December I thought of him. I thought that he might give me information about the Faubourg St. Antoine, and help us in rousing the people. This young man had at once given me the impression of a soldier and a leader. I remembered the words which he had spoken to me, and I considered it might be useful to see him. I began by going to find in the Rue St. Anastase the courageous woman who had hidden Auguste and his three companions, to whom she had several times since rendered assistance. I begged her to accompany me. She consented.

On the way I dined upon a cake of chocolate which Charamaule had given me.

The aspects of the boulevards, in coming down the Italiens towards the Marais, had impressed me. The shops were open everywhere as usual. There was little military display. In the wealthy quarters there was much agitation and concentration of troops; but on advancing towards the working-class neighborhoods solitude reigned paramount. Before the Café Turc a regiment was drawn up. A band of young men in blouses passed before the regiment singing the "Marseillaise." I answered them by crying out "To Arms!" The regiment did not stir. The light shone upon the playbills on an adjacent wall; the theatres were open. I looked at the trees as I passed. They were playing *Hernani* at the Théâtre des Italiens, with a new tenor named Guasco.

The Place de la Bastille was frequented, as usual, by goers and comers, the most peaceable folk in the world. A few workmen grouped round the July Column, and, chatting in a low voice, were scarcely noticeable. Through the windows of a wine shop could be seen two men who were disputing for and against the *coup d'état*. He who favored it wore a blouse, he who attacked it wore a cloth coat. A few steps further on a juggler had placed between four candles his X-shaped table, and was displaying his conjuring tricks in the midst of a crowd, who were evidently thinking only of the juggler. On looking towards the gloomy loneliness of the Quai Mazas several harnessed artillery batteries were visible in the darkness. Some lighted torches here and there showed up the black outline of the cannons.

I had some trouble in finding Auguste's door in the Rue de la Roquette. Nearly all the shops were shut, thus making the street very dark. At length through a glass shop-front I noticed a light which gleamed on a pewter counter. Beyond the counter, through a partition also of glass and ornamented with white curtains, another light and the shadows of two or three men at table could be vaguely distinguished. This was the place.

I entered. The door on opening rang a bell. At the sound, the door of the glazed partition which separated the shop from the parlor opened, and Auguste appeared.

He knew me at once, and came up to me.

"Ah, sir," said he, "it is you!"

"Do you know what is going on?" I asked him.

"Yes, sir."

This "Yes, sir," uttered with calmness, and even with a certain embarrassment, told me all. Where I expected an indignant outcry I found this peaceable answer. It seemed to me that I was speaking to the Faubourg St. Antoine itself. I understood that all was at an end in this district, and that we had nothing to expect from it. The people, this wonderful people, had resigned themselves. Nevertheless, I made an effort.

"Louis Bonaparte betrays the Republic," said I, without noticing that I raised my voice.

He touched my arm, and pointing with his finger to the shadows which were pictured on the glazed partition of the parlor, "Take care, sir; do not talk so loudly."

"What!" I exclaimed, "you have come to this—you dare not speak, you dare not utter the name of 'Bonaparte' aloud; you barely mumble a few words in a whisper here, in this street, in the Faubourg St. Antoine, where, from all the doors, from all the windows, from all the pavements, from all the very stones, ought to be heard the cry, 'To Arms.'"

Auguste demonstrated to me what I already saw too clearly, and what Girard had shadowed forth in the morning—the moral situation of the Faubourg—that the people were "dazed"—that it seemed to all of them that universal suffrage was restored; that the downfall of the law of the 31st of May was a good thing.

Here I interrupted him.

"But this law of the 31st of May, it was Louis Bonaparte who instigated it, it was Rouher who made it, it was Baroche who proposed it, and the Bonapartists who voted it. You are dazzled by a thief who has taken your purse, and who restores it to you."

"Not I," said Auguste, "but the others."

And he continued, "To tell the whole truth, people did not care much for the Constitution,—they liked the Republic, but the Republic was maintained too much by force for their taste. In all this they could only see one thing clearly, the cannons ready to slaughter them—they remembered June, 1848—there were some poor people who had suffered greatly—Cavaignac had done much evil—women clung to the men's blouses to prevent them from going to the barricades—nevertheless, with all this, when seeing men like ourselves at their head, they would perhaps fight; but this hindered them, they did not know for what." He concluded by saying, "The upper part of the Faubourg is doing nothing, the lower end will do better. Round

about here they will fight. The Rue de la Roquette is good, the Rue de Charonne is good; but on the side of Père-la Chaise they ask, 'What good will that do us?' They only recognize the forty sous of their day's work. They will not bestir themselves; do not reckon upon the masons." He added, with a smile, "Here we do not say 'cold as stone,' but 'cold as a mason'"—and he resumed, "As for me, if I am alive, it is to you that I owe my life. Dispose of me. I will lay down my life, and will do what you wish."

While he was speaking I saw the white curtain of the glazed partition behind him move a little. His young wife, uneasy, was peeping through at us.

"Ah! my God," said I to him, "what we want is not the life of one man but the efforts of all."

He was silent. I continued,—

"Listen to me, Auguste, you who are good and intelligent. So, then, the Faubourgs of Paris—which are heroes even when they err—the Faubourgs of Paris, for a misunderstanding, for a question of salary wrongly construed, for a bad definition of socialism, rose in June, 1848, against the Assembly elected by themselves, against universal suffrage, against their own vote; and yet they will not rise in December, 1851, for Right, for the Law, for the People, for Liberty, for the Republic. You say that there is perplexity, and that you do not understand; but, on the contrary, it was in June that all was obscure, and it is to-day that everything is clear!"

While I was saying these last words the door of the parlor was softly opened, and some one came in. It was a young man, fair as Auguste, in an overcoat, and wearing a workman's cap. I started. Auguste turned round and said to me, "You can trust him."

The young man took off his cap, came close up to me, carefully turning his back on the glazed partition, and said to me in a low voice, "I know you well. I was on the Boulevard du Temple to-day. We asked you what we were to do; you said 'We must take up arms.' Well, here they are!"

He thrust his hands into the pockets of his overcoat and drew out two pistols.

Almost at the same moment the bell of the street door sounded. He hurriedly put his pistols back into his pockets. A man in a blouse came in, a workman of some fifty years. This man, without looking at any one, without saying anything, threw down a piece of money on the counter. Auguste took a small glass and filled it with brandy, the man drank it off, put down the glass upon the counter and went away.

When the door was shut: "You see," said Auguste to me, "they drink, they eat, they sleep, they think of nothing. Such are they all!"

The other interrupted him impetuously: "One man is not the People!"

And turning towards me,—

"Citizen Victor Hugo, they will march forward. If all do not march, some will march. To tell the truth, it is perhaps not here that a beginning should be made, it is on the other side of the water."

And suddenly checking himself,—

"After all, you probably do not know my name."

He took a little pocket-book from his pocket, tore out a piece of paper, wrote on it his name, and gave it to me. I regret having forgotten that name. He was a working engineer. In order not to compromise him, I burnt this paper with many others on the Saturday morning, when I was on the point of being arrested.

"It is true, sir," said Auguste, "you must not judge badly of the Faubourg. As my friend has said, it will perhaps not be the first to begin; but if there is a rising it will rise."

I exclaimed, "And who would you have erect if the Faubourg St. Antoine be prostrate! Who will be alive if the people be dead!"

The engineer went to the street door, made certain that it was well shut, then came back, and said,—

"There are many men ready and willing. It is the leaders who are wanting. Listen, Citizen Victor Hugo, I can say this to you, and," he added, lowering his voice, "I hope for a movement to-night."

"Where?"

"On the Faubourg St. Marceau."

"At what time?"

"At one o'clock."

"How do you know it?"

"Because I shall be there."

He continued: "Now, Citizen Victor Hugo, if a movement takes place to-night in the Faubourg St. Marceau, will you head it? Do you consent?"

"Yes."

"Have you your scarf of office?"

I half drew it out of my pocket. His eyes glistened with joy.

"Excellent," said he. "The Citizen has his pistols, the Representative his scarf. All are armed."

I questioned him. "Are you sure of your movement for to-night?"

He answered me, "We have prepared it, and we reckon to be there."

"In that case," said I, "as soon as the first barricade is constructed I will be behind it. Come and fetch me."

"Where?"

"Wherever I may be."

He assured me that if the movement should take place during the night he would know it at half-past ten that evening at the latest, and that I should be informed of it before eleven o'clock. We settled that in whatever place I might be at that hour I would send word to Auguste, who undertook to let him know.

The young woman continued to peep out at us. The conversation was growing prolonged, and might seem singular to the people in the parlor. "I am going," said I to Auguste.

I had opened the door, he took my hand, pressed it as a woman might have done, and said to me in a deeply-moved tone, "You are going: will you come back?"

"I do not know."

"It is true," said he. "No one knows what is going to happen. Well, you are perhaps going to be hunted and sought for as I have been. It will perhaps be your turn to be shot, and mine to save you. You know the mouse may sometimes prove useful to the lion. Monsieur Victor Hugo, if you need a refuge, this house is yours. Come here. You will find a bed where you can sleep, and a man who will lay down his life for you."

I thanked him by a hearty shake of the hand, and I left. Eight o'clock struck. I hastened towards the Rue de Charonne.

---

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### REPRESENTATIVES HUNTED DOWN.

At the corner of the Rue de Faubourg St. Antoine before the shop of the grocer Pépin, on the same spot where the immense barricade of June, 1848, was erected as high as the second story, the decrees of the morning had been placarded. Some men were inspecting them, although it was pitch dark, and they could not read them, and an old woman said, "The 'Twenty-five francs' are crushed—so much the better!"

A few steps further I heard my name pronounced. I turned round. It was Jules Favre, Bourzat, Lafon, Madier de Montjau, and Michel de Bourges, who were passing by. I took leave of the brave and devoted woman who had insisted upon accompanying me. A *fiacre* was passing. I put her in it, and then rejoined the five Representatives. They had come from the Rue de Charonne. They had found the premises of the Society of Cabinet Makers closed. "There was no one there," said Madier de Montjau. "These worthy people are beginning to get together a a little capital, they do not wish to compromise it, they are afraid of us. They say, '*coups d'état* are nothing to us, we shall leave them alone!'"

"That does not surprise me," answered I; "a society is a shopkeeper."

"Where are we going?" asked Jules Favre.

Lafon lived two steps from there, at No. 2, Quai Jemmapes. He offered us the use of his rooms. We accepted, and took the necessary measures to inform the members of the Left that we had gone there.

A few minutes afterwards we were installed in Lafon's room, on the fourth

floor of an old and lofty house. This house had seen the taking of the Bastille.

This house was entered by a side-door opening from the Quai Jemmapes upon a narrow courtyard a few steps lower than the Quai itself. Bourzat remained at this door to warn us in case of any accident, and to point out the house to those Representatives who might come up.

In a few moments a large number of us had assembled, and we again met—all those of the morning, with a few added. Lafon gave up his drawing-room to us, the windows of which overlooked the back yard. We organized a sort of "bureau," and we took our places, Jules Favre, Carnot, Michel, and myself, at a large table, lighted by two candles, and placed before the fire. The Representatives and the other people present sat around on chairs and sofas. A group stood before the door.

Michel de Bourges, on entering, exclaimed, "We have come to seek out the people of the Faubourg St. Antoine. Here we are. Here we must remain."

These words were applauded.

They set forth the situation—the torpor of the Faubourgs, no one at the Society of Cabinet Makers, the doors closed nearly everywhere. I told them what I had seen and heard in the Rue de la Roquette, the remarks of the wine-seller, Auguste, on the indifference of the people, the hopes of the engineer, and the possibility of a movement during the night in the Faubourg St. Marceau. It was settled that on the first notice that might be given I should go there.

Nevertheless nothing was yet known of what had taken place during the day. It was announced that M. Havin, Lieutenant-Colonel of the 5th Legion of the National Guard, had ordered the officers of his Legion to attend a meeting.

Some Democratic writers came in, amongst whom were Alexander Rey and Xavier Durrieu, with Kesler, Villiers, and Amable Lemaître of the *Révolution ;* one of these writers was Millière.

Millière had a large bleeding wound above his eye-brow ; that same morning on leaving us, as he was carrying away one of the copies of the Proclamation which I had dictated, a man had thrown himself upon him to snatch it from him. The police had evidently already been informed of the Proclamation, and lay in wait for it ; Millière had a hand-to-hand struggle with the police agent, and had overthrown him, not without bearing away his gash. However, the Proclamation was not yet printed. It was nearly nine o'clock in the evening and nothing had come. Xavier Durrieu asserted that before another hour elapsed they should have the promised forty thousand copies. It was hoped to cover the walls of Paris with them during the night. Each of those present was to serve as a bill-poster.

There were amongst us—an inevitable circumstance in the stormy confusion of the first moments — a good many men whom we did not know. One of these men brought in ten or twelve copies of the appeal to arms. He asked me to sign them with my own hand, in order, he said, that he might be able to show my signature to the people — "Or to the police," whispered Baudin to me smiling. We were not in a position to take such precautions as these. I gave this man all the signatures that he wanted.

Madier de Montjau began to speak. It was of consequence to organize the action of the Left, to impress the unity of impulse upon the movement which was being prepared ; to create a centre for it, to give a pivot to the insurrection, to the Left a direction, and to the People a support. He proposed the immediate formation of a committee representing the entire Left in all it shades, and charged with organizing and directing the insurrection.

All the Representatives cheered this eloquent and courageous man. Seven members were proposed. They named at once Carnot, De Flotte, Jules Favre, Madier de Montjau, Michel de Bourges, and myself ; and thus was unanimously formed this Committee of Insurrection, which at my request was called a Committee of Resistance ; for it was Louis Bonaparte who was the insurgent. For ourselves, we were the Republic. It was

desired that one workman-Representative should be admitted to the committee. Faure (du Rhône) was nominated. But Faure, we learned later on, had been arrested that morning. The committee then was, in fact, composed of six members.

The committee organized itself during the sitting. A Committee of Permanency was formed from amongst it, and invested with the authority of decreeing "urgency" in the name of all the Left, of concentrating all news, information, directions, instructions, resources, orders. This Committee of Permanency was composed of four members, who were Carnot, Michel de Bourges, Jules Favre, and myself. De Flotte and Madier de Montjau were specially delegated, De Flotte for the left bank of the river and the district of the schools, Madier for the Boulevards and the outskirts.

These preliminary operations being terminated, Lafon took aside Michel de Bourges and myself, and told us that the ex-Constituent Proudhon had inquired for one of us two, that he had remained downstairs nearly a quarter of an hour, and that he had gone away, saying that he would wait for us in the Place de la Bastille.

Proudhon, who was at that time undergoing a term of three years' imprisonment at St. Pélagie for an offense against Louis Bonaparte, was granted a leave of absence from time to time. Chance willed it that one of these liberty days had fallen on the 2nd of December.

This is an incident which one cannot help noting. On the 2nd of December Proudhon was a prisoner by virtue of a lawful sentence, and at the same moment at which they illegally imprisoned the inviolable Representatives, Proudhon, whom they could have legitimately detained, was allowed to go out. Proudhon had profited by his liberty to come and find us.

I knew Proudhon from having seen him at the Conciergerie, where my two sons were shut up, and my two illustrious friends, Auguste Vacquérie and Paul Meurice, and those gallant writers, Louis Jourdan, Erdan, and Suchet. I could not help thinking that on that day they would assuredly not have given leave of absence to these men.

Meanwhile Xavier Durrieu whispered to me, "I have just left Proudhon. He wishes to see you. He is waiting for you down below, close by, at the entrance to the Place. You will find him leaning on the parapet of the canal."

"I am going," said I.

I went downstairs.

I found in truth, at the spot mentioned, Proudhon, leaning with his two elbows on the parapet. He wore that broad-brimmed hat in which I had often seen him striding alone up and down the courtyard of the Conciergerie.

I went up to him.

"You wish to speak to me."

"Yes," and he shook me by the hand.

The corner where we were standing was lonely. On the left there was the Place de la Bastille, dark and gloomy; one could see nothing there, but one could feel a crowd; regiments were there in battle array; they did not bivouac, they were ready to march; the muffled sound of breathing could be heard; the square was full of that glistening shower of pale sparks which bayonets give forth at night time. Above this abyss of shadows rose up black and stark the Column of July.

Proudhon resumed,—

"Listen. I come to give you a friendly warning. You are entertaining illusions. The People are ensnared in this affair. They will not stir. Bonaparte will carry them with him. This rubbish, the restitution of universal suffrage, entraps the simpletons. Bonaparte passes for a Socialist. He has said, 'I will be the Emperor of the Rabble.' It is a piece of insolence. But insolence has a chance of success when it has this at its service."

And Proudhon pointed with his finger to the sinister gleam of the bayonets. He continued,—

"Bonaparte has an object in view. The Republic has made the People. He wishes to restore the Populace. He will succeed and you will fail. He has on his side force, cannons, the mistake of the people,

and the folly of the Assembly. The few of the Left to which you belong will not succeed in overthrowing the *coup d'état*. You are honest, and he has this advantage over you—that he is a rogue. You have scruples, and he has this advantage over you—that he has none. Believe me. Resist no longer. The situation is without resources. We must wait; but at this moment fighting would be madness. What do you hope for?"

"Nothing," said I.

"And what are you going to do?"

"Everything."

By the tone of my voice he understood that further persistence was useless.

"Good-bye," he said.

We parted. He disappeared in the darkness. I have never seen him since.

I went up again to Lafon's rooms.

In the meantime the copies of the appeal to arms did not come to hand. The Representatives, becoming uneasy, went up and down stairs. Some of them went out on the Quai Jemmapes, to wait there and gain information about them. In the room there was a sound of confused talking. The members of the Committee, Madier de Montjau, Jules Favre, and Carnot, withdrew, and sent word to me by Charamaule that they were going to No. 10, Rue des Moulins, to the house of the ex-Constituent Landrin, in the division of the 5th Legion, to deliberate more at their ease, and they begged me to join them. But I thought I should do better to remain. I had placed myself at the disposal of the probable movement of the Faubourg St. Marceau. I awaited the notice of it through Auguste. It was most important that I should not go too far away; besides, it was possible that if I went away, the Representatives of the Left, no longer seeing a member of the committee amongst them, would disperse without taking any resolution, and I saw in this more than one disadvantage.

Time passed, no Proclamations. We learned the next day that the packages had been seized by the police. Cournet, an ex-Republican naval officer who was present, began to speak. We shall see presently what sort of a man Cournet was, and of what an energetic and determined nature he was composed. He represented to us that as we had been there nearly two hours the police would certainly end by being informed of our whereabouts, that the members of the Left had an imperative duty—to keep themselves at all costs at the head of the People, that the necessity itself of their situation imposed upon them the precaution of frequently changing their place of retreat, and he ended by offering us, for our deliberation, his house and his workshops, No. 82, Rue Popincourt, at the bottom of a blind alley, and also in the neighborhood of the Faubourg St. Antoine.

This offer was accepted. I sent to inform Auguste of our change of abode, and of Cournet's address. Lafon remained on the Quai Jemmapes in order to forward on the Proclamation as soon as they arrived, and we set out at once.

Charamaule undertook to send to the Rue des Moulins to tell the other members of the committee that we would wait for them at No. 82, Rue Popincourt.

We walked, as in the morning, in little separate groups. The Quai Jemmapes skirts the left bank of the St. Martin Canal; we went up it. We only met a few solitary workmen, who looked back when we had passed, and stopped behind us with an air of astonishment. The night was dark. A few drops of rain were falling.

A little beyond the Rue de Chemin Vert we turned to the right and reached the Rue Popincourt. There all was deserted, extinguished, closed, and silent, as in the Faubourg St. Antoine. This street is of great length. We walked for a long time; we passed by the barracks. Cournet was no longer with us; he had remained behind to inform some of his friends, and we were told to take defensive measures in case his house was attacked. We looked for No. 82. The darkness was such that we could not distinguish the numbers on the houses. At length, at the end of the street, on the right, we saw a light; it was a grocer's shop, the only one open throughout the street. One of us entered, and asked the grocer, who

was sitting behind his counter, to show us M. Cournet's house. "Opposite," said the grocer, pointing to an old and low carriage entrance which could be seen on the other side of the street, almost facing his shop.

We knocked at this door. It was opened. Baudin entered first, tapped at the window of the porter's lodge, and asked, "Monsieur Cournet?"—An old woman's voice answered, "Here."

The portress was in bed; all in the house sleeping. We went in.

Having entered, and the gate being shut behind us, we found ourselves in a little square courtyard which formed the centre of a sort of a two-storied ruin; the silence of a convent prevailed; not a light was to be seen at the windows; near a shed was seen a low entrance to a narrow, dark, and winding staircase. "We have made some mistake," said Charamaule; "it is impossible that it can be here."

Meanwhile the portress, hearing all these trampling steps beneath her doorway, had become wide awake, had lighted her lamp, and we could see her in her lodge, her face pressed against the window, gazing with alarm at these sixty dark phantoms, motionless, and standing in her courtyard.

Esquiros addressed her: "Is this really M. Cournet's house?" said he.

"M. Cornet, without doubt," answered the good old woman.

All was explained. We had asked for Cournet, the grocer had understood Cornet, the portress had understood Cornet. It chanced that M. Cornet lived there.

We shall see by and by what an extraordinary service chance had rendered us.

We went out, to the great relief of the poor portress, and we resumed our search. Xavier Durrieu succeeded in ascertaining our whereabouts, and extricated us from our difficulty.

A few moments afterwards we turned to the left, and we entered into a blind alley of considerable length and dimly lighted by an old oil lamp—one of those with which Paris was formerly lighted—then again to the left, and we entered through a narrow passage into a large courtyard encumbered with sheds and building materials. This time we had reached Cournet's.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### ONE FOOT IN THE TOMB.

COURNET was waiting for us. He received us on the ground floor, in a parlor where there was a fire, a table, and some chairs; but the room was so small that a quarter of us filled it to overflowing, and the others remained in the courtyard. "It is impossible to deliberate here," said Bancel. "I have a larger room on the first floor," answered Cournet, "but it is a building in course of construction, which is not yet furnished, and were there is no fire."—"What does it matter?" they answered him. "Let us go up to the first floor."

We went up to the first floor by a steep and narrow wooden staircase, and we took possession of two rooms with very low ceilings, but of which one was sufficiently large. The walls were whitewashed, and a few straw-covered stools formed the whole of its furniture.

They called out to me, "Preside."

I sat down on one of the stools in the corner of the first room, with the fireplace on my right and on my left the door opening upon the staircase. Baudin said to me, "I have a pencil and paper. I will act as secretary to you." He sat down on a stool next to me.

The Representatives and those present, amongst whom were several men in blouses, remained standing, forming in front of Baudin and myself a sort of square, backed by the two walls of the room opposite to us. This crowd extended as far as the staircase. A lighted candle was placed on the chimney-piece.

A common spirit animated this meeting. The faces were pale, but in every eye could be seen the same firm resolution. In all these shadows glistened the same flame. Several simultaneously asked permission to speak. I requested them to give their names to Baudin, who wrote them down, and then passed me the list.

The first speaker was a workman. He began by apologizing for mingling with the Representatives, he a stranger to the Assembly. The Representatives inter-

rupted him. "No, no," they said, "the People and Representatives are all one! Speak, ——!" He declared that if he spoke it was in order to clear from all suspicion the honor of his brethren, the workmen of Paris; that he had heard some Representatives express doubt about them. He asserted that this was unjust, that the workmen realized the whole crime of M. Bonaparte and the whole duty of the People, that they would not be deaf to the appeal of the Republican Representatives, and that this would be clearly shown. He said all this, simply, with a sort of proud shyness and of honest bluntness. He kept his word. I found him the next day fighting on the Rambuteau barricade.

Mathieu (de la Drôme) came in as the workman concluded. "I bring news," he exclaimed. A profound silence ensued.

As I have already said, we vaguely knew since the morning that the Right were to have assembled, and that a certain number of our friends had probably taken part in the meeting, and that was all. Mathieu (de la Drôme) brought us the events of the day, the details of the arrests at their own houses carried out without any obstacle, of the meeting which had taken place at M. Daru's house and its rough treatment in the Rue de Bourgogne, of the Representatives expelled from the Hall of the Assembly, of the meanness of President Dupin, of the melting away of the High Court, of the total inaction of the Council of State, of the sad sitting held at the Mairie of the Tenth Arrondissement, of the Oudinot *fiasco*, of the decree of the deposition of the President, and of the two hundred and twenty forcibly arrested and taken to the Quai d'Orsay. He concluded in a manly style: "The duty of the Left was increasing hourly. The morrow would probably prove decisive." He implored the meeting to take this into consideration.

A workman added a fact. He had happened in the morning to be in the Rue de Grenelle during the passage of the arrested members of the Assembly; he was there at the moment when one of the commanders of the Chasseurs de Vincennes had uttered these words, "Now it is the turn of those gentlemen—the Red Representatives. Let them look out for themselves!"

One of the editors of the *Révolution*, Hennett de Kesler, who afterwards became an intrepid exile, completed the information of Mathieu (de la Drôme). He recounted the action taken by two members of the Assembly with regard to the so-called Minister of the Interior, Morny, and the answer of the said Morny: "If I find any of the Representatives behind the barricades, I will have them shot to the last man," and that other saying of the same witty vagabond respecting the members taken to the Quai d'Orsay, "These are the last Representatives who will be made prisoners." He told us that a placard was at that very moment being printed which declared that "Any one who should be found at a secret meeting would be immediately shot." The placard, in truth, appeared the next morning.

Baudin rose up. "The *coup d'état* redoubles its rage," exclaimed he. "Citizens, let us redouble our energy!"

Suddenly a man in a blouse entered. He was out of breath. He had run hard. He told us that he had just seen, and he repeated, had seen with "his own eyes," in the Rue Popincourt, a regiment marching in silence, and wending its way towards the blind alley of No. 82, that we were surrounded, and that we were about to be attacked. He begged us to disperse immediately.

"Citizen Representatives," called out Cournet, "I have placed scouts in the blind alley who will fall back and warn us if the regiment penetrates thither. The door is narrow and will be barricaded in the twinkling of an eye. We are here, with you, fifty armed and resolute men, and at the first shot we shall be two hundred. We are provided with ammunition. You can deliberate calmly."

And as he concluded he raised his right arm, and from his sleeve fell a large poniard, which he had concealed, and with the other hand he rattled in his pocket the butts of a pair of pistols.

"Very well," said I, "let us continue."

Three of the youngest and most eloquent orators of the Left, Bancel, Arnauld (de l'Ariége) and Victor Chauffour, delivered their opinions in succession. All three were imbued with this notion, that our appeal to arms not having yet been placarded, the different incidents of the Boulevard du Temple and of the Café Bonvalet having brought about no results, none of our decrees, owing to the repressive measures of Bonaparte, having yet succeeded in appearing, while the events at the Mairie of the Tenth Arrondissement began to be spread abroad through Paris, it seemed as though the Right had commenced active resistance before the Left. A generous rivalry for the public safety spurred them on. It was delightful to them to know that a regiment ready to attack was close by, within a few steps, and that perhaps in a few moments their blood would flow.

Moreover, advice abounded, and with advice, uncertainty. Some illusions were still entertained. A workman, leaning close to me against the fireplace, said in a low voice to one of his comrades that the People must not be reckoned upon, and that if we fought "we should perpetrate a madness."

The incidents and events of the day had in some degree modified my opinion as to the course to be followed in this grave crisis. The silence of the crowd at the moment when Arnauld (de l'Ariége) and I had apostrophized the troops, had destroyed the impression which a few hours before the enthusiasm of the people on the Boulevard du Temple had left with me. The hesitation of Auguste had impressed me, the Society of Cabinet Makers appeared to shun us, the torpor of the Faubourg St. Antoine was manifest, the inertness of the Faubourg St. Marceau was not less so. I ought to have received notice from the engineer before eleven o'clock, and eleven o'clock was past. Our hopes died away one after another. Nevertheless, all the more reason, in my opinion, to astonish and awaken Paris by an extraordinary spectacle, by a daring act of life and collective power on the part of the Representatives of the Left, by the daring of an immense devotion.

It will be seen later on what a combination of accidental circumstances prevented this idea from being realized as I then purposed. The Representatives have done their whole duty. Providence perhaps has not done all on its side. But be it as it may, supposing that we were not at once carried off by some nocturnal and immediate combat, and that at the hour at which I was speaking we had still a "to-morrow," I felt the necessity of fixing every eye upon the course which should be adopted on the day which was about to follow.—I spoke.

I began by completely unveiling the situation. I painted the picture in four words: the Constitution thrown into the gutter; the Assembly driven to prison with the butt-end of a musket, the Council of State dispersed; the High Court expelled by a galley-sergeant, a manifest beginning of victory for Louis Bonaparte, Paris ensnared in the army as though in a net; bewilderment everywhere, all authority overthrown; all compacts annulled; two things only remained standing, the *coup d'état* and ourselves.

"Ourselves! and who are we?"

"We are," said I, "we are Truth and Justice! We are the supreme and sovereign power, the People incarnate — Right!"

I continued,—

"Louis Bonaparte, at every minute which elapses, advances a step further in his crime. For him nothing is inviolable, nothing is sacred; this morning he violated the Palace of the Representatives of the Nation; a few hours later he laid violent hands on their persons; to-morrow, perhaps in a few moments, he will shed their blood. Well then! he marches upon us, let us march upon him. The danger grows greater, let us grow greater with the danger."

A movement of assent passed through the Assembly. I continued,—

"I repeat and insist. Let us show no mercy to this wretched Bonaparte for any of the enormities which his outrage contains. As he has drawn the wine—I

should say the blood—he must drink it up. We are not individuals, we are the Nation. Each of us walks forth clothed with the Sovereignty of the People. He cannot strike our persons without rending that. Let us compel his volleys to pierce our sashes as well as our breasts. This man is on a road where logic grasps him and leads him to parricide. What he is killing in this moment is the country! Well, then! when the ball of Executive Power pierces the sash of Legislative Power, it is visible parricide! It is this that must be understood!"

"We are quite ready!" they cried out. "What measures would you advise us to adopt?"

"No half measures," answered I; "a deed of grandeur! To-morrow—if we leave here this night—let us all meet in the Faubourg St. Antoine!"

They interposed, "Why the Faubourg St. Antoine?"

"Yes," resumed I, "the Faubourg St. Antoine! I cannot believe that the heart of the People has ceased to beat there. Let us all meet to-morrow in the Faubourg St. Antoine. Opposite the Lenoir Market there is a hall which was used by a club in 1848."

They cried out to me, "The Salle Roysin."

"That is it," said I, "the Salle Roysin. We who remain free number a hundred and twenty Republican Representatives. Let us instal ourselves in this hall. Let us instal ourselves in the fulness and majesty of the Legislative Power. Henceforward we are the Assembly, the whole of the Assembly! Let us sit there, deliberate there, in our official sashes, in the midst of the People. Let us summon the Faubourg St. Antoine to its duty, let us shelter there the National Representation, let us shelter there the popular sovereignty. Let us intrust the People to the keeping of the People. Let us adjure them to protect themselves. If necessary, let us order them!"

A voice interrupted me: "You cannot give orders to the People!"

"Yes!" I cried, "when it is a question of public safety, of the universal safety, when it is a question of the future of every European nationality, when it is a question of defending the Republic, Liberty, Civilization, the Revolution, we have the right—we, the Representatives of the entire nation—to give, in the name of the French People, orders to the people of Paris! Let us, therefore, meet to-morrow at this Salle Roysin; but at what time? Not too early in the morning. In broad day. It is necessary that the shops should be open, that people should be coming and going, that the population should be moving about, that there should be plenty of people in the streets, that they should see us, that they should recognize us, that the grandeur of our example should strike every eye and stir every heart. Let us all be there between nine and ten o'clock in the morning. If we cannot obtain the Salle Roysin we will take the first church at hand, a stable, a shed, some enclosure where we can deliberate; at need, as Michel de Bourges has said, we will hold our sittings in a square bounded by four barricades. But provisionally I suggest the Salle Roysin. Do not forget that in such a crisis there must be no vacuum before the nation. That alarms it. There must be a government somewhere, and it must be known. The rebellion at the Elysée, the Government at the Faubourg St. Antoine; the Left, the Government, the Faubourg St. Antoine the citadel; such are the ideas which from to-morrow we must impress upon the mind of Paris. To the Salle Roysin, then! Thence in the midst of the dauntless throng of workmen of that great district of Paris, enclosed in the Faubourg as in a fortress, being both Legislators and Generals, multiplying and inventing means of defence and of attack, launching Proclamations and unearthing the pavements, employing the women in writing out placards while the men are fighting, we will issue a warrant against Louis Bonaparte, we will issue warrants against his accomplices, we will declare the military chiefs traitors, we will outlaw in a body all the crime and all the criminals, we will summon the citizens to arms, we will recall the army to duty, we will rise up before Louis Bonaparte, terri-

ble as the living Republic, we will fight on the one hand with the power of the Law, and on the other with the power of the People, we will overwhelm this miserable rebel, and will rise up above his head both as a great Lawful Power and a great Revolutionary Power!"

While speaking I became intoxicated with my own ideas. My enthusiasm communicated itself to the meeting. They cheered me. I saw that I was becoming somewhat too hopeful, that I allowed myself to be carried away, and that I carried them away; that I presented to them success as possible, as even easy, at a moment when it was important that no one should entertain an illusion. The truth was gloomy, and it was my duty to tell it. I let silence be re-estalished, and I signed with my hand that I had a last word to say. I then resumed, lowering my voice,—

"Listen, calculate carefully what you are doing. On one side a hundred thousand men, seventeen harnessed batteries, six thousand cannon-mouths in the forts, magazines, arsenals, ammunition sufficient to carry out a Russian campaign; on the other a hundred and twenty Representatives, a thousand or twelve hundred patriots, six hundred muskets, two cartridges per man, not a drum to beat to arms, not a bell to sound the tocsin, not a printing office to print a Proclamation; barely here and there a lithographic press, and a cellar where a hand-bill can be hurriedly and furtively printed with the brush; the penalty of death against any one who unearths a paving stone, penalty of death against any one who would enlist in our ranks, penalty of death against any one who is found in a secret meeting, penalty of death against any one who shall post up an appeal to arms; if you are taken during the combat, death; if you are taken after the combat, transportation or exile; on the one side an army and a Crime; on the other a handful of men and Right. Such is this struggle. Do you accept it?"

A unanimous shout answered me, "Yes! yes!"

This shout did not come from the mouths, it came from the souls. Baudin, still seated next to me, pressed my hand in silence.

It was settled therefore at once that they should meet again on the next day, Wednesday, between nine and ten in the morning, at the Salle Roysin, that they should arrive singly or by little separate groups, and that they should let those who were absent know of this rendezvous. This done, there remained nothing more but to separate. It was about midnight.

One of Cournet's scouts entered. "Citizen Representatives," he said, "the regiment is no longer there. The street is free."

The regiment, which had probably come from the Popincourt barracks close at hand, had occupied the street opposite the blind alley for more than half an hour, and then had returned to the barracks. Had they judged the attack inopportune or dangerous at night in that narrow, blind alley, and in the centre of this formidable Popincourt district, where the insurrection had so long held its own in June, 1848? It appeared certain that the soldiers had searched several houses in the neighborbood. According to details which we learned subsequently, we were followed after leaving No. 2, Quai Jemmapes, by an agent of police, who saw us enter the house where a M. Cornet was lodging, and who at once proceeded to the Prefecture to denounce our place of refuge to his chiefs. The regiment sent to arrest us surrounded the house, ransacked it from attic to cellar, found nothing, and went away.

This quasi-synonym of Cornet and Cournet had misled the bloodhounds of the *coup d'état*. Chance, we see, had interposed usefully in our affairs.

I was talking at the door with Baudin, and we were making some last arrangements, when a young man with a chestnut beard, dressed like a man of fashion, and possessing all the manners of one, and whom I had noticed while speaking, came up to me.

"Monsieur Victor Hugo," said he, "where are you going to sleep?"

Up to that moment I had not thought of this.

It was far from prudent to go home.

"In truth," I answered, "I have not the least idea."

"Will you come to my house?"

"I shall be very happy."

He told me his name. It was M. de la R——. He knew my brother Abel's wife and family, the Montferriers, relations of the Cambacères, and he lived in the Rue Caumàrtin. He had been a Prefect under the Provisional Government. There was a carriage in waiting. We got in, and as Baudin told me that he would pass the night at Cournet's, I gave him the address of M. de la R——, so that he could send for me if any notice of the movement came from the Faubourg St. Marceau or elsewhere. But I hoped for nothing more that night, and I was right.

About a quarter of an hour after the separation of the Representatives, and after we had left the Rue Popincourt, Jules Favre, Madier de Montjau, de Flotte, and Carnot, to whom we had sent word to the Rue des Moulins, arrived at Cournet's, accompanied by Schœlcher, by Charamaule, by Aubry (du Nord), and by Bastide. Some Representatives were still remaining at Cournet's. Several, like Baudin, were going to pass the night there. They told our colleagues what had been settled respecting my proposition, and of the rendezvous at the Salle Roysin; only it appears that there was some doubt regarding the hour agreed upon, and that Baudin in particular did not exactly remember it, and that our colleagues believed that the rendezvous, which had been fixed for nine o'clock in the morning, was fixed for eight.

This alteration in the hour, due to the treachery of memory for which no one can be blamed, prevented the realization of the plan which I had conceived of an Assembly holding its sittings in the Faubourg, and giving battle to Louis Bonaparte, but gave us as a compensation the heroic exploits of the Ste. Marguerite barricade.

---

## CHAPTER XX.

### THE BURIAL OF A GREAT ANNIVERSARY.

Such was the first day. Let us look at it steadfastly. It deserves it. It is the anniversary of Austerlitz; the Nephew commemorates the Uncle. Austerlitz is the most brilliant battle of History; the Nephew set himself this problem—how to commit a baseness equal to this magnificence. He succeeded.

This first day, which will be followed by others, is already complete. Everything is there. It is the most terrible attempt at a thrust backwards that has ever been essayed. Never has such a crumbling of civilization been seen. All that formed the edifice is now a ruin; the soil is strewn with the fragments. In one night the inviolability of the Law, the Right of the Citizen, the Dignity of the Judge, and the Honor of the Soldier have disappeared. Terrible substitutions have taken place; there was the oath, there is perjury; there was the flag, there is a rag; there was the Army, there is a band of brigands; there was Justice, there is treason; there was the code of laws, there is the sabre; there was a Government, there is a crew of swindlers; there was France, there is a den of thieves. This called itself Society Saved.

It is the rescue of the traveler by the highwayman.

France was passing by; Bonaparte cried, "Stand and deliver!"

The hypocrisy which had preceded the Crime, equals in deformity the impudence which has followed it. The nation was trustful and calm. There was a sudden and cynical shock. History has recorded nothing equal to the Second of December. Here there was no glory, nothing but meanness. No deceptive picture. He could have declared himself honest; he declares himself infamous; nothing more simple. This day, almost unintelligible in its success, has proved that Politics possess their obscene side. Louis Bonaparte has shown himself unmasked.

Yesterday President of the Republic, today a scavenger. He has sworn, he still

swears: but the tone has changed. The oath has become an imprecation. Yesterday he called himself a maiden; to-day he becomes a brazen woman, and laughs at his dupes. Picture to yourself Joan of Arc confessing herself to be Messalina. Such is the Second of December.

Women are mixed up in this treason. It is an outrage which savors both of the boudoir and of the galleys. There wafts across the fetidness of blood an undefined scent of patchouli. The accomplices of this act of brigandage are most agreeable men—Romieu, Morny. Getting into debt leads one to commit crimes.

Europe was astounded. It was a thunder-bolt from a thief. It must be acknowledged that thunder can fall into bad hands. Palmerston, that traitor, approved of it. Old Metternich, a dreamer in his villa at Rennweg, shook his head. As to Soult, the man of Austerlitz after Napoleon, he did what he ought to do; on the very day of the Crime he died. Alas! and Austerlitz also.

---

## *SECOND DAY.—THE STRUGGLE.*

---

### CHAPTER I.

#### THEY COME TO ARREST ME.

In order to reach the Rue Caumartin from the Rue Popincourt, all Paris has to be crossed. We found a great apparent calm everywhere. It was one o'clock in the morning when we reached M. de la R——'s house. The *fiacre* stopped near a grated door, which M. de la R—— opened with a latch-key; on the right, under the archway, a staircase ascended to the first floor of a solitary detached building which M. de la R—— inhabited, and into which he led me.

We entered a little drawing-room very richly furnished, lighted with a night-lamp, and separated from the bedroom by a tapestry curtain two-thirds drawn. M. de la R—— went into the bedroom, and a few minutes afterwards came back again, accompanied by a charming woman, pale and fair, in a dressing-gown, her hair down, handsome, fresh, bewildered, gentle nevertheless, and looking at me with that alarm which in a young face confers an additional grace. Madame de la R—— had just been awakened by her husband. She remained a moment on the threshold of her chamber, smiling, half asleep, greatly astonished, somewhat frightened, looking by turns at her husband and at me, never having dreamed perhaps what civil war really meant, and seeing it enter abruptly into her rooms in the middle of the night under this disquieting form of an unknown person who asks for a refuge.

I made Madame de la R—— a thousand apologies, which she received with perfect kindness, and the charming woman profited by the incident to go and caress a pretty little girl of two years old who was sleeping at the end of the room in her cot, and the child whom she kissed caused her to forgive the refugee who had awakened her.

While chatting, M. de la R—— lighted a capital fire in the grate, and his wife, with a pillow and cushions, a hooded cloak belonging to him, and a pelisse belonging to herself, improvised opposite the fire a bed on a sofa, somewhat short, and which we lengthened by means of an arm-chair.

During the deliberation in the Rue Popincourt, at which I had just presided, Baudin had lent me his pencil to jot down some names. I still had this pencil with me. I made use of it to write a letter to my wife, which Madame de la R—— undertook to convey herself to Madame Victor Hugo the next day. While emptying my pockets I found a box for the "Italiens," which I offered to Madame de la R——. On that evening (Tuesday, December 2nd) they were to play *Hernani*.

I looked at that cot, these two handsome, happy young people, and at myself, my disordered hair and clothes, my boots covered with mud, gloomy thoughts in my mind, and I felt like an owl in a nest of nightingales.

A few moments afterwards M. and Madame de la R—— had disappeared into their bedroom, and the half-opened curtain was closed. I stretched myself, fully dressed as I was, upon the sofa, and this gentle nest disturbed by me subsided into its graceful silence.

One can sleep on the eve of a battle between two armies, but on the eve of a battle between citizens there can be no sleep. I counted each hour as it sounded from a neighboring church; throughout the night there passed down the street, which was beneath the windows of the room where I was lying, carriages which were fleeing from Paris. They succeeded each other rapidly and hurriedly; one might have imagined it was the exit from a ball. Not being able to sleep, I got up. I had slightly parted the muslin curtains of a window, and I tried to look outside; the darkness was complete. No stars, clouds were flying by with the turbulent violence of a winter night. A melancholy wind howled. This wind of clouds resembled the wind of events.

I watched the sleeping baby. I waited for dawn. It came. M. de la R—— had explained at my request in what manner I could go out without disturbing any one. I kissed the child's forehead, and left the room. I went downstairs, closing the doors behind me as gently as I could, so as not to wake Madame de la R——. I opened the iron door and went out into the street. It was deserted, the shops were still shut, and a milkwoman, with her donkey by her side, was quietly arranging her cans on the pavement.

I have not seen M. de la R—— again. I learned since that he wrote to me in my exile, and that his letter was intercepted. He has, I believe, quitted France. May this touching page convey to him my kind remembrances.

The Rue Caumartin leads into the Rue St. Lazare. I went towards it. It was broad daylight. At every moment I was overtaken and passed by *fiacres* laden with trunks and packages, which were hastening towards the Havre railway station. Passers-by began to appear. Some baggage trains were mounting the Rue St. Lazare at the same time as myself. Opposite No. 42, formerly inhabited by Mdlle. Mars, I saw a new bill posted on the wall. I went up to it, I recognized the type of the National Printing Office, and I read,—

"Composition of the New Ministry.

"*Interior*—M. de Morny.
"*War*—The General of Division St. Arnaud.
"*Foreign Affairs*—M. de Turgot.
"*Justice*—M. Rouher.
"*Finance*—M. Fould.
"*Marine*—M. Ducos.
"*Public Works*—M. Magne.
"*Public Instruction*—M. H. Fortuol.
"*Commerce*—M. Lefebre-Duruflé."

I tore down the bill, and threw it into the gutter! the soldiers of the party who were leading the wagons watched me do it, and went their way.

In the Rue St. Georges, near a side-door, there was another bill. It was the "Appeal to the People." Some persons were reading it. I tore it down, notwithstanding the resistance of the porter, who appeared to me to be entrusted with the duty of protecting it.

As I passed by the Place Bréda some *fiacres* had already arrived there. I took one. I was near home, the temptation was too great, I went there. On seeing me cross the courtyard the porter looked at me with a stupefied air. I rang the bell. My servant, Isidore, opened the door, and exclaimed with a great cry, "Ah! it is you, sir! They came during the night to arrest you." I went into my wife's room. She was in bed, but not asleep, and she told me what had happened.

She had gone to bed at eleven o'clock. Towards half-past twelve, during that species of drowsiness which resembles sleeplessness, she heard men's voices. It seemed to her that Isidore was speaking to some one in the ante-chamber. At first she did not take any notice, and tried to go to sleep again, but the noise of voices continued. She sat up, and rang the bell.

Isidore came in. She asked him,

"Is any one there?"

"Yes, madam."

"Who is it?"

"A man who wishes to speak to master."

"Your master is out."

"That is what I have told him, madam."

"Well, is not the gentleman going?"

"No madam, he says that he urgently needs to speak to Monsieur Victor Hugo, and that he will wait for him."

Isidore had stopped on the threshold of the bedroom. While he spoke a fat, fresh-looking man in an overcoat, under which could be seen a black coat, appeared at the door behind him.

Madam Victor Hugo noticed this man, who was silently listening.

"Is it you, sir, who wish to speak to Monsieur Victor Hugo?"

"Yes, madam."

"He is out."

"I shall have the honor of waiting for him, madam."

"He will not come back."

"Nevertheless I must speak to him."

"Monsieur, if it is anything which will be useful for him to know, you can confide it to me in perfect security, I will faithfully tell him."

"Madam, it is to himself that I must speak."

"But what is it about? Is it regarding politics?"

The man did not answer.

"As to politics," continued my wife, "what is happening?"

"I believe, madam, that all is at end."

"In what sense?"

"In the sense of the President."

My wife looked fixedly at the man, and said to him,—

"You have come to arrest my husband, sir."

"It is true, madam," answered the man, opening his overcoat, which revealed the sash of a Commissary of Police.

He added after a pause, "I am a Commissary of Police, and I am the bearer of a warrant to arrest M. Victor Hugo. I must institute a search and look through the house."

"What is your name, sir?" asked Madame Victor Hugo.

"My name is Hivert."

"You know the terms of the Constitution?"

"Yes, madam."

"You know that the Representatives of the People are inviolable?"

"Yes, madam."

"Very well, sir," she said coldly, "you know that you are committing a crime. Days like this have a to-morrow; proceed."

The Sieur Hivert attempted a few words of explanation, or we should rather say justification; he muttered the word "conscience," he stammered the word "honor." Madame Victor Hugo, who had been calm until then, could not help interrupting him with some abruptness.

"Do your business, sir, and do not argue; you know that every official who lays a hand on a Representative of the People commits an act of treason. You know that in presence of the Representatives the President is only an official like the others, the chief charged with carrying out their orders. You dare to come to arrest a Representative in his own home like a criminal! There is in truth a criminal here who ought to be arrested—yourself!"

The Sieur Hivert looked sheepish and left the room, and through the half-open door my wife could see, behind the well-fed, well-clothed, and bald Commissary, seven or eight poor raw-boned devils, wearing dirty coats which reached to their feet, and shocking old hats jammed down over their eyes—wolves led by a dog. They examined the room, opened here and there a few cupboards, and went away—with a sorrowful air—as Isidore said to me.

The Commissary Hivert, above all, hung his head; he raised it, however, for one moment. Isidore, indignant at seeing these men thus hunt for his master in every corner, ventured to defy them. He opened a drawer and said, "Look and see if he is not in here!" The Commissary of Police darted a furious glance at him: "Lackey, take care!" The lackey was himself.

These men having gone, it was noticed that several of my papers were missing. Fragments of manuscripts had been stolen, amongst others one dated July, 1848, and directed against the military dictatorship of Cavaignac, and in which there were verses written respecting the Censorship, the councils of war, and the suppression of the newspapers, and in particular respecting the imprisonment of a great journalist —Emile de Girardin:—

> "... O honte, un lansquenet
> Gauche, et parodiant César dont il hérite,
> Gouverne les esprits du fond de sa guérite!"

These manuscripts are lost.

The police might come back at any moment; in fact they did come back a few minutes after I had left. I kissed my wife; I would not wake my daughter, who had just fallen asleep, and I went downstairs again. Some affrighted neighbors were waiting for me in the courtyard. I cried out to them laughingly, "Not caught yet!"

A quarter of an hour afterwards I reached No. 10, Rue des Moulins. It was not then eight o'clock in the morning, and thinking that my colleagues of the Committee of Insurrection had passed the night there, I thought it might be useful to go and fetch them, so that we might proceed all together to the Salle Roysin.

I found only Madame Landrin in the Rue des Moulins. It was thought that the house was denounced and watched, and my colleagues had changed their quarters to No. 7, Rue Villedo, the house of the ex-Constituent Leblond, legal adviser to the Workmen's Association. Jules Favre had passed the night there. Madame Landrin was breakfasting. She offered me a place by her side, but time pressed. I carried off a morsel of bread, and left.

At No. 7, Rue Villedo, the maid-servant who opened the door to me ushered me into a room where were Carnot, Michel de Bourges, Jules Favre, and the master of the house, our former colleague, Constituent Leblond.

"I have a carriage downstairs," I said to them; "the rendezvous is at the Salle Roysin in the Faubourg St. Antoine; let us go."

This, however, was not their opinion. According to them the attempts made on the previous evening in the Faubourg St. Antoine had revealed this portion of the situation; they sufficed; it was useless to persist; it was obvious that the working-class districts would not rise; we must turn to the side of the tradesmen's districts, renounce our attempt to rouse the extremities of the city, and agitate the centre. We were the Committee of Resistance, the soul of the insurrection; if we were to go to the Faubourg St. Antoine, which was occupied by a considerable force, we should give ourselves up to Louis Bonaparte. They reminded me of what I myself had said on the subject the previous evening in the Rue Blanche. We must immediately organize the insurrection against the *coup d'état*, and organize it in practical districts, that is to say, in the old labyrinths of the streets St. Denis and St. Martin; we must draw up proclamations, prepare decrees, create some method of publicity; they were waiting for important communications from Workmen's Associations and Secret Societies. The great blow which I wished to strike by our solemn meeting at the Salle Roysin would prove a failure; they thought it their duty to remain where they were, and the Committee being few in number, and the work to be done being enormous, they begged me not to leave them.

They were men of great hearts and great courage who spoke to me; they were evidently right; but for myself I could not fail to go to the rendezvous which I myself had fixed. All the reasons which they had given me were good, nevertheless I could have opposed some doubts, but the discussion would have taken too much time, and the hour drew nigh. I did not make any objections, and I went out of the room, making some excuse. My hat was in the ante-chamber, my *fiacre* was waiting for me, and I drove off to the Faubourg St. Antoine.

The centre of Paris seemed to have retained its every-day appearance. People came and went, bought and sold, chatted and laughed as usual. In the Rue Mont-

orgueil I heard a street organ. Only on nearing the Faubourg St. Antoine the phenomenon which I had already noticed on the previous evening became more and more apparent; solitude reigned, and a certain dreary peacefulness.

We reached the Place de la Bastille.

My driver stopped.

"Go on," I said to him.

---

## CHAPTER II.

### FROM THE BASTILLE TO THE RUE DE COTTE.

THE Place de la Bastille was at the same time empty and filled. Three regiments in battle array were there; not one passer-by.

Four harnessed batteries were drawn up at the foot of the column. Here and there knots of officers talked together in a low voice,—sinister men.

One of these groups, the principal, attracted my attention. That one was silent, there was no talking. There were several men on horseback; one in front of the others, in a general's uniform, with a hat surmounted with black feathers, behind this man were two colonels, and behind the colonels a party of *aides-de-camp* and staff officers. This lace-trimmed company remained immovable, and as though pointing like a dog between the column and the entrance to the Faubourg. At a short distance from this group, spread out, and occupying the whole of the square, were the regiments drawn up and the cannon in their batteries.

My driver again stopped.

"Go on," I said; "drive into the Faubourg."

"But they will prevent us, sir."

"We shall see."

The truth was that they did not prevent us.

The driver continued on his way, but hesitatingly, and at a walking pace. The appearance of a *fiacre* in the square had caused some surprise, and the inhabitants began to come out of their houses. Several came up to my carriage.

We passed by a group of men with huge epaulets. These men, whose tactics we understood later on, did not even appear to see us.

The emotion which I had felt on the previous day, before a regiment of cuirassiers, again seized me. To see before me the assassins of the country, at a few steps, standing upright, in the insolence of a peaceful triumph, was beyond my strength: I could not contain myself. I drew out my sash. I held it in my hand, and putting my arm and head out of the window of the *fiacre*, and shaking the sash, I shouted,—

"Soldiers! Look at this sash. It is the symbol of Law, it is the National Assembly visible. Where this sash is there is Right. Well, then, this is what Right commands you. You are being deceived. Go back to your duty. It is a Representative of the People who is speaking to you, and he who represents the People represents the army. Soldiers, before becoming soldiers you have been peasants, you have been workmen, you have been and you are still citizens. Citizens, listen to me when I speak to you. The Law alone has the right to command you. Well, to-day the law is violated. By whom? By you. Louis Bonaparte draws you into a crime. Soldiers, you who are Honor, listen to me, for I am Duty. Soldiers, Louis Bonaparte assassinates the Republic. Defend it. Louis Bonaparte is a bandit; all his accomplices will follow him to the galleys. They are there already. He who is worthy of the galleys is in the galleys. To merit fetters is to wear them. Look at that man who is at your head, and who dares to command you. You take him for a general; he is a convict."

The soldiers seemed petrified.

Some one who was there (I thank this generous, devoted spirit) touched my arm, and whispered in my ear, "You will get yourself shot."

But I did not heed, and I listened to nothing.

I continued, still waving my sash,—

"You, who are there, dressed up like a general, it is you to whom I speak, sir. You know who I am; I am a Representa-

tive of the People, and I know who you are. I have told you you are a criminal. Now, do you wish to know my name? This is it."

And I called out my name to him.

And I added,—

"Now tell me yours."

He did not answer.

I continued,—

"Very well, I do not want to know your name as a general; I shall know your number as a galley slave."

The man in the general's uniform hung his head; the others were silent. I could read all their looks, however, although they did not raise their eyes. I saw them cast down, and I felt that they were furious. I had an overwhelming contempt for them, and I passed on.

What was the name of this general? I did not know then, and I do not know now.

One of the apologies for the *coup d'état* in relating this incident, and characterizing it as "an insensate and culpable provocation," states that "the moderation shown by the military leaders on this occasion did honor to General ——." We leave to the author of this panegyric the responsibility of that name and of this eulogium.

I entered the Rue de Faubourg St. Antoine.

My driver, who now knew my name, hesitated no longer, and whipped up his horse. These Paris coachmen are a brave and intelligent race.

As I passed the first shops of the main street, nine o'clock sounded from the Church St. Paul.

"Good," I said to myself, "I am in time."

The Faubourg presented an extraordinary aspect. The entrance was guarded, but not closed, by two companies of infantry. Two other companies were drawn up in echelons farther on, at short distances, occupying the street, but leaving a free passage. The shops, which were open at the end of the Faubourg, were half closed a hundred yards further up. The inhabitants, amongst whom I noticed numerous workmen in blouses, were talking together at their doors, and watching the proceedings. I noticed at each step the placards of the *coup d'état* untouched.

Beyond the fountain which stands at the corner of the Rue de Charonne the shops were closed. Two lines of soldiers extended on either side of the street of the Faubourg on the kerb of the pavement; the soldiers were stationed at every five paces, with the butts of their muskets resting on their hips, their chests drawn in, their right hand on the trigger, ready to bring to the present, keeping silence in the attitude of expectation. From that point a piece of cannon was stationed at the mouth of each of the side streets which open out of the main road of the Faubourg. Occasionally there was a mortar. To obtain a clear idea of this military arrangement one must imagine two rosaries, extending along the two sides of the Faubourg St. Antoine, of which the soldiers should form the links and the cannon the beads.

Meanwhile my driver became uneasy. He turned round to me and said, "It looks as though we should find barricades out there, sir; shall we turn back?"

"Keep on," I replied.

He continued to drive straight on.

Suddenly it became impossible to do so. A company of infantry ranged three deep occupied the whole of the street from one pavement to the other. On the right there was a small street. I said to the driver,—

"Take that turning."

He turned to the right and then to the left. We turned into a labyrinth of streets.

Suddenly I heard a shot.

The driver asked me,—

"Which way are we to go, sir?"

"In the direction in which you hear the shots."

We were in a narrow street; on my left I saw the inscription above a door, "Grand Lavoir," and on my right a square with a central building, which looked like a market. The square and the street were deserted. I asked the driver,—

"What street are we in?"

"In the Rue de Cotte."

"Where is the Café Roysin?"

"Straight before us."

"Drive there."

He drove on, but slowly. There was another explosion, this time close by us, the end of the street became filled with smoke; at the moment we were passing No. 22, which has a side-door above which I read, "Petit Lavoir."

Suddenly a voice called out to the driver, "Stop!"

The driver pulled up, and the window of the *fiacre* being down, a hand was stretched toward mine. I recognized Alexander Rey.

This daring man was pale.

"Go no further," said he; "all is at an end."

"What do you mean, all at an end?"

"Yes, they must have anticipated the time appointed; the barricade is taken; I have just come from it. It is a few steps from here straight before us."

And he added,—

"Baudin is killed."

The smoke rolled away from the end of the street.

"Look," said Alexander Rey to me.

I saw, a hundred steps before us, at the junction of the Rue de Cotte and the Rue Ste. Marguerite, a low barricade which the soldiers were pulling down. A corpse was being borne away.

It was Baudin.

---

## CHAPTER III.

### THE ST. ANTOINE BARRICADE.

THIS is what had happened.

During that same night, and as early as four o'clock in the morning, De Flotte was in the Faubourg St. Antoine. He was anxious, in case any movement took place before daylight, that a Representative of the People should be present, and he was one of those who, when the glorious insurrection of Right should burst forth, wished to unearth the paving-stones for the first barricade.

But nothing was stirring. De Flotte, alone in the midst of this deserted and sleeping Faubourg, wandered from street to street throughout the night.

Day breaks late in December. Before the first streaks of dawn De Flotte was at the rendezvous opposite the Lenoir Market.

This spot was only weakly guarded. The only troops in the neighborhood were the post itself of the Lenoir Market, and another post at a short distance which occupied the guard-house at the corner of the Faubourg and the Rue des Montreuil, close to the old Tree of Liberty planted in 1793 by Santerre. Neither of these posts were commanded by officers.

De Flotte reconnoitred the position. He walked some time up and down the pavement, and then seeing no one coming as yet, and fearing to excite attention, he went away, and returned to the side-streets of the Faubourg.

For his part Aubry (du Nord) got up at five o'clock. Having gone home in the middle of the night, on his return from the Rue Popincourt, he had only taken three hours' rest. His porter told him that some suspicious person had inquired for him during the evening of the 2nd, and that they had been to the house opposite, No. 12 of the same street, Rue Racine, to arrest Huguenin. This determined Aubry to leave his house before daylight.

He walked to the Faubourg St. Antoine. As he reached the place of rendezvous he met Cournet and the others from the Rue Popincourt. They were almost immediately joined by Malardier.

It was dawn. The Faubourg was solitary. They walked along wrapt in thought and speaking in a low voice. Suddenly an impetuous and singular procession passed them.

They looked round. It was a detachment of Lancers which surrounded something which in the dim light they recognized to be a police-van. The vehicle rolled noiselessly along the macadamized road.

They were debating what this could mean, when a second and similar group appeared, then a third, and then a fourth. Ten police-vans passed in this manner, following each other very closely, and almost touching.

"Those are our colleagues!" exclaimed Aubry (du Nord).

In truth the last batch of the Representatives, prisoners of the Quai d'Orsay, the batch destined for Vincennes, was passing through the Faubourg. It was about seven o'clock in the morning. Some shops were being opened and were lighted inside, and a few passers-by came out of the houses.

Three carriages defiled one after the other, closed, guarded, dreary, dumb; no voice came out, no cry, no whisper. They were carrying off in the midst of swords, of sabres, and of lances, with the rapidity and fury of the whirlwind, something which kept silence; and that something which they were carrying off, and which maintained this sinister silence, was the broken Tribune, the Sovereignty of the Assemblies, the supreme initiative whence all civilization is derived; it was the word which contains the future of the world, it was the speech of France!

A last carriage arrived, which by some chance had been delayed. It was about two or three hundred yards behind the principal convoy, and was only escorted by three Lancers. It was not a police-van, it was an omnibus, the only one in the convoy. Behind the conductor, who was a police agent, there could distinctly be seen the Representatives heaped up in the interior. It seemed easy to rescue them.

Cournet appealed to the passers-by: "Citizens," he cried, "these are your Representatives, who are being carried off! You have just seen them pass in the vans of convicts! Bonaparte arrests them contrary to every law. Let us rescue them! To arms!"

A knot formed of men in blouses and of workmen going to work. A shout came from the knot, "Long live the Republic!" and some men rushed towards the vehicle. The carriage and the Lancers broke into a gallop.

"To arms!" repeated Cournet.

"To arms!" repeated the men of the people.

There was a moment of impulse. Who knows what might have happened? It would have been a singular accident if the first barricade against the *coup d'état* had been made with this omnibus, which, after having aided in the crime, would thus have aided in the punishment. But at the moment when the people threw themselves on the vehicle they saw several of the Representative-prisoners which it contained sign to them with both hands to refrain. "Eh!" said a workman, "they do not wish it!"

A second repeated, "They do not wish for liberty!"

Another added, "They did not wish us to have it, they do not wish it for themselves."

All was said, and the omnibus was allowed to pass on. A moment afterwards the rear-guard of the escort came up and passed by at a sharp trot, and the group which surrounded Aubry (du Nord), Malardier, and Cournet dispersed.

The Café Roysin had just opened. It may be remembered that the large hall of this *café* had served for the meeting of a famous club in 1848. It was there, it may also be remembered, that the rendezvous had been settled.

The Café Roysin is entered by a passage opening out upon the street, a lobby of some yards in length is next crossed, and then comes a large hall, with high windows, and looking-glasses on the walls, containing in the centre several billiard-tables, some small marble-topped tables, chairs, and velvet-covered benches. It was this hall, badly arranged, however, for a meeting where we could have deliberated, which had been the hall of the Roysin Club. Cournet, Aubry, and Malardier installed themselves there. On entering they did not disguise who they were; they were welcomed, and shown an exit through the garden in case of necessity.

De Flotte had just joined them.

Eight o'clock was striking when the Representatives began to arrive. Bruckner, Maigne and Brillier first, and then successively Charamaule, Cassal, Dulac. Bourzat, Madier de Montjau, and Baudin. Bourzat, on account of the mud, as was his custom, wore wooden shoes. Whoever thought Bourzat a peasant would be mistaken. He rather resembled a Benedic-

tine monk. Bourzat, with his southern imagination, his quick intelligence, keen, lettered, refined, possesses an encyclopædia in his head, and wooden shoes on his feet. Why not? He is Mind and People. The ex-Constituent Bastide came in with Madier de Montjau. Baudin shook the hands of all with warmth, but he did not speak. He was pensive. "What is the matter with you, Baudin?" asked Aubry (du Nord). "Are you mournful?" "I?" said Baudin, raising his head, "I have never been more happy."

Did he feel himself already chosen? When we are so near death, all radiant with glory, which smiles upon us through the gloom, perhaps we are conscious of it.

A certain number of men, strangers to the Assembly, all as determind as the Representatives themselves, accompanied them and surrounded them.

Cournet was the leader. Amongst them there were workmen, but no blouses. In order not to alarm the middle classes the workmen had been requested, notably those employed by Derosne and Cail, to come in coats.

Baudin had with him a copy of the Proclamation which I had dictated to him on the previous day. Cournet unfolded it and read it. "Let us at once post it up in the Faubourg," said he. "The People must know that Louis Bonaparte is outlawed." A lithographic workman who was there offered to print it without delay. All the Representatives present signed it, and they added my name to their signatures. Aubry (du Nord) headed it with these words, "National Assembly." The workman carried off the Proclamation, and kept his word. Some hours afterwards Aubry (du Nord), and later on a friend of Cournet's named Gay, met him in the Faubourg du Temple paste-pot in hand, posting the Proclamation at every street corner, even next to the Maupas placard, which threatened the penalty of death to any one who should be found posting an appeal to arms. Groups read the two bills at the same time. We may mention an incident which ought to be noted, a sergeant of the line, in uniform, in red trousers, accompanied him and protected him. He was doubtless a soldier who had lately left the service.

The time fixed on the preceding evening for the general rendezvous was from nine to ten in the morning. This hour had been chosen so that there should be time to give notice to all the members of the Left; it was expedient to wait until the Representatives should arrive, so that the group should the more resemble an Assembly, and that its manifestation should have more authority on the Faubourg.

Several of the Representatives who had already arrived had no sash of office. Some were made hastily in a neighboring house with strips of red, white, and blue calico, and were brought to them. Baudin and De Flotte were amongst those who girded on these improvised sashes.

Meanwhile it was not yet nine o'clock, when impatience already began to be manifested around them.*

Many shared this glorious impatience.

Baudin wished to wait.

"Do not anticipate the hour," said he; "let us allow our colleagues time to arrive."

But they murmured round Baudin, "No, begin, give the signal, go outside. The Faubourg only waits to see your sashes to rise. You are few in number, but they know that your friends will rejoin you. That is sufficient. Begin."

The result proved that this undue haste could only produce a failure. Meanwhile they considered that the first example which the Representatives of the People

* "There was also a misunderstanding respecting the appointed time. Some made a mistake, and thought it was nine o'clock. The first arrivals impatiently awaited their colleagues. They were, as we have said, some twelve or fifteen in number at half-past eight. 'Time is being lost,' exclaimed one of them who had hardly entered; 'let us gird on our sashes; let us show the Representatives to the People; let us join it in raising barricades.' We shall perhaps save the country, at all events we shall save the honor of our party. 'Come, let us to the barricades!' This advice was immediately and unanimously acclaimed: one alone, Citizen Baudin, interposed the forcible objection, 'We are not sufficiently numerous to adopt such a resolution.' But he spiritedly joined in the general enthusiasm, and with a calm conscience, after having reserved the principle, he was not the last to gird on his sash."—SCHŒLCHER, *Histoire des Crimes du 2nd Decembre*, p. 130—131.

ought to set was personal courage. The spark must not be allowed to die out. To march the first, to march at the head, such was their duty. The semblance of any hesitation would have been in truth more disastrous than any degree of rashness.

Schœlcher is of an heroic nature, he has the grand impatience of danger.

"Let us go," he cried; "our friends will join us, let us go outside."

They had no arms.

"Let us disarm the post which is over there," said Schœlcher.

They left the Salle Roysin in order, two by two, arm in arm. Fifteen or twenty men of the people escorted them. They went before them, crying, "Long live the Republic! To arms!"

Some children preceded and followed them, shouting, "Long live the Mountain!"

The entrances of the closed shops were half opened. A few men appeared at the doors, a few women showed themselves at the windows. Knots of workmen going to their work watched them pass. They cried, "Long live our Representatives! Long live the Republic!"

Sympathy was everywhere, but insurrection nowhere. The procession gathered few adherents on the way.

A man who was leading a saddled horse joined them. They did not know this man, nor whence this horse came. It seemed as if the man offered his services to any one who wished to fly. Representative Dulac ordered this man to be off.

In this manner they reached the guard-house of the Rue de Montreuil. At their approach the sentry gave the alarm, and the soldiers came out of the guard-house in disorder.

Schœlcher, calm, impassive, in ruffles and a white tie, clothed, as usual, in black, buttoned to the neck in his tight frock coat, with the intrepid and brotherly air of a Quaker, walked straight up to them.

"Comrades," he said to them, "we are the Representatives of the People, and come in the name of the people to demand your arms for the defence of the Constitution and of the Laws.

The post allowed itself to be disarmed. The sergeant alone made any show of resistance, but they said to him, "You are alone," and he yielded. The Representatives distributed the guns and the cartridges to the resolute band which surrounded them.

Some soldiers exclaimed, "Why do you take away our muskets! We would fight for you and with you!"

The Representatives consulted whether they should accept this offer. Schœlcher was inclined to do so. But one of them remarked that some Mobile Guards had made the same overtures to the insurgents of June, and had turned against the Insurrection the arms which the Insurrection had left them.

The muskets therefore were not restored.

The disarming having been accomplished, the muskets were counted; there were fifteen of them.

"We are a hundred and fifty," said Cournet; "we have not enough muskets."

"Well, then," said Schœlcher, "where is there a post?"

"At the Lenoir Market."

"Let us disarm it."

With Schœlcher at their head and escorted by fifteen armed men, the Representatives proceeded to the Lenoir Market. The post of the Lenoir Market allowed themselves to be disarmed even more willingly than the post in the Rue de Montreuil. The soldiers turned themselves round so that the cartridges might be taken from their pouches.

The muskets were immediately loaded.

"Now," exclaimed De Flotte, "we have thirty guns, let us look for a street corner, and raise a barricade."

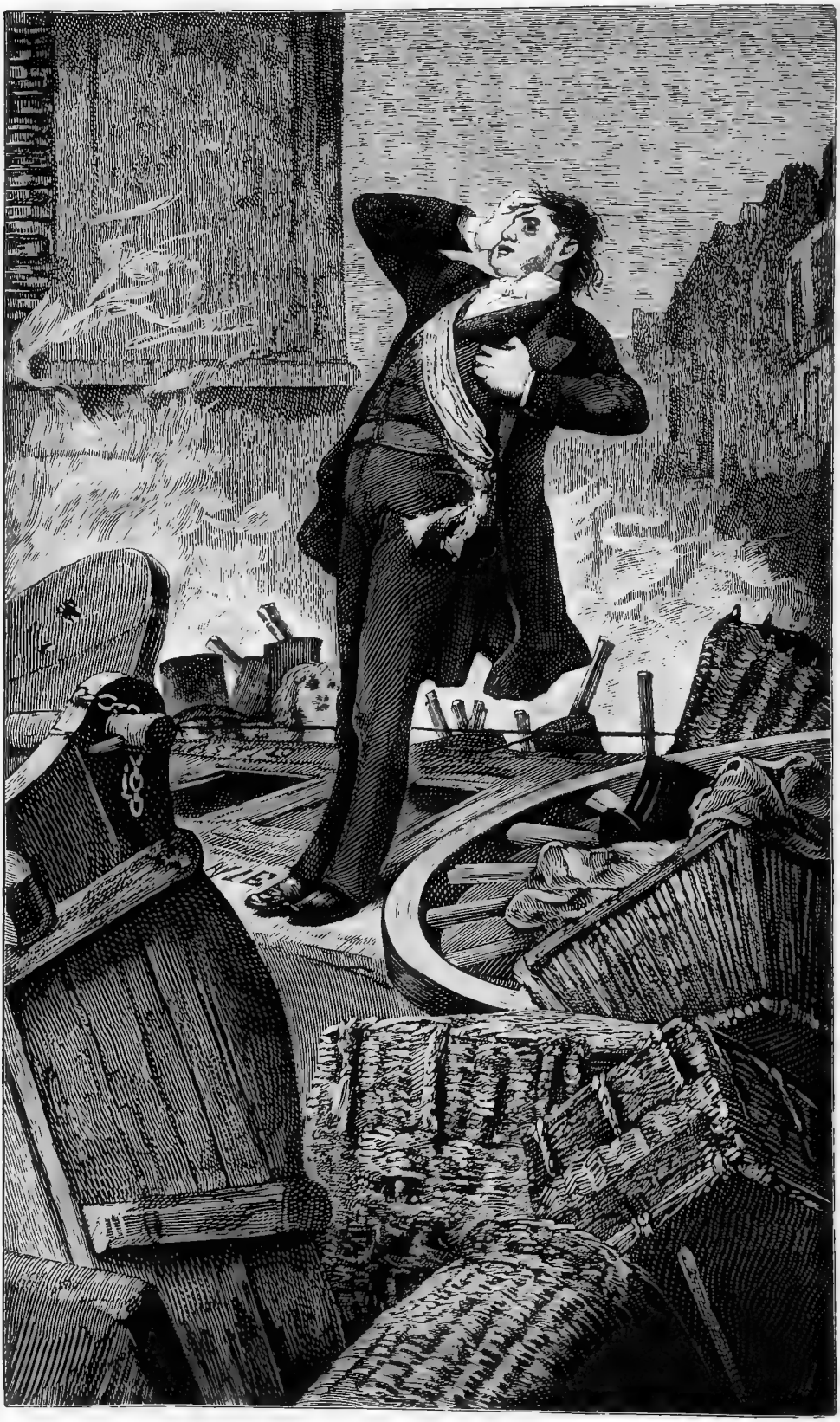
There were at that time about two hundred combatants.

They went up the Rue de Montreuil.

After some fifty steps Schœlcher said, "Where are we going? We are turning our backs on the Bastille. We are turning our backs upon the conflict."

They returned towards the Faubourg.

They shouted, "To arms!" They were answered by "Long live our Representatives!" But only a few young men joined



DEATH OF BAUDIN.

them. It was evident that the breeze of insurrection was not blowing.

"Never mind," said De Flotte, "let us begin the battle. Let us achieve the glory of being the first killed."

As they reached the point where the Streets Ste. Marguerite and de Cotte open out and divide the Faubourg, a peasant's cart laden with dung entered the Rue Ste. Marguerite.

"Here," exclaimed De Flotte.

They stopped the dung-cart, and overturned it in the middle of the Faubourg St. Antoine.

A milkwoman came up.

They overturned the milk-cart.

A baker was passing in his bread-cart. He saw what was being done, attempted to escape, and urged his horse to a gallop. Two or three street Arabs—those children of Paris brave as lions and agile as cats—sped after the baker, ran past his horse, which was still galloping, stopped it, and brought back the cart to the barricade which had been begun.

They overturned the bread-cart.

An omnibus came up on the road from the Bastille.

"Very well!" said the conductor, "I see what is going on."

He descended with a good grace, and told his passengers to get down, while the coachman unharnessed his horses and went away shaking his cloak.

They overturned the omnibus.

The four vehicles placed end to end barely barred the street of the Faubourg, which in this part is very wide. While putting them in line the men of the barricade said,—

"Let us not injure the carts more than we can help."

This formed an indifferent barricade, very low, too short, and which left the pavements free on either side.

At this moment a staff officer passed by followed by an orderly, saw the barricade, and fled at a gallop.

Schœlcher calmly inspected the overturned vehicles. When he reached the peasant's cart, which made a higher heap than the others, he said, "that's the only good one."

The barricade grew larger. They threw a few empty baskets upon it, which made it thicker and higher without strengthening it.

They were still working when a child came up to them shouting, "The soldiers!"

In truth two companies arrived from the Bastille, at the double, through the Faubourg, told off in squads at short distances apart, and barring the whole of the street.

The doors and the windows were hastily closed.

During this time, at a corner of the barricade, Bastide, impassive, was gravely telling a story to Madier de Montjau. "Madier," said he, "nearly two hundred years ago the Prince de Condé, ready to give battle in this very Faubourg St. Antoine, where we now are, asked an officer who was accompanying him, 'Have you ever seen a battle lost?'—'No, sire.' 'Well, then, you will see one now.'—Madier, I tell you to-day,—you will speedily see a barricade taken."

In the meanwhile those who were armed had assumed their place for the conflict behind the barricade.

The critical moment drew nigh.

"Citizens," cried Schœlcher, "do not fire a shot. When the Army and the Faubourgs fight, the blood of the People is shed on both sides. Let us speak to the soldiers first."

He mounted on one of the baskets which heightened the barricade. The other Representatives arranged themselves near him on the omnibus. Malardier and Dulac were on his right. Dulac said to him, "You scarcely know me, Citizen Schœlcher, but I love you. Let me have the charge of remaining by your side. I only belong to the second rank in the Assembly, but I want to be in the first rank of the battle."

At this moment some men in blouses, those whom the Second of December had enlisted, appeared at the corner of the Rue Ste. Marguerite, close to the barricade, and shouted, "Down with the 'Twenty-five francs!'"

Baudin, who had already selected his

post for the combat, and who was standing on the barricade, looked fixedly at these men, and said to them,—

"You shall see how one can die for 'twenty-five francs!'"

There was a noise in the street. Some few doors which had remained half opened were closed. The two attacking columns had arrived in sight of the barricade. Further on could be seen confusedly other lines of bayonets. They were those which had barred my passage.

Schœlcher, raising his arm with authority, signed to the captain, who commanded the first squad, to halt.

The captain made a negative sign with his sword. The whole of the Second of December was in these two gestures. The Law said, "Halt!" The Sabre answered, "No!"

The two companies continued to advance, but slowly, and keeping at the same distance from each other.

Schœlcher came down from the barricade into the street. De Flotte, Dulac, Malardier, Brillier, Maigne, and Bruckner followed him.

Then was seen a grand spectacle.

Seven Representatives of the People, armed only with their sashes, that is to say, majestically clothed with Law and Right, advanced in the street beyond the barricade, and marched straight to the soldiers, who awaited them with their guns pointed at them.

The other Representatives who had remained at the barricade made their last preparations for resistance. The combatants maintained an intrepid bearing. The Naval Lieutenant Cournet towered above them all with his tall stature. Baudin, still standing on the overturned omnibus, leaned half over the barricade.

On seeing the Representatives approach, the soldiers and their officers were for the moment bewildered. Meanwhile the captain signed to the Representatives to stop.

They stopped, and Schœlcher said in an impressive voice,—

"Soldiers! we are the Representatives of the Sovereign People, we are your Representatives, we are the Elect of Universal Suffrage. In the name of the Constitution, in the name of Universal Suffrage, in the name of the Republic, we, who are the National Assembly, we, who are the Law, order you to join us, we summon you to obey. We ourselves are your leaders. The Army belongs to the People, and the Representatives of the People are the Chiefs of the Army. Soldiers! Louis Bonaparte violates the Constitution, we have outlawed him. Obey us."

The officer who was in command, a captain named Petit, did not allow him to finish.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I have my orders. I belong to the People. I am a Republican as you are, but I am only an instrument."

"You know the Constitution?" said Schœlcher.

"I only know my instructions."

"There is an instruction above all other instructions," continued Schœlcher, "obligatory upon the Soldier as upon the Citizen—the Law."

He turned again towards the soldiers to harangue them, but the captain cried out to him,—

"Not another word! You shall not go on! If you add one word, I shall give the order to fire."

"What does that matter to us?" said Schœlcher.

At this moment an officer arrived on horseback. It was the major of the regiment. He whispered for a moment to the captain.

"Gentlemen! Representatives!" continued the captain, waving his sword, "withdraw, or I shall fire."

"Fire!" shouted De Flotte.

The Representatives—strange and heroic copy of Fontenoy—took off their hats, and faced the muskets.

Schœlcher alone kept his hat on his head, and waited with his arms crossed.

"Fix bayonets," said the captain. And turning towards the squads, "Charge!"

"Vive la République! cried out the Representatives.

The bayonets were lowered, the companies moved forward, the soldiers came on at the double upon the motionless Representatives.

It was a terrible and superb moment.

The seven Representatives saw the bayonets at their breasts without a word, without a gesture, without one step backwards. But the hesitation which was not in their soul was in the heart of the soldiers.

The soldiers felt distinctly that this was a double stain upon their uniform—the outrage upon the Representatives of the People — which was treason, and the slaughter of unarmed men, which was cowardice. Now treason and cowardice are two epaulettes to which a general sometimes becomes reconciled, the soldier —never.

When the bayonets were so close to the Representatives that they touched their breasts, they turned aside of their own accord, and the soldiers by an unanimous movement passed between the Representatives without doing them any harm. Schœlcher alone had his coat pierced in two places, and in his opinion this was awkwardness instead of intention. One of the soldiers who faced him wished to push him away from the captain, and touched him with his bayonet. The point encountered the book of the addresses of the Representatives, which Schœlcher had in his pocket, andsonly pierced his clothing.

A soldier said to De Flotte, "Citizen, we do not wish to hurt you."

Nevertheless a soldier came up to Bruckner, and pointed his gun at him.

"Well," said Bruckner, "fire."

The soldier, touched, lowered his arm, and shook Bruckner's hand.

It was singular that, notwithstanding the order given by the officers, the two companies successively came up to the Representatives, charged with the bayonet, and turned aside. Instructions may order, but instinct prevails; instructions may be crime, but instinct is honor. Major P—— said afterwards, "They had told us that we should have to deal with brigands; we had to deal with heroes."

Meanwhile those on the barricade were growing uneasy, and seeing their colleagues surrounded, and wishing to succor them, they fired a musket shot. This unfortunate shot killed a soldier between De Flotte and Schœlcher.

The officer who commanded the second attacking squad passed close to Schœlcher as the poor soldier fell. Schœlcher pointed out the fallen man to the officer, and said to him, "Lieutenant, look!"

The officer answered by a gesture of despair.

"What would you have us do?"

The two companies replied to the shot by a general volley, and rushed to the assault of the barricade, leaving behind them the seven Representatives astounded at being still alive.

The barricade replied by a volley; but it could not hold out. It was carried.

Baudin was killed.

He had remained standing in his position on the omnibus. Three balls reached him. One struck him in the right eye and penetrated into the brain. He fell. He never regained consciousness. Half-an-hour afterwards he was dead. His body was taken to the Ste. Marguerite Hospital.

Bourzat, who was close to Baudin, with Aubry (du Nord), had his coat pierced by a ball.

We must again remark a curious incident,—the soldiers made no prisoner on this barricade. Those who defended it dispersed through the streets of the Faubourg, or took refuge in the neighboring houses. Representative Maigne, pushed by some affrighted women behind a door, was shut in with one of the soldiers who had just taken the barricade. A moment afterwards the soldier and the Representative went out together. The Representative could freely leave this first field of battle.

At this solemn moment of the struggle a last glimmer of Justice and of Right still flickered, and military honesty recoiled with a sort of dread anxiety before the outrage upon which they were entering. There is the intoxication of good, and there is an intoxication of evil; this intoxication later on drowned the conscience of the Army.

The French Army is not made to commit crimes. When the struggle became

prolonged, and ferocious orders of the day had to be executed, the soldiers must have been maddened. They obeyed not coldly, which would have been monstrous, but with anger, and this History will invoke as their excuse; and with many, perhaps, despair was at the root of their anger.

The fallen soldier had remained on the ground. It was Schœlcher who raised him. A few women, weeping, but brave, came out of a house. Some soldiers came up. They carried him, Schœlcher holding his head, first to a fruiterer's shop, then to the Ste. Marguerite Hospital, where they had already taken Baudin.

He was a conscript. The ball had entered his side. Through his gray overcoat, buttoned to the collar, could be seen a hole stained with blood. His head had sunk on his shoulder, his pale countenance, encircled by the chin-strap of his shako, had no longer any expression, the blood oozed out of his mouth. He seemed barely eighteen years old. Already a soldier and still a boy. He was dead.

This poor soldier was the first victim of the *coup d'état;* Baudin was the second.

Before being a Republican, Baudin had been a tutor. He came from that intelligent and brave race of schoolmasters ever persecuted, who have fallen from the Guizot Law into the Falloux Law, and from the Falloux Law into the Dupanloup Law. The crime of the schoolmaster is to hold a book open; that suffices, the Church condemns him. There is now, in France, in each village, a lighted torch—the schoolmaster—and a mouth which blows upon it—the curé. The schoolmasters of France, who knew how to die of hunger for Truth and for Science, were worthy that one of their race should be killed for Liberty.

The first time that I saw Baudin was at the Assembly on January 13, 1850. I wished to speak against the Law of Instruction. I had not put my name down; Baudin's name stood second. He offered me his turn. I accepted, and I was able to speak two days afterwards, on the 15th.

Baudin was one of the targets of Sieur Dupin, for calls to order and official annoyance. He shared this honor with the Representatives Miot and Valentin.

Baudin ascended the Tribune several times. His mode of speaking, outwardly hesitating, was energetic in the main. He sat on the crest of the Mountain. He had a firm spirit and timid manners. Thence there was in his constitution an indescribable embarrassment, mingled with decision. He was a man of middle height. His face ruddy and full, his broad chest, his wide shoulders announced the robust man, the laborer-schoolmaster, the peasant-thinker. In this he resembled Bourzat. Baudin leaned his head on his shoulder, listened with intelligence, and spoke with a gentle and grave voice. He had the melancholy air and the bitter smile of the doomed.

On the evening of the Second of December I had asked him, "How old are you?" He had answered me, "Not quite thirty-three years."

"And you?" said he.

"Forty-nine."

And he replied,—

"To-day we are of the same age."

He thought in truth of that to-morrow which awaited us, and in which was hidden that "perhaps" which is the great leveller.

The first shots had been fired, a Representative had fallen, and the people did not rise! What bandage had they on their eyes, what weight had they on their hearts? Alas! the gloom which Louis Bonaparte had known how to cast over his crime, far from lifting, grew denser. For the first time in the sixty years, that the Providential era of Revolutions had been open, Paris, the city of intelligence, seemed not to understand!

On leaving the barricade of the Rue Ste. Marguerite, De Flotte went to the Faubourg St. Marceau, Madier de Montjau went to Belleville, Charamaule and Maigne proceeded to the Boulevards. Schœlcher, Dulac, Malardier, and Brillier again went up the Faubourg St. Antoine by the side streets which the soldiers had not yet occupied. They shouted, "Vive la République!" They harangued the people on the doorsteps: "Is it the Empire that you want?" exclaimed Schœlcher. They even went as far as to sing the "Marseillaise."

People took off their hats as they passed and shouted, "Long live the Representatives!" But that was all.

They were thirsty and weary. In the Rue de Reuilly a man came out of a door with a bottle in his hand, and offered them drink.

Sartin joined them on the way. In the Rue de Charonne they entered the meeting-place of the Association of Cabinet Makers, hoping to find there the committee of the association in session. There was no one there. But nothing discouraged them.

As they reached the Place de la Bastille, Dulac said to Schœlcher, "I will ask permission to leave you for an hour or two, for this reason: I am alone in Paris with my little daughter, who is seven years old. For the past week she has had scarlet fever. Yesterday, when the *coup d'état* burst forth, she was at death's door. I have no one but this child in the world. I left her this morning to come with you, and she said to me, 'Papa, where are you going?' As I am not killed, I will go and see if she is not dead."

Two hours afterwards the child was still living, and we were holding a permanent sitting at No. 15, Rue Richelieu, Jules Favre, Carnot, Michel de Bourges, and myself, when Dulac entered, and said to us, "I have come to place myself at your disposal."

---

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE WORKMEN'S SOCIETIES ASK US FOR THE ORDER TO FIGHT.

In presence of the fact of the barricade of the Faubourg St. Antoine so heroically constructed by the Representatives, so sadly neglected by the populace, the last illusions, even mine, should have been dispersed. Baudin killed, the Faubourg cold. Such things spoke aloud. It was a supreme, manifest, absolute demonstration of that fact, the inaction of the people, to which I could not resign myself—a deplorable inaction, if they understood, a self-treason, if they did not understand, a fatal neutrality in every case, a calamity of which all the responsibility, we repeat, recoiled not upon the people but upon those who in June, 1848, after having promised them amnesty, had refused it, and who had unhinged the great soul of the people of Paris by breaking faith with them. What the Constitutent Assembly had sown the Legislative Assembly harvested. We, innocent of the fault, had to submit to the consequence.

The spark which we had seen flash for an instant through the crowd—Michel de Bourges from the height of Bonvalet's balcony, myself from the Boulevard du Temple—this spark seemed extinguished. Maigne firstly, then Brillier, then Bruckner, later on Charamaule, Madier de Montjau, Bastide, and Dulac came to report to us what had passed at the barricade of St. Antoine, the motives which had decided the Representatives present not to await the hour appointed for the rendezvous, and Baudin's death. The report which I made myself of what I had seen, and which Cassal and Alexander Rey completed by adding new circumstances, enabled us to ascertain the situation. The Committee could no longer hesitate: I myself renounced the hopes which I had based upon a grand manifestation, upon a powerful reply to the *coup d'état*, upon a sort of pitched battle waged by the guardians of the Republic against the banditti of the Elysée. The Faubourgs failed us; we possessed the lever—Right, but the mass to be raised, the People, we did not possess. There was nothing more to hope for, as those two great orators, Michel de Bourges and Jules Favre, with their keen political perception, had declared from the first, save a slow, long struggle, avoiding decisive engagements, changing quarters, keeping Paris on the alert, saying to each, It is not at an end; leaving time for the departments to prepare their resistance, wearying the troops out, and in which struggle the Parisian people, who do not long smell powder with impunity, would perhaps ultimately take fire. Barricades raised everywhere, barely defended, re-made immediately, disappearing and multiplying themselves at the

same time, such was the strategy indicated by the situation. The Committee adopted it, and sent orders in every direction to this effect. At that moment we were sitting at No. 15, Rue Richelieu, at the house of our colleague Grévy, who had been arrested in the Tenth Arrondissement on the preceding day, who was at Mazas. His brother had offered us his house for our deliberations. The Representatives, our natural emissaries, flocked around us, and scattered themselves throughout Paris, with our instructions to organize resistance at every point. They were the arms and the Committee was the soul. A certain number of ex-Constituents, intrepid men, Garnier-Pagès, Marie, Martin (de Strasbourg), Senart, formerly President of the Constituent Assembly, Bastide, Laissac, Landrin, had joined the Representatives on the preceding day. They established, therefore, in all the districts where it was possible, Committees of Permanence in connection with us, the Central Committee, and composed either of Representatives or of faithful citizens. For our watchword we chose "Baudin."

Towards noon the centre of Paris began to grow agitated.

Our appeal to arms was first seen placarded on the Place de la Bourse and the Rue Montmartre. Groups pressed round to read it, and battled with the police, who endeavored to tear down the bills. Other lithographic placards contained in two parallel columns the decree of deposition drawn up by the Right at the Mairie of the Tenth Arrondissement, and the decree of the outlawry voted by the Left. There were distributed, printed on grey paper in large type, the judgment of the High Court of Justice, declaring Louis Bonaparte attainted with the Crime of High Treason, and signed "Hardouin" (President), "Delapalme," "Moreau" (of the Seine), "Cauchy," "Bataille" (Judges). This last name was thus mis-spelt by mistake; it should read "Pataille."

At that moment people generally believed, and we ourselves believed, in this judgment, which, as we have seen, was not the genuine judgment.

At the same time they posted in the populous quarters, at the corner of every street, two Proclamations. The first ran thus:—

"TO THE PEOPLE.

"ARTICE III.* The Constitution is confided to the keeping and to the patriotism of French citizens. LOUIS NAPOLÉON is outlawed.

"The State of Siege is abolished.

"Universal suffrage is re-established.

"LONG LIVE THE REPUBLIC."

"TO ARMS!

"For the United Mountain.

"The Delegate, VICTOR HUGO."

The second ran thus:—

"INHABITANTS OF PARIS.

"The National Guards and the People of the Departments are marching on Paris to aid you in seizing the TRAITOR LOUIS NAPOLÉON BONAPARTE.

"For the Representatives of the People,

"VICTOR HUGO, President.

"SCHŒLCHER, Secretary."

This last placard, printed on little squares of paper, was distributed abroad, says an historian of the *coup d'état*, by thousands of copies.

For their part the criminals installed in the Government offices replied by threats: the great white placards, that is to say, the official bills, were largely multiplied. On one could be read:—

"WE, PREFECT OF THE POLICE,

"Decree as follows:—

"ARTICLE I. All meetings are rigorously prohibited. They will be immediately dispersed by force.

"ARTICLE II. All seditious shouts, all reading in public, all posting of political

* A typographical error—it should read "Article LXVIII." On the subject of this placard the author of this book received the following letter. It does honor to those who wrote it:—

"CITIZEN VICTOR HUGO,—We know that you have made an appeal to arms. We have not been able to obtain it. We replace it by these bills which we sign with your name. You will not disown us. When France is in danger your name belongs to all; your name is a Public Power.

"FELIX BONY.
"DABAT."

documents not emanating from a regularly constituted authority, are equally prohibited.

"ARTICLE III. The agents of the Public Police will enforce the execution of the present decree.

"Given at the Prefecture of Police, December 3, 1851.

"DE MAUPAS, Prefect of Police.

"Seen and approved,

"DE MORNY, Minister of the Interior."

On another could be read,—

"THE MINISTER OF WAR,

"By virtue of the Law on the State of Siege,

"Decrees :—

"Every person taken constructing or defending a barricade, or carrying arms, WILL BE SHOT.

"General of Division,

"Minister of war,

"DE SAINT-ARNAUD."

We reproduce this Proclamation exactly, even to the punctuation. The words "Will be shot" were in capital letters in the placards signed "De Saint-Arnaud."

The Boulevards were thronged with an excited crowd. The agitation increasing in the centre reached three Arrondissements, the 6th, 7th, and the 12th. The district of the schools began to be disorderly. The Students of Law and of Medicine cheered De Flotte on the Place de Panthéon. Madier de Montjau, ardent and eloquent, went through and aroused Belleville. The troops, growing more numerous every moment, took possession of all the strategical points of Paris.

At one o'clock, a young man was brought to us by the legal adviser of the Workmen's Societies, the ex-Constituent Leblond, at whose house the Committee had deliberated that morning. We were sitting in permanence, Carnot, Jules Favre, Michel de Bourges, and myself. This young man, who had an earnest mode of speaking and an intelligent countenance, was named King. He had been sent to us by the Committee of the Workmen's Society, from whom he was delegated. "The Workmen's Societies," he said to us, "place themselves at the disposal of the Committee of Legal Insurrection appointed by the Left. They can throw into the struggle five or six thousand resolute men. They will manufacture powder; as for guns they will be found." The Workmen's Society requested from us an order to fight signed by us. Jules Favre took a pen and wrote,—

"The undersigned Representatives authorize Citizen King and his friends to defend with them, and with arms in their hands, Universal Suffrage, the Republic, the Laws."

He dated it, and we all four signed it.

"That is enough," said the delegate to us; "you will hear of us."

Two hours afterwards it was reported to us that the conflict had begun. They were fighting in the Rue Aumaire.

---

## CHAPTER V.

### BAUDIN'S CORPSE.

WITH regard to the Faubourg St. Antoine, we had, as I said, lost nearly all hope, but the men of the *coup d'état* had not lost all uneasiness. Since the attempts at rising and the barricades of the morning a rigorous supervision had been organized. Any one who entered the Faubourg ran the risk of being examined, followed, and upon the slightest suspicion, arrested. The supervision was nevertheless sometimes at fault. About two o'clock a short man, with an earnest and attentive air, crossed the Faubourg. A *sergent de ville* and a police agent in plain clothes barred his passage. "Who are you?" "You see: a passenger." "Where are you going?" "Over there, close by, to Bartholomé's, the overseer of the sugar manufactory.—" They search him. He himself opened his pocket-book; the police agents turned out the pockets of his waistcoat and unbuttoned his shirt over his breast; finally the *sergent de ville* said gruffly, "Yet I seem to have seen you

here before this morning. Be off!" It was the Representative Gindrier. If they had not stopped at the pockets of his waistcoat—and if they had searched his great coat, they would have found his sash there — Gindrier would have been shot.

Not to allow themselves to be arrested, to keep their freedom for the combat—such was the watchword of the members of the Left. That is why we had our sashes upon us, but not outwardly visible.

Gindrier had had no food that day; he thought he would go home, and returned to the new district of the Havre Railway Station, where he resided. In the Rue de Calais, which is a lonely street running from the Rue Blanche to the Rue de Clichy, a *fiacre* passed him. Gindrier heard his name called out. He turned round and saw two persons in a *fiacre*, relations of Baudin, and a man whom he did not know. One of the relations of Baudin, Madame L——, said to him, "Baudin is wounded!" She added, "They have taken him to the St. Antoine Hospital. We are going to fetch him. Come with us." Gindrier got into the *fiacre*.

The stranger, however, was an emissary of the Commissary of Police of the Rue Ste. Marguerite St. Antoine. He had been charged by the Commissary of Police to go to Baudin's house, No. 88, Rue de Clichy, to inform the family. Having only found the women at home he had confined himself to telling them that Representative Baudin was wounded. He offered to accompany them, and went with them in the *fiacre*. They had uttered the name of Gindrier before him. This might have been imprudent. They spoke to him; he declared that he would not betray the Representative, and it was settled that before the Commissary of Police Gindrier should assume to be a relation, and be called Baudin.

The poor women still hoped. Perhaps the wound was serious, but Baudin was young, and had a good constitution. "They will save him," said they. Gindrier was silent. At the office of the Commissary of Police the truth was revealed.—"How is he?" asked Madame L—— on entering. "Why," said thel Commissary, "he is dead." "What do you mean! Dead?" "Yes; killed on the spot."

This was a painful moment. The despair of these two women who had been so abruptly struck to the heart burst forth in sobs. "Ah, infamous Bonaparte!" cried Madame L——. "He has killed Baudin. Well, then, I will kill him. I will be the Charlotte Corday of this Marat."

Gindrier claimed the body of Baudin. The Commissary of Police only consented to restore it to the family on exacting a promise that they would bury it at once, and without any ostentation, and that they would not exhibit it to the people. "You understand," he said, "that the sight of a Representative killed and bleeding might raise Paris." The *coup d'état* made corpses, but did not wish that they should be utilized.

On these conditions the Commissary of Police gave Gindrier two men and a safe conduct to fetch the body of Baudin from the hospital where he had been carried.

Meanwhile Baudin's brother, a young man of four-and-twenty, a medical student, came up. This young man has since been arrested and imprisoned. His crime is his brother. Let us continue. They proceeded to the hospital. At the sight of the safe conduct the director ushered Gindrier and young Baudin into the parlor. There were three pallets there covered with white sheets, under which could be traced the motionless forms of three human bodies. The one which occupied the centre bed was Baudin. On his right lay the young soldier killed a minute before him by the side of Schœlcher, and on the left an old woman who had been struck down by a spent ball in the Rue de Cotte, and whom the executioners of the *coup d'état* had gathered up later on; in the first moment one cannot find out all one's riches.

The three corpses were naked under their winding-sheets.

They had left to Baudin alone his shirt and his flannel vest. They had found on him seven francs, his gold watch and chain, his Representative's medal, and a gold

pencil-case which he had used in the Rue de Popincourt, after having passed me the other pencil, which I still preserve. Gindrier and young Baudin, bare-headed, approached the centre bed. They raised the shroud, and Baudin's dead face became visible. He was calm, and seemed asleep. No feature appeared contracted. A livid tint began to mottle his face.

They drew up an official report. It is customary. It is not sufficient to kill people. An official report must also be drawn up. Young Baudin had to sign it, upon which, on the demand of the Commissary of Police, they "made over" to him the body of his brother. During these signatures, Gindrier in the courtyard of the hospital, attempted if not to console, at least to calm the two despairing women.

Suddenly a man who had entered the courtyard, and who had attentively watched him for some moments, came abruptly up to him,—

"What are you doing there?"

"What is that to you?" said Gindrier.

"You have come to fetch Baudin's body?"

"Yes."

"Is this your carriage?"

"Yes."

"Get in at once, and pull down the blinds."

"What do you mean?"

"You are the Representative Gindrier. I know you. You were this morning on the barricade. If any other than myself should see you, you are lost."

Gindrier followed his advice and got into the *fiacre*. While getting in he asked the man:

"Do you belong to the Police?"

The man did not answer. A moment after he came and said in a low voice, near the door of the *fiacre* in which Gindrier was enclosed,—

"Yes, I eat the bread, but I do not do the work."

The two men sent by the Commissary of Police took Baudin on his wooden bed and carried him to the *fiacre*. They placed him at the bottom of the *fiacre* with his face covered, and enveloped from head to foot in a shroud. A workman who was there lent his cloak, which was thrown over the corpse in order not to attract the notice of passers-by. Madame L—— took her place by the side of the body, Gindrier opposite, young Baudin next to Gindrier. A *fiacre* followed, in which were the other relative of Baudin and a medical student named Dutèche.

They set off. During the journey the head of the corpse, shaken by the carriage, rolled from shoulder to shoulder; the blood began to flow from the wound and appeared in large red patches through the white sheet. Gindrier, with his arms stretched out and his hand placed on its breast, prevented it from falling forwards; Madame L—— held it up by the side.

They had told the coachman to drive slowly; the journey lasted more than an hour.

When they reached No. 88, Rue de Clichy, the bringing out of the body attracted a curious crowd before the door. The neighbors flocked thither. Baudin's brother, assisted by Gindrier and Dutèche, carried up the corpse to the fourth floor, where Baudin resided. It was a new house, and he had only lived there a few months.

They carried him into his room, which was in order, and just as he had left it on the morning of the 2nd. The bed, on which he had not slept the preceding night, had not been disturbed. A book which he had been reading had remained on the table, open at the page where he had left off. They unrolled the shroud, and Gindrier cut off his shirt and his flannel vest with a pair of scissors. They washed the body. The ball had entered through the corner of the arch of the right eye, and had gone out at the back of the head. The wound of the eye had not bled. A sort of swelling had formed there; the blood had flowed copiously through the hole at the back of the head. They put clean linen on him, and clean sheets on the bed, and laid him down with his head on the pillow, and his face uncovered. The women were weeping in the next room.

Gindrier had already rendered the same service to the ex-Constituent, James Demontry. In 1850 James Demontry died in exile at Cologne. Gindrier started for

Cologne, went to the cemetery, and had James Demontry exhumed. He had the heart extracted, embalmed it, and enclosed it in a silver vase, which he took to Paris. The party of the Mountain delegated him, with Chollet and Joigneux, to convey this heart to Dijon, Demontry's native place, and to give him a solemn funeral. This funeral was prohibited by an order of Louis Bonaparte, then President of the Republic. The burial of brave and faithful men was unpleasing to Louis Bonaparte—not so their death.

When Baudin had been laid out on the bed, the women came in, and all this family, seated round the corpse, wept. Gindrier, whom other duties called elsewhere, went downstairs with Dutèche. A crowd had formed before the door.

A man in a blouse, with his hat on his head, mounted on a kerbstone, was speechifying and glorifying the *coup d'état*. Universal Suffrage re-established, the Law of the 31st May abolished, the "Twenty-five francs" suppressed; Louis Bonaparte has done well, etc.—Gindrier, standing on the threshold of the door, raised his voice: "Citizens! above lies Baudin, a Representative of the People, killed while defending the People; Baudin, the Representative of you all, mark that well! You are before his house; he is there bleeding on his bed, and here is a man who dares in this place to applaud his assassin! Citizens! shall I tell you the name of this man? He is called the Police! Shame and infamy to traitors and to cowards! Respect to the corpse of him who has died for you!"

And pushing aside the crowd, Gindrier took the man who had been speaking by the collar, and knocking his hat on to the ground with the back of his hand, he cried, "Hats off!"

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE DECREES OF THE REPRESENTATIVES WHO REMAINED FREE.

THE text of the judgment which was believed to have been drawn up by the High Court of Justice had been brought to us by the ex-Constituent, Martin (of Strasbourg), a lawyer at the Court of Cassation. At the same time we learned what was happening in the Rue Aumaire. The battle was beginning, it was important to sustain it, and to feed it; it was important ever to place the legal resistance by the side of the armed resistance. The members who had met together on the preceding day at the Mairie of the Tenth Arrondissement had decreed the disposition of Louis Bonaparte; but this decree, drawn up by a meeting almost exclusively composed of the unpopular members of the majority, might have no effect on the masses; it was necessary that the Left should take it up, should adopt it, should imprint upon it a more energetic and more revolutionary accent, and also take possession of the judgment of the High Court, which was believed to be genuine, to lend assistance to this judgment, and put it into execution.

In our appeal to arms we had outlawed Louis Bonaparte. The decree of deposition taken up and counter-signed by us added weight to this outlawry, and completed the revolutionary act by the legal act.

The Committee of Resistance called together the Republican Representatives. The apartments of M. Grévy, where we had been sitting, being too small, we appointed for our meeting-place No. 10, Rue des Moulins, although warned that the police had already made a raid upon this house. But we had no choice; in time of Revolution prudence is impossible, and it is speedily seen that it is useless. Confidence, always confidence; such is the law of those grand actions which at times determine great events. The perpetual improvisation of means, of policy, of expedients, of resources, nothing step by step, everything on the impulse of the moment, the ground never sounded, all risks taken as a whole, the good with the bad, everything chanced on all sides at the same time, the hour, the place, the opportunity, friends, family, liberty, fortune, life,—such is the revolutionary conflict.

Towards three o'clock about sixty Representatives were meeting at No. 10, Rue

des Moulins, in the large drawing-room, out of which opened a little room where the Committee of Resistance was in session.

It was a gloomy December day, and darkness seemed already to have almost set in. The publisher Hetzel, who might also be called the poet Hetzel, is of a noble mind and of great courage. He has, as is known, shown unusual political qualities as Secretary-General of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs under Bastide; he came to offer himself to us, as the brave and patriotic Hingray had already done in the morning. Hetzel knew that we needed a printing office above everything; we had not the faculty of speech, and Louis Bonaparte spoke alone. Hetzel had found a printer who had said to him, "*Force me, put a pistol to my throat, and I will print whatever you wish.*" It was only a question, therefore, of getting a few friends together, of seizing this printing office by main force, of barricading it, and, if necessary, of sustaining a siege, while our Proclamations and our degrees were being printed. Hetzel offered this to us. One incident of his arrival at our meeting-place deserves to be noted. As he drew near the doorway he saw in the twilight of this dreary December day a man standing motionless at a short distance, and who seemed to be lying in wait. He went up to this man, and recognized M. Yon, the former Commissary of Police of the Assembly.

"What are you doing there?" said Hetzel abruptly. "Are you there to arrest us? In that case, here is what I have got for you," and he took out two pistols from his pocket.

M. Yon answered smiling,—

"I am in truth watching, not against you, but for you; I am guarding you."

M. Yon, aware of our meeting at Landrin's house and fearing that we should be arrested, was, of his own accord, acting as police for us.

Hetzel had already revealed his scheme to Representative Labrousse, who was to accompany him and give him the moral support of the Assembly in his perilous expedition. A first rendezvous which had been agreed upon between them at the Café Cardinal having failed, Labrousse had left with the owner of the *café* for Hetzel a note couched in these terms:—

"Madame Elizabeth awaits M. Hetzel at No. 10, Rue des Moulins."

In accordance with this note Hetzel had come.

We accepted Hetzel's offer, and it was agreed that at nightfall Representative Versigny, who performed the duties of Secretary to the Committee, should take him our decrees, our Proclamations, such items of news as may have reached us, and all that we should judge proper to publish. It was settled that Hetzel should await Versigny on the pavement at the end of the Rue de Richelieu which runs alongside the Café Cardinal.

Meanwhile, Jules Favre, Michel de Bourges and myself had drawn up a final decree, which was to combine the deposition voted by the Right with the outlawry voted by us. We came back into the large room to read it to the assembled Representatives, and for them to sign it.

At this moment the door opened, and Emile de Girardin appeared. We had not seen him since the previous evening.

Emile de Girardin—after dispersing from around him that mist which envelopes every combatant in party warfare, and which at a distance changes or obscures the appearance of a man—Emile de Girardin is an extraordinary thinker, an accurate writer, energetic, logical, skilful, hearty; a journalist in whom, as in all great journalists, can be seen the statesman. We owe to Emile de Girardin this great work of progress, the cheap Press. Emile de Girardin has this great gift, a clear-headed stubbornness. Emile de Girardin is a public watchman; his journal is his sentry-box; he waits, he watches, he spies out, he enlightens, he lies in wait, he cries "Who goes there?" at the slightest alarm, he fires volleys with his pen. He is ready for every form of combat, a sentinel to-day, a General to-morrow. Like all earnest minds he understands, he sees, he recognizes, he handles, so to speak, the great and magnificent identity embraced under these three words: "Rev-

olution, Progress, Liberty;" he wishes for the Revolution, but above all through Progress; he wishes for progress, but solely through Liberty. One can, and according to our opinion sometimes rightly, differ from him as to the road to be taken, as to the attitude to be assumed, and the position to be maintained, but no one can deny his courage, which he has proved in every form, nor reject his object, which is the moral and physical amelioration of the lot of all. Emile de Girardin is more Democratic than Republican, more Socialist than Democratic; on the day when these three ideas, Democracy, Republicanism, Socialism, that is to say, the principle, the form, and the application, are balanced in his mind, the oscillations which still exist in him will cease. He has already Power, he will have Stability.

In the course of this sitting, as we shall see, I did not always agree with Emile de Girardin. All the more reason that I should record here how greatly I appreciate the mind formed of light and of courage. Emile de Girardin, whatever his failings may be, is one of those men who do honor to the Press of to-day; he unites in the highest degree the dexterity of the combatant with the serenity of the thinker.

I went up to him, and I asked him,—

"Have you any workmen of the *Presse* still remaining?"

He answered me,—

"Our presses are under seal, and guarded by the *gendarmerie mobile*, but I have five or six willing workmen; they can produce a few placards with the brush."

"Well then," said I, "print our decrees and Proclamation."

"I will print anything," answered he, "as long as it is not an appeal to arms."

He added, addressing himself to me, "I know your Proclamation. It is a war-cry, I cannot print that."

They remonstrated at this. He then declared that he for his part made Proclamations, but in a different sense from ours. That according to him Louis Bonaparte should not be combatted by force of arms, but by creating a vacuum. By an armed conflict he would be the conqueror, by a vacuum he would be conquered. He urged us to aid him in isolating the "deposed of the Second December." "Let us bring about a vacuum around him!" cried Emile de Girardin, "let us proclaim an universal strike. Let the merchant cease to sell, let the consumer cease from buying, let the workman cease from working, let the butcher cease from killing, let the baker cease from baking, let everything keep holiday, even to the National Printing Office, so that Louis Bonaparte may not find a compositor to compose the *Moniteur*, not a pressman to machine it, not a bill-sticker to placard it! Isolation, solitude, a void space around this man! Let the nation withdraw from him. Every power from which the nation withdraws falls like a tree from which the roots are divided. Louis Bonaparte abandoned by all in his crime will vanish away. By simply folding our arms as we stand around him he will fall. On the other hand, fire on him and you will consolidate him. The army is intoxicated, the people are dazed and do not interfere, the middle classes are afraid of the President, of the people, of you, of every one! No victory is possible. You will go straight before you, like brave men, you risk your heads, very good; you will carry with you two or three thousand daring men, whose blood, mingled with yours, already flows. It is heroic, I grant you. It is not politic. As for me, I will not print an appeal to arms, and I reject the combat. Let us organize an universal strike."

This point of view was haughty and superb, but unfortunately I felt it to be unattainable. Two aspects of the truth seized Girardin, the logical side and the practical side. Here, in my opinion, the practical side was wanting.

Michel de Bourges answered him. Michel de Bourges with his sound logic and quick reasoning put his finger on what was for us the immediate question; the crime of Louis Bonaparte, the necessity to rise up erect before this crime. It was rather a conversation than a debate, but Michel de Bourges and Jules Favre, who spoke next, raised it to the highest elo-

quence. Jules Favre, worthy to understand the powerful mind of Girardin, would willingly have adopted this idea, if it had seemed practicable, of the universal strike, of the void around the man; he found it great, but impossible. A nation does not pull up short. Even when struck to the heart, it still moves on. Social movement, which is the animal life of society, survives all political movement. Whatever Emile de Girardin might hope, there would always be a butcher who would kill, a baker who would bake, men must eat! "To make universal labor fold its arms is a chimera!" said Jules Favre, "a dream! The People fight for three days, for four days, for a week; society will not wait indefinitely." As to the situation, it was doubtless terrible, it was doubtless tragical, and blood flowed, but who had brought about this situation? Louis Bonaparte. For ourselves, we would accept it, such as it was, and nothing more.

Emile de Girardin, steadfast, logical, absolute in his idea, persisted. Some might be shaken. Arguments, which were so abundant in this vigorous and inexhaustible mind, crowded upon him. As for me, I saw Duty before me like a torch.

I interrupted him. I cried out, "It is too late to deliberate what we are to do. We have not got to do it. It is done. The gauntlet of the *coup d'état* is thrown down, the Left takes it up. The matter is as simple as this. The outrage of the Second December is an infamous, insolent, unprecedented defiance to Democracy, to Civilization, to Liberty, to the People, to France. I repeat that we have taken up this gauntlet, we are the Law, but the living Law which had need can arm itself and fight. A gun in our hands is a protest. I do not know whether we shall conquer, but it is our duty to protest. To protest first in Parliament; when Parliament is closed, to protest in the street; when the street is closed, to protest in exile; when exile is fulfilled, to protest in the tomb. Such is our part, our office, our mission. The authority of the Representatives is elastic; the People bestow it, events extend it."

While we were deliberating, our colleague, Napoleon Bonaparte, son of the ex-King of Westphalia, came in. He listened. He spoke. He energetically blamed, in a tone of sincere and generous indignation, his cousin's crime, but he declared that in his opinion a written protest would suffice. A protest of the Representatives, a protest of the Council of State, a protest of the Magistracy, a protest of the Press, that this protest would be unanimous and would enlighten France, but that no other form of resistance would obtain unanimity. That as for himself, having always considered the Constitution worthless, having contended against it from the first in the Constituent Assembly, he would not defend it at the last, that he assuredly would not give one drop of blood for it. That the Constitution was dead, but that the Republic was living, and that we must save, not the Constitution, a corpse, but the Republic, the principle!

Remonstrances burst forth. Bancel, young, glowing, eloquent, impetuous, overflowing with self-confidence, cried out that we ought not to look at the shortcomings of the Constitution, but at the enormity of the crime which had been committed, the flagrant treason, the violated oath; he declared that we might have voted against the Constitution in the Constituent Assembly, and yet defend it to-day in the presence of an usurper; that this was logical, and that many amongst us were in this position. He cited me as an example. Victor Hugo, said he, is a proof of this. He concluded thus: "You have been present at the construction of a vessel, you have considered it badly built, you have given advice which has not been listened to. Nevertheless, you have been obliged to embark on board this vessel, your children and your brothers are there with you, your mother is on board. A pirate ranges up, axe in one hand, to scuttle the vessel, a torch in the other to fire it. The crew are resolved to defend themselves and run to arms. Would you say to this crew, 'For my part I consider this vessel badly built, and I will let it be destroyed'?"

"In such a case," added Edgar Quinet, "whoever is not on the side of the vessel is on the side of the pirates."

They shouted on all sides, "The decree! Read the decree!"

I was standing leaning against the fireplace. Napoleon Bonaparte came up to me, and whispered in my ear,—

"You are undertaking," said he, "a battle which is lost beforehand."

I answered him, "I not not look at success, I look at duty."

He replied, "You are a politician, consequently you ought to look forward to success. I repeat before you go any further, that the battle is lost beforehand.

I resumed, "If we enter upon the conflict the battle is lost. You say so, I believe it; but if we do not enter upon it, honor is lost. I would rather lose the battle than honor."

He remained silent for a moment, then he took my hand.

"Be it so," continued he, "but listen to me. You run, you yourself personally, great danger. Of all the men in the Assembly you are the one whom the President hates the most. You have from the height of the Tribune nicknamed him, 'Napoleon the Little.' You understand that will never be forgotten. Besides, it was you who dictated the appeal to arms, and that is known. If you are taken, you are lost. You will be shot on the spot, or at least transported. Have you a safe place where you can sleep to-night?"

I had not as yet thought of this. "In truth, no," answered I.

He continued, "Well, then, come to my house. There is perhaps only one house in Paris where you would be in safety. That is mine. They will not come to look for you there. Come, day or night, at what hour you please, I will await you, and I will open the door to you myself. I live at No. 5, Rue d'Alger."

I thanked him. It was a noble and cordial offer. I was touched by it. I did not make use of it, but I have not forgotten it.

They cried out anew, "Read the decree! Sit down! sit down!"

There was a round table before the fireplace; a lamp, pens, blotting-books, and paper were brought there; the members of the Committee sat down at this table, the Representatives took their places around them on sofas, on arm-chairs, and on all the chairs which could be found in the adjoining rooms. Some looked about for Napoleon Bonaparte. He had withdrawn.

A member requested that in the first place the meeting should declare itself to be the National Assembly, and constitute itself by immediately appointing a President and Secretaries. I remarked that there was no need to declare ourselves the Assembly, that we were the Assembly by right as well as in fact, and the whole Assembly, our absent colleagues being detained by force; that the National Assembly, although mutilated by the *coup d'état*, ought to preserve its entity and remain constituted afterwards in the same manner as before; that to appoint another President and another staff of Secretaries would be to give Louis Bonaparte an advantage over us, and to acknowledge in some manner the Dissolution; that we ought to do nothing of the sort; that our decrees should be published, not with the signature of a President, whoever he might be, but with the signature of all the members of the Left who had not been arrested, that they would thus carry with them full authority over the People, and full effect. They relinquished the idea of appointing a President. Noël Parfait proposed that our decrees and our resolutions should be drawn up, not with the formula: "The National Assembly decrees," &c.; but with the formula: "The Representatives of the People remaining at liberty decree," &c. In this manner we should preserve all the authority attached to the office of the Representatives of the People without associating the arrested Representatives with the responsibility of our actions. This formula had the additional advantage of separating us from the Right. The people knew that the only Representatives remaining free were the members of the Left. They adopted Noël Parfait's advice.

I read aloud the decree of deposition. It was couched in these words:—

"DECLARATION.

"The Representatives of the People remaining at liberty, by virtue of Article 68 of the Constitution, which runs as follows:—

"'Article 68.—Every measure by which the President of the Republic dissolves the Assembly, prorogues it, or obstructs the exercise of its authority, is a crime of High Treason.

"'By this action alone the President is deposed from his office; the citizens are bound to refuse him obedience; the executive power passes by right to the National Assembly; the judges of the High Court of Justice should meet together immediately under penalty of treason, and convoke the juries in a place which they shall appoint to proceed to the judgment of the President and his accomplices.'

"Decree:—

"Article I.—Louis Bonaparte is deposed from his office of President of the Republic.

"Article II.—All citizens and public officials are bound to refuse him obedience under penalty of complicity.

"Article III.—The judgment drawn up on December 2nd by the High Court of Justice, and which declares Louis Bonaparte attainted with the Crime of High Treason, shall be published and executed. Consequently the civil and military authorities are summoned under penalty of Treason to lend their active assistance to the execution of the said judgment.

"Given at Paris, in permanent session, December 3rd, 1851."

The decree having been read, and voted unanimously, we signed it, and the Representatives crowded round the table to add their signatures to ours. Sain remarked that this signing took time, that in addition we numbered barely more than sixty, a large number of the members of the Left being at work in the streets in insurrection. He asked if the Committee, who had full powers from the whole of the Left, had any objection to attach to the decree the names of all the Republican Representatives remaining at liberty, the absent as well as those present. We answered that the decree signed by all would assuredly better answer its purpose. Besides, it was the counsel which I had already given. Bancel had in his pocket an old number of the *Moniteur* containing the result of a division.

They cut out a list of the names of the members of the Left, the names of those who were arrested were erased, and the list was added to the decree.*

The name of Emile de Girardin upon this list caught my eye. He was still present.

"Do you sign this decree?" I asked him.

"Unhesitatingly."

"In that case will you consent to print it?"

"Immediately."

He continued,—

"Having no longer any presses, as I have told you, I can only print it as a handbill, and with the brush. It takes a long time, but by eight o'clock this evening you shall have five hundred copies."

"And," continued I, "you persist in refusing to print the appeal to arms?"

"I do persist."

A second copy was made of the decree, which Emile de Girardin took away with him.

The deliberation was resumed. At each moment Representatives came in and brought items of news: Amiens in insurrection—Rheims and Rouen in motion, and marching on Paris—General Canrobert resisting the *coup d'état*—General Castellane hesitating — The Minister of the United States demanding his passports. We placed little faith in these rumors, and facts proved that we were right.

Meanwhile Jules Favre had drawn up the following decree, which he proposed, and which was immediately adopted:—

*This list, which belongs to History, having served as the base of the proscription list, will be found complete in the sequel to this book to be published hereafter.

"DECREE.

"FRENCH REPUBLIC.

"*Liberty,—Equality,—Fraternity.*

"The undersigned Representatives remaining at liberty, assembled in Permanent Session,—

"Considering the arrest of the majority of our colleagues, and the urgency of the moment:

"Considering that for the accomplishment of his crime Louis Bonaparte has not contented himself with multiplying the most formidable means of destruction against the lives and property of the citizens of Paris, that he has trampled under foot every law, that he has annihilated all the guarantees of civilized nations:

"Considering that these criminal madnesses only serve to augment the violent denunciation of every conscience and to hasten the hour of national vengeance, but that it is important to proclaim the Right:

"Decree:

"Art. I.—The State of Siege is raised in all Departments where it has been established, the ordinary laws resume their authority.

"Art. II.—It is enjoined upon all military leaders under penalty of Treason immediately to lay down the extraordinary powers which have been conferred upon them.

"Art. III.—Officials and agents of the public force are charged under penalty of treason to put this present decree into execution.

"Given in Permanent Session, 3rd December, 1851."

Madier de Montjau and De Flotte entered. They came from outside. They had been in all the districts where the conflict was proceeding, they had seen with their own eyes the hesitation of a part of the population in the presence of these words, "The Law of the 31st May is abolished, Universal Suffrage is re-established." The placards of Louis Bonaparte were manifestly working mischief. It was necessary to oppose effort to effort, and to neglect nothing which could open the eyes of the people. I dictated the following Proclamation:—

"PROCLAMATION.

"People! you are being deceived.

"Louis Bonaparte says that he has re-established you in your rights, and that he restores to you Universal Suffrage.

"Louis Bonaparte has lied.

"Read his placards. He grants you—what infamous mockery!—the right of conferring on him, on him *alone*, the Constituent power; that is to say, the Supreme power, which belongs to you. He grants you the right to appoint him Dictator *for ten years*. In other words, he grants you the right of abdicating and of crowning him. A right which even you do not possess, O people! for one generation cannot dispose of the sovereignty of the generation which shall follow it.

"Yes, he grants to you, Sovereign, the right of giving yourself a master, and that master himself.

"Hypocrisy and treason!

"People! we must unmask the hypocrite. It is for you to punish the traitor!

"The Committee of Resistance:

"Jules Favre, De Flotte, Carnot, Madier de Montjau, Mathieu (de la Drôme), Michel de Bourges, Victor Hugo."

Baudin had fallen heroically. It was necessary to let the People know of his death, and to honor his memory. The decree below was voted on the proposition of Michel de Bourges:—

"DECREE.

"The Representatives of the People remaining at liberty considering that the Representative Baudin has died on the barricade of the Faubourg St. Antoine for the Republic and for the laws, and that he has deserved well of his country, decree:

"That the honors of the Panthéon are adjudged to Representative Baudin.

"Given in Permanent Session, 3rd December, 1851."

After honor to the dead and the needs of the conflict it was necessary in my opin-

ion to enunciate immediately and dictatorially some great popular benefit. I proposed the abolition of the *octroi* duties and of the duty on liquors. This objection was raised: "No caresses to the people! After victory, we will see. In the meantime let them fight! If they do not fight, if they do not rise, if they do not understand that it is for them, for their rights that we the Representatives, that we risk our heads at this moment—if they leave us alone at the breach, in the presence of the *coup d'état*—it is because they are not worthy of Liberty!"

Bancel remarked that the abolition of the *octroi* duties and the duty on liquors were not caresses to the People, but succor to the poor, a great economical and reparatory measure, a satisfaction to the public demand—a satisfaction which the Right had always obstinately refused, and that the Left, master of the situation, ought to hasten to accord. They voted, with the reservation that it should not be published until after victory, the two decrees in one; in this form:—

"DECREE.

"The Representatives remaining at liberty decree:

"The *Octroi* Duties are abolished throughout the extent of the territory of the Republic.

"Given in permanent Session, 3rd December, 1851."

Versigny, with a copy of the Proclamations and of the Decree, left in search of Hetzel. Labrousse also left with the same object. They settled to meet at eight o'clock in the evening at the house of the former members of the Provisional Government, Marie, Rue Neuve des Petits Champs.

As the members of the Committee and the Representatives withdrew I was told that some one had asked to speak to me. I went into a sort of little room attached to the large meeting-room, and I found there a man in a blouse, with an intelligent and sympathetic air. This man had a roll of paper in his hand.

"Citizen Victor Hugo," said he to me, "you have no printing office. Here are the means which will enable you to dispense with one."

He unfolded on the mantel-piece the roll which he had in his hand. It was a species of blotting-book made of very thin blue paper, and which seemed to me to be slightly oiled. Between each leaf of blue paper there was a sheet of white paper. He took out of his pocket a sort of blunt bodkin, saying, "The first thing to hand will serve your purpose, a nail or a match," and he traced with his bodkin on the first leaf of the book the word "Republic." Then turning over the leaves, he said, "Look at this."

The word "Republic" was reproduced upon the fifteen or twenty white leaves which the book contained.

He added, "This paper is usually used to trace the designs of manufactured fabrics. I thought that it might be useful at a moment like this. I have at home a hundred books like this on which I can make a hundred copies of what you want—a Proclamation, for instance—in the same space of time that it takes to write four or five. Write something, whatever you may think useful at the present moment, and to-morrow morning five hundred copies shall be posted throughout Paris."

I had none of the documents with me which we had just drawn up. Versigny had gone away with the copies. I took a sheet of paper, and, leaning on the corner of the chimney-piece, I wrote the following Proclamation:—

"TO THE ARMY.

"Soldiers!

"A man has just broken the Constitution. He tears up the oath which he had sworn to the people; he suppresses the law, stifles Right, stains Paris with blood, chokes France, betrays the Republic!

"Soldiers, this man involves you in his crime.

"There are two things holy: the flag which represents military honor, and the law which represents the National Right. Soldiers, the greatest of outrages is the

flag raised against the Law! Follow no longer the wretched man who misleads you. Of such a crime French soldiers should be the avengers, not the accomplices.

"This man says he is named Bonaparte. He lies, for Bonaparte is a word which means glory. This man says that he is named Napoléon. He lies, for Napoléon is a word which means genius. As for him, he is obscure and insignificant. Give this wretch up to the law. Soldiers, he is a false Napoléon. A true Napoléon would once more give you a Marengo; he will once more give you a Transnonain.

"Look towards the true function of the French army; to protect the country, to propagate the Revolution, to free the people, to sustain the nationalities, to emancipate the Continent, to break chains everywhere, to protect Right everywhere, this is your part amongst the armies of Europe. You are worthy of great battle-fields.

"Soldiers, the French Army is the advanced guard of humanity.

"Become yourselves again, reflect; acknowledge your faults; rise up! Think of your Generals arrested, taken by the collar by galley sergeants and thrown handcuffed into robbers' cells! The malefactor, who is at the Elysée, thinks that the Army of France is a band of mercenaries; that if they are paid and intoxicated they will obey. He sets you an infamous task, he causes you to strangle, in this nineteenth century, and in Paris itself, Liberty, Progress, and Civilization. He makes you—you, the children of France—destroy all that France has so gloriously and laboriously built up during three centuries of light and in sixty years of Revolution! Soldiers! you are the 'Grand Army!' respect the 'Grand Nation!'

"We, citizens; we, Representatives of the People and of yourselves; we, your friends, your brothers; we, who are Law and Right; we, who rise up before you, holding out our arms to you, and whom you strike blindly with your swords—do you know what drives us to despair? It is not to see our blood which flows; it is to see your honor which vanishes.

"Soldiers! one step more in the outrage, one day more with Louis Bonaparte, and you are lost before universal conscience. The men who command you are outlaws. They are not generals — they are criminals. The garb of the galley slave awaits them; see it already on their shoulders. Soldiers! there is yet time—Stop! Come back to the country! Come back to the Republic! If you continue, do you know what History will say of you? It will say, 'They have trampled under the feet of their horses and crushed beneath the wheels of their cannon all the laws of their country; they, French soldiers, they have dishonored the anniversary of Austerlitz, and by their fault, by their crime, the name of Napoléon sprinkles as much shame to-day upon France as in other times it has showered glory!'

"French soldiers! cease to render assistance to crime!"

My colleagues of the Committee having left, I could not consult them—time pressed—I signed:

"For the Representatives of the People remaining at liberty, the Representative member of the Committee of Resistance,

"VICTOR HUGO."

The man in the blouse took away the Proclamation, saying, "You will see it again to-morrow morning." He kept his word. I found it the next day placarded in the Rue Rambuteau, at the corner of the Rue de l'Homme-Armé and the Chapelle-Saint-Denis. To those who were not in the secret of the process it seemed to be written by hand in blue ink.

I thought of going home. When I reached the Rue de la Tour d'Auvergne, opposite my door, it happened curiously and by some chance to be half open. I pushed it, and entered. I crossed the courtyard, and went upstairs without meeting any one.

My wife and my daughter were in the drawing-room round the fire with Madame Paul Meurice. I entered noiselessly; they were conversing in a low tone. They were talking of Pierre Dupont, the popular song-writer, who had come to me to ask

for arms. Isidore, who had been a soldier, had some pistols by him, and had lent three to Pierre Dupont for the conflict.

Suddenly these ladies turned their heads and saw me close to them. My daughter screamed. "Oh, go away," cried my wife, throwing her arms round my neck; "you are lost if you remain here a moment. You will be arrested here!" Madame Paul Meurice added, "They are looking for you. The police were here a quarter of an hour ago." I could not succeed in reassuring them. They gave me a packet of letters offering me places of refuge for the night, some of them signed with names unknown to me. After some moments, seeing them more and more frightened, I went away. My wife said to me, "What you are doing, you are doing for justice. Go, continue!" I embraced my wife and my daughter; five months have elapsed at the time when I am writing these lines. When I went into exile they remained near my son Victor in prison; I have not seen them since that day.

I left as I had entered. In the porter's lodge there were only two or three little children seated round a lamp, laughing and looking at pictures in a book.

---

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE ARCHBISHOP.

On this gloomy and tragical day an idea struck one of the people.

He was a workman belonging to the honest but almost imperceptible minority of Catholic Democrats. The double exaltation of his mind, revolutionary on one side, mystical on the other, caused him to be somewhat distrusted by the people, even by his comrades and his friends. Sufficiently devout to be called a Jesuit by the Socialists, sufficiently Republican to be called a Red by the Reactionists, he formed an exception in the workshops of the Faubourg. Now, what is needed in these supreme crises to seize and govern the masses are men of exceptional genius, not men of exceptional opinion. There is no revolutionary originality. In order to be something in the time of regeneration and in the days of social combat, one must bathe fully in those powerful homogeneous mediums which are called parties. Great currents of men follow great currents of ideas, and the true revolutionary leader is he who knows how best to drive the former in accordance with the latter.

Now the Gospel is in accordance with the Revolution, but Catholicism is not. This is due to the fact that in the main the Papacy is not in accordance with the Gospel. One can easily understand a Christian Republican; one cannot understand a Catholic Democrat. It is a combination of two opposites. It is a mind in which the negative bars the way to the affirmative. It is a neuter.

Now in time of revolution, whoever is neuter is impotent. Nevertheless, during the first hours of resistance against the *coup d'état* the democratic Catholic workman, whose noble effort we are here relating, threw himself so resolutely into the cause of Justice and of Truth, that in a few moments he transformed distrust into confidence, and was hailed by the people. He showed such gallantry at the raising of the barricade of the Rue Aumaire that, with an unanimous voice, they appointed him their leader. At the moment of the attack he defended it as he had built it, with ardor. That was a sad but glorious battle-field; most of his companions were killed, and he escaped only by a miracle.

However, he succeeded in returning home, saying to himself bitterly, "All is lost."

It seemed evident to him that the great masses of the people would not rise. Thenceforward it appeared impossible to conquer the *coup d'état* by a revolution; it could be only combatted by legality. What had been the risk at the beginning became the hope at the end, for he believed the end to be fatal, and at hand. In his opinion it was necessary, as the people were defaulters, to try now to arouse the middle classes. Let one legion of National Guards go out in arms, and the Elysée

was lost. For this a decisive blow must be struck—the heart of the middle classes must be reached—the "bourgeois" must be inspired by a grand spectacle which should not be a terrifying spectacle.

It was then that this thought came to this workman, "Write to the Archbishop of Paris."

The workman took a pen, and from his humble garret he wrote to the Archbishop of Paris an enthusiastic and earnest letter in which he, a man of the people and a believer, said this to his Bishop; we give the substance of his letter:—

"This is a solemn hour, Civil War sets by the ears the Army and the People, blood is being shed. When blood flows the Bishop goes forth. M. Sibour should follow in the path of M. Affre. The example is great, the opportunity is still greater.

"Let the Archbishop of Paris, followed by all his clergy, the Pontifical cross before him, his mitre on his head, go forth in procession through the streets. Let him summon to him the National Assembly and the High Court, the Legislators in their sashes, the Judges in their scarlet robes; let him summon to him the citizens, let him summon to him the soldiers, let him go straight to the Elysée. Let him raise his hand in the name of Justice against the man who is violating the laws, and in the name of Jesus against the man who is shedding blood. Simply with his raised hand he will crush the *coup d'état.*

"And he will place his statue by the side of M. Affre, and it will be said that twice two Archbishops of Paris have trampled Civil War beneath their feet.

"The Church is holy, but the Country is sacred. There are times when the Church should succor the Country."

The letter being finished, he signed it with his workman's signature.

But now a difficulty arose; how should it be conveyed to its destination?

Take it himself!

But would he, a mere workman in a blouse, be allowed to penetrate to the Archbishop!

And then, in order to reach the Archiepiscopal Palace, he would have to cross those very quarters in insurrection, and where, perhaps, the resistance was still active. He would have to pass through streets obstructed by troops, he would be arrested and searched; his hands smelt of powder, he would be shot; and the letter would not reach its destination.

What was to be done?

At the moment when he had almost despaired of a solution, the name of Arnauld de l'Ariége came to his mind.

Arnauld de l'Ariége was a Representative after his own heart. Arnauld de l'Ariége was a noble character. He was a Catholic Democrat like the workman. At the Assembly he raised aloft, but he bore nearly alone, that banner so little followed which aspires to ally the Democracy with the Church. Arnauld de l'Ariége, young, handsome, eloquent, enthusiastic, gentle, and firm, combined the attributes of the Tribune with the faith of the knight. His open nature, without wishing to detach itself from Rome, worshiped Liberty. He had two principles, but he had not two faces. On the whole the democratic spirit preponderated in him. He said to me one day, "I give my hand to Victor Hugo. I do not give it to Montalembert."

The workman knew him. He had often written to him, and had sometimes seen him.

Arnauld de l'Ariége lived in a district which had remained almost free.

The workman went there without delay.

Like the rest of us, as has been seen, Arnauld de l'Ariége had taken part in the conflict. Like most of the Representatives of the Left, he had not returned home since the morning of the 2nd. Nevertheless, on the second day, he thought of his young wife whom he had left without knowing if he should see her again, of his baby of six months old which she was suckling, and which he had not kissed for so many hours, of that beloved hearth, of which at certain moments one feels an absolute need to obtain a fleeting glimpse, he could no longer resist; arrest, Mazas, the cell, the hulks, the firing party, all vanished, the idea of danger was obliterated, he went home.

It was precisely at that moment that the workman arrived there.

Arnauld de l'Ariége received him, read his letters, and approved of it.

Arnauld de l'Ariége knew the Archbishop of Paris personally.

M. Sibour, a Republican priest, appointed Archbishop of Paris by General Cavaignac, was the true chief of the Church dreamed of by the liberal Catholicism of Arnauld de l'Ariége. On behalf of the Archbishop, Arnauld de l'Ariége represented in the Assembly that Catholicism which M. de Montalembert perverted. The democratic Representative and the Republic Archbishop had at times frequent conferences, in which acted as intermediatory the Abbé Maret, an intelligent priest, a friend of the people and of progress, Vicar-General of Paris, who has since been Bishop *in partibus* of Surat. Some days previously Arnauld had seen the Archbishop, and had received his complaints of the encroachments of the Clerical party upon the episcopal authority, and he even proposed shortly to interpellate the Ministry on this subject and to take the question into the Tribune.

Arnauld added to the workman's letter a letter of introduction, signed by himself, and enclosed the two letters in the same envelope.

But here the same question arose.

How was the letter to be delivered?

Arnauld, for still weightier reasons than those of the workman, could not take it himself.

And time pressed!

His wife saw his difficulty, and quietly said,—

"I will take charge of it."

Madame Arnauld de l'Ariége, handsome and quite young, married scarcely two years, was the daughter of the Republican ex-Constituent Guichard, worthy daughter of such a father, and worthy wife of such a husband.

They were fighting in Paris; it was necessary to face the dangers of the streets, to pass among musket-balls, to risk her life.

Arnauld de l'Ariége hesitated.

"What do you want to do?" he asked.

"I will take this letter."

"You yourself?"

"I myself."

"But there is danger."

She raised her eyes, and answered,—

"Did I make that objection to you when you left me the day before yesterday?"

He kissed her with tears in his eyes, and answered, "Go."

But the police of the *coup d'état* were suspicious, many women were searched while going through the streets; this letter might be found on Madame Arnauld. Where could this letter be hidden?

"I will take my baby with me," said Madame Arnauld.

She undid the linen of her little girl, hid the letter there, and refastened the swaddling band.

When this was finished the father kissed his child on the forehead, and the mother exclaimed laughingly,—

"Oh, the little Red! She is only six months old, and she is already a conspirator!"

Madame Arnauld reached the Archbishop's Palace with some difficulty. Her carriage was obliged to take a long round. Nevertheless she arrived there. She asked for the Archbishop. A woman with a child in her arms could not be a very terrible visitor, and she was allowed to enter.

But she lost herself in courtyards and staircases. She was seeking her way somewhat discouraged, when she met the Abbé Maret. She knew him. She addressed him. She told him the object of her expedition. The Abbé Maret read the workman's letter, and was seized with enthusiasm. "This may save all," said he.

He added, "Follow me, madame, I will introduce you."

The Archbishop of Paris was in the room which adjoins his study. The Abbé Maret ushered Madame Arnauld into the study, informed the Archbishop, and a moment later the Archbishop entered. Besides the Abbé Maret, the Abbé Deguerry, the Curé of the Madeleine, was with him.

Madame Arnauld handed to M. Sibour the two letters of her husband and the workman. The Archbishop read them, and remained thoughtful.

"What answer am I to take back to my husband?" asked Madame Arnauld.

"Madam," replied the Archbishop, "it is too late. This should have been done before the struggle began. Now, it would be only to risk the shedding of more blood than perhaps has yet been spilled."

The Abbé Deguerry was silent. The Abbé Maret tried respectfully to turn the mind of his Bishop towards the grand effort counselled by the workman. He spoke eloquently. He laid great stress upon this argument, that the appearance of the Archbishop would bring about a manifestation of the National Guard, and that a manifestation of the National Guard would compel the Elysée to draw back.

"No," said the Archbishop, "you hope for the impossible. The Elysée will not draw back now. You believe that I should stop the bloodshed—not at all; I should cause it to flow, and that in torrents. The National Guard has no longer any influence. If the legions appeared, the Elysée could crush the legions by the regiments. And then, what is an Archbishop in the presence of the Man of the *coup d'état?* Where is the oath? Where is the sworn faith? Where is the Respect for Right? A man does not turn back when he has made three steps in such a crime. No! no! Do not hope. This man will do all. He has struck the Law in the hand of the Representative. He will strike God in mine."

And he dismissed Madame Arnauld with the look of a man overwhelmed with sorrow.

Let us do the duty of the historian. Six weeks afterwards, in the Church of Notre-Dame, some one was singing the *Te Deum* in honor of the treason of December—thus making God a partner in a crime.

This man was the Archbishop Sibour.

---

## CHAPTER VIII.

### MOUNT VALÉRIEN.

Of the two hundred and thirty Representative prisoners at the barracks of the Quai d'Orsay fifty-three had been sent to Mount Valérien. They loaded them in four police-vans. Some few remained who were packed in an omnibus. MM. Benoist d'Azy, Falloux, Piscatory, Vatimesnil, were locked in the wheeled cells, as also Eugène Sue and Esquiros. The worthy M. Gustave de Beaumont, a great upholder of the cellular system, rode in a cell vehicle. It is not an undesirable thing, as we have said, that the legislator should taste of the law.

The Commandant of Mount Valérien appeared under the archway of the fort to receive the Representative prisoners.

He at first made some show of registering them in the gaoler's book. General Oudinot, under whom he had served, rebuked him severely,—

"Do you know me?"

"Yes, General."

"Well then, let that suffice. Ask no more."

"Yes," said Tamisier. "Ask more and salute. We are more than the Army; we are France."

The commandant understood. From that moment he was hat in hand before the generals, and bowed low before the Representatives.

They led them to the barracks of the fort and shut them up promiscuously in a dormitory, to which they added fresh beds, and which the soldiers had just quitted. They spent their first night there. The beds touched each other. The sheets were dirty.

Next morning, owing to a few words which had been heard outside, the rumor spread amongst them that the fifty-three were to be sorted, and that the Republicans were to be placed by themselves. Shortly afterwards the rumor was confirmed. Madame de Luynes gained admission to her husband, and brought some items of news. It was asserted, amongst other things, that the Keeper of the Seals of the

*coup d'état*, the man who signed himself Eugène Rouher, "Minister of Justice," had said, "Let them set the men of the Right at liberty, and send the men of the Left to the dungeon. If the populace stirs they will answer for everything. As a guarantee for the submission of the Faubourgs we shall have the head of the Reds."

We do not believe that M. Rouher uttered these words, in which there is so much audacity. At that moment M. Rouher did not possess any. Appointed Minister on the 2nd December, he temporized, he exhibited a vague prudery, he did not venture to instal himself in the Place Vendôme. Was all that was being done quite correct? In certain minds the doubt of success changes into scruples of conscience. To violate every law, to perjure oneself, to strangle Right, to assassinate the country, are all these proceedings wholly honest? While the deed is not accomplished they hesitate. When the deed has succeeded they throw themselves upon it. Where there is victory there is no longer treason; nothing serves like success to cleanse and render acceptable that unknown thing which is called crime. During the first moments M. Rouher reserved himself. Later on he has been one of the most violent advisers of Louis Bonaparte. It is all very simple. His fear beforehand explains his subsequent zeal.

The truth is, that these threatening words had been spoken not by Rouher, but by Persigny.

M. de Luynes imparted to his colleagues what was in preparation, and warned them that they would be asked for their names in order that the white sheep might be separated from the scarlet goats. A murmur which seemed to be unanimous arose. These generous manifestations did honor to the Representatives of the Right.

"No! no! Let us name no one; let us not allow ourselves to be sorted," exclaimed M. Gustave de Beaumont.

M. de Vatimesnil added, "We have come in here all together; we ought to go out all together."

Nevertheless a few moments afterwards Antony Thouret was informed that a list of names was being secretly prepared, and that the Royalist Representatives were invited to sign it. They attributed, doubtless wrongly, this unworthy resolution to the honorable M. de Falloux.

Antony Thouret spoke somewhat warmly in the centre of the group, which were muttering together in the dormitory.

"Gentlemen," said he, "a list of names is being prepared. This would be an unworthy action. Yesterday at the Mairie of the Tenth Arrondissement you said to us, 'There is no longer Left or Right: we are the Assembly.' You believed in the victory of the People, and you sheltered yourself behind us Republicans. To-day you believe in the victory of the *coup d'état*, and you would again become Royalists, to deliver us up, us Democrats! Truly excellent. Very well! Pray do so."

A universal shout arose.

"No! No! No more Right or Left! All are the Assembly. The same lot for all!"

The list which had been begun was seized and burnt.

"By decision of the Chamber," said M. de Vatimesnil, smiling. A Legitimist Representative added,—

"Of the Chamber. No, let us say of the Chambered."

A few moments afterwards the Commissary of the fort appeared, and in polite phrases, which, however, savored somewhat of authority, invited each of the Representatives of the People to declare his name in order that each might be allotted to his ultimate destination.

A shout of indignation answered him.

"No one! No one will give his name," said General Oudinot.

Gustave de Beaumont added,—

"We all bear the same name: Representatives of the People."

The Commissary saluted them and went away.

After two hours he came back. He was accompanied this time by the Chief of the Ushers of the Assembly, a man named Duponceau, a species of arrogant fellow with a red face and white hair, who on grand days strutted at the foot of the Tribune with a silvered collar, a chain over

his stomach, and a sword between his legs.

The Commissary said to Duponceau,—

"Do your duty."

What the Commissary meant, and what Duponceau understood by this word *duty*, was that the Usher should denounce the Legislators. Like the lackey who betrays his masters.

It was done in this manner.

This Duponceau dared to look in the faces of the Representatives by turn, and he named them one after the other to a policeman, who took notes of them.

The Sieur Duponceau was sharply castigated while holding this review.

"M. Duponceau," said M. Vatimesnil to him, "I always thought you an idiot, but I believed you to be an honest man."

The severest rebuke was administered by Antony Thouret. He looked Sieur Duponceau in the face, and said to him, "You deserve to be named Dupin."

The Usher in truth was worthy of being the President, and the President was worthy of being the Usher.

The flock having been counted, the classification having been made, there were found to be thirteen goats: ten Representatives of the Left: Eugène Sue, Esquiros, Antony Thouret, Pascal Duprat, Chanay, Fayolle, Paulin Durrieu, Benoît, Tamisier, Taillard Latérisse, and three members of the Right, who since the preceding day had suddenly become Red in the eyes of the *coup d'état:* Oudinot, Piscatory, and Thuriot de la Rosière.

They confined these separately, and they set at liberty one by one the forty who remained.

---

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE LIGHTNING BEGINS TO FLASH AMONGST THE PEOPLE.

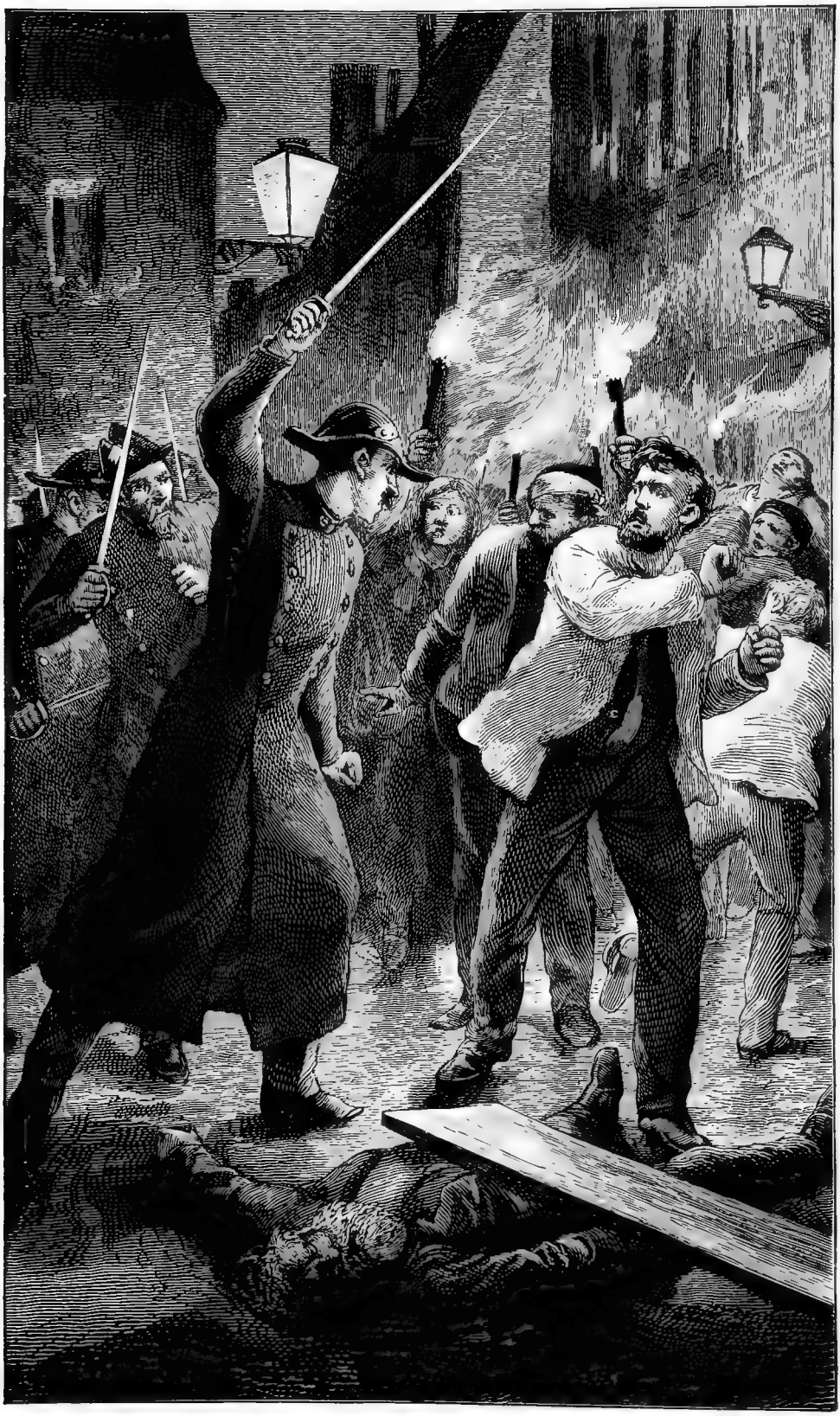
THE evening wore a threatening aspect.

Groups were formed on the Boulevards. As night advanced they grew larger and became mobs, which speedily mingled together, and only formed one crowd. An enormous crowd, reinforced and agitated by tributary currents from the side-streets, jostling one against another, surging, stormy, and whence ascended an ominous hum. This hubbub resolved itself into one word, into one name which issued simultaneously from every mouth, and which expressed the whole of the situation: "Soulouque!"* Throughout that long line from the Madeleine to the Bastille, the roadway nearly everywhere, except (was this on purpose?) at the Port St. Denis and the Port St. Martin, was occupied by the soldiers — infantry and cavalry, ranged in battle-order, the artillery batteries being harnessed; on the pavements on each side of this motionless and gloomy mass, bristling with cannon, swords, and bayonets, flowed a torrent of angry people. On all sides public indignation prevailed. Such was the aspect of the Boulevards. At the Bastille there was a dead calm.

At the Porte St. Martin the crowd, hemmed together and uneasy, spoke in low tones. Groups of workmen talked in whispers. The Society of the 10th December made some efforts there. Men in white blouses, a sort of uniform which the police assumed during those days, said, "Let us leave them alone; let the 'Twenty-five francs' settle it amongst themselves! They deserted us in June, 1848; to-day let them get out of the difficulty alone! It does not concern us!" Other blouses, blue blouses, answered them, "We know what we have to do. This is only the beginning, wait and see."

Others told how the barricades of the Rue Aumaire were being rebuilt, how a large number of persons had already been killed there, how they fired without any summons, how the soldiers were drunk, how at various points in the district there were ambulances already crowded with killed and wounded. All this was said seriously, without loud speaking, without

*A popular nickname for Louis Bonaparte. Faustin Soulouque was the negro Emperor of Hayti, who, when President of the Republic, had carried out a somewhat similar *coup d'état* in 1848, being subsequently elected Emperor. He treated the Republicans with great cruelty, putting most of them to death.



THE CHARGE OF THE POLICE.

Hugo, vol. I., p. 869.

gesture, in a confidential tone. From time to time the crowd were silent and listened, and distant firing was heard.

The groups said, "Now they are beginning to tear down the curtain."

We were holding Permanent Session at Marie's house in the Rue Croix des Petits Champs. Promises of co-operation poured in upon us from every side. Several of our colleagues, who had not been able to find us on the previous day, had joined us, amongst others, Emanuel Arago, gallant son of an illustrious father; Farconnet and Roussel (de l'Yonne), and some Parisian celebreties, amongst whom was the young and already well-known defender of the *Avènement du Peuple*, M. Desmarets.

Two eloquent men, Jules Favre and Alexander Rey, seated at a large table near the window of the small room, were drawing up a Proclamation to the National Guard. In the large room, Sain, seated in an arm-chair, his feet on the dog-irons, drying his wet boots before a huge fire, said, with that calm and courageous smile which he wore in the Tribune, "Things are looking badly for us, but well for the Republic. Martial law is proclaimed; it will be carried out with ferocity, above all against us. We are laid in wait for, followed, tracked; there is little probability that we shall escape. To-day, to-morrow, perhaps in ten minutes, there will be a 'miniature massacre' of Representatives. We shall be taken here or elsewhere, shot down on the spot or killed with bayonet thrusts. They will parade our corpses, and we must hope that that will at length raise the people and overthrow Bonaparte. We are dead, but Bonaparte is lost."

At eight o'clock, as Emile de Girardin had promised, we received from the printing office of the *Presse* five hundred copies of the decree of deposition and of outlawry endorsing the judgment of the High Court, and with all our signatures attached. It was a placard twice as large as one's hand, and printed on paper used for proofs. Noël Parfait brought us the five hundred copies, still damp, between his waistcoat and his shirt. Thirty Representatives divided the bills amongst them, and we sent them on the Boulevards to distribute the Decree to the People.

The effect of this Decree falling in the midst of the crowd was marvellous. Some *cafés* had remained open; people eagerly snatched the bills, they pressed round the lighted shop windows, they crowded under the street lamps. Some mounted on kerbstones or on tables, and read aloud the Decree.—"That is it! Bravo!" cried the people. "The signatures!" "The signatures!" they shouted. The signatures were read out, and at each popular name the crowd applauded. Charamaule, merry and indignant, wandered through the groups, distributing copies of the Decree; his great stature, his loud and bold words, the packet of handbills which he raised, and waved above his head, caused all hands to be stretched out towards him. "Shout, 'Down with Soulouque!'" said he, "and you shall have some." All this in the presence of the soldiers. Even a sergeant of the line, noticing Charamaule, stretched out his hand for one of the bills which Charamaule was distributing. "Sergeant," said Charamaule to him, "cry, 'Down with Soulouque!'" The sergeant hesitated for a moment, and answered "No." "Well, then," replied Charamaule, "shout, 'Long live Soulouque!'" This time the sergeant did not hesitate, he raised his sword, and, amid bursts of laughter and of applause, he resolutely shouted, "Long live Soulouque!"

The reading of the Decree added a gloomy warmth to the popular anger. They set to work on all sides to tear down the placards of the *coup d'état*. At the door of the Café des Variétés a young man cried out to the officers, "You are drunk!" Some workmen on the Boulevard Bonne-Nouvelle shook their fists at the soldiers and said, "Fire, then, you cowards, on unarmed men! If we had guns you would throw the butts of your muskets in the air." Charges of cavalry began to be made in front of the Café Cardinal.

As there were no troops on the Boulevard St. Martin and the Boulevard du Temple, the crowd was more compact there than elsewhere. All the shops were

shut there; the street lamps alone gave any light. Against the gloss of the unlighted windows heads might be dimly seen peering out. Darkness produced silence; this multitude, as we have already said, was hushed. There was only heard a confused whispering. Suddenly a light, a noise, an uproar burst forth from the entrance of the Rue St. Martin. Every eye was turned in that direction; a profound upheaving agitated the crowd; they rushed forward, they pressed against the railings of the high pavements which border the cutting between the theatres of the Porte St. Martin and the Ambigu. A moving mass was seen, and an approaching light. Voices were singing. This formidable chorus was recognized,—

"Aux armes, Citoyens; formez vos bataillons!"

Lighted torches were coming; it was the "Marseillaise," that other torch of Revolution and of warfare which was blazing.

The crowd made way for the mob which carried the torches, and which were singing. The mob reached the St. Martin cutting, and entered it. It was then seen what this mournful procession meant. The mob was composed of two distinct groups. The first carried on its shoulders a plank, on which could be seen stretched an old man with a white beard, stark, the mouth open, the eyes fixed, and with a hole in his forehead. The swinging movement of the bearers shook the corpse, and the dead head rose and fell in a threatening and pathetic manner. One of the men who carried him, pale, and wounded in the breast, placed his hand to his wound, leant against the feet of the old man, and at times himself appeared ready to fall. The other group bore a second litter, on which a young man was stretched, his countenance pale and his eyes closed, his shirt stained, open over his breast, displaying his wounds. While bearing the two litters the groups sang. They sang the "Marseillaise," and at each chorus they stopped and raised their torches, crying, "To arms!" Some young men waved drawn swords. The torches shed a lurid light on the pallid foreheads of the corpses and on the livid faces of the crowd. A shudder ran through the people. It appeared as though they again saw the terrible vision of February, 1848.

This gloomy procession came from the Rue Aumaire. About eight o'clock some thirty workmen gathered together from the neighborhood of the markets, the same who on the next day raised the barricade of the Guérin-Boisseau, reached the Rue Aumaire by the Rue de Petit Lion, the Rue Neuve-Bourg-l'Abbé, and the Carré St. Martin. They came to fight, but here the combat was at an end. The infantry had withdrawn after having pulled down the barricades. Two corpses, an old man of seventy and a young man of five-and-twenty, lay at the corner of the street on the ground, with uncovered faces, their bodies in a pool of blood, their heads on the pavements where they had fallen. Both were dressed in overcoats, and seemed to belong to the middle class. The old man had his hat by his side; he was a venerable figure with a white beard, white hair, and a calm expression. A ball had pierced his skull.

The young man's breast was pierced with buck-shot. One was the father, the other the son. The son, seeing his father fall, had said, "I also will die." Both were lying side by side.

Opposite the gateway of the Conservatoire des Arts et Metiers there was a house in course of building. They fetched two planks from it, they laid the corpses on the planks, the crowd raised them upon their shoulders, they brought torches, and they began their march. In the Rue St. Denis a man in a white blouse barred the way. "Where are you going?" said he to them. "You will bring about disasters! You are helping the 'Twenty-five francs!'" "Down with the police! Down with the white blouse!" shouted the crowd. The man slunk away.

The mob swelled on its road; the crowd opened out and repeated the "Marseillaise" in chorus, but with the exception of a few swords no one was armed. On the boulevard the emotion was intense. Women clasped their hands in pity. Workmen

were heard to exclaim, "And to think that we have no arms!"

The procession, after having for some time followed the Boulevards, re-entered the streets, followed by a deeply-affected and angry multitude. In this manner it reached the Rue de Gravilliers. Then a squad of twenty *sergents de ville*, suddenly emerging from a narrow street, rushed with drawn swords upon the men who were carrying the litters, and overturned the corpses into the mud. A regiment of Chasseurs came up at the double, and put an end to the conflict with bayonet thrusts. A hundred and two citizen prisoners were conducted to the Prefecture. The two corpses received several sword-cuts in the confusion, and were killed a second time. The brigadier Revial, who commanded the squad of the *sergents de ville*, received the Cross of Honor for this deed of arms.

At Marie's we were on the point of being surrounded. We decided to leave the Rue Croix des Petits Champs.

At the Elysée they commenced to tremble. The ex-commandant Fleury, one of the aides-de-camp of the Presidency, was summoned into the little room where M. Bonaparte had remained throughout the day. M. Bonaparte conferred a few moments alone with M. Fleury, then the aide-de-camp came out of the room, mounted his horse, and galloped off in the direction of Mazas.

After this the men of the *coup d'état* met together in M. Bonaparte's room, and held council. Matters were visibly going badly; it was probable that the battle would end by assuming formidable proportions. Up to that time they had desired this, now they did not feel sure that they did not fear it. They pushed forward towards it, but they mistrusted it. There were alarming symptoms in the steadfastness of the resistance, and others not less serious in the cowardice of adherents. Not one of the new Ministers appointed during the morning had taken possession of his Ministry—a significant timidity on the part of people ordinarily so prompt to throw themselves upon such things. M. Rouher, in particular, had disappeared, no one knew where—a sign of tempest. Putting Louis Bonaparte on one side, the *coup d'état* continued to rest solely upon three names, Morny, St. Arnaud, and Maupas. St. Arnaud answered for Magnan. Morny laughed and said in a whisper, "But does Magnan answer for St. Arnaud?" These men adopted energetic measures, they sent for new regiments; an order to the garrisons to march upon Paris was despatched in the one direction as far as Cherbourg, and on the other as far as Maubeuge. These criminals, in the main deeply uneasy, sought to deceive each other. They assumed a cheerful countenance; all spoke of victory; each in the background arranged for flight; in secret, and saying nothing, in order not to give the alarm to his compromised colleagues, so as, in case of failure, to leave the people some men to devour. For this little school of Machiavellian apes the hopes of a successful escape lie in the abandonment of their friends. During their flight they throw their accomplices behind them.

## CHAPTER X.

### WHAT FLEURY WENT TO DO AT MAZAS.

During the same night, towards four o'clock, the approaches of the Northern Railway Station were silently invested by two regiments: one of Chasseurs de Vincennes, the other of *gendarmerie mobile*. Numerous squads of *sergents de ville* installed themselves in the terminus. The station-master was ordered to prepare a special train and to have an engine ready. A certain number of stokers and engineers for night service were retained. No explanation however was vouchsafed to any one, and absolute secrecy was maintained. A little before six o'clock a movement was apparent in the troops. Some *sergents de ville* came running up, and a few minutes afterwards a squadron of Lancers emerged at a sharp trot from the Rue du Nord. In the centre of the squadron and between the two lines of horse-soldiers could be seen two police-vans drawn by post-horses; behind each vehicle came a little open barouche, in which there sat one man. At

the head of the Lancers galloped the aide-de-camp Fleury.

The procession entered the courtyard, then the railway station, and the gates and the doors were reclosed.

The two men in the barouches made themselves known to the Special Commissary of the station, to whom the aide-de-camp Fleury spoke privately. This mysterious convoy excited the curiosity of the railway officials; they questioned the policemen, but these knew nothing. All that they could tell was that these police-vans contained eight places, that in each van there were four prisoners, each occupying a cell, and that the four other cells were filled by four *sergents de ville* placed between the prisoners so as to prevent any communication between the cells.

After various consultations between the aide-de-camp of the Elysée and the men of the Prefect Maupas, the two police-vans were placed on railway trucks, each having behind it the open barouche like a wheeled sentry-box, where a police agent acted as sentinel. The engines were ready, the trucks were attached to the tender, and the train started. It was still pitch dark.

For a long time the train sped on in the most profound silence. Meanwhile it was freezing in the second of the two police-vans; the *sergents de ville*, cramped and chilled, opened their cells, and in order to warm and stretch themselves walked up and down the narrow gangway which runs from end to end of the police-vans. Day had broken, the four *sergents de ville* inhaled the outside air and gazed at the passing country through a species of port-hole which borders each side of the ceiling of the passage. Suddenly a loud voice issued from one of the cells which had remained closed, and cried out, "Hey! there! it is very cold, cannot I relight my cigar here?"

Another voice immediately issued from a second cell, and said, "What! it is you? Good morning, Lamoricière!"

"Good morning, Cavaignac!" replied the first voice.

General Cavaignac and General Lamoricière had just recognized each other.

A third voice was raised from a third cell.

"Ah! you are there, gentlemen. Good morning and a pleasant journey."

He who spoke then was General Changarnier.

"Generals!" cried out a fourth voice. "I am one of you!"

The three generals recognized M. Baze. A burst of laughter came from the four cells simultaneously.

This police-van in truth contained, and was carrying away from Paris, the Questor Baze, and the Generals Lamoricière, Cavaignac, and Changarnier. In the other vehicle, which was placed foremost on the trucks, there were Colonel Charras, Generals Bedeau and Le Flô, and Count Roger (du Nord).

At midnight these eight Representative prisoners were sleeping in their cells at Mazas, when they heard a sudden knocking at their doors, and a voice cried out to them, "Dress; they are coming to fetch you." "Is it to shoot us?" cried Charras from the other side of the door. They did not answer him. It is worth remarking that this idea came simultaneously to all. And in truth, if we can believe what has since transpired through the quarrels of accomplices, it appears that in the event of a sudden attack being made by us upon Mazas to deliver them, a fusillade had been resolved upon, and that St. Arnaud had in his pocket the written order, signed "Louis Bonaparte."

The prisoners got up. Already on the preceding night a similar notice had been given to them. They had passed the night on their feet, and at six o'clock in the morning the gaoler said to them, "You can go to bed." The hours passed by; they ended by thinking it would be the same as the preceding night, and many of them, hearing five o'clock strike from the clock tower inside the prison, were going to get back into bed, when the doors of their cells were opened. All the eight were taken downstairs, one by one, into the clerk's office in the Rotunda, and were then ushered into the police-van without having met or seen each other during the passage. A man dressed in black, with an

impertinent bearing, seated at a table with pen in hand, stopped them on their way, and asked their names. "I am no more disposed to tell you my name than I am curious to learn yours," answered General Lamoricière, and he passed outside.

The aide-de-camp, Fleury, concealing his uniform under his hooded cloak, stationed himself in the clerk's office. He was charged, to use his own words, to "embark" them, and to go and report their "embarkation" at the Elysée. The aide-de-camp, Fleury, had passed nearly the whole of his military career in Africa, in General Lamoricière's division; and it was General Lamoricière who, in 1848, then being Minister of War, had promoted him to the rank of major. While passing through the clerk's office, General Lamoricière looked fixedly at him.

When they entered the police-vans the generals were smoking cigars. They took them from them. General Lamoricière had kept his. A voice from outside cried three separate times, "Stop his smoking!" A *sergent de ville* who was standing by the door of the cell, hesitated for some time; but, however, ended by saying to the general, "Throw away your cigar."

Thence, later on, ensued the exclamation which caused General Cavaignac to recognize General Lamoricière. The vehicles having been loaded, they set off.

They did not know either with whom they were or where they were going. Each observed for himself in his box the turnings of the streets, and tried to speculate. Some believed that they were being taken to the Northern Railway Station; others thought to the Havre Railway Station. They heard the trot of the escort on the paving-stones.

On the railway the discomfort of the cells greatly increased. General Lamoricière, encumbered with a parcel and a cloak, was still more jammed in than the others. He could not move, the cold seized him, and he ended by the exclamation which put all four of them in communication with each other.

On hearing the names of the prisoners, their keepers, who up to that time had been rough, became respectful. "I say, there," said General Changarnier, "open our cells, and let us walk up and down the passage like yourselves." "General," said a *sergent de ville*, "we are forbidden to do so. The Commissary of Police is behind the carriage in a barouche, whence he sees everything that is taking place here." Nevertheless, a few moments afterwards, the keepers, under pretext of cold, pulled up the ground-glass window which closed the vehicle on the side of the Commissary, and having thus "blocked the police," as one of them remarked, they opened the cells of the prisoners.

It was with great delight that the four Representatives met again and shook hands. Each of these three generals at this demonstrative moment maintained the character of his temperament. Lamoricière, impetuous and witty, throwing himself with all his military energy upon "the Bonaparte;" Cavaignac, calm and cold; Changarnier, silent and looking out through the port-hole at the landscape. The *sergents de ville* ventured to put in a word here and there. One of them related to the prisoners that the ex-Prefect, Carlier, had spent the night of the First and Second at the Prefecture of Police. "As for me," said he, "I left the Prefecture at midnight, but I saw him up to that hour, and I can affirm that at midnight he was there still."

They reached Creil, and then Noyon. At Noyon they gave them some breakfast, without letting them get out, a hurried morsel and a glass of wine. The Commissaries of Police did not open their lips to them. Then the carriages were reclosed, and they felt they were being taken off the trucks and being replaced on the wheels. Post horses arrived, and the vehicles set out, but slowly; they were now escorted by a company of infantry *gendarmerie mobile*.

When they left Noyon they had been ten hours in the police-van. Meanwhile the infantry halted. They asked permission to get out for a moment. "We consent," said one of the Commissaries of Police, "but only for a minute, and on condition that you will give your word of honor not to escape." "We will not give

our word of honor," replied the prisoners. "Gentlemen," continued the Commissary, "give it to me only for one minute, the time to drink a glass of water." "No," said General Lamoricière, "but the time to do the contrary," and he added, "To Louis Bonaparte's health." They allowed them to get out, one by one, and they were able to inhale for a moment the fresh air in the open country by the side of the road.

Then the convoy resumed its march.

As the day waned they saw through their port-hole a mass of high walls, somewhat overtopped by a great round tower. A moment afterwards the carriages entered beneath a low archway, and then stopped in the centre of a long courtyard, steeply embanked, surrounded by high walls, and commanded by two buildings, of which one had the appearance of a barrack, and the other, with bars at all the windows, had the appearance of a prison. The doors of the carriages were opened. An officer who wore a captain's epaulettes was standing by the steps. General Changarnier came down the first. "Where are we?" said he. The officer answered, "You are at Ham."

This officer was the Commandant of the Fort. He had been appointed to this post by General Cavaignac.

The journey from Noyon to Ham had lasted three hours and a half. They had spent thirteen hours in the police-van, of which ten were on the railway.

They led them separately into the prison, each to the room that was allotted to him. However, General Lamoricière having been taken by mistake into Cavaignac's room, the two generals could again exchange a shake of the hand. General Lamoricière wished to write to his wife; the only letter which the Commissaries of Police consented to take charge of was a note containing this line: "I am well."

The principal building of the prison of Ham is composed of a story above the ground floor. The ground floor is traversed by a dark and low archway, which leads from the principal courtyard into a back yard, and contains three rooms separated by a passage; the first floor contains five rooms. One of the three rooms on the ground floor is only a little anteroom, almost uninhabitable; there they lodged M. Baze. In the remaining lower chambers they installed General Lamoricière and General Changarnier. The five other prisoners were distributed in the five rooms of the first floor.

The room allotted to General Lamoricière had been occupied in the time of the captivity of the Ministers of Charles X. by the ex-Minister of Marine, M. d'Haussez. It was a low, damp room, long uninhabited, and which had served as a chapel, adjoining the dreary archway which led from one courtyard to the other, floored with great planks slimy and mouldy, to which the foot adhered, papered with a grey paper which had turned green, and which hung in rags, exuding saltpeter from the floor to the ceiling, lighted by two barred windows looking on to the courtyard, which had always to be left open on account of the smoky chimney. At the bottom of the room was the bed, and between the windows a table and two straw-bottomed chairs. The damp ran down the walls. When General Lamoricière left his room he carried away rheumatism with him; M. de Haussez went out crippled.

When the eight prisoners had entered their rooms, the doors were shut upon them; they heard the bolts shot from outside, and they were told: "You are in close confinement."

General Cavaignac occupied on the first floor the former room of M. Louis Bonaparte, the best in the prison. The first thing which struck the eye of the General was an inscription traced on the wall, and stating the day when Louis Bonaparte had entered this fortress, and the day when he had left it, as is well known, disguised as a mason, and with a plank on his shoulder.

Moreover, the choice of this building was an attention on the part of M. Louis Bonaparte, who having in 1848 taken the place of General Cavaignac in power, wished that in 1851 General Cavaignac should take his place in prison.

"Turn and turn about!" Morny had said, smiling.

The prisoners were guarded by the 48th of the Line, who formed the garrison at Ham. The old Bastilles are quite impartial. They obey those who make *coups d'état* until the day when they clutch them. What do these words matter to them, Equity, Truth, Conscience, which moreover in certain circles do not move men any more than stones? They are the cold and gloomy servants of the just and of the unjust. They take whatever is given them. All is good to them. Are they guilty? Good! Are they innocent? Excellent! This man is the organizer of an ambush. To prison! This man is the victim of an ambush! Enter him in the prison register! In the same room. To the dungeon with all the vanquished!

These hideous Bastilles resemble that old human justice which possessed precisely as much conscience as they have, which condemned Socrates and Jesus, and which also takes and leaves, seizes and releases, absolves and condemns, liberates and incarcerates, opens and shuts, at the will of whatever hand manipulates the bolt from outside.

---

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE END OF THE SECOND DAY.

We left Marie's house just in time. The regiment charged to track us and arrest us was approaching. We heard the measured steps of soldiers in the gloom. The streets were dark. We dispersed. I will not speak of a refuge which was refused to us.

Less than ten minutes after our departure M. Marie's house was invested. A swarm of guns and swords poured in, and overan it from cellar to attic. "Everywhere! everywhere!" cried the chiefs. The soldiers sought us with considerable energy. Without taking the trouble to lean down and look, they ransacked under the beds with bayonet thrusts. Sometimes they had difficulty in withdrawing the bayonets which they had driven into the wall. Unfortunately for this zeal, we were not there.

This zeal came from higher sources. The poor soldiers obeyed. "Kill the Representatives"—such were their instructions. It was at that moment when Morny sent this despatch to Maupas: "If you take Victor Hugo, do what you like with him." These were their politest phrases. Later on the *coup d'état* in its decree of banishment, called us "those individuals," which caused Schœlcher to say these haughty words: "These people do not even know how to exile politely."

Dr. Véron who publishes in his "Méoires" the Morny-Maupas despatch, adds: "M. du Maupas sent to look for Victor Hugo, at the house of his brother-in-law, M. Victor Foucher, Councillor to the Court of Cassation. He did not find him."

An old friend, a man of heart and of talent, M. Henry d'E——, had offered me a refuge in rooms which he occupied in the Rue Richelieu. These rooms, adjoining the Théâtre Français, were on the first floor of a house which, like M. Grévy's residence, had an exit into the Rue Fontaine Molière.

I went there. M. Henry d'E—— being from home, his porter was awaiting me, and handed me the key.

A candle lighted the room which I entered. There was a table near the fire, a blotting-book, and some paper. It was past midnight, and I was somewhat tired; but before going to bed, foreseeing that if I should survive this adventure I should write its history, I resolved immediately to note down some details of the state of affairs in Paris at the end of this day, the second of the *coup d'état*. I wrote this page, which I reproduce here, because it is a life-like portrayal—a sort of direct photograph:—

"Louis Bonaparte has invented something which he calls 'Consultative Committee,' and which he commissions to draw up the postscript of his crimes.

"Léon Faucher refuses to be in it; Montalembert hesitates; Baroche accepts.

"Falloux despises Dupin.

"The first shots were fired at the Rec-

cord office. In the Markets, in the Rue Rambuteau, in the Rue Beaubourg I heard firing.

"Fleury, the aide-de-camp, ventured to pass down the Rue Montmartre. A musket ball pierced his képi. He galloped quickly off. At one o'clock the regiments were summoned to vote on the *coup d'état.* All gave their adhesion. The students of law and medicine assembled together at the École de Droit to protest. The Municipal Guards dispersed them. There were a great many arrests. This evening, patrols are everywhere. Sometimes an entire regiment forms a patrol.

"Representative Hespel, who is six feet high, was not able to find a cell long enough for him at Mazas, and he has been obliged to remain in the porter's lodge, where he is carefully watched.

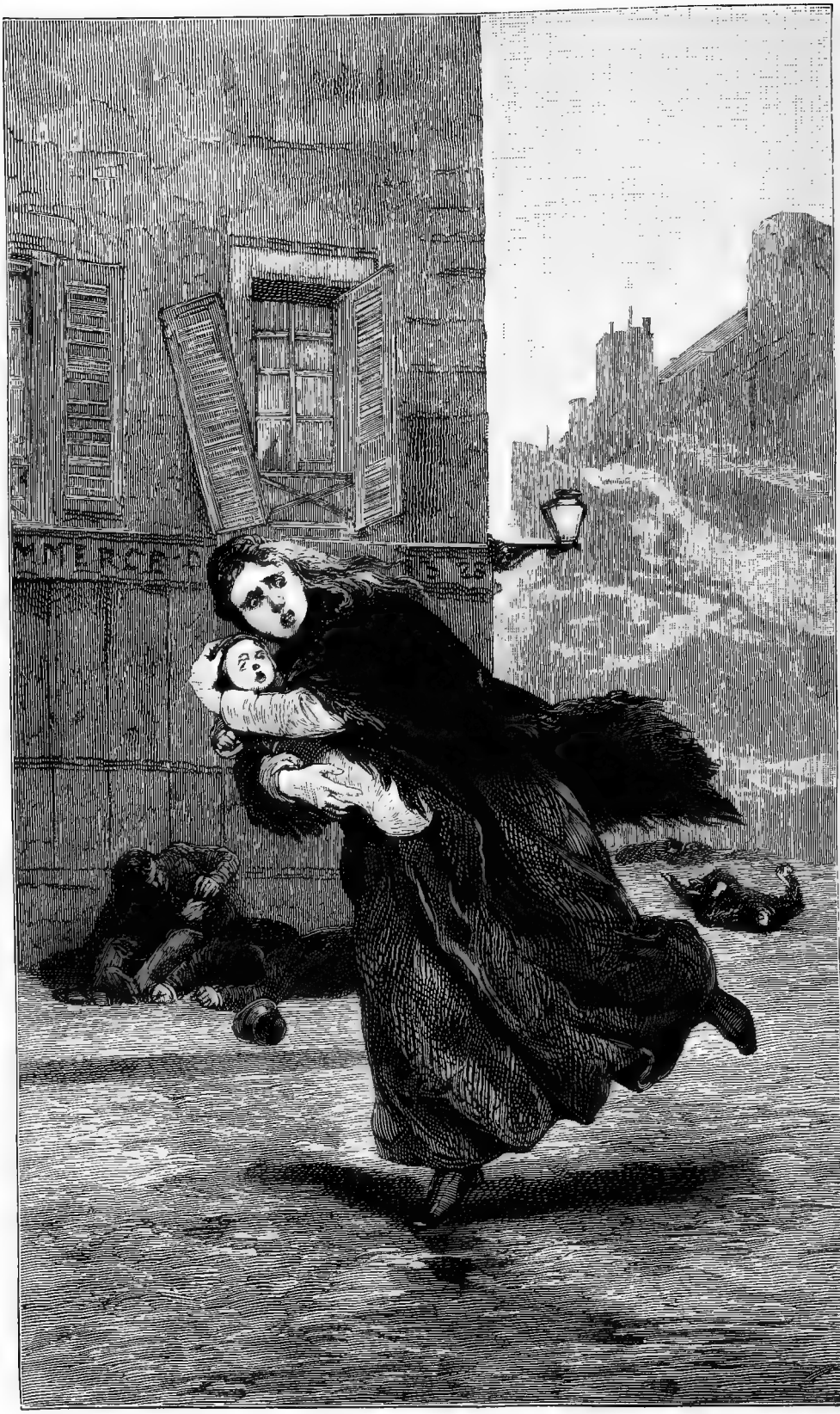
"Mesdames Odilon Barrot and de Tocqueville do not know where their husbands are. They go from Mazas to Mont Valérien. The gaolers are dumb. It is the 19th Light Infantry which attacked the barricade when Baudin was killed. Fifty men of the *gendarmerie mobile* have carried at the double the barricade of the Oratoire in the Rue St. Honoré. Moreover, the conflict reveals itself. They sound the toscin at the Chapelle Bréa. One barricade overturned sets twenty barricades on their feet. There is the barricade of the Schools in the Rue St. André des Arts, the barricade of the Rue du Temple, the barricade of the Carrefour Phélippeaux defended by twenty young men who have all been killed; they are reconstructing it; the barricade of the Rue de Bretagne, which at this moment Courtigis is bombarding. There is the barricade of the Invalides, the barricade of the Barrière des Martyres, the barricade of the Chapelle St. Denis. The councils of war are sitting in permanence, and order all prisoners to be shot. The 30th of the Line have shot a woman. Oil upon fire.

"The colonel of the 49th of the Line has resigned. Louis Bonaparte has appointed in his place Lieutenant-Colonel Negrier. M. Brun, Officer of the Police of the Assembly, was arrested at the same time as the Questors.

"It is said that fifty members of the majority have signed a protest at M. Odilon Barrot's house.

"This evening there is an increasing uneasiness at the Élysée. Incendiarism is feared. Two battalions of engineer-sappers have reinforced the Fire Brigade. Maupas has placed guards over the gasometers.

"Here are the military talons by which Paris has been grasped:—Bivouacs at all the strategical points. At the Pont Neuf and the Quai aux Fleurs, the Municipal Guards; at the Place de la Bastille twelve pieces of cannon, three mortars, lighted matches; at the corner of the Faubourg the six-storied houses are occupied by soldiers from top to bottom; the Marulaz brigade at the Hôtel de Ville; the Sauboul brigade at the Panthéon; the Courtigis brigade at the Faubourg St. Antoine; the Renaud division at the Faubourg St. Marceau. At the Legislative Palace the Chasseurs de Vincennes, and a battalion of the 15th Light Infantry; in the Champs Elysées infantry and cavalry; in the Avenue Marigny artillery. Inside the circus is an entire regiment; it has bivouacked there all night. A squadron of the Municipal Guard is bivouacking in the Place Dauphine. A bivouac in the Council of State. A bivouac in the courtyard of the Tuileries. In addition, the garrisons of St. Germain and of Courbevoie. Two colonels killed, Loubeau, of the 75th, and Quilio. On all sides hospital attendants are passing, bearing litters. Ambulances are everywhere; in the Bazar de l'Industry (Boulevard Poissionière); in the Salle St. Jean at the Hôtel de Ville; in the Rue du Petit Carreau. In this gloomy battle nine brigades are engaged. All have a battery of artillery; a squadron of cavalry maintains the communications between the brigades; forty thousand men are taking part in the struggle; with a reserve of sixty thousand men; a hundred thousand soldiers upon Paris. Such is the Army of the Crime. The Reibell brigade, the first and second Lancers, protect the Élysée. The Ministers are all sleeping at the Ministry of the Interior, close by Morny. Morny watches, Magnan com-



THE MASS

mands. To-morrow will be a terrible day."

This page written, I went to bed, and fell asleep.

---

## THE THIRD DAY.—THE MASSACRE.

---

### CHAPTER I.

#### THOSE WHO SLEEP AND HE WHO DOES NOT SLEEP.

DURING this night of the 3rd and 4th of December, while we who were overcome with fatigue and betrothed to calamity slept an honest slumber, not an eye was closed at the Elysée. An infamous sleeplessness reigned there. Towards two o'clock in the morning the Comte Roguet, after Morny the most intimate of the confidants of the Elysée, and ex-peer of France and a lieutenant-general, came out of Louis Bonaparte's private room; Roguet was accompanied by Saint-Arnaud. Saint-Arnaud, it may be remembered, was at that time Minister of War.

Two colonels were waiting in the little ante-room.

Saint-Arnaud was a general who had been a supernumerary at the Ambigu Theatre. He had made his first appearance as a comedian in the suburbs. A tragedian later on.. He may be described as follows:—tall, bony, thin, angular, with grey moustaches, lank air, a mean countenance. He was a cut-throat, and badly educated. Morny laughed at him for his pronunciation of the "Sovereign People." "He pronounces the word no better than he understands the thing," said he. The Elysée, which prides itself upon its refinement, only half-accepted Saint-Arnaud. His bloody side had caused his vulgar side to be condoned. Saint-Arnaud was brave, violent, and yet timid; he had the audacity of a gold-laced veteran and the awkwardness of a man who had formerly been "down upon his luck." We saw him one day in the Tribune, pale, stammering, but daring. He had a long bony face, and a distrust-inspiring jaw. His theatrical name was Florivan. He was a strolling player transformed into a trooper. He died Marshal of France. An ill-omened figure.

The two colonels who awaited Saint-Arnaud in the ante-room were two business-like men, both leaders of those decisive regiments which at critical times carry the other regiments with them, according to their instructions, into glory, as at Austerlitz, or into crime, as on the Eighteenth Brumaire. These two officers belonged to what Morny called "the cream of indebted and free-living colonels." We will not mention their names here; one is dead, the other is still living; he will recognize himself. Besides, we have caught a glimpse of them in the first pages of this book.

One, a man of thirty-eight, was cunning, dauntless, ungrateful, three qualifications for success. The Duc d'Aumale had saved his life in the Aurès. He was then a young captain. A ball had pierced his body; he fell into a thicket; the Kabyles rushed up to cut off and carry away his head, when the Duc d'Aumale, arriving with two officers, a soldier, and a bugler, charged the Kabyles and saved this captain. Having saved him, he loved him. One was grateful, the other was not. The one who was grateful was the deliverer. The Duc d'Aumale was pleased with this young captain for having given him an opportunity for a deed of gallantry. He made him a major; in 1849 this major became lieutenant-colonel, and commanded a storming column at the siege of Rome; he then came back to Africa, where Fleury bought him over at the same time as Saint-Arnaud. Louis Bonaparte made him colonel in July, 1851, and reckoned upon him. In November this colonel of Louis Bonaparte wrote to the Duc d'Aumale, "Nothing need be apprehended from this miserable adventurer." In December he commanded one of the massacring regiments. Later on, in the Dobrudscha, an ill-used horse turned upon him and bit off

his cheek, so that there was only room on his face for one slap.

The other man was growing gray, and was about forty-eight. He also was a man of pleasure and murder. Despicable as a citizen; brave as a soldier. He was one of the first who had sprung into the breach at Constantine. Plenty of bravery and plenty of baseness. No chivalry but that of the green cloth. Louis Bonaparte had made him colonel in 1851. His debts had been twice paid by two Princes; the first time by the Duc d'Orléans the second time by the Duc de Némours.

Such were these colonels.

Saint-Arnaud spoke to them for some time in a low tone.

---

## CHAPTER II.

### THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE COMMITTEE.

As soon as it was daylight we had assembled in the house of our imprisoned colleague, M. Grévy. We had been installed in his private room. Michel de Bourges and myself were seated near the fireplace; Jules Favre and Carnot were writing, the one at a table near the window, the other at a high desk. The Left had invested us with discretionary powers. It became more and more impossible at every moment to meet together again in session. We drew up in its name and remitted to Hingray, so that he might print it immediately, the following decree, compiled on the spur of the moment by Jules Favre:—

"FRENCH REPUBLIC.

"*Liberty,—Equality,—Fraternity.*

"The undersigned Representatives of the People who still remain at liberty, having met together in an Extraordinary Permanent Session, considering the arrest of the majority of their colleagues, considering the urgency of the moment;

"Seeing that the crime of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte in violently abolishing the operations of the Public Powers has reinstated the Nation in the direct exercise of its sovereignty, and that all which fetters that sovereignty at the present time should be annuled;

"Seeing that all the prosecutions commenced, all the sentences pronounced, by what right soever, on account of political crimes or offences are quashed by the imprescriptible right of the People;

"DECREE.

"ARTICLE I. All prosecutions which have begun, and all sentences which have been pronounced, for political crimes or offences are annulled as regards all their civil or criminal effects.

"ARTICLE II. Consequently, all directors of gaols or of houses of detention are enjoined immediately to set at liberty all persons detained in prison for the reasons above indicated.

"ARTICLE III. All magistrates' officers and officers of the judiciary police are similarly enjoined, under penalty of treason, to annul all the prosecutions which have been begun for the same causes.

"ARTICLE IV. The police functionaries and agents are charged with the execution of the present decree.

"Given at Paris, in Permanent Session, on the 4th December, 1851."

Jules Favre, as he passed me the decree for my signature, said to me, smiling, "Let us set your sons and your friends at liberty." "Yes," said I, "four combatants the more on the barricades." The Representative Duputz, a few hours later, received from our hands a duplicate of the decree, with the charge to take it himself to the Conciergerie as soon as the surprise which we premeditated upon the Prefecture of Police and the Hôtel de Ville should have succeeded. Unhappily the surprise failed.

Landrin came in. His duties in Paris in 1848 had enabled him to know the whole body of the political and municipal police. He warned us that he had seen suspicious figures roving about the neighborhood. We were in the Rue Richelieu, almost opposite the Théâter Français, one of the points where passers-by are most numerous, and in consequence one of the points most carefully watched. The goings and

comings of the Representatives who were communicating with the Committee, and who came in and out unceasingly, would be inevitably noticed, and would bring about a visit of the Police. The porters and the neighbors already manifested an evil-boding surprise. We ran, so Landrin declared and assured us, the greatest danger. "You will be taken and shot," said he to us.

He entreated us to go elsewhere. M. Grévy's brother, consulted by us, stated that he could not answer for the people of his house.

But what was to be done? Hunted now for two days, we had exhausted the good-will of nearly everybody; one refuge had been refused on the preceding evening, and at this moment no house was offered to us. Since the night of the 2nd we had changed our refuge seventeen times, at times going from one extremity of Paris to the other. We began to experience some weariness. Besides, as I have already said, the house where we were had this signal advantage—a back outlet upon the Rue Fontaine-Molière. We decided to remain. Only we thought we ought to take precautionary measures.

Every species of devotion burst forth from the ranks of the Left around us. A noteworthy member of the Assembly—a man of rare mind and of rare courage—Durand Savoyat—who from the preceding evening until the last day constituted himself our doorkeeper, and even more than this, our usher and our attendant, himself had placed a bell on our table, and had said to us, "When you want me, ring, and I will come in." Wherever we went, there was he. He remained in the ante-chamber, calm, impassive, silent, with his grave and noble countenance, his buttoned frock coat, and his broad-brimmed hat, which gave him the appearance of an Anglican clergyman. He himself opened the entrance door, scanned the faces of those who came, and kept away the importunate and the useless. Besides, he was always cheerful, and ready to say unceasingly, "Things are looking well." We were lost, yet he smiled. Optimism in Despair.

We called him in. Landrin set forth to him his misgivings. We begged Durand-Savoyat in future to allow no one to remain in the apartments, not even the Representatives of the People, to take note of all news and information, and to allow no one to penetrate to us but men who were indispensable; in short, as far as possible, to send away every one in order that the goings and comings might cease. Durand-Savoyat nodded his head, and went back into the ante-chamber, saying, "It shall be done." He confined himself of his own accord to these two formulas: for us, "Things are looking well;" for himself, "It shall be done." "It shall be done!"—a noble manner in which to speak of duty.

Landrin and Durand-Savoyat having left, Michel de Bourges began to speak.

"The artifice of Louis Bonaparte, imitator of his uncle in this as in everything," said Michel de Bourges, "had been to throw out in advance an appeal to the People, a vote to be taken, a plebiscitum; in short, to create a Government in appearance at the very moment when he overturned one. In great crises, where everything totters and seems ready to fall, a People has need to lay hold of something. Failing any other support, it will take the sovereignty of Louis Bonaparte. Well, it was necessary that a support should be offered to the people, by us, in the form of its own sovereignty. The Assemby," continued Michel de Bourges, "was, as a fact, dead. The Left, the popular stump of this hated Assembly, might suffice for the situation for a few days. No more. It was necessary that it should be re-invigorated by the national sovereignty. It was therefore important that we also should appeal to universal suffrage, should oppose vote to vote, should raise erect the Sovereign People before the usurping Prince, and should immediately convoke a new Assemby." Michel de Bourges proposed a decree.

Michel de Bourges was right. Behind the victory of Louis Bonaparte could be seen something hateful, but something which was familiar—the Empire; behind the victory of the Left there was obscurity.

We must bring in daylight behind us. That which causes the greatest uneasiness to people's imagination is the dictatorship of the Unknown. To convoke a new Assembly as soon as possible, to restore France at once into the hands of France, this was to reassure people's minds during the combat, and to rally them afterwards; this was the true policy.

For some time, while listening to Michel de Bourges and Jules Favre, who supported him, we fancied we heard, in the next room, a murmur which resembled the sound of voices. Jules Favre had several times exclaimed, "Is any one there?"

"It is not possible," was the answer. "We have instructed Durant-Savoyat to allow no one to remain there." And the discussion continued. Nevertheless the sound of voices sensibly increased, and ultimately grew so distinct that it became necessary to see what it meant. Carnot half opened the door. The room and the ante-chamber adjoining the room where we were deliberating were filled with Representatives, who were peaceably conversing.

Surprised, we called in Durand-Savoyat.

"Did you not understand us?" asked Michel de Bourges.

"Yes, certainly," answered Durand-Savoyat.

"This house is perhaps marked," resumed Carnot; "we are in danger of being taken."

"And killed upon the spot," added Jules Favre, smiling with his calm smile.

"Exactly so," answered Durand-Savoyat, with a look still quieter than Jules Favre's smile. "The door of this inner room is shrouded in the darkness, and is little noticeable. I have detained all the Representatives who have come in, and have placed them in the larger room and in the ante-chamber, whichever they have wished. A species of crowd has thus been formed. If the police and the troops arrive, I shall say to them, 'Here we are.' They will take us. They will not perceive the door of the inner room, and they will not reach you. We shall pay for you. If there is any one to be killed, they will content themselves with us."

And without imagining that he had just uttered the words of a hero, Durand-Savoyat went back to the ante-chamber.

We resumed our deliberation on the subject of a decree. We were unanimously agreed upon the advantage of an immediate convocation of a New Assembly. But for what date? Louis Bonaparte had appointed the 20th of December for his Plebiscitum, we chose the 21st. Then, what should we call this Assembly? Michel de Bourges strongly advocated the title of "National Convention," Jules Favre that its name should be "Constituent Assembly;" Carnot proposed the title of "Sovereign Assembly," which, awakening no remembrances, would leave the field free to all hopes. The name of "Sovereign Assembly" was adopted.

The decree, the preamble of which Carnot insisted upon writing from my dictation, was drawn up in these terms. It is one of those which has been printed and placarded.

"DECREE.

"The crime of Louis Bonaparte imposes great duties upon the Representatives of the People remaining at liberty.

"Brute force seeks to render the fulfilment of these duties impossible.

"Hunted, wandering from refuge to refuge, assassinated in the streets, the Republican Representatives deliberate and act, notwithstanding the infamous police of the *coup d'état*.

"The outrage of Louis Napoleon, in overturning all the Public Powers, has only left one authority standing,—the supreme authority,—the authority of the people: Universal Suffrage.

"It is the duty of the Sovereign People to recapture and reconstitute all the social forces which to-day are dispersed.

"Consequently, the Representatives of the People decree:—

"Article I.—The People are convoked on the 21st December, 1851, for the election of the Sovereign Assembly.

"Article II.—The election will take place by Universal Suffrage, according to the formalities determined by the decree

of the Provisional Government of March 5, 1848.

"Given at Paris, in Permanent Session, December 4, 1851."

As I finished signing this decree, Durand-Savoyat entered and whispered to me that a woman had asked for me, and was waiting in the ante-chamber. I went out to her. It was Madame Charassin. Her husband had disappeared. The Representative Charassin, a political economist, an agriculturist, a man of science, was at the same time a man of great courage. We had seen him on the preceding evening at the most perilous points. Had he been arrested? Madame Charassin came to ask me if we knew where he was. I was ignorant. She went to Mazas to make inquiries for him there. A colonel who simultaneously commanded in the army and in the police, received her, and said, "I can only permit you to see your husband on one condition." "What is that?" "You will talk to him about nothing." "What do you mean! Nothing?" "No news, no politics." "Very well." "Give me you word of honor." And she had answered him, "How is it that you wish me to give you my word of honor, since I should decline to receive yours?"

I have since since Charassin in exile.

Madame Charassin had just left me when Théodore Bac arrived. He brought us the protest of the Council of State.

Here it is:—

"PROTEST OF THE COUNCIL OF STATE.

"The undersigned members of the Council of State, elected by the Constituent and Legislative Assemblies, having assembled together, notwithstanding the decree of the 2nd of December, at their usual place, and having found it surrounded by an armed force, which prohibited their access thereto, protest against the decree which has pronounced the dissolution of the Council of State, and declare that they only ceased their functions when hindered by force.

"Paris, this 3d December, 1851.

"Signed: BETHMONT, VIVIEN, BUREAU DE PUZY, ED. CHARTON, CUVIER, DE RENNEVILLE, HORACE SAY, BOULATIGNIER, GAUTIER DE RUMILLY, DE JOUVENCEL, DUNOYER, CARTERET, DE FRESNE, BOUCHENAY-LEFER, RIVET, BOUDET, CORMENIN, PONS DE L'HÉRAULT."

Let us relate the adventure of the Council of State.

Louis Bonaparte had driven away the Assembly by the army, and the High Court of Justice by the police; he expelled the Council of State by the porter.

On the morning of the 2nd of December, at the very hour at which the Representatives of the Right had gone from M. Daru's to the Mairie of the Tenth Arrondissement, the Councillors of State betook themselves to the Hotel on the Quai d'Orsay. They went in one by one.

The quay was thronged with soldiers. A regiment was bivouacking there with their arms piled.

The Councillors of State soon numbered about thirty. They set to work to deliberate. A draft protest was drawn up. At the moment when it was about to be signed the porter came in, pale and stammering. He declared that he was executing his orders, and he enjoined them to withdraw.

Upon this several Councillors of State declared that, indignant as they were, they could not place their signatures beside the Republican signatures.

A means of obeying the porter.

M. Bethmont, one of the Presidents of the Council of State, offered the use of his house. He lived in the Rue Saint-Romain. The Republican members repaired their, and without discussion signed the protocol which has been given above.

Some members who lived in the more distant quarters had not been able to come to the meeting. The youngest Councillor of State, a man of firm heart and of noble mind, M. Edouard Charton, undertook to take the protest to his absent colleagues.

He did this, not without serious risk, on foot, not having been able to obtain a carriage, and he was arrested by the soldiery

and threatened with being searched, which would have been highly dangerous. Nevertheless he succeeded in reaching some of the Councillors of State. Many signed, Pons de l'Hérault resolutely, Cormenin with a sort of fever, Boudet after some hesitation. M. Boudet trembled, his family were alarmed; they heard through the open window the discharge of artillery. Charton, brave and calm, said to him, "Your friends, Vivien, Rivet, and Stourm have signed." Boudet signed.

Many refused, one alleging his great age, another the *resangusta domi*, a third "the fear of doing the work of the Reds." "Say 'fear,' in short," replied Charton.

On the following day, December 3rd, MM. Vivien and Bethmont took the protest to Boulay de la Meurthe, Vice-President of the Republic, and President of the Council of State, who received them in his dressing-gown, and exclaimed to them, "Be off! Ruin yourselves, if you like, but without me."

On the morning of the 4th, M. de Cormenin erased his signature, giving this unprecedented but authentic excuse: "The word *ex*-Councillor of State does not look well in a book; I am afraid of injuring my publisher."

Yet another characteristic detail. M. Béhic, on the morning of the 2nd, had arrived while they were drawing up the protest. He had half opened the door. Near the door was standing M. Gautier de Rumilly, one of the most justly respected members of the Council of State. M. Béhic had asked M. Gautier de Rumilly, "What are they doing? It is a crime. What are we doing?" M. Gautier de Rumilly had answered, "A protest." Upon this word M. Béhic had reclosed the door, and had disappeared. He reappeared later on under the Empire—a Minister.

## CHAPTER III.

### INSIDE THE ELYSÉE.

During the morning Dr. Yvan met Dr. Conneau. They were acquainted. They talked together. Yvan belonged to the Left. Conneau belonged to the Elysée. Yvan knew through Conneau the details of what had taken place during the night at the Elysée, which he transmitted to us.

One of these details was the following:—

An inexorable decree had been compiled, and was about to be placarded. This decree enjoined upon all submission to the *coup d'état*. Saint-Arnaud, who, as Minister of War, should sign the decree, had drawn it up. He had reached the last paragraph, which ran thus: "Whoever shall be detected constructing a barricade, posting a placard of the ex-Representatives, or reading it, shall be . . . ." here Saint-Arnaud had paused; Morny had shrugged his shoulders, had snatched the pen from his hand, and had written "*shot!*"

Other matters had been decided, but these were not recorded.

Various pieces of information came in in addition to these.

A National Guard, named Boillay de Dole, had formed one of the Guard at the Elysée, on the night of the 3rd and 4th. The windows of Louis Bonaparte's private room, which was on the ground floor, were lighted up throughout the night. In the adjoining room there was a Council of War. From the sentry-box where he was stationed Boillay saw defined on the windows black profiles and gesticulating shadows, which were Magnam, Saint-Arnaud, Persigny, Fleury,—the spectres of the crime.

Korte, the General of the Cuirassiers, had been summoned, as also Carrelet, who commanded the division which did the hardest work on the following day, the 4th. From midnight to three o'clock in the morning Generals and Colonels "did nothing but come and go." Even mere captains had come there. Towards four o'clock some carriages arrived "with women." Treason and debauchery went hand in hand. The boudoir in the palace answered to the brothel in the barracks.

The courtyard was filled with lancers, who held the horses of the generals who were deliberating.

Two of the women who came that night

belong in a certain measure to History. There are always feminine shadows of this sort in the background. These women influenced the unhappy generals. Both belonged to the best circles. The one was the Marquise of ——, she who became enamoured of her husband after having deceived him. She discovered that her lover was not worth her husband. Such a thing does happen. She was the daughter of the most whimsical Marshal of France, and of that pretty Countess of —— to whom M. de Chateaubriand, after a night of love, composed this quatrain, which may now be published—all the personages being dead.

The Dawn peeps in at the window, she paints the sky with red;
And over our loving embraces her rosy rays are shed:
She looks on the slumbering world, love, with eyes that seem divine;
But can she show on her lips, love, a smile as sweet as thine? *

The smile of the daughter was as sweet as that of the mother, and more fatal. The other was Madame K——, a Russian, fair, tall, blonde, lighthearted, involved in the hidden paths of diplomacy, possessing and displaying a casket full of love letters from Count Molé, somewhat of a spy, absolutely charming and terrifying.

The precautions which had been taken in case of accident were visible even from outside. Since the preceding evening there had been seen from the windows of the neighboring houses two post-chaises in the courtyard of the Elysée, horsed, ready to start, the postilions in their saddles.

In the stables of the Elysée in the Rue Montaigne there were other carriages horsed, and horses saddled and bridled.

Louis Bonaparte had not slept. During the night he had given mysterious orders; thence when morning came there was on this pale face a sort of appalling serenity.

The Crime grown calm was a disquieting symptom.

During the morning he had almost laughed. Morny had come into his private room. Louis Bonaparte, having been feverish, had called in Conneau, who joined in the conversation. People are believed to be trustworthy, nevertheless they listen.

Morny brought the police reports. Twelve workmen of the National Printing Office had, during the night of the Second, refused to print the decrees and the proclamations. They had been immediately arrested. Colonel Forestier was arrested. They had transferred him to the Fort of Bicêtre, together with Crocé-Spinelli, Genillier, Hippolyte Magen, a talented and courageous writer, Goudounèche, a schoolmaster, and Polino. This last name had struck Louis Bonaparte: "Who is this Polino?" Morny had answered, "An ex-officer of the Shah of Persia's service." And he had added, "A mixture of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza." These prisoners had been placed in Number Six Casemate. Further question on the part of Louis Bonaparte, "What are these casemates?" And Morny had answered, "Cellars without air or daylight, twenty-four mètres long, eight wide, five high, dripping walls, damp pavements." Louis Bonaparte had asked, "Do they give them a truss of straw?" And Morny had said, "Not yet; we shall see by and by." He had added, "Those who are to be transported are at Bicêtre, those who are to be shot are at Ivry."

Louis Bonaparte had inquired, "What precautions had been taken?" Morny gave him full particulars; that guards had been placed in all the steeples; that all printing-presses had been placed under seal; that all the drums of the National Guard had been locked up; that there was therefore no fear either of a proclamation emanating from a printing office, or of a call to arms issuing from a Mairie, or of the tocsin ringing from a steeple.

Louis Bonaparte had asked whether all the batteries contained their full complements, as each battery should be composed of four pieces and two mortars. He

* The above is a free rendering of the original, which is as follows:—

Des rayons du matin l'horizon se colore,
Le jour vient éclairer notre tendre entretien,
Mais est-il un sourire aux lèvres de l'aurore.
Aussi doux que le tien?

had expressly ordered that only pieces of eight, and mortars of sixteen centimètres in diameter should be employed.

"In truth," Morny, who was in the secret, had said, "all this apparatus will have work to do."

Then Morny had spoken of Mazas, that there were 600 hundred men of the Republican Guards in the courtyard, all picked men, and who when attacked would defend themselves to the bitter end; that the soldiers received the arrested Representatives with shouts of laughter, and that they had gone so far as to stare Thiers in the face; that the officers kept the soldiers at a distance, but with discretion and with a "species of respect;" that three prisoners were kept in solitary confinement, Greppo, Nadaud, and a member of the Socialist Committee, Arsène Meunier. This last named occupied No. 32 of the Sixth Division. Adjoining, in No. 30, there was a Representative of the Right, who sobbed and cried unceasingly. This made Arsène Meunier laugh, and this made Louis Bonaparte laugh.

Another detail. When the *fiacre* bringing M. Baze was entering the courtyard of Mazas, it had struck against the gate, and the lamp of the *fiacre* had fallen to the ground and been broken to pieces. The coachman, dismayed at the damage, bewailed it. "Who will pay for this?" exclaimed he. One of the police agents, who was in the carriage with the arrested Questor, had said to the driver, "Don't be uneasy, speak to the Brigadier. In matters such as this, *where there is a breakage*, it is the Government which pays."

And Bonaparte had smiled, and muttered under his moustache, "That is only fair."

Another anecdote from Morny also amused him. This was Cavaignac's anger on entering his cell at Mazas. There is an aperture at the door of each cell, called the "spy-hole," through which the prisoners are played the spy upon unknown to themselves. The gaolers had watched Cavaignac. He had begun by pacing up and down with folded arms, and then the space being too confined, he had seated himself on the stool in his cell. These stools are narrow pieces of plank upon three converging legs, which pierce the seat in the centre, and project beyond the plank, so that one is uncomfortably seated. Cavaignac had stood up, and with a violent kick had sent the stool to the other end of the cell. Then, furious and swearing, he had broken with a blow of his fist the little table of five inches by twelve, which, with the stool, formed the sole furniture of the dungeon.

This kick and fisticuff amused Louis Bonaparte.

"And Maupas is as frightened as ever," said Morny. This made Bonaparte laugh still further.

Morny having given in his report, went away. Louis Bonaparte entered an adjoining room; a woman awaited him there. It appears that she came to entreat mercy for some one. Dr. Conneau heard these expressive words: "Madame, I wink at your loves; do you wink at my hatreds."

## CHAPTER IV.

### BONAPARTE'S FAMILIAR SPIRITS.

M. MÉRIMÉE was vile by nature; he must not be blamed for it.

With regard to M. de Morny it is otherwise; he was more worthy; there was something of the brigand in him.

M. de Morny was courageous. Brigandage has its sentiments of honor.

M. Mérimée has wrongly given himself out as one of the confederates of the *coup d'état*. He had, however, nothing to boast of in this.

The truth is that M. Mérimée was in no way a confidant. Louis Bonaparte made no useless confidences.

Let us add that it is little probable, notwithstanding some slight evidence to the contrary, that M. Mérimée, at the date of the 2nd December, had any direct relations with Louis Bonaparte. This ensued later on. At first Mérimée only knew Morny.

Morny and Mérimée were both intimate

at the Elysée, but on a different footing. Morny can be believed, but not Mérimée. Morny was in the great secrets, Mérimée in the small ones. Commissions of gallantry formed his vocation.

The familiars of the Elysée were of two kinds, the trustworthy confederates and the courtiers.

The first of the trustworthy confederates was Morny; the first—or the last—of the courtiers was Mérimée.

This is what made the fortune of M. Mérimée.

Crimes are only glorious during the first moment; they fade quickly. This kind of success lacks permanency; it is necessary promptly to supplement it with something else.

At the Elysée a literary ornament was wanted. A little savor of the Academy is not out of place in a brigand's cavern. M. Mérimée was available. It was his destiny to sign himself "the Empress's Jester." Madame de Montijo presented him to Louis Bonaparte, who accepted him, and who completed his Court with this insipid but plausible writer.

This Court was a heterogeneous collection; a dinner-waggon of baseness, a menagerie of reptiles, a herbal of poisons.

Besides the trustworthy confederates who were for use, and the courtiers who were for ornament, there were the auxiliaries.

Certain circumstances called for reinforcements; sometimes these were women, *the Flying Squadron.*

Sometimes men: Saint-Arnaud, Espinasse, Saint-George, Maupas.

Sometimes neither men nor women: the Marquis de C.

The whole troop was noteworthy.

Let us say a few words of it.

There was Vieillard the preceptor, an atheist with a tinge of Catholicism, a good billiard player.

Vieillard was an anecdotist. He recounted smilingly the following:—Towards the close of 1807 Queen Hortense, who of her own accord lived in Paris, wrote to the King Louis that she could not exist any longer without seeing him, that she could not do without him, and that she was about to come to the Hague. The King said, "She is with child." He sent for his minister Van Maanen, showed him the Queen's letter, and added, "She is coming. Very good. Our two chambers communicate by a door; the Queen will find it walled up." Louis took his royal mantle in earnest, for he exclaimed, "A King's mantle shall never serve as coverlid to a harlot." The minister Van Maanen, terrified, sent word of this to the Emperor. The Emperor fell into a rage, not against Hortense, but against Louis. Nevertheless Louis held firm; the door was not walled up, but his Majesty was; and when the Queen came he turned his back upon her. This did not prevent Napoleon III. from being born.

A suitable number of salvoes of cannon saluted this birth.

Such was the story which, in the summer of 1840, in the house called La Terrasse, before witnesses, among whom was Ferdinand B——, Marquis de la L——, a companion during boyhood of the author of this book, was told by M. Vieillard, an ironical Bonapartist, an arrant sceptic.

Besides Vieillard there was Vaudrey, whom Louis Bonaparte made a General at the same time as Espinasse. In case of need a Colonel of Conspiracies can become a General of Ambuscades.

There was Fialin,* the corporal who became a Duke.

There was Fleury, who was destined to the glory of travelling by the side of the Czar on his buttocks.

There was Lacrosse, a Liberal turned Clerical, one of those Conservatives who push order as far as the embalming, and preservation as far as the mummy: later on a senator.

There was Larabit, a friend of Lacrosse, as much a domestic and not less a senator.

There was Canon Coquereau, the "Abbé of La Belle-Poule." The answer is known which he made to a princess who asked him, "What is the Elysée?" It appears that one can say to a princess what one cannot say to a woman.

There was Hippolyte Fortoul, of the

*Better known afterwards as Persigny.

climbing genus, of the worth of a Gustave Planche or of some Philarête Chasles, an ill-tempered writer who had become Minister of the Marine, which caused Beranger to say, "This Fortoul knows all the spars, including the 'greased pole.'"

There were some Auvergnats there. Two. They hated each other. One had nicknamed the other "the melancholy tinker."

There was Sainte-Beuve, a distinguished but inferior man, having a pardonable fondness for ugliness. A great critic like Cousin is a great philosopher.

There was Troplong, who has had Dupin for Procurator, and whom Dupin has had for President. Dupin, Troplong; the two side faces of the mask placed upon the brow of the law.

There was Abbatucci; a conscience which let everything pass by. To-day a street.

There was the Abbé M——, later on Bishop of Nancy, who emphasized with a smile the oaths of Louis Bonaparte.

There were the frequenters of a famous box at the Opera, Montg—— and Sept——, placing at the service of an unscrupulous prince the deep side of frivolous men.

There was Romieu—the outline of a drunkard behind a Red spectre.

There was Malitourne—not a bad friend, coarse and sincere.

There was Cuch——, whose name caused hesitation amongst the ushers at the saloon doors.

There was Suin—a man able to furnish excellent counsel for bad actions.

There was Dr. Veron—who had on his cheek what the other men of the Elysée had in their hearts.

There was Mocquart—once a handsome member of the Dutch Court. Mocquart possessed romantic recollections. He might by age, and perhaps otherwise, have been the father of Louis Bonaparte. He was a lawyer. He had shown himself quick-witted about 1829, at the same time as Romieu. Later on he had published something, I no longer remember what, which was pompous and in quarto size, and which he sent to me. It was he who in May, 1847, had come with Prince de la Moskowa to bring me King Jerome's petition to the Chamber of Peers. This petition requested the readmittance of the banished Bonaparte family into France. I supported it; a good action, and a fault which I would again commit.

There was Billault, a semblance of an orator, rambling with facility, and making mistakes with authority, a reputed statesman. What constitutes the statesman is a certain superior mediocrity.

There was Lavalette, completing Morny and Walewski.

There was Bacciochi.

And yet others.

It was at the inspiration of these intimate associates that during his Presidency Louis Bonaparte, a species of Dutch Machiavelli, went hither and thither, to the Chamber and elsewhere, to Tours, to Ham, to Dijon, snuffling, with a sleepy air, speeches full of treason.

The Elysée, wretched as it was, holds a place in the age. The Elysée has engendered catastrophes and ridicule.

One cannot pass it over in silence.

The Elysée was the disquieting and dark corner of Paris. In this bad spot, the denizens were little and formidable. They formed a family circle—of dwarfs. They had their maxim: to enjoy themselves. They lived on public death. There they inhaled shame, and they drove on that which kills others. It was there that was reared up with art, purpose, industry, and goodwill, the decadence of France. There worked the bought, fed, and obliging public men;—read prostituted. Even literature was compounded there as we have shown; Vieillard was a classic of 1830, Morny created Choufleury, Louis Bonaparte was a candidate for the Academy. Strange place. Rambouillet's hotel mingled itself with the house of Bancal. The Elysée has been the laboratory, the counting-house, the confessional, the alcove, the den of the reign. The Elysée assumed to govern everything, even the morals—above all the morals. It spread the paint on the bosom of women at the same time as the color on the faces of the men. It set the fashion for toilette and for music. It invented the crinoline and

the operetta. At the Elysée a certain ugliness was considered as elegance; that which makes the countenance noble was there scoffed at, as was that which makes the soul great; the phrase, "human face divine" was ridiculed at the Elysée, and it was there that for twenty years every baseness was brought into fashion — effrontery included.

History, whatever may be its pride, is condemned to know that the Elysée existed. The grotesque side does not prevent the tragic side. There is at the Elysée a room which has seen the second abdication, the abdication after Waterloo. It is at the Elysée that Napoleon the First ended, and that Napoleon the Third began. It is at the Elysée that Dupin appeared to the two Napoleons: in 1815 to depose the Great, in 1851 to worship the Little. At this last epoch this place was perfectly villainous. There no longer remained one virtue there. At the Court of Tiberius there was still Thraseas, but round Louis Bonaparte there was nobody. If one sought Conscience, one found Baroche; if one sought Religion, one found Montalembert.

---

## CHAPTER V.

### A WAVERING ALLY.

DURING this terrible historical morning of the 4th of December, a day the master was closely observed by his satellites, Louis Bonaparte had shut himself up, but in doing so he betrayed himself. A man who shuts himself up, meditates, and for such men to meditate is to premeditate. What could be the premeditation of Louis Bonaparte? What was working in his mind? Questions which all asked themselves, two persons excepted,—Morny, the man of thought; Saint-Arnaud, the man of action.

Louis Bonaparte claimed, justly, a knowledge of men. He prided himself upon it, and from a certain point of view he was right. Others have the power of divination; he had the faculty of scent. It is brute-like, but trustworthy.

He had assuredly not been mistaken in Maupas. To pick the lock of the Law he needed a skeleton key. He took Maupas. Nor could any burglar's implement have answered better in the lock of the Constitution than Maupas. Neither was he mistaken in Q. B. He saw at once that this serious man had in him the necessary composite qualities of a rascal. And in fact, Q. B., after having voted and signed the Deposition at the Mairie of the Tenth Arrondissement, became one of the three reporters of the Joint Commissions; and his share in the abominable total recorded by history amounts to *sixteen hundred and thirty-four victims.*

Louis Bonaparte, however, at times judged amiss, especially respecting Peauger. Peauger, though chosen by him, remained an honest man. Louis Bonaparte, mistrusting the workmen of the National Printing Office, and not without reason, for twelve, as has been seen, were refractory, had improvised a branch establishment in case of emergency, a sort of State Sub-Printing Office, as it were, situated in the Rue de Luxembourg, with steam and hand presses, and eight workmen. He had given the management of it to Peauger. When the hour of the Crime arrived, and with it the necessity of printing the nefarious placards, he sounded Peauger, and found him rebellious. He then turned to Saint Georges, a more subservient lackey.

He was less mistaken, but still he was mistaken, in his appreciation of X.

On the 2nd of December, X., an ally thought necessary by Morny, became a source of anxiety to Louis Bonaparte.

X. was forty-four years of age, loved women, craved promotion, and, therefore, was not over-scrupulous. He began his career in Africa under Colonel Combes in the Forty-seventh of the line. He showed great bravery at Constantine; at Zaatcha he extricated Herbillon, and the siege, badly begun by Herbillon, had been brought to a successful termination by him. X., who was a little short man, his head sunk in his shoulders, was intrepid, and admirably understood the handling of a brigade. Bugeaud, Lamoricière, Ca-

vaignac, and Changarnier were his four stepping-stones to advancement. At Paris, in 1851, he met Lamoricière, who received him coldly, and Changarnier, who treated him better. He left Satory indignant, exclaiming, "*We must finish with this Louis Bonaparte. He is corrupting the army. These drunken soldiers make one sick at heart. I shall return to Africa.*" In October Changarnier's influence decreased, and X.'s enthusiasm abated. X. then frequented the Elysée, but without giving his adherence. He promised his support to General Bedeau, who counted upon him. At daybreak on the 2nd of December some one came to waken X. It was Edgar Ney. X. was a prop for the *coup d'état*, but would he consent? Edgar Ney explained the affair to him, and left him only after seeing him leave the barracks of the Rue Verte at the head of the first regiment. X. took up his position at the Place de la Madeleine. As he arrived there La Rochejaquelein, thrust back from the Chamber by its invaders, crossed the Place. La Rochejaquelein, not yet a Bonpartist, was furious. He perceived X., his old schoolfellow at the École Militaire in 1830, with whom he was on intimate terms. He went up to him, exclaiming, "This is an infamous act. What are you doing?" "*I am waiting,*" answered X. La Rochejaquelein left him; X. dismounted, and went to see a relation, a Councillor of State, M. R., who lived in the Rue de Suresne. He asked his advice. M. R., an honest man, did not hesitate. He answered, "I am going to the Council of State to do my duty. It is a crime." X. shook his head, and said, "*We must wait and see.*"

This *I am waiting*, and *We must see*, preoccupied Louis Bonaparte. Morny said, "*Let us make use of the flying squadron.*"

---

## CHAPTER VI.

### DENIS DUSSOUBS.

GASTON DUSSOUBS was one of the bravest members of the Left. He was a Representative of the Haute-Vienne. At the time of his first appearance in the Assembly he wore, as formerly did Théophile Gautier, a red waistcoat and the shudder which Gautier's waistcoat caused among the men of letters in 1830, Gaston Dussoubs' waistcoat caused among the Royalists of 1851. M. Parisis, Bishop of Langres, who would have had no objection to a red hat, was terrified by Gaston Dussoubs' red waistcoat. Another source of horror to the Right was that Dussoubs had, it was said, passed three years at Belle Isle as a political prisoner, a penalty incurred by the "Limoges Affair." Universal Suffrage had, it would seem, taken him thence to place him in the Assembly. To go from the prison to the Senate is certainly not very surprising in our changeful times, although it is sometimes followed by a return from the Senate to the prison. But the Right was mistaken, the culprit of Limoges was, not Gaston Dussoubs, but his brother Denis.

In fine, Gaston Dussoubs inspired fear. He was witty, courageous, and gentle.

In the summer of 1851 I went to dine every day at the Conciergerie with my two sons and my two imprisoned friends. These great hearts and great minds, Vacquerie, Meurice, Charles, and François Victor, attracted men of like quality. The livid half-light that crept in through latticed and barred windows disclosed a family circle at which there often assembled eloquent orators, among others Crémieux, and powerful and charming writers, including Peyrat.

One day Michel de Bourges brought to us Gaston Dussoubs.

Gaston Dussoubs lived in the Faubourg St. Germain, near the Assembly.

On the 2nd of December we did not see him at our meeting. He was ill, "nailed down," as he wrote me, by rheumatism of the joints, and compelled to keep his bed.

He had a brother younger than himself, whom we have just mentioned, Denis Dussoubs. On the morning of the 4th his brother went to see him.

Gaston Dussoubs knew of the *coup d'état*, and was exasperated at being obliged to remain in bed. He exclaimed, "I am dis-

honored. There will be barricades, and my sash will not be there!"

"Yes," said his brother. "It will be there!"

"How?"

"Lend it to me."

"Take it."

Denis took Gaston's sash, and went away.

We shall see Denis Dussoubs later on.

## CHAPTER VII.

### ITEMS AND INTERVIEWS.

LAMORICIERE on the same morning found means to convey to me by Madame de Courbonne* the following information:

"——. Fortress of Ham.—The Commandant's name is Baudot. His appointment, made by Cavaignac in 1848, was countersigned by Charras. Both are to-day his prisoners. The Commissary of Police, sent by Morny to the village of Ham to watch the movements of the gaoler and the prisoners, is Dufaure de Pouillac." †

I thought when I received this communication that the Commandant Baudot, "the gaoler," had connived at its rapid transmission.

A sign of the instability of the central power.

Lamoricière, by the same means, put me in possession of some details concerning his arrest and that of his fellow-generals.

These details complete those which I have already given.

The arrests of the Generals were effected at the same time at their respective homes under nearly similar circumstances. Everywhere houses surrounded, doors opened by artifice or burst open by force, porters deceived, sometimes garroted, men in disguise, men provided with ropes, men armed with axes, surprises in bed, nocturnal violence. A plan of action which resembled, as I have said, an invasion of brigands.

General Lamoricière, according to his own expression, was a sound sleeper. Notwithstanding the noise at his door, he did not awake. His servant, a devoted old soldier, spoke in a loud voice, and called out to arouse the General. He even offered resistance to the police. A police agent wounded him in the knee with a sword thrust.* The General was awakened, seized, and carried away.

While passing in a carriage along the Quai Malaquais, Lamoricière noticed troops marching by with their knapsacks on their backs. He leaned quickly forward out of the window. The Commissary of Police thought he was about to address the soldiers. He seized the General by the arm, and said to him, "General, if you say a word I shall put this on you." And with the other hand he showed him in the dim light something which proved to be a gag.

All the Generals arrested were taken to Mazas. There they were locked up and forgotten. At eight in the evening General Changarnier had eaten nothing.

These arrests were not pleasant tasks for the Commissaries of Police. They were made to drink down their shame in large draughts. Cavaignac, Leflô, Changarnier, Bedeau, and Lamoricière did not spare them any more than Charras did. As he was leaving, General Cavaignac took some money with him. Before putting it in his pocket, he turned towards Colin, the Commissary of Police who had arrested him, and said, "Will this money be safe on me?"

The Commissary exclaimed, "Oh, General, what are you thinking of?"

"What assurance have I that you are not thieves?" answered Cavaignac. At the same time, nearly the same moment, Charras said to Courteille, the Commissary of Police, "Who can tell me that you are not pick-pockets?"

A few days afterwards these pitiful

*No. 16, Rue d'Anjou, Saint Honoré.

†The author still has in his possession the note written by Lamoricière.

*Later on, the wound having got worse, he was obliged to have his leg taken off.

wretches all received the Cross of the Legion of Honor.

This cross given by the last Bonaparte to policemen after the 2nd of December is the same as that affixed by the first Napoleon to the eagles of the Grand Army after Austerlitz.

I communicated these details to the Committee. Other reports came in. A few concerned the Press. Since the morning of the 4th the Press was treated with soldierlike brutality. Serrière, the courageous printer, came to tell us what had happened at the *Presse*. Serrière published the *Presse* and the *Avénement du Peuple*, the latter a new name for the *Événement*, which had been judicially suppressed. On the 2nd, at seven o'clock in the morning, the printing office had been occupied by twenty-eight soldiers of the Republican Guard, commanded by a Lieutenant named Pape (since decorated for his achievement). This man had given Serrière an order prohibiting the printing of any article signed "Nusse." A Commissary of Police accompanied Lieutenant Pape. This Commissary had notified Serrière of a "decree of the President of the Republic," suppressing the *Avénement du Peuple*, and had placed sentinels over the presses. The workmen had resisted, and one of them said to the soldiers, "*We shall print it in spite of you.*" Then forty additional Municipal Guards arrived, with two quarter-masters, four corporals, and a detachment of the line, with drums at their head, commanded by a captain. Girardin came up indignant, and protested with so much energy that a quarter-master said to him, "*I should like a Colonel of your stamp.*" Girardin's courage communicated itself to the workmen, and by dint of skill and daring, under the very eyes of the gendarmes, they succeeded in printing Girardin's proclamations with the hand-press, and ours with the brush. They carried them away wet, in small packages, under their waistcoats.

Luckily the soldiers were drunk. The gendarmes made them drink, and the workmen, profiting by their revels, printed. The Municipal Guards laughed, swore and jested, drank champagne and coffee, and said, "*We fill the places of the Representatives, we have twenty-five francs a day.*" All the printing houses in Paris were occupied in the same manner by the soldiery. The *coup d'état* reigned everywhere. The Crime even ill-treated the Press which supported it. At the office of the *Moniteur Parisien*, the police agents threatened to fire on any one who should open a door. M. Delamare, director of the *Patrie*, had forty Municipal Guards on his hands, and trembled lest they should break his presses. He said to one of them, "*Why, I am on your side.*" The gendarme replied, "*What is that to me?*"

At three o'clock on the morning of the 4th all the printing offices were evacuated by the soldiers. The Captain said to Serrière, "We have orders to concentrate in our own quarters." And Serrière, in announcing this fact, added, "Something is in preparation."

I had had since the previous night several conversations with Georges Biscarrat, an honest and brave man, of whom I shall have occasion to speak hereafter. I had given him rendezvous at No. 19, Rue Richelieu. Many persons came and went during this morning of the 4th from No. 15, where we deliberated, to No. 19, where I slept.

As I left this honest and courageous man in the street I saw M. Mérimée, his exact opposite, coming towards me.

"Oh!" said M. Mérimée, "I was looking for you."

I answered him,—

"I hope you will not find me."

He held out his hand to me, and I turned my back on him.

I have not seen him since. I believe he is dead.

In speaking one day in 1847 with Mérimée about Morny, we had the following conversation:—Mérimée said, "M. de Morny has a great future before him." And he asked me, "Do you know him?"

I answered,—

"Ah! he has a fine future before him! Yes, I know M. de Morny. He is a clever man. He goes a great deal into society, and conducts commercial operations. He started the Vieille Montagne affair,

the zinc mines, and the coal mines of Liège. I have the honor of his acquaintance. He is a sharper."

There was this difference between Mérimée and myself: I despised Morny, and he esteemed him.

Morny reciprocated his feeling. It was natural.

I waited until Mérimée had passed the corner of the street. As soon as he disappeared I went into No. 15.

There, they had received news of Canrobert. On the 2nd he went to see Madame Leflô, that noble woman, who was most indignant at what had happened. There was to be a ball next day given by Saint-Arnaud at the Ministry of War. General and Madame Leflô were invited, and had made an appointment there with General Canrobert. But the ball did not form a part of Madame Leflô's conversation with him. "General," said she, "all your comrades are arrested; is it possible that you give your support to such an act?" "What I intend giving," replied Canrobert, "is my resignation, and," he added, "you may tell General Leflô so." He was pale, and walked up and down, apparently much agitated. "Your resignation, General?" "Yes, Madame." "Is it positive?" "Yes, Madame, if there is no riot." "General Canrobert," exclaimed Madame Leflo, "that *if* tells me your intentions."

Canrobert, however, had not yet taken his decision. Indeed, indecision was one of his chief characteristics. Pelissier, who was cross-grained and gruff, used to say, "Judge men by their names, indeed! I am christened *Amable*, Randon *César*, and Canrobert *Certain*."

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE SITUATION.

ALTHOUGH the fighting tactics of the Committee were, for the reasons which I have already given, not to concentrate all their means of resistance into one hour, or in one particular place, but to spread them over as many points and as many days as possible, each of us knew instinctively, as also the criminals of the Elysée on their side, that the day would be decisive.

The moment drew near when the *coup d'état* would storm us from every side, and when we should have to sustain the onslaught of an entire army. Would the people, that great revolutionary populace of the Faubourgs of Paris, abandon their Representatives? Would they abandon themselves? Or, awakened and enlightened, would they at length arise? A question more and more vital and which we repeated to ourselves with anxiety.

The National Guard had shown no sign of earnestness. The eloquent proclamation, written at Marie's by Jules Favre and Alexander Rey, and addressed in our name to the National Legions, had not been printed. Hetzel's scheme had failed. Versigny and Labrousse had not been able to rejoin him; the place appointed for their meeting, the corner of the boulevard and the Rue de Richelieu, having been continually scoured by charges of cavalry. The courageous effort of Colonel Gressier to win over the Sixth Legion, the more timid attempt of Lieutenant-Colonel Howyne upon the Fifth had failed. Nevertheless indignation began to manifest itself in Paris. The preceding evening had been significant.

Hingray came to us during the morning, bringing under his cloak a bundle of copies of the Decree of Deposition, which had been reprinted. In order to bring them to us he had twice run the risk of being arrested and shot. We immediately caused these copies to be distributed and placarded. This placarding was resolutely carried out; at several points our placards were posted by the side of the placards of the *coup d'état*, which pronounced the penalty of death against any one who should placard the decrees emanating from the Representatives. Hingray told us that our proclamations and our decrees had been lithographed and distributed by hand in thousands. It was urgently necessary that we should continue our publications. A printer, who had formerly been a publisher of several democratic journals, M. Boulé, had offered me his services on the preceding evening. In June, 1848, I had

protected his printing office, then being devastated by the National Guards. I wrote to him; I enclosed our judgments and our decrees in the letter, and the Representative Montaigu undertook to take them to him. M. Boulé excused himself; his printing presses had been seized by the police at midnight.

Through the precautions which we had taken, and thanks to the patriotic assistance of several young medical and chemical students, powder had been manufactured in several quarters. At one point alone, the Rue Jacob, a hundred kilogrammes had been turned out during the night. As, however, this manufacture was principally carried out on the left bank of the river, and as the fighting took place on the right bank, it was necessary to transport this powder across the bridges. They managed this in the best manner they could. Towards nine o'clock we were warned that the police, having been informed of this, had organized a system of inspection, and that all persons crossing the river were searched, particularly on the Pont Neuf.

A certain strategical plan became manifest. The ten central bridges were militarily guarded.

People were arrested in the street on account of their personal appearance. A *sergent de ville*, at the corner of the Pont-au-Change, exclaimed, loud enough for the passers-by to hear, "We shall lay hold of all those who have not their beards properly trimmed, or who do not appear to have slept."

Notwithstanding all this we had a little powder; the disarming of the National Guard at various points had produced about eight hundred muskets, our proclamations and our decrees were being placarded, our voice was reaching the people, a certain confidence was springing up.

"The wave is rising! the wave is rising!" exclaimed Edgar Quinet, who had come to shake my hand.

We were informed that the schools were rising in insurrection during the day, and that they offered us a refuge in the midst of them.

Jules Favre exclaimed joyfully,—

"To-morrow we shall date our decrees from the Pantheon."

Signs of good omen grew more numerous. An old hot-bed of insurrection, the Rue Saint-André-des-Arts, was becoming agitated. The association called La Presse du Travail gave signs of life. Some brave workmen, at the house of one of their colleagues, Nétré, No. 13, Rue du Jardinet, had organized a little printing press in a garret, a few steps from the barracks of the Gendarmerie Mobile. They had spent the night first in compiling, and then in printing "A Manifesto to Working Men," which called the people to arms. They were five skilful and determined men; they had procured paper, they had perfectly new type; some of them moistened the paper, while the others composed; towards two o'clock in the morning they began to print. It was essential that they should not be heard by the neighbors; they had succeeded in muffling the hollow blows of the ink-rollers, alternating with the rapid sound of the printing blankets. In a few hours fifteen hundred copies were pulled, and at daybreak they were placarded at the corners of the streets. The leader of these intrepid workmen, A. Desmoulins, who belonged to that sturdy race of men who are both cultured and who can fight, had been greatly disheartened on the preceding day; he now had become hopeful.

On the preceding day he wrote:— "Where are the Representatives? The communications are cut. The quays and the boulevards can no longer be crossed. It has become impossible to reunite the popular assembly. The people need direction. De Flotte in one district, Victor Hugo in another, Schœlcher in a third, are actively urging on the combat, and expose their lives a score of times, but none feel themselves supported by any organized body; and, moreover, the attempt of the Royalists in the Tenth Arrondissement has roused apprehension. People dread lest they should see them reappear when all is accomplished."

Now, this man, so intelligent and so courageous, recovered confidence, and he wrote:—

"Decidedly, Louis Napoleon is afraid. The police reports are alarming for him. The resistance of the Republican Representatives is bearing fruit. Paris is arming. Certain regiments appear ready to turn back. The Gendarmerie itself is not to be depended upon, and this morning an entire regiment refused to march. Disorder is beginning to show itself in the services. Two batteries fired upon each other for a long time without recognition. One would say that the *coup d'état* is about to fail."

The symptoms, as may be seen, were growing more reassuring.

Had Maupas become unequal to the task? Had they resorted to a more skilful man? An incident seemed to point to this. On the preceding evening a tall man had been seen, between five and seven o'clock, walking up and down before the café of the Place Saint-Michel; he had been joined by two of the Commissaries of the Police who had effected the arrests of the 2nd of December, and had talked to them for a long time. This man was Carlier. Was he about to supplant Maupas?

The Representative, Labrousse, seated at a table of the café, had witnessed this conspirators' parley.

Each of the two Commissaries was followed by that species of police agent which is called "the Commissary's dog."

At the same time strange warnings reached the Committee; the following letter* was brought to our knowledge:

"3rd December.

"My Dear Bocage,

"To-day at six o'clock, 25,000 francs has been offered to any one who arrests or kills Hugo.

"You know where he is. He must not go out under any pretext whatever.

"Yours ever,

"Al. Dumas."

At the back was written, "Bocage, 18, Rue Cassette."

* The original of this note is in the hands of the author of this book. It was handed to us by M. Avenel on the part of M. Bocage.

It was necessary that the minutest details should be considered. In the different places of combat a diversity of pass-words prevailed, which might cause danger. For the pass-word on the day before we had given the name of "Baudin." In imitation of this the names of other Representatives had been adopted as pass-words on barricades. In the Rue Rambuteau the pass-word was "Eugène Sue and Michel de Bourges;" in the Rue Beaubourg, "Victor Hugo;" at the Saint Denis chapel, "Esquiros and De Flotte." We thought it necessary to put a stop to this confusion, and to suppress the proper names, which are always easy to guess. The pass-word settled upon was, "What is Joseph doing?"

At every moment items of news and information came to us from all sides, that barricades were everywhere being raised, and that firing was beginning in the central streets. Michel de Bourges exclaimed, "Construct a square of four barricades, and we will go and deliberate in the centre."

We received news from Mont Valérien. Two prisoners the more. Rigal and Belle had just been committed. Both of the Left. Dr. Rigal was the Representative of Gaillac, and Belle of Lavaur. Rigal was ill; they had arrested him in bed. In prison he lay upon a pallet, and could not dress himself. His colleague Belle acted as his *valet de chambre*.

Towards nine o'clock an ex-Captain of the 8th Legion of the National Guard of 1848, named Jourdan, came to place himself at our service. He was a bold man, one of those who had carried out, on the morning of the 24th February, the rash surprise of the Hôtel de Ville. We charged him to repeat this surprise, and to extend it to the Prefecture of Police. He knew how to set about the work. He told us that he had only a few men, but that during the day he would cause certain houses of strategical importance on the Quai des Gèvres, on the Quai Lepelletier, and in the Rue de la Cité, to be silently occupied, and that if it should chance that the leaders of the *coup d'état*, owing to the combat in the centre of Paris

growing more serious, should be forced to withdraw the troops from the Hôtel de Ville and the Prefecture, an attack would be immediately commenced on these two points. Captain Jourdan, we may at once mention, did what he had promised us; unfortunately, as we learnt that evening, he began perhaps a little too soon. As he had foreseen, a moment arrived when the square of the Hôtel de Ville was almost devoid of troops, General Herbillon having been forced to leave it with his cavalry to take the barricades of the centre in the rear. The attack of the Republicans burst forth instantly. Musket shots were fired from the windows on the Quai Lepelletier; but the left of the column was still on the Pont d'Arcole, a line of riflemen had been placed by a major named Larochette before the Hôtel de Ville, the 44th retraced its steps, and the attempt failed.

Bastide arrived, with Chauffour and Laissac.

"Good news," said he to us; "all is going on well." His grave, honest, and dispassionate countenance shone with a sort of patriotic serenity. He came from the barricades, and was about to return thither. He had received two balls in his cloak. I took him aside, and said to him, "Are you going back?" "Yes." "Take me with you." "No," answered he, "you are necessary here. To-day you are the general, I am the soldier." I insisted in vain. He persisted in refusing, repeating continually, "The Committee is our centre, it should not disperse itself. It is your duty to remain here. Besides," added he, "make your mind easy. You run here more risk than we do. If you are taken you will be shot." "Well, then," said I, "the moment may come when our duty will be to join in the combat." "Without doubt." I resumed, "You who are on the barricades will be better judges than we shall of that moment. Give me your word of honor that you will treat me as you would wish me to treat you, and that you will come and fetch me." "I give it you," he answered, and he pressed my two hands in his own.

Later on, however, a few moments after Bastide had left, great as was my confidence in the loyal word of this courageous and generous man, I could no longer restrain myself, and I profited by an interval of two hours of which I could dispose, to go and see with my own eyes what was taking place, and in what manner the resistance was behaving.

I took a carriage in the square of the Palais Royal. I explained to the driver who I was, and that I was about to visit and encourage the barricades; that I should go sometimes on foot, sometimes in the carriage, and that I trusted myself to him. I told him my name.

The first comer is almost always an honest man. This true-hearted coachman answered me, "I know where the barricades are. I will drive you wherever it is necessary. I will wait for you wherever it is necessary. I will drive you there and bring you back; and if you have no money, do not pay me; I am proud of such an action."

And we started.

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE PORTE SAINT MARTIN.

IMPORTANT deeds had been already achieved during the morning.

"It is taking root," Bastide had said.

The difficulty is not to spread the flames but to light the fire.

It was evident that Paris began to grow ill-tempered. Paris does not get angry at will. She must be in the humor for it. A volcano possesses nerves. The anger was coming slowly, but it was coming. On the horizon might be seen the first glimmering of the eruption.

For the Elysée, as for us, the critical moment was drawing nigh. From the preceding evening they were nursing their resources. The *coup d'état* and the Republic were at length about to close with each other. The Committee had in vain attempted to drag the wheel; some irresistible impulse carried away the last defenders of liberty and hurried them on to action. The decisive battle was about to be fought.

In Paris, when certain hours have sounded, when there appears an immediate necessity for a progressive movement to be carried out, or a right to be vindicated, the insurrections rapidly spread throughout the whole city. But they always begin at some particular point. Paris, in its vast historical task, comprises two revolutionary classes, the "middle-class" and the "people." And to these two combatants correspond two places of combat: the Porte Saint Martin when the middle-class are revolting, the Bastille when the people are revolting. The eye of the politician should always be fixed on these two points. There, famous in contemporary history, are two spots where a small portion of the hot cinders of Revolution seem ever to smoulder.

When a wind blows from above, these burning cinders are dispersed, and fill the city with sparks.

This time, as we have already explained, the formidable Faubourg Antoine slumbered, and, as has been seen, nothing had been able to awaken it. An entire park of artillery was encamped with lighted matches around the July Column, that enormous deaf-and-dumb memento of the Bastille. This lofty revolutionary pillar, this silent witness of the great deeds of the past, seemed to have forgotten all. Sad to say, the paving-stones which had seen the 14th of July did not rise under the cannon-wheels of the 2nd of December. It was therefore not the Bastille which began, it was the Porte Saint Martin.

From eight o'clock in the morning the Rue Saint Denis and the Rue Saint Martin where in an uproar throughout their length; throngs of indignant passers-by went up and down those thoroughfares. They tore down the placards of the *coup d'état;* they posted up our Proclamations; groups at the corners of all the adjacent streets commented upon the decree of outlawry drawn up by the members of the Left remaining at liberty; they snatched the copies from each other. Men mounted on the kerb-stones read aloud the names of the 120 signatories, and, still more than on the day before, each significant or celebrated name was hailed with applause. The crowd increased every moment—and the anger. The entire Rue Saint Denis presented the strange aspect of a street with all the doors and windows closed, and all the inhabitants in the open air. Look at the houses, there is death; look at the street, it is the tempest.

Some fifty determined men suddenly emerged from a side alley, and began to run through the streets, crying, "To arms! Long live the Representatives of the Left! Long live the Constitution!" The disarming of the National Guards began. It was carried out more easily than on the preceding evening. In less than an hour more than 150 muskets had been obtained.

In the meanwhile the street became covered with barricades.

---

## CHAPTER X.

### MY VISIT TO THE BARRICADES.

My coachman deposited me at the corner of Saint Eustache, and said to me, "Here you are in the hornets' nest."

He added, "I will wait for you in the Rue de la Vrillière, near the Place des Victoires. Take your time."

I began walking from barricade to barricade.

In the first I met De Flotte, who offered to serve me as a guide. There is not a more determined man than De Flotte. I accepted his offer; he took me everywhere where my presence could be of use.

On the way he gave me an account of the steps taken by him to print our proclamations; Boulé's printing office having failed him, he had applied to a lithographic press, at No. 30, Rue Bergère, and at the peril of their lives two brave men had printed 500 copies of our decrees. These two true-hearted workmen were named, the one Rubens, the other Achille Poincellot.

While walking I made jottings in pencil (with Baudin's pencil, which I had with me); I registered facts at random; I reproduce this page here. These living

facts are useful for History; the *coup d'état* is there, as though freshly bleeding.

"Morning of the 4th. It looks as if the combat was suspended. Will it burst forth again? Barricades visited by me: One at the corner of Saint Eustache. One at the Oyster Market. One in the Rue Mauconseil. One in the Rue Tiquetonne. One in the Rue Mandar (Rocher de Cancale). One barring the Rue du Cadran and the Rue Montorgueil. Four closing the Petit-Carreau. The beginning of one between the Rue des Deux Portes and the Rue Saint Sauveur, barring the Rue Saint Denis. One, the largest, barring the Rue Saint Denis, at the top of the Rue Guérin-Boisseau. One barring the Rue Grenetat. One further on in the Rue Grenetat, barring the Rue Bourg-Labbé (in the centre an overturned flour waggon; a good barricade). In the Rue Saint Denis one barring the Rue de Petit-Lion-Saint-Sauveur. One barring the Rue du Grand Hurleur, with its four corners barricaded. This barricade has already been attacked this morning. A combatant, Massonnet, a comb-maker of 154, Rue Saint Denis, received a ball in his overcoat; Dupapet, called 'the man with a long beard,' was the last to stay on the summit of the barricade. He was heard to cry out to the officers commanding the attack, 'You are traitors!' He is believed to have been shot. The troops retired—strange to say without demolishing the barricade. A barricade is being constructed in the Rue du Renard. Some National Guards in uniform watch its construction, but do not work on it. One of them said to me, 'We are not against you, you are on the side of Right.' They add that there are twelve or fifteen barricades in the Rue Rambuteau. This morning at daybreak the cannon had fired 'steadily,' as one of them remarks, in the Rue Bourbon-Villeneuve. I visit a powder manufactory improvised by Leguevel at a chemist's opposite the Rue Guérin-Boisseau.

"They are constructing the barricades amicably, without angering any one. They do what they can not to annoy the neighborhood. The combatants of the Bourg-Labbé barricades are ankle-deep in mud on account of the rain. It is a perfect sewer. They hesitate to ask for a truss of straw. They lie down in the water or on the pavement.

"I saw there a young man who was ill, and who had just got up from his bed with the fever still on him. He said to me, 'I am going to my death' (he did so).

"In the Rue Bourbon-Villeneuve they had not even asked a mattress of the 'shopkeepers,' although, the barricade being bombarded, they needed them to deaden the effect of the balls.

"The soldiers make bad barricades, because they make them too well. A barricade should be tottering; when well built it is worth nothing; the paving stones should want equilibrium, 'so that they may roll down on the trooper,' said a street-boy to me, 'and break their paws.' Sprains form a part of barricade warfare.

"Jeanty Sarre is the chief of a complete group of barricades. He presented his first lieutenant to me, Charpentier, a man of thirty-six, lettered and scientific. Charpentier busies himself with experiments with the object of substituting gas for coal and wood in the firing of china, and he asks permission to read a tragedy to me 'one of these days.' I said to him, 'We shall make one.'

"Jeanty Sarre is grumbling at Charpentier; the ammunition is failing. Jeanty Sarre, having at his house in the Rue Saint Honoré a pound of fowling-powder and twenty army cartridges, sent Charpentier to get them. Charpentier went there, and brought back the fowling-powder and the cartridges, but distributed them to the combatants on the barricades whom he met on the way. 'They were as though famished,' said he. Charpentier had never in his life touched a fire-arm. Jeanty Sarre showed him how to load a gun.

"They take their meals at a wine-seller's at the corner, and they warm themselves there. It is very cold. The wine-seller says, 'Those who are hungry, go and eat.' A combatant asked him, 'Who pays?' 'Death,' was the answer. And

in truth some hours afterwards he had received seventeen bayonet thrusts.

"They have not broken the gas pipes—always for the sake of not doing unnecessary damage. They confine themselves to requisitioning the gasmen's keys, and the lamplighters' winches in order to open the pipes. In this manner they control the lighting or extinguishing.

"This group of barricades is strong, and will play an important part. I had hoped at one moment that they would attack it while I was there. The bugle had approached, and then had gone away again. Jeanty Sarre tells me 'it will be for this evening.'

"His intention is to extinguish the gas in the Rue du Petit-Carreau and all the adjoining streets, and to leave only one jet lighted in the Rue du Cadran. He has placed sentinels as far as the corner of the Rue Saint Denis; at that point there is an open side, without barricades, but little accessible to the troops, on account of the narrowness of the streets, which they can only enter one by one. Thence little danger exists, an advantage of narrow streets; the troops are worth nothing unless massed together. The soldier does not like isolated action; in war the feeling of elbow to elbow constitutes half the bravery. Jeanty Sarre has a reactionary uncle with whom he is not on good terms, and who lives close by at No. 1, Rue du Petit-Carreau.—'What a fright we shall give him presently!' said Jeanty Sarre to me, laughing. This morning Jeanty Sarre had inspected the Montorgueil barricade. There was only one man on it, who was drunk, and who put the barrel of his gun against his breast, saying, 'No thoroughfare.' Jeanty Sarre disarmed him.

"I go to the Rue Pagevin. There at the corner of the Place des Victoires there is a well-constructed barricade. In the adjoining barricade in the Rue Jean Jacques Rousseau, the troops this morning made no prisoners. The soldiers had killed every one. There are corpses as far as the Place des Victoires. The Pagevin barricade held its own. There are fifty men there, well armed. I enter. 'Is all going on well?' 'Yes.' 'Courage.' I press all these brave hands; they make a report to me. They had seen a Municipal Guard smash in the head of a dying man with the butt end of his musket. A pretty young girl, wishing to go home, took refuge in the barricade. There, terrified, she remained for an hour. When all danger was over, the chief of the barricade caused her to be reconducted home by the eldest of his men.

"As I was about to leave the barricade Pagevin, they brought me a prisoner, a police spy, they said.

"He expected to be shot. I had him set at liberty."

Bancel was in this barricade of the Rue Pagevin. We shook hands.

He asked me,—

"Shall we conquer?"

"Yes," I answered.

We then could hardly entertain a doubt.

De Flotte and Bancel wished to accompany me, fearing that I should be arrested by the regiment guarding the Bank.

The weather was misty and cold, almost dark. This obscurity concealed and helped us. The fog was on our side.

As we reached the corner of the Rue de la Vrillière, a group on horseback passed by.

It consisted of a few officers, preceded by a man who seemed a soldier, but who was not in uniform. He wore a cloak with a hood.

De Flotte nudged me with his elbow, and whispered,—

"Do you know Fialin?"

I answered,—

"No."

"Have you seen him?"

"No."

"Do you wish to see him?"

"No."

"Look at him."

I looked at him.

This man in truth was passing before us. It was he who preceded the group of officers. He came out of the Bank. Had he been there to effect a new forced loan? The people who were at the doors looked at him with curiosity, and without anger. His entire bearing was insolent. He

turned from time to time to say a word to one of his followers. This little cavalcade "pawed the ground" in the mist and in the mud. Fialin had the arrogant air of a man who caracoles before a crime. He gazed at the passers-by with a haughty look. His horse was very handsome, and, poor beast, seemed very proud. Fialin was smiling. He had in his hand the whip that his face deserved.

He passed by. I never saw the man except on this occasion.

De Flotte and Bancel did not leave me until they had seen me get into my vehicle. My true-hearted coachman was waiting for me in the Rue de la Vrillière. He brought me back to No. 15, Rue Richelieu.

---

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE BARRICADE OF THE RUE MESLAY.

THE first barricade of the Rue Saint Martin was erected at the junction of the Rue Meslay. A large cart was overturned, placed across the street, and the roadway was unpaved; some flag-stones of the footway were also torn up. This barricade, the advanced work of defence of the whole revolted street, could only form a temporary obstacle. No portion of the piled-up stones was higher than a man. In a good third of the barricade the stones did not reach above the knee. "It will, at all events, be good enough to get killed in," said a little street Arab, who was rolling numerous flag-stones to the barricade. A hundred combatants took up their position behind it. Towards nine o'clock the movements of the troops gave warning of the attack. The head of the column of the Marulaz Brigade occupied the corner of the street on the side of the boulevard. A piece of artillery, raking the whole of the street, was placed in position before the Porte Saint Martin. For some time both sides gazed on each other in that moody silence which precedes an encounter; the troops regarding the barricade bristling with guns, the barricade regarding the gaping cannon. After a while the order for a general attack was given. The firing commenced. The first shot passed above the barricade, and struck a woman who was passing some twenty paces in the rear, full in the breast. She fell, ripped open. The fire became brisk without doing much injury to the barricade. The cannon was too near; the bullets flew too high.

The combatants, who had not yet lost a man, received each bullet with a cry of "Long live the Republic!" but without firing. They possessed a few cartridges, and they husbanded them. Suddenly the 49th regiment advanced in close column order.

The barricade fired.

The smoke filled the street; when it cleared away, there could be seen a dozen men on the ground, and the soldiers falling back in disorder by the side of the houses. The leader of the barricade shouted, "They are falling back. Cease firing! Let us not waste a ball."

The street remained for some time deserted. The cannon recommenced firing. A shot came in every two minutes, but always badly aimed. A man with a fowling-piece came up to the leader of the barricade, and said to him, "Let us dismount that cannon. Let us kill the gunners."

"Why?" said the chief, smiling; "they are doing us no harm; let us do none to them."

Nevertheless the sound of the bugle could be distinctly heard on the other side of the block of houses which concealed the troops echelloned on the Square of Saint Martin, and it was manifest that a second attack was being prepared.

This attack would naturally be furious, desperate, and stubborn.

It was also evident that, if this barricade were carried, the entire street would be scoured. The other barricades were still weaker than the first, and more feebly defended. The "middle class" had given their guns, and had re-entered their houses. They lent their street, that was all.

It was therefore necessary to hold the advanced barricade as long as possible.

But what was to be done, and now was the resistance to be maintained? They had scarcely two shots per man left.

An unexpected source of supply arrived.

A young man, I can name him, for he is dead—Pierre Tissié,* who was a workman, and who also was a poet, had worked during a portion of the morning at the barricades, and at the moment when the firing began he went away, stating as his reason that they would not give him a gun. In the barricade they had said, "There is one who is afraid."

Pierre Tissié was not afraid, as we shall see later on.

He left the barricade.

Pierre Tissié had only his knife with him, a Catalan knife; he opened it at all hazards, he held it in his hand, and went on straight before him.

As he came out of the Rue Saint Sauveur, he saw at the corner of a little lonely street, in which all the windows were closed, a soldier of the line standing sentry, posted there doubtlessly by the main guard at a little distance.

This soldier was at the halt with his gun to his shoulder ready to fire.

He heard the step of Pierre Tissié, and cried out—

"Who goes there?"

"Death!" answered Pierre Tissié.

The soldier fired, and missed Pierre Tissié, who sprang on him, and struck him down with a blow of his knife.

The soldier fell, and blood spurted out of his mouth.

"I did not know I should speak so truly," muttered Pierre Tissié.

And he added, "Now for the ambulance!"

He took the soldier on his back, picked up the gun which had fallen to the ground, and came back to the barricade. "I bring you a wounded man," said he.

"A dead man," they exclaimed.

In truth the soldier had just expired.

"Infamous Bonaparte!" said Tissié. "Poor red breeches! All the same, I have got a gun."

They emptied the soldier's pouch and knapsack. They divided the cartridges. There were 150 of them. There were also two gold pieces of ten francs, two days' pay since the 2nd of December. These were thrown on the ground, no one would take them.

They distributed the cartridges with shouts of "Long live the "Republic!"

Meanwhile the attacking party had placed a mortar in position by the side of the cannon.

The distribution of the cartridges was hardly ended when the infantry appeared, and charged upon the barricade with the bayonet. This second assault, as had been foreseen, was violent and desperate. It was repulsed. Twice the soldiers returned to the charge, and twice they fell back, leaving the street strewn with dead. In the interval between the assaults, a shell had pierced and dismantled the barricade, and the cannon began to fire grape-shot.

The situation was hopeless; the cartridges were exhausted. Some began to throw down their guns and go away. The only means of escape was by the Rue Saint Sauveur, and to reach the corner of the Rue Saint Sauveur it was necessary to get over the lower part of the barricade, which left nearly the whole of the fugitives unprotected. There was a perfect rain of musketry and grape-shot. Three or four were killed there, one, like Baudin, by a ball in his eye. The leader of the barricade suddenly noticed that he was alone with Pierre Tissié, and a boy of fourteen years old, the same who had rolled so many stones for the barricade. A third attack was pending, and the soldiers began to advance by the side of the houses.

"Let us go," said the leader of the barricade.

"I shall remain," said Pierre Tissié.

"And I also," said the boy.

And the boy added,—

"I have neither father nor mother. As well this as anything else."

The leader fired his last shot, and retired like the others over the lower part of the barricade. A volley knocked off his hat. He stooped down and picked it up

* It must not be forgotten that this has been written in exile, and that to name a hero was to condemn him to exile.

again. The soldiers were not more than twenty-five paces distant.

He shouted to the two who remained,—

"Come along!"

"No," said Pierre Tissié.

"No," said the boy.

A few moments afterwards the soldiers scaled the barricade, already half in ruins.

Pierre Tissié and the boy were killed with bayonet thrusts.

Some twenty muskets were abandoned in this barricade.

---

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE BARRICADE OF THE MAIRIE OF THE FIFTH ARRONDISSEMENT.

National Guards in uniform filled the courtyard of the Mairie of the Fifth Arrondissement. Others came in every moment. An ex-drummer of the Garde Mobile had taken a drum from a lower room at the side of the guard-room, and had beaten the call to arms in the surrounding streets. Towards nine o'clock a group of fourteen or fifteen young men, most of whom were in white blouses, entered the Mairie, shouting, "Long live the Republic!" They were armed with guns. The National Guard received them with shouts of "Down with Louis Bonaparte!" They fraternized in the courtyard. Suddenly there was a movement. It was caused by the arrival of the Representatives Doutre and Pelletier.

"What is to be done?" shouted the crowd.

"Barricades," said Pelletier.

They set to work to tear up the paving-stones.

A large cart laden with sacks of flour was descending the faubourg, and passed before the gate of the Mairie. They unharnessed the horses, which the carter led away, and they turned the cart round without upsetting it across the wide roadway of the faubourg. The barricade was completed in a moment. A truck came up. They took it and stood it against the wheels of the cart, just as a screen is placed before a fireplace.

The remainder was made up of casks and paving-stones. Thanks to the flour-cart the barricade was lofty, and reached to the first story of the houses. It intersected the faubourg at the corner of the little Rue Saint Jean. A narrow entrance had been contrived at the barricade at the corner of the street.

"One barricade is not sufficient," said Doutre; "we must place the Mairie between two barriers, so as to be able to defend both sides at the same time."

They constructed a second barricade, facing the summit of the faubourg. This one was low and weakly built, being composed only of planks and of paving-stones. There was about a hundred paces distance between the two barricades.

There were three hundred men in this space. Only one hundred had guns. The majority had only one cartridge.

The firing began about ten o'clock. Two companies of the line appeared and fired several volleys. The attack was only a feint. The barricade replied, and made the mistake of foolishly exhausting its ammunition. The troops retired. Then the attack began in earnest. Some Chasseurs de Vincennes emerged from the corner of the boulevard.

Following out the African mode of warfare, they glided along the side of the walls, and then, with a run, they threw themselves upon the barricade.

No more ammunition in the barricade. No quarter to be expected.

Those who had no more powder or balls threw down their guns. Some wished to reoccupy their position in the Mairie, but it was impossible for them to maintain any defence there, the Mairie being open and commanded from every side; they scaled the walls and scattered themselves about in the neighboring houses; others escaped by the narrow passage of the boulevard which led into the Rue Saint Jean; most of the combatants reached the opposite side of the boulevard, while those who had a cartridge left fired a last volley upon the troops from the height of the paving-stones. Then they awaited their death. All were killed.

One of those who succeeded in slipping

into the Rue Saint Jean, where moreover they ran the gauntlet of a volley from their assailants, was M. H. Coste, Editor of the *Événement* and of the *Avénement du Peuple*.

M. Coste had been a captain in the Garde Mobile. At a bend in the street, which placed him out of reach of the balls, M. Coste noticed in front of him the drummer of the Garde Mobile, who, like him, had escaped by the Rue Saint Jean, and who was profiting by the loneliness of the street to get rid of his drum.

"Keep your drum," cried he to him.

"For what purpose?"

"To beat the call to arms."

"Where?"

"At Batignolles."

"I will keep it," said the drummer.

These two men came out from the jaws of death. and at once consented to re-enter them.

But how should they cross all Paris with this drum? The first patrol which met them would shoot them. A porter of an adjoining house, who noticed their predicament, gave them a packing-cloth. They enveloped the drum in it, and reached Batignolles by the lonely streets which skirt the walls.

---

## CHAPTER XIII.

### THE BARRICADE OF THE RUE THÉVENOT.

GEORGES BISCARRAT was the man who had given the signal for the hooting in the Rue de l'Échelle.

I had known Georges Biscarrat ever since June, 1848. He had taken part in that disastrous insurrection. I had had an opportunity of being useful to him. He had been captured, and was kneeling before the firing-party; I interfered, and I saved his life, together with that of some others, M., D., D., B., and that brave-hearted architect Rolland, who when an exile, later on, so ably restored the Brussels Palace of Justice.

This took place on the 24th of June, 1848, in the underground floor of No. 93, Boulevard Beaumarchais, a house then in course of construction.

Georges Biscarrat became attached to me. It appeared that he was the nephew of one of the oldest and best friends of my childhood, Félix Biscarrat, who died in 1828. Georges Biscarrat came to see me from time to time, and on occasions he asked my advice or gave me information.

Wishing to preserve him from evil influences, I had given him, and he had accepted, this guiding maxim, "No insurrection except for Duty and for Right."

What was this hooting in the Rue de l'Échelle? Let us relate the incident.

On the 2d of December, Bonaparte had made an attempt to go out. He had ventured to go and look at Paris. Paris does not like being looked at by certain eyes; it considers it an insult, and it resents an insult more than a wound. It submits to assassination, but not to the leering gaze of the assassin. It took offence at Louis Bonaparte.

At nine o'clock in the morning, at the moment when the Courbevoie garrison was descending upon Paris, the placards of the *coup d'état* being still fresh upon the walls, Louis Bonaparte had left the Élysée, had crossed the Place de la Concorde, the Garden of the Tuileries, and the railed courtyard of the Carrousel, and had been seen to go out by the gate of Rue de l'Échelle. A crowd assembled at once. Louis Bonaparte was in a general's uniform; his uncle, the ex-King Jerôme, accompanied him, together with Flahaut, who kept in the rear. Jerôme wore the full uniform of a Marshal of France, with a hat with a white feather; Louis Bonaparte's horse was a head before Jerôme's horse. Louis Bonaparte was gloomy, Jerôme attentive, Flahaut beaming. Flahaut had his hat on one side. There was a strong escort of Lancers. Edgar Ney followed. Bonaparte intended to go as far as the Hotel-de Ville. Georges Biscarrat was there. The street was unpaved, the road was being macadamized; he mounted on a heap of stones, and shouted, "Down with the Dictator! Down with the Prætorians!" The soldiers looked at him with bewilderment, and the crowd with astonishment.

Georges Biscarrat (he told me so himself) felt that this cry was too erudite, and that it would not be understood, so he shouted, "Down with Bonaparte! Down with the Lancers!"

The effect of this shout was electrical. "Down with Bonaparte! Down with the Lancers!" cried the people, and the whole street became stormy and turbulent. "Down with Bonaparte!" The outcry resembled the beginning of an execution; Bonaparte made a sudden movement to the right, turned back, and re-entered the courtyard of the Louvre.

Georges Biscarrat felt it necessary to complete his shout by a barricade.

He said to the bookseller, Benoist Mouilhe, who had just opened his shop, "Shouting is good, action is better." He returned to his house in the Rue du Vert Bois, put on a blouse and a workman's cap, and went down into the dark streets. Before the end of the day he had made arrangements with four associations—the gas-fitters, the last-makers, the shawl-makers, and the hatters.

In this manner he spent the day of the 2d of December.

The day of the 3d was occupied in goings and comings "almost useless." So Biscarrat told Versigny, and he added, "However, I have succeeded in this much, that the placards of the *coup d'état* have been everywhere torn down, so much so that in order to render the tearing down more difficult the police have ultimately posted them in the public conveniences — their proper place."

On Thursday, the 4th, early in the morning, Georges Biscarrat went to Ledouble's restaurant, where four Representatives of the People usually took their meals, Brives, Berthelon, Antoine Bard, and Viguier, nicknamed "Father Viguier." All four were there. Viguier related what we had done on the preceding evening, and shared my opinion that the closing catastrophe should be hurried on, that the Crime should be precipitated into the abyss which befitted it. Biscarrat came in. The Representatives did not know him, and stared at him. "Who are you?" asked one of them. Before he could answer, Dr. Petit entered, unfolded a paper, and said,—

"Does any one know Victor Hugo's handwriting?"

"I do," said Biscarrat. He looked at the paper. It was my proclamation to the army. "This must be printed," said Petit. "I will undertake it," said Biscarrat. Antoine Bard asked him, "Do you know Victor Hugo?" "He saved my life," answered Biscarrat. The Representatives shook hands with him.

Guilgot arrived. Then Versigny. Versigny knew Biscarrat. He had seen him at my house. Versigny said, "Take care what you do. There is a man outside the door." "It is a shawl-maker," said Biscarrat. "He has come with me. He is following me." "But," resumed Versigny, he is wearing a blouse, beneath which he has a handkerchief. He seems to be hiding this, and he has something in the handkerchief."

"Sugar-plums," said Biscarrat.

They were cartridges.

Versigny and Biscarrat went to the office of the *Siècle;* at the *Siècle* thirty workmen, at the risk of being shot, offered to print my Proclamation. Biscarrat left it with them, and said to Versigny, "Now I want my barricade."

The shawl-maker walked behind them. Versigny and Biscarrat turned their steps towards the top of the Saint Denis quarter. When they drew near to the Porte Saint Denis they heard the hum of many voices. Biscarrat laughed and said to Versigny, "Saint Denis is growing angry, matters are improving." Biscarrat recruited forty combatants on the way, amongst whom was Moulin, head of the association of leather-dressers. Chapuis, sergeant-major of the National Guard, brought them four muskets and ten swords. "Do you know where there are any more?" asked Biscarrat. "Yes, at the Saint Sauveur Baths." They went there, and found forty muskets. They gave them swords and cartridge-pouches. Gentlemen well dressed, brought tin boxes containing powder and balls. Women, brave and light-hearted, manufactured cartridges. At the first door adjoining

the Rue du Hasard-Saint-Sauveur they requisitioned iron bars and hammers from a large courtyard belonging to a locksmith. Having the arms, they had the men. They speedily numbered a hundred. They began to tear up the pavements. It was half-past ten. "Quick! quick!" cried Georges Biscarrat, "the barricade of my dreams!" It was in the Rue Thévenot. The barrier was constructed high and formidable. To abridge. At eleven o'clock Georges Biscarrat had completed his barricade. At noon he was killed there.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### OSSIAN AND SCIPIO.

ARRESTS grew more numerous.

Towards noon a Commissary of Police, named Boudrot, appeared at the divan of the Rue Lepelletier. He was accompanied by the police agent Delahodde. Delahodde was that traitorous socialist writer, who, upon being unmasked, had passed from the Secret Police to the Public Police Service. I knew him, and I record this incident. In 1832 he was a master in the school at which were my two sons, then boys, and he had addressed poetry to me. At the same time he was acting the spy upon me. The Lepelletier divan was the place of meeting of a large number of Republican journalists. Delahodde knew them all. A detachment of the Republican Guard occupied the entrances to the café. Then ensued an inspection of all the ordinary customers, Delahodde walking first, with the Commissary behind him. Two Municipal Guards followed them. From time to time Delahodde looked round and said, "Lay hold of this man." In this manner some score of writers were arrested, among whom were Hennett de Kesler.* On the preceding evening Kesler had been on the Saint Antoine barricade. Kesler said to Delahodde, "You are a miserable wretch." "And you are an ungrateful fellow," replied Delahodde; "*I am saving your life.*" Curious words; for it is difficult to believe that Delahodde was in the secret of what was to happen on the fatal day of the Fourth.

At the head-quarters of the Committee encouraging information was forwarded to us from every side. Testelin, the Representative of Lille, is not only a learned man, but a brave man. On the morning of the 3rd he had reached, shortly after me, the Saint Antoine barricade, where Baudin had just been killed. All was at an end in that direction. Testelin was accompanied by Charles Gambon, another dauntless man.* The two Representatives wandered through the agitated and dark streets, little followed, in no way understood, seeking a ferment of insurgents, and only finding a swarming of the curious. Testelin, nevertheless, having come to the Committee, informed us of the following:—At the corner of a street of the Faubourg Saint Antoine Gambon and himself had noticed a crowd. They had gone up to it. This crowd was reading a bill placarded on a wall. It was the Appeal to Arms signed "Victor Hugo." Testelin asked Gambon, "Have you a pencil?" "Yes," answered Gambon. Testelin took the pencil, went up to the placard, and wrote his name beneath mine, then he gave the pencil to Gambon, who in turn wrote his name beneath that of Testelin. Upon this the crowd shouted, "Bravo! These are true-hearted men!" "Shout 'Long live the Republic!'" cried Testelin. All shouted "Long live the Republic!" "And from above, from the open windows," added Gambon, "women clapped their hands."

"The little hands of women applauding are a good sign," said Michel de Bourges.

As has been seen, and we cannot lay too much stress upon the fact, what the Committee of Resistance wished was to prevent the shedding of blood as much as possible. To construct barricades, to let them be destroyed, and to reconstruct them at other points, to avoid the army, and to wear it out; to wage in Paris the

* Died in exile in Guernsey. See the "Pendant l'Exil," under the heading *Actes et Paroles*, vol. ii.

* Died in exile, at Termonde.

war of the desert, always retreating, never yielding, to take time for an ally, to add days to days; on the one hand to give the people time to understand and to rise, on the other, to conquer the *coup d'état* by the weariness of the army; such was the plan discussed and adopted.

The order was accordingly given that the barricades should be but slightly defended.

We repeated in every possible form to the combatants,—

"Shed as little blood as possible! Spare the blood of the soldiers and husband your own."

Nevertheless, the struggle once begun, it become possible in many instances, during certain excited hours of fighting, to moderate their ardor. Several barricades were obstinately defended, particularly those in the Rue Rambuteau, in the Rue Montorgueil, and in the Rue Neuve Saint Eustache.

These barricades were commanded by daring leaders.

Here, for the sake of history, we will record a few of these brave men fighting outlines who appeared and disappeared in the smoke of the combat. Radoux, an architect, Deluc, Mallarmet, Félix Bony, Luneau, an ex-Captain of the Republican Guard, Camille Berru, editor of the *Avénement*, gay, warm-hearted, and dauntless, and that young Eugène Millelot, who was destined to be condemned at Cayenne to receive 200 lashes, and to expire at the twenty-third stroke, before the very eyes of his father and brother, proscribed and convicts like himself.

The barricade of the Rue Aumaire was amongst those which were not carried without resistance. Although raised in haste, it was fairly constructed. Fifteen or sixteen resolute men defended it; two were killed.

The barricade was carried with the bayonet by a battalion of the 16th of the line. This battalion, hurled on the barricade at the double, was received by a brisk fusillade; several soldiers were wounded.

The first who fell in the soldiers' ranks was an officer. He was a young man of twenty-five, lieutenant of the first company, named Ossian Dumas; two balls broke both of his legs as though by a single blow.

At that time there were in the army two brothers of the name of Dumas, Ossian and Scipio. Scipio was the elder. They were near relatives of the Representative, Madier de Montjau.

These two brothers belonged to a poor but honored family. The elder had been educated at the Polytechnic School, the other at the School of Saint Cyr.

Scipio was four years older than his brother. According to that splendid and mysterious law of ascent, which the French Revolution has created, and which, so to speak, has placed a ladder in the centre of a society hitherto caste-bound and inaccessible, Scipio Dumas' family had imposed upon themselves the most severe privations in order to develop his intellect and secure his future. His relations, with the touching heroism of the poor of the present era, denied themselves bread to afford him knowledge. In this manner he attained to the Polytechnic School, where he quickly became one of the best pupils.

Having concluded his studies, he was appointed an officer in the artillery, and sent to Metz. It then became his turn to help the boy who had to mount after him. He held out his hand to his younger brother. He economized the modest pay of an artillery lieutenant, and, thanks to him, Ossian became an officer like Scipio. While Scipio, detained by duties belonging to his position, remained at Metz, Ossian was incorporated in an infantry regiment, and went to Africa. There he saw his first service.

Scipio and Ossian were Republicans. In October, 1851, the 16th of the line, in which Ossian was serving, was summoned to Paris. It was one of the regiments chosen by the ill-omened hand of Louis Bonaparte, and on which the *coup d'état* counted.

The 2nd of December arrived.

Lieutenant Ossian Dumas obeyed, like nearly all his comrades, the order to take up arms; but every one round him could notice his gloomy attitude.

The day of the 3rd was spent in marches and countermarches. On the 4th the combat began. The 16th, which formed part of the Herbillon Brigade, was told off to capture the barricades of the Rues Beaubourg, Transnonain and Aumaire. This battlefield was formidable; a perfect square of barricades had been raised there.

It was by the Rue Aumaire, and with the regiment of which Ossian formed a part, that the military leaders resolved to begin action.

At the moment when the regiment, with arms loaded, was about to march upon the Rue Aumaire, Ossian Dumas went up to his captain, a brave and veteran officer, with whom he was a favorite, and declared that he would not march a step farther, that the deed of the 2nd of December was a crime, that Louis Bonaparte was a traitor, that it was for them, soldiers, to maintain the oath which Bonaparte violated; and that, as for himself, he would not lend his sword to the butchery of the Republic.

A halt was made. The signal of attack was awaited; the two officers, the old captain and the young lieutenant, conversed in a low tone.

"And what do you want to do?" asked the captain.

"Break my sword."

"You will be taken to Vincennes."

"That is all the same to me."

"Most certainly dismissed."

"Possibly."

"Perhaps shot."

"I expect it."

"But there is no longer any time; you should have resigned yesterday."

"There is always time to avoid committing a crime."

The captain, as may be seen, was simply one of those professional heroes, grown old in the leather stock, who know of no country but the flag, and no other law but military discipline. Iron arms and wooden heads. They are neither citizens nor men. They only recognize honor in the form of a general's epaulettes. It is of no use talking to them of political duties, of obedience to the laws, of the Constitution. What do they know about all this? What is a Constitution; what are the most holy laws, against three words which a corporal may murmur into the ear of a sentinel? Take a pair of scales, put in one side the Gospels, in the other the official instructions; now weigh them. The corporal turns the balance; the Deity kicks the beam.

God forms a portion of the order of the day of Saint Bartholomew. "Kill all. He will recognize His own."

This is what the priests accept, and at times glorify.

Saint Bartholomew has been blessed by the Pope and decorated with the Catholic medal.*

Meanwhile Ossian Dumas appeared determined. The captain made a last effort.

"You will ruin yourself," said he.

"I shall save my honor."

"It is precisely your honor that you are sacrificing."

"Because I am going away?"

"To go away is to desert."

This seemed to impress Ossian Dumas. The captain continued,—

"They are about to fight. In a few minutes the barricade will be attacked. Your comrades will fall, dead or wounded. You are a young officer—you have not yet been much under fire——"

"At all events," warmly interrupted Ossian Dumas, "I shall not have fought against the Republic; they will not say I am a traitor."

"No, but they will say that you are a coward."

Ossian made no reply.

A moment afterwards the command was given to attack. The regiment started at the double. The barricade fired.

Ossian Dumas was the first to fall.

He had not been able to bear that word "coward," and he had remained in his place in the first rank.

They took him to the ambulance, and from thence to the hospital.

Let us at once state the conclusion of this touching incident.

---

* Pro Hugonotorum strage. Medal struck at Rome in 1572.

Both of his legs were broken. The doctors thought that it would be necessary to amputate them both.

General Saint-Arnaud sent him the Cross of Honor.

As is known, Louis Bonaparte hastened to discharge his debt to his prætorian accomplices. After having massacred, the sword voted.

The combat was still smoking when the army was brought to the ballot-box.

The garrison of Paris voted "Yes." It absolved itself.

With the rest of the army it was otherwise. Military honor was indignant, and roused the civic virtue. Notwithstanding the pressure which was exercised, although the regiments deposited their votes in the shakos of their colonels, the army voted "No" in many districts of France and Algeria.

The Polytechnic School voted "No" in a body. Nearly everywhere the artillery, of which the Polytechnic School is the cradle, voted to the same effect as the school.

Scipio Dumas, it may be remembered, was at Metz.

By some curious chance it happened that the feeling of the artillery, which everywhere else had pronounced against the *coup d'état*, hesitated at Metz, and seemed to lean towards Bonaparte.

Scipio Dumas, in presence of this indecision, set an example. He voted in a loud voice, and with an open voting-paper, "No."

Then he sent in his resignation. At the same time that the Minister at Paris received the resignation of Scipio Dumas, Scipio Dumas, at Metz, received his dismissal, signed by the Minister.

After Scipio Dumas' vote, the same thought had come at the same time to both the Government and to the officer—to the Government that the officer was a dangerous man, and that they could no longer employ him; to the officer that the Government was an infamous one, and that he ought no longer to serve it.

The resignation and the dismissal crossed on the way.

By this word "dismissal" must be understood the withdrawal of employment.

According to our existing military laws it is in this manner that they now "break" an officer. Withdrawal of employment, that is to say, no more service, no more pay; poverty.

Simultaneously with his dismissal, Scipio Dumas learnt the news of the attack on the barricade of the Rue Aumaire, and that his brother had both his legs broken. In the fever of events he had been a week without news of Ossian. Scipio had confined himself to writing to his brother to inform him of his vote and of his dismissal, and to induce him to do likewise.

His brother wounded! His brother at the Val-de-Grâce! He left immediately for Paris.

He hastened to the hospital. They took him to Ossian's bedside. The poor young fellow had had both his legs amputated on the preceding day.

At the moment when Scipio, stunned, appeared at his bedside, Ossian held in his hand the cross which General Saint-Arnaud had just sent him.

The wounded man turned towards the aide-de-camp who had brought it, and said to him,—

"I will not have this cross. On my breast it would be stained with the blood of the Republic."

And perceiving his brother, who had just entered, he held out the cross to him, exclaiming,—

"You take it. You have voted 'No,' and you have broken your sword! It is you who have deserved it!"

---

## CHAPTER XV.

### THE QUESTION PRESENTS ITSELF.

It was one o'clock in the afternoon.

Bonaparte had again become gloomy.

The gleams of sunshine on such countenances as these last a very short time.

He had gone back to his private room, had seated himself before the fire, with his feet on the hobs, motionless and no

one any longer approaching him except Roguet.

What was he thinking of?

The twistings of a viper cannot be foreseen.

What this man achieved on this infamous day I have told at length in another book. See "Napoleon the Little."

From time to time Roguet entered and informed him of what was going on. Bonaparte listened in silence, deep in thought, marble in which a torrent of lava boiled.

He received at the Elysée the same news that we received in the Rue Richelieu; bad for him, good for us. In one of the regiments which had just voted, there were 170 "Noes." This regiment has since been dissolved, and scattered abroad in the African army.

They had counted on the 14th of the Line which had fired on the people in February. The Colonel of the 14th of the Line had refused to recommence; he had just broken his sword.

Our appeal has ended by being heard. Decidedly, as we have seen, Paris was rising. The fall of Bonaparte seemed to be foreshadowed. Two Representatives, Fabvier and Crestin, met in the Rue Royale, and Crestin, pointing to the Palace of the Assembly, said to Fabvier, "We shall be there to-morrow."

One noteworthy incident. Mazas became eccentric, the prison unbent itself; the interior experienced an undefinable reverberation from the outside. The warders, who the preceding evening had been insolent to the Representatives when going for their exercise in the courtyard, now saluted them to the ground. That very morning of Thursday, the 4th, the governor of the prison had paid a visit to the prisoners, and had said to them, "It is not my fault." He brought them books and writing-paper, a thing which up to that time he had refused. The Representative Valentin was in solitary confinement; on the morning of the 4th his warder suddenly became amiable, and offered to obtain for him news from outside, through his wife, who, he said, had been a servant in General Leflô's household. These were significant signs. When the gaoler smiles it means that the goal is half opening.

We may add, what is not a contradiction, that at the same time the garrison at Mazas was being increased. 1,200 more men were marched in, in detachments of 100 men each, spacing out their arrivals in "little doses" as an eye-witness remarked to us. Later on 400 men. 100 litres of brandy were distributed to them. One litre for every sixteen men. The prisoners could hear the movement of artillery round the prison.

The agitation spread to the most peaceable quarters. But the centre of Paris was above all threatening. The centre of Paris is a labyrinth of streets which appears to be made for the labyrinth of riots. The Ligue, the Fronde, the Revolution—we must unceasingly recall these useful facts—the 14th of July, the 10th of August, 1792, 1830, 1848, have come out from thence. These brave old streets were awakened. At eleven o'clock in the morning, from Notre-Dame to the Porte Saint Martin, there were seventy-seven barricades. Three of them, one in the Rue Bertin-Poirée, another in the Rue Guérin-Boisseau, attained the height of the second stories; the barricade of the Porte Saint Denis was almost as bristling and as formidable as the barrier of the Faubourg Saint Antoine in June, 1848. The handful of the Representatives of the People had swooped down like a shower of sparks on these famous and inflammable cross-roads. The beginning of the fire. The fire had caught. The old central market quarter, that city which is contained in the city, shouted, "Down with Bonaparte!" They hooted the police, they hissed the troops. Some regiments seemed stupefied. They cried, "Throw up your butt ends in the air!" From the windows above, women encouraged the construction of the barricades. There was powder there, there were muskets. Now, we were no longer alone. We saw rising up in the gloom behind us the enormous head of the people. Hope at the present time was on our side. The

oscillation of uncertainty had at length become steady, and we were, I repeat, almost perfectly confident.

There had been a moment when, owing to the good news pouring in upon us, this confidence had become so great that we who had staked our lives on this great contest, seized with an irresistible joy in the presence of a success becoming hourly more certain, had risen from our seats, and had embraced each other. Michel de Bourges was particularly angered against Bonaparte, for he had believed his word, and had even gone so far as to say, "He is my man." Of the four of us, he was the most indignant. A gloomy flash of victory shone in him. He struck the table with his fist, and exclaimed, "Oh! the miserable wretch! to-morrow his head shall fall in the Place de Grève before the Hôtel de Ville.

I looked at him.

"No," said I, "this man's head shall not fall."

"What do you mean?"

"I do not wish it."

"Why?"

"Because," said I, "if after such a crime we allow Louis Bonaparte to live we shall abolish the penalty of death."

This generous Michel de Bourges remained thoughtful for a moment, then he pressed my hand.

Crime is an opportunity, and always gives us a choice, and it is better to extract from it progress than punishment. Michel de Bourges realized this.

Moreover this incident shows to what a pitch our hopes had been raised.

Appearances were on our side, actual facts not so. Saint-Arnaud had his orders. We shall see them.

Strange incidents took place.

Towards noon a general, deep in thought, was on horseback in the Place de la Madeleine, at the head of his wavering troops. He hesitated.

A carriage stopped, a woman stepped out and conversed in a low tone with the general. The crowd could see her. The Representative Raymond, who lived at No. 4, Place de la Madeleine, saw her from his window. This woman was Madame K. The general, stooping down on his horse, listened, and finally made the dejected gesture of a vanquished man. Madame K. got back into her carriage. This man, they said, loved that women. She could, according to the side of her beauty which fascinated her victim, inspire either heroism or crime. This strange beauty was compounded of the whiteness of an angel, combined with the look of a spectre.

It was the look which conquered.

This man no longer hesitated. He entered gloomily into the enterprise.

From twelve to two o'clock there was in this enormous city given over to the unknown an indescribable and fierce expectation. All was calm and awe-striking. The regiments and the limbered batteries quitted the faubourg and stationed themselves noiselessly around the boulevards. Not a cry in the ranks of the soldiery. An eye-witness said, "The soldiers march with quite a jaunty air." On the Quai de la Ferronnerie, heaped up with regiments ever since the morning of the 2nd of December, there now only remained a post of Municipal Guards. Everything ebbed back to the centre, the people as well as the army; the silence of the army had ultimately spread to the people. They watched each other.

Each soldier had three days' provisions and six packets of cartridges.

It has since transpired that at this moment 10,000 francs were daily spent in brandy for each brigade.

Towards one o'clock, Magnan went to the Hôtel de Ville, had the reserve limbered under his own eyes, and did not leave until all the batteries were ready to march.

Certain suspicious preparations grew more numerous. Towards noon the State workmen and the hospital corps had established a species of huge ambulance at No. 2, Faubourg Montmartre. A great heap of litters was piled up there. "What is all this for?" asked the crowd.

Dr. Deville, who had attended Espinasse when he had been wounded, noticed him on the boulevard, and asked him, "Up to what point are you going?"

Espinasse's answer is historical.



THE CARNAGE OF THE BOULEVARD MONTMARTRE.

Hugo, vol. I., p. 409.

He replied, "To the end."

At two o'clock five brigades, those of Cotte, Bourgon, Canrobert, Dulac, and Reybell, five batteries of artillery, 16,400 men,* infantry and cavalry, lancers, cuirassiers, grenadiers, gunners, were echelloned without any ostensible reason between the Rue de la Paix and the Faubourg Poissonnière. Pieces of cannon were pointed at the entrance of every street; there were eleven in position on the Boulevard Poissonnière alone. The foot soldiers had their guns to their shoulders, the officers their swords drawn. What did all this mean? It was a curious sight, well worth the trouble of seeing, and on both sides of the pavements, on all the thresholds of the shops, from all the stories of the houses, an astonished, ironical, and confiding crowd looked on.

Little by little, nevertheless, this confidence diminished, and irony gave place to astonishment; astonishment changed to stupor. Those who have passed through that extraordinary minute will not forget it. It was evident that there was something underlying all this. But what? Profound obscurity. Can one imagine Paris in a cellar? People felt as though they were beneath a low ceiling. They seemed to be walled up in the unexpected and the unknown. They seemed to perceive some mysterious will in the background. But after all they were strong; they were the Republic, they were Paris; what was there to fear? Nothing. And they cried, "Down with Bonaparte!" The troops continued to keep silence, but the swords remained outside their scabbards, and the lighted matches of the cannon smouldered at the corners of the streets. The cloud grew blacker every minute, heavier and more silent. This thickening of the darkness was tragical. One felt the coming crash of a catastrophe, and the presence of a villain; snake-like treason writhed during this night, and none can foresee where the downward slide of a terrible design will stop when events are on a steep incline.

* 16,410 men, the figures taken from the Ministry of War.

What was coming out of this thick darkness?

## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE MASSACRE.

SUDDENLY a window was opened.

Upon Hell.

Dante, had he leaned over the summit of the shadow, would have been able to see the eighth circle of his poem; the funereal Boulevard Montmartre.

Paris, a prey to Bonaparte; a monstrous spectacle.

The gloomy armed men massed together on this boulevard felt an appalling spirit enter into them; they ceased to be themselves, and became demons.

There was no longer a single French soldier, but a host of indefinable phantoms, carrying out a horrible task, as though in the glimmering light of a vision.

There was no longer a flag, there was no longer law, there was no longer humanity, there was no longer a country, there was no longer France; they began to assassinate.

The Schinderhannes division, the brigades of Mandrin, Cartouche, Poulailler, Trestaillon, and Tropmann appeared in the gloom, shooting down and massacring.

No; we do not attribute to the French army what took place during this mournful eclipse of honor.

There have been massacres in history, abominable ones assuredly, but they have possessed some show of reason; Saint Bartholomew and the Dragonnades are explained by religion, the Sicilian Vespers and the butcheries of September are explained by patriotism; they crush the enemy or annihilate the foreigner; these are crimes for a good cause; but the carnage of the Boulevard Montmartre is a crime without an ostensible reason.

The reason exists, however. It is hideous.

Let us give it.

Two things stand erect in a State, the Law and the People.

A man murders the Law. He feels the

punishment approaching, there only remains one thing for him to do, to murder the People. He murders the People.

The Second of December was the Risk, the Fourth was the Certainty.

Against the indignation which arose they opposed the Terror.

The Fury, Justice, halted petrified before the Fury Extermination. Against Erinnyes they set up Medusa.

To put Nemesis to flight, what a terrifying triumph!

To Louis Napoleon pertains this glory, which is the summit of his shame.

Let us narrate it.

Let us narrate what History had never seen before.

The assassination of a people by a man.

Suddenly, at a given signal, a musket shot being fired, no matter where, no matter by whom, the shower of bullets poured upon the crowd. A shower of bullets is also a crowd; it is death scattered broadcast. It does not know whither it goes, nor what it does; it kills and passes on.

But at the same time it has a species of soul; it is premeditated, it executes a will. This was an unprecedented moment. It seemed as though a handful of lightnings was falling upon the people. Nothing simpler. It formed a clear solution to the difficulty; the rain of lead overwhelmed the multitude. What are you doing there? Die! It is a crime to be passing by. Why are you in the street? Why do you cross the path of the Government? The Government is a cut-throat. They have announced a thing, they must certainly carry it out; what is begun must assuredly be achieved; as Society is being saved, the People must assuredly be exterminated.

Are there not social necessities? Is it not essential that Béville should have 87,000 francs a year and Fleury 95,000 francs? Is it not essential that the High Chaplain, Menjaud, Bishop of Nancy, should have 342 francs a day, and that Bassano and Cambacérès should each have 383 francs a day, and Vaillant 468 francs, and Saint-Arnaud 822 francs? Is it not necessary that Louis Bonaparte should have 76,712 francs a day? Could one be Emperor for less?

In the twinkling of an eye there was a butchery on the boulevard a quarter of a league long. Eleven pieces of cannon wrecked the Sallandrouze carpet warehouse. The shot tore completely through twenty-eight houses. The baths of Jouvence were riddled. There was a massacre at Tortoni's. A whole quarter of Paris was filled with an immense flying mass, and with a terrible cry. Everywhere sudden death. A man is expecting nothing. He falls. From whence does this come? From above, says the Bishops' *Te Deum;* from below, says Truth.

From a lower place than the galleys, from a lower place than Hell.

It is the conception of a Caligula, carried out by a Papavoine.

Xavier Durrieu comes upon the boulevard. He states,—

"I have taken sixty steps, I have seen sixty corpses." And he draws back. To be in the street is a Crime, to be at home is a Crime. The butchers enter the houses and slaughter. In slaughter-house slang the soldiers cry, "Let us pole-axe the lot of them."

Adde, a bookseller of 17, Boulevard Poissonnière, is standing before his door; they kill him. At the same moment, for the field of murder is vast, at a considerable distance from there, at 5, Rue de Lancry, M. Thirion de Montauban, owner of the house, is at his door; they kill him. In the Rue Tiquetonne a child of seven years, named Boursier, is passing by; they kill him. Mdlle. Soulac, 196, Rue du Temple, opens her window; they kill her. At No. 97, in the same street, two women, Mesdames Vidal and Raboisson, sempstresses, are in their room; they kill them. Belval, a cabinet-maker, 10, Rue de la Lune, is at home; they kill him. Debaëcque, a merchant, 45, Rue du Sentier, is in his own house; Couvercelle, florist, 257, Rue Saint Denis, is in his own house; Labitte, a jeweler, 55, Boulevard Saint Martin, is in his own house; Monpelas, perfumer, 181, Rue Saint Martin, is in his own house; they kill Monpelas, Labitte, Couvercelle and Debaëcque.

They sabre at her own home, 240, Rue Saint Martin, a poor embroideress, Mdlle. Seguin, who not having sufficient money to pay for a doctor, died at the Beaujon hospital, on the 1st of January, 1852, on the same day that the Sibour *Te Deum* was chanted at Notre-Dame. Another, a waistcoat-maker, Françoise Noël, was shot down at 20, Rue du Faubourg Montmartre, and died in the Charité. Another, Madame Ledaust, a working housekeeper, living at 76, Passage du Caire, was shot down before the Archbishop's palace, and died at the Morgue. Passers-by, Mdlle. Gressier living at 209, Faubourg Saint Martin; Madame Guilard, living at 77, Boulevard Saint Denis; Madame Garnier, living at 6, Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle, who had fallen, the first named beneath the volleys on the Boulevard Montmartre, the two others on the Boulevard Saint Denis, and who were still alive, attempted to rise, and became targets for the soldiers, bursting with laughter, and this time fell back again dead. Deeds of gallantry were performed. Colonel Rochefort, who was probably created General for this, charged in the Rue de la Paix at the head of his Lancers a flock of nurses, who were put to flight.

Such was this indescribable enterprise. All the men who took part in it were instigated by hidden influences; all had something which urged them forward; Herbillon had Zaatcha behind him; Saint-Arnaud had Kabylia; Renault had the affair of the Saint-André and Saint Hippolyte villages; Espinasse, Rome and the storming of the 30th of June; Magnan, his debts.

Must we continue? We hesitate. Dr. Piquet, a man of seventy, was killed in his drawing-room by a ball in his stomach; the painter Jollivart, by a ball in the forehead, before his easel; his brains bespattered his painting. The English captain, William Jesse, narrowly escaped a ball which pierced the ceiling above his head; in the library adjoining the Magasins du Prophète, a father, mother, and two daughters were sabred. Lefilleul, another bookseller, was shot in his shop on the Boulevard Poissonnière; in the Rue Lepelletier, Boyer, a chemist, seated at his counter, was "spitted" by the Lancers. A captain, killing all before him, took by storm the house of the Grand Balcon. A servant was killed in the shop of Brandus. Reybell through the volleys said to Sax, "And I also am discoursing sweet music." The Café Leblond was given over to pillage. Billecoq's establishment was bombarded to such a degree that it had to be pulled down the next day. Before Jouvain's house lay a heap of corpses, amongst them an old man with his umbrella, and a young man with his eyeglass. The Hôtel de Castille, the Maison Dorée, the Petite Jeannette, the Café de Paris, the Café Anglais became for three hours the targets of the cannonade. Raquenault's house crumbled beneath the shells; the bullets demolished the Montmartre Bazaar.

None escaped. The guns and pistols were fired at close quarters.

New Year's-day was not far off, some shops were full of New Year's gifts. In the Passage du Saumon, a child of thirteen, flying before the platoon-firing, hid himself in one of these shops, beneath a heap of toys. He was captured and killed. Those who killed him laughingly widened his wounds with their swords. A woman told me, "The cries of the poor little fellow could be heard all through the passage." Four men were shot before the same shop. The officer said to them, "This will teach you to loaf about." A fifth, named Mailleret, who was left for dead, was carried the next day with eleven wounds to the Charité. There he died.

They fired into the cellars by the air-holes.

A workman, a currier, named Moulins, who had taken refuge in one of these shot-riddled cellars, saw through the cellar air-hole a passer-by, who had been wounded in the thigh by a bullet, sit down on the pavement with the death rattle in his throat, and lean against a shop. Some soldiers who heard this rattle ran up and finished off the wounded man with bayonet thrusts.

One brigade killed the passer-by from the Madeleine to the Opera, another from the Opera to the Gymnase; another from

the Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle to the Porte Saint Denis; the 75th of the Line having carried the barricade of the Porte Saint Denis, it was no longer a fight, it was a slaughter. The massacre radiated —a word horribly true—from the boulevard into all the streets. It was a devil-fish stretching out its feelers. Flight? Why? Concealment? To what purpose? Death ran after you quicker than you could fly. In the Rue Pagevin a soldier said to a passer-by, "What are you doing here?" "I am going home." The soldier kills the passer-by. In the Rue des Marais they kill four young men in their own courtyard. Colonel Espinasse exclaimed, "After the bayonet, cannon!" Colonel Rochefort exclaimed, "Thrust, bleed, slash!" and he added, "It is an economy of powder and noise." Before Barbedienne's establishment an officer was showing his gun, an arm of considerable precision, admiringly to his comrades, and he said, "With this gun I can score magnificent shots between the eyes." Having said this, he aimed at random at some one, and succeeded. The carnage was frenzied. While the butchering under the orders of Carrelet filled the boulevard, the Bourgon brigade devastated the Temple, the Marulaz brigade devastated the Rue Rambuteau; the Renault division distinguished itself on the "other side of the water." Renault was that general who, at Mascara, had given his pistols to Charras. In 1848 he had said to Charras, "Europe must be revolutionized." And Charras had said, "Not quite so fast!" Louis Bonaparte had made him a General of Division in July, 1851. The Rue aux Ours was especially devastated. Morny that evening said to Louis Bonaparte, "The 15th Light Infantry have scored a success. They have cleaned out the Rue aux Ours."

At the corner of the Rue du Sentier an officer of Spahis, with his sword raised, cried out, "This is not the sort of thing! You do not understand at all. Fire on the women." A woman was flying, she was with child, she falls, they deliver her by the means of the butt ends of their muskets. Another, perfectly distracted, was turning the corner of a street. She was carrying a child. Two soldiers aimed at her. One said, "At the woman!" And he brought down the woman. The child rolled on the pavement. The other soldier said, "At the child!" And he killed the child.

A man of high scientific repute, Dr. Germain Sée, declares that in one house alone, the establishment of the Jouvence Baths, there were at six o'clock, beneath a shed in the courtyard, about eighty wounded, nearly all of whom (seventy, at least) were old men, women, and children. Dr. Sée was the first to attend to them.

In the Rue Mandar, there was, stated an eye-witness, "a rosary of corpses," reaching as far as the Rue Neuve Saint Eustache. Before the house of Odier twenty-six corpses. Thirty before the Hotel Montmorency. Fifty-two before the Variétés, of whom eleven were women. In the Rue Grange-Batelière there were three naked corpses. No. 19, Faubourg Montmartre, was full of dead and wounded.

A woman, flying and maddened, with dishevelled hair and her arms raised aloft, ran along the Rue Poissonnière, crying, "They kill! they kill! they kill! they kill! they kill!"

The soldiers wagered. "Bet you I bring down that fellow there." In this manner Count Poninsky was killed whilst going into his own house, 52, Rue de la Paix.

I was anxious to know what I ought to do. Certain treasons, in order to be proved, need to be investigated. I went to the field of murder.

In such mental agony as this, from very excess of feeling, one no longer thinks, or if one thinks, it is distractedly. One only longs for some end or other. The death of others instils in you so much horror that your own death becomes an object of desire; that is to say, if by dying, you would be in some degree useful! One calls to mind deaths which have put an end to angers and to revolts. One only retains this ambition, to be a useful corpse.

I walked along terribly thoughtful.

I went towards the boulevards; I saw there a furnace; I heard there a thunderstorm.

I saw Jules Simon coming up to me, who

during these disastrous days bravely risked a precious life. He stopped me. "Where are you going?" he asked me. "You will be killed. What do you want?" "That very thing," said I.

We shook hands.

I continued to go on.

I reached the boulevard; the scene was indescribable. I witnessed this crime, this butchery, this tragedy. I saw that rain of blind death, I saw the distracted victims fall around me in crowds. It is for this that I have signed myself in this book AN EYE-WITNESS.

Destiny entertains a purpose. It watches mysteriously over the future historian. It allows him to mingle with exterminations and carnages, but it does not permit him to die, because it wishes him to relate them.

In the midst of this inexpressible Pandemonium, Xavier Durrieu met me as I was crossing the bullet-swept boulevard. He said to me, "Ah, here you are. I have just met Madame D. She is looking for you." Madame D.* and Madame de la R.,† two noble and brave women, had promised Madame Victor Hugo, who was ill in bed, to ascertain where I was, and to give her some news of me. Madame D. had heroically ventured into this carnage. The following incident happened to her. She stopped before a heap of bodies, and had had the courage to manifest her indignation; at the cry of horror to which she gave vent, a cavalry soldier had run up behind her with a pistol in his hand, and had it not been for a quickly opened door through which she threw herself, and which saved her, she would have been killed.

It is well known that the total slaughter in this butchery is unrecorded. Bonaparte has kept these figures hidden in darkness. Such is the habit of those who commit massacres. They are scarcely likely to allow history to certify the number of the victims. These statistics are an obscure multitude which quickly lose themselves in the gloom. One of the two colonels of whom we have had a glimpse in pages 211–213 of this work, has stated that his regiment alone had killed "at least 2,500 persons." This would be more than one person per soldier. We believe that this zealous colonel exaggerates. Crime sometimes boasts of its blackness.

Lireux, a writer, arrested in order to be shot, and who escaped by a miracle, declares that he saw "more than 800 corpses."

Towards four o'clock the post-chaises which were in the courtyard of the Elysée were unhorsed and put up.

This extermination, which an English witness, Captain William Jesse, calls "a wanton fusillade," lasted from two till five o'clock. During these three terrible hours, Louis Bonaparte carried out what he had been premeditating, and completed his work. Up to that time the poor little "middle-class" conscience was almost indulgent. Well, what of it? It was a game at Prince, a species of state swindling, a conjuring feat on a large scale; the sceptics and the knowing men said, "It is a good joke played upon those idiots."* Suddenly Louis Bonaparte grew uneasy and revealed all his policy. "Tell Saint-Arnaud to execute my orders." Saint-Arnaud obeyed, the *coup d'état* acted according to its own code of laws, and from that appalling moment an immense torrent of blood began to flow across this crime.

They left the corpses lying on the pavements, wild-looking, livid, stupefied, with their pockets turned inside out. The military murderer is thus condemned to mount the villainous scale of guilt. In the morning an assassin, in the evening a thief.

When night came enthusiasm and joy reigned at the Elysée. These men triumphed. Conneau has ingenuously related the scene. The familiar spirits were delirious with joy. Fialin addressed Bonaparte in hail-fellow-well-met style. "You had better break yourself of that," whispered Viéllard. In truth this carnage made Bonaparte Emperor. He was now "His

* No. 20, Cité Rodier.

† Rue Caumartin. See page 132, 135–137.

* Us.

Majesty." They drank, they smoked like the soldiers on the boulevards; for having slaughtered throughout the day, they drank throughout the night; wine flowed upon the blood. At the Elysée they were amazed at the result. They were enraptured; they loudly expressed their admiration. "What a capital idea the Prince had had! How well the thing had been managed! This was much better than flying the country, by Dieppe, like D'Haussez; or by Membrolle, like Guernon-Ranville; or being captured, disguised as a footboy, and blacking the boots of Madame de Saint Fargeau, like poor Polignac!" "Guizot was no cleverer than Polignac," exclaimed Persigny. Fleury turned to Morny: "Your theorists would not have succeeded in a *coup d'état.*" "That is true, they were not particularly vigorous," answered Morny. He added, "And yet they were clever men,—Louis Philippe, Guizot, Thiers—" Louis Bonaparte, taking his cigarette from his lips, interrupted, "If such are clever men, I would rather be an ass——"

"A hyena in an ass's skin," says History.

---

## CHAPTER XVII.

### THE APPOINTMENT MADE WITH THE WORKMEN'S SOCIETIES.

WHAT had become of our Committee during these tragic events, and what was it doing? It is necessary to relate what took place.

Let us go back a few hours.

At the moment when this strange butchery began, the seat of the Committee was still in the Rue Richelieu. I had gone back to it after the exploration which I had thought it proper to make at several of the quarters in insurrection, and I gave an account of what I had seen to my colleagues. Madier de Montjau, who also arrived from the barricades, added to my report details of what he had seen. For some time we heard terrible explosions, which appeared to be close by, and which mingled themselves with our conversation. Suddenly Versigny came in. He told us that horrible events were taking place on the Boulevards; that the meaning of the conflict could not yet be ascertained, but that they were cannonading, and firing volleys of musket-balls, and that the corpses bestrewed the pavement; that, according to all appearances, it was a massacre—a sort of Saint Bartholomew improvised by the *coup d'état;* that they were ransacking the houses at a few steps from us, and that they were killing every one. The murderers were going from door to door, and were drawing near. He urged us to leave Grévy's house without delay. It was manifest that the Insurrectionary Committee would be a "find" for the bayonets. We decided to leave, whereupon M. Dupont White, a man distinguished for his noble character and his talent, offered us a refuge at his house, 11, Rue Monthabor. We went out by the back-door of Grévy's house, which led into 1, Rue Fontaine Molière, but leisurely, and two by two, Madier de Montjau with Versigny, Michel de Bourges with Carnot, myself arm-in-arm with Jules Favre. Jules Favre, dauntless and smiling as ever, wrapped a comforter over his mouth, and said, "I do not much mind being shot, but I do mind catching cold."

Jules Favre and I reached the rear of Saint Roch, by the Rue des Moulins. The Rue Neuve Saint Roch was thronged with a mass of affrighted passers-by, who came from the Boulevards flying rather than walking. The men were talking in a loud voice, the women screaming. We could hear the cannon and the ear-piercing rattle of the musketry. All the shops were being shut. M. de Falloux, arm-in-arm with M. Albert de Rességuier, was striding down the Rue de Saint Roch and hurrying to the Rue Saint Honoré.

The Rue Saint Honoré presented a scene of clamorous agitation. People were coming and going, stopping, questioning one another, running. The shopkeepers, at the threshold of their half-opened doors, asked the passers-by what was taking place, and were only answered by this cry, "Oh, my God!" People came out of their houses

bareheaded and mingled with the crowd. A fine rain was falling. Not a carriage in the street. At the corner of the Rue Saint Roch and Rue Saint Honoré we heard voices behind us saying, "Victor Hugo is killed."

"Not yet," said Jules Favre, continuing to smile, and pressing my arm.

They had said the same thing on the preceding day to Esquiros and to Madier de Montjau. And this rumor, so agreeable to the Reactionaries, had even reached my two sons, prisoners in the Conciergerie.

The stream of people driven back from the Boulevards and from the Rue Richelieu flowed towards the Rue de la Paix. We recognized there some of the Representatives of the Right who had been arrested on the 2nd, and who were already released. M. Buffet, an ex-Minister of M. Bonaparte, accompanied by numerous other members of the Assembly, was going towards the Palais Royal. As he passed close by us he pronounced the name of Louis Bonaparte in a tone of execration.

M. Buffet is a man of some importance; he is one of the three political advisers of the Right; the two others are M. Fould and M. Molé.

In the Rue Monthabor, two steps from the Rue Saint Honoré, there was silence and peace. Not one passer-by, not a door open, not a head out of window.

In the apartment into which we were conducted, on the third storey, the calm was not less perfect. The windows looked upon an inner courtyard. Five or six red arm-chairs were drawn up before the fire; on the table could be seen a few books which seemed to me works on political economy and executive law. The Representatives, who almost immediately joined us and who arrived in disorder, threw down at random their umbrellas and their coats streaming with water in the corner of this peaceful room. No one knew exactly what was happening; every one brought forward his conjectures.

The Committee was hardly seated in an adjoining little room when our ex-colleague, Leblond, was announced. He brought with him King, the delegate of the workingmen's societies. The delegate told us that the committee of the societies were sitting in permanent session, and had sent him to us. According to the instructions of the Insurrectionary Committee, they had done what they could to lengthen the struggle by evading too decisive encounters. The greater part of the associations had not yet given battle; nevertheless the plot was thickening. The combat had been severe during the morning. The Association of the Rights of Man was in the streets; the ex-constituent Beslay had assembled, in the Passage du Caire, six or seven hundred workmen from the Marais, and had posted them in the streets surrounding the Bank. New barricades would probably be constructed during the evening, the forward movement of the resistance was being precipitated, the hand-to-hand struggle which the Committee had wished to delay seemed imminent, all was rushing forward with a sort of irresistible impulse. Should we follow it, or should we stop? Should we run the risk of bringing matters to an end with one blow, which should be the last, and which would manifestly leave one adversary on the ground—either the Empire or the Republic? The workmen's societies asked for our instructions; they still held in reserve their three or four thousand combatants, and they could, according to the order which the Committee should give them, either continue to restrain them or send them under fire without delay. They believed themselves certain of their adherents; they would do whatever we should decide upon, while not hiding from us that the workmen wished for an immediate conflict, and that it would be somewhat hazardous to leave them time to become calm.

The majority of the members of the Committee were still in favor of a certain slackening of action which should tend to prolong the struggle; and it was difficult to say that they were in the wrong. It was certain that if they could protect the situation in which the *coup d'état* had thrown Paris until the next week, Louis Bonaparte was lost. Paris does not allow herself to be trampled upon by an army

for a whole week. Nevertheless, I was for my own part impressed with the following:—The workmen's societies offered us three or four thousand combatants, a powerful assistance;—the workman does not understand strategy, he lives on enthusiasm; abatements of ardor discourage him; his zeal is not extinguished, but it cools:—three thousand to-day would be five hundred to-morrow. And then some serious incident had just taken place on the Boulevards. We were still ignorant of what it actually was: we could not foresee what consequences it might bring about; but it seemed to me impossible that the still unknown, but yet violent event, which had just taken place would not modify the situation, and consequently change our plan of battle. I began to speak to this effect. I stated that we ought to accept the offer of the associations, and to throw them at once into the struggle; I added that revolutionary warfare often necessitates sudden changes of tactics, that a general in the open country and before the enemy operates as he wishes; it is all clear around him; he knows the effective strength of his soldiers, the number of his regiments; so many men, so many horses, so many cannons; he knows his strength, and the strength of his enemy, he chooses his hour and his ground, he has a map under his eyes, he sees what he is doing. He is sure of his reserves, he possesses them, he keeps them back, he utilizes them when he wishes, he always has them by him. "But for ourselves," cried I, "we are in an undefined and inconceivable position. We are stepping at a venture upon unknown risks. Who is against us? We hardly know. Who is with us? We are ignorant. How many soldiers? How many guns? How many cartridges? Nothing! but the darkness. Perhaps the entire people, perhaps no one. Keep a reserve! But who would answer for this reserve? It is an army to-day, it will be a handful of dust to-morrow. We only can plainly distinguish our duty; as regards all the rest it is black darkness. We are guessing at everything. We are ignorant of everything. We are fighting a blind battle! Let us strike all the blows that can be struck, let us advance straight before us at random, let us rush upon the danger! And let us have faith, for as we are Justice and the Law, God must be with us in this obscurity. Let us accept this glorious and gloomy enterprise of Right disarmed yet still fighting."

The ex-constituent Leblond and the delegate King being consulted by the Committee, seconded my advice. The Committee decided that the societies should be requested in our name to come down into the streets immediately, and to call out all their forces. "But we are keeping nothing for to-morrow," objected a member of the Committee. "What ally shall we have to-morrow?" "Victory," said Jules Favre. Carnot and Michel de Bourges remarked that it would be advisable for those members of the association who belonged to the National Guard to wear their uniforms. This was accordingly settled.

The delegate King rose,—"Citizen Representatives," said he, "these orders will be immediately transmitted, our friends are ready, in a few hours they will assemble. To-night barricades and the combat!"

I asked him, "Would it be useful to you if a Representative, a member of the Committee, were with you to-night with his sash girded?"

"Doubtless," he answered.

"Well, then," resume I, "here I am! Take me."

"We will all go," exclaimed Jules Favre.

The delegate observed that it would suffice for one of us to be there at the moment when the societies should make their appearance, and that he could then notify the other members of the Committee to come and join him. It was settled that as soon as the places of meeting and the rallying-points should be agreed upon, he would send some one to let me know, and to take me wherever the societies might be. "Before an hour's time you shall hear from me," said he on leaving us.

As the delegates were going away Mathieu de la Drôme arrived. On coming

in he halted on the threshold of the door; he was pale; he cried out to us, "You are no longer in Paris, you are no longer under the Republic; you are in Naples and under King Bomba."

He had come from the Boulevards.

Later on I again saw Mathieu de la Drôme. I said to him, "Worse than Bomba,—Satan."

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### THE VERIFICATION OF MORAL LAWS.

THE carnage of the Boulevard Montmartre constitutes the originality of the *coup d'état*. Without this butchery the 2nd of December would only be an 18th Brumaire. Owing to the massacre Louis Bonaparte escapes the charge of plagiarism.

Up to that time he had only been an imitator. The little hat at Boulogne, the grey overcoat, the tame eagle appeared grotesque. What did this parody mean? people asked. He made them laugh; suddenly he made them tremble.

He who becomes detestable ceases to be ridiculous.

Louis Bonaparte was more than detestable, he was execrable.

He envied the hugeness of great crimes; he wished to equal the worst. This striving after the horrible has given him a special place to himself in the menagerie of tyrants. Petty rascality trying to emulate deep villany, a little Nero swelling himself to a huge Lacénaire; such is this phenomenon. Art for art, assassination for assassination.

Louis Bonaparte has created a special genus.

It was in this manner that Louis Bonaparte made his entry into the Unexpected. This revealed him.

Certain brains are abysses. Manifestly for a long time past Bonaparte had harbored the design of assassinating in order to reign. Premeditation haunts criminals, and it is in this manner that treason begins. The crime is a long time present in them, but shapeless and shadowy; they are scarcely conscious of it; souls only blacken gradually. Such abominable deeds are not invented in a moment; they do not attain perfection at once and at a single bound; they increase and ripen, shapeless and indecisive, and the centre of the ideas in which they exist keeps them living, ready for the appointed day, and vaguely terrible. This design, the massacre for a throne, we feel sure, existed for a long time in Louis Bonaparte's mind. It was classed among the possible events of this soul. It darted hither and thither like a *larva* in an aquarium, mingled with shadows, with doubts, with desires, with expedients, with dreams of one knows not what Cæsarian socialism, like a Hydra dimly visible in a transparency of chaos. Hardly was he aware that he was fostering this hideous idea. When he needed it, he found it, armed and ready to serve him. His unfathomable brain had darkly nourished it. Abysses are the nurseries of monsters.

Up to this formidable day of the 4th December, Louis Bonaparte did not perhaps quite know himself. Those who studied this curious Imperial animal did not believe him capable of such pure and simple ferocity. They saw in him an indescribable mongrel, applying the talents of a swindler to the dreams of an Empire, who, even when crowned, would be a thief, who would say of a parricide, What roguery! Incapable of gaining a footing on any height, even of infamy, always remaining half-way up hill, a little above petty rascals, a little below great malefactors. They believed him clever at effecting all that is done in gambling-hells and in robbers' caves, but with this transposition, that he would cheat in the caves, and that he would assassinate in the gambling-hells.

The massacre of the Boulevards suddenly unveiled this spirit. They saw it such as it really was: the ridiculous nicknames "Big-Beak," "Badinguet," vanished; they saw the bandit, they saw the true *contraffatto* hidden under the false Bonaparte.

There was a shudder! It was this then which this man held in reserve!

Apologies have been attempted, they could but fail. It is easy to praise Bonaparte, for people have praised Dupin; but it is an exceedingly complicated operation to cleanse him. What is to be done with the 4th of December? How will that difficulty be surmounted? It is far more troublesome to justify than to glorify; the sponge works with greater difficulty than the censer; the panegyrists of the *coup d'état* have lost their labor. Madame Sand herself, although a woman of lofty intellect, has failed miserably in her attempt to rehabilitate Bonaparte, for the simple reason that whatever one may do, the death-roll reappears through this white-washing.

No! no! no extenuation whatever is possible. Unfortunate Bonaparte. The blood is drawn. It must be drunk.

The deed of the 4th of December is the most colossal dagger-thrust that a brigand let loose upon civilization has ever effected, we will not say upon a people, but upon the entire human race. The stroke was most monstrous, and struck Paris to the ground. Paris on the ground is Conscience, is Reason, is all human liberty on the ground; it is the progress of centuries lying on the pavement; it is the torch of Justice, of Truth, and of Life reversed and extinguished. This is what Louis Bonaparte effected the day when he effected this.

The success of the wretch was complete. The 2nd of December was lost; the 4th of December saved the 2nd of December. It was something like Erostratus saving Judas. Paris understood that all had not yet been told as regards deeds of horror, and that beneath the oppressor there was the garbage-picker. It was the case of a swindler stealing Cæsar's mantle. This man was little, it is true, but terrifying. Paris consented to this terror, renounced the right to have the last word, went to bed and simulated death. Suffocation had its share in the matter. This crime resembled, too, no previous achievements.

Even after centuries have passed, and though he should be an Æschylus or a Tacitus, any one raising the cover would smell the stench. Paris resigned herself, Paris abdicated, Paris surrendered; the novelty of the treason proved its chief strength; Paris almost ceased to be Paris; on the next day the chattering of this terrified Titan's teeth could be heard in the shadows.

Let us lay a stress upon this, for we must verify the laws of morality. Louis Bonaparte remained, even after the 4th of December, Napoleon the Little. This enormity still left him a dwarf. The size of the crime does not change the stature of the criminal, and the pettiness of the assassin withstands the immensity of the assassination.

Be that as it may, the Pigmy had the better of the Colossus. This avowal, humiliating as it is, cannot be evaded.

Such are the blushes to which History, that greatly dishonored one, is condemned.

---

## *THE FOURTH DAY.—THE VICTORY.*

---

### CHAPTER I.

WHAT HAPPENED DURING THE NIGHT—THE RUE TIQUETONNE.

JUST as Mathieu de la Drôme had said, "You are under King Bomba," Charles Gambon entered. He sank down upon a chair and muttered, "It is horrible." Bancel followed him. "We have come from it," said Bancel. Gambon had been able to shelter himself in the recess of a doorway. In front of Barbedienne's alone he had counted thirty-seven corpses. What was the meaning of it all? To what purpose was this monstrous promiscuous murder? No one could understand it. The Massacre was a riddle.

We were in the Sphinx's Grotto.

Labrousse came in. It was urgently necessary that we should leave Dupont White's house. It was on the point of being surrounded. For some moments the Rue Monthabor, ordinarily so deserted, was becoming thronged with sus-

picious figures. Men seemed to be attentively watching number Eleven. Some of these men, who appeared to be acting in concert, belonged to the ex-"Club of Clubs," which owing to the manœuvres of the Reactionists, exhaled a vague odor of the police. It was necessary that we should disperse. Labrousse said to us, "I have just seen Longepied roving about."

We separated. We went away one by one, and each in his own direction. We did not know where we should meet again, or whether we should meet again. What was going to happen, and what was about to become of us all? No one knew. We were filled with a terrible dread.

I turned up towards the Boulevards, anxious to see what was taking place.

What was taking place I have just related.

Bancel and Versigny had rejoined me.

As I left the Boulevards, mingled with the whirl of the terrified crowd, not knowing where I was going, returning towards the centre of Paris, a voice suddenly whispered in my ear, "There is something over there which you ought to see." I recognized the voice. It was the voice of E. P.

E. P. is a dramatic author, a man of talent, for whom under Louis Philippe I had procured exemption from military service. I had not seen him for four or five years. I met him again in this tumult. He spoke to me as though we had seen each other yesterday. Such are these times of bewilderment. There is no time to greet each other "according to the rules of society." One speaks as though all were in full flight.

"Ah! it is you!" I exclaimed. "What do you want with me?"

He answered me, "I live in a house over there."

And he added,—

"Come."

He drew me into a dark street. We could hear explosions. At the bottom of the street could be seen the ruins of a barricade. Versigny and Bancel, as I have just said, were with me. E. P. turned to them.

"These gentlemen can come," said he.

I asked him,—

"What street is this?"

"The Rue Tiquetonne."

We followed him.

I have elsewhere told this tragical event.*

E. P. stopped before a tall and gloomy house. He pushed open a street-door which was not shut, then another door and we entered into a parlor perfectly quiet and lighted by a lamp.

This room appeared to adjoin a shop. At the end could be distinguished two beds side by side, one large and one small. Above the little bed hung a woman's portrait, and above the portrait a branch of holy box-tree.

The lamp was placed over the fireplace, where a little fire was burning.

Near the lamp upon a chair there was an old woman leaning forward, stooping down, folded in two as though broken, over something which was in the shadow, and which she held in her arms. I drew near. That which she held in her arms was a dead child.

The poor woman was silently sobbing.

E. P., who belonged to the house, touched her on the shoulder, and said,—

"Let us see it."

The old woman raised her head, and I saw on her knees a little boy, pale, half-undressed, pretty, with two red holes in his forehead.

The old woman stared at me, but she evidently did not see me; she muttered, speaking to herself,—

"And to think that he called me 'Granny' this morning!"

E. P. took the child's hand, the hand fell back again.

"Seven years old," he said to me.

A basin was on the ground. They had washed the child's face; two tiny streams of blood trickled from the two holes.

At the end of the room, near a half-opened clothes-press, in which could be seen some linen, stood a woman of some forty years, grave, poor, clean, fairly good-looking.

---

* "Les Châtiments."

"A neighbor," E. P. said to me.

He explained to me that a doctor lived in the house, that the doctor had come down and had said, "There is nothing to be done." The child had been hit by two balls in the head while crossing the street to "get out of the way." They had brought him back to his grandmother, who "had no one left but him."

The portrait of the dead mother hung above the little bed.

The child had his eyes half open, and that inexpressible gaze of the dead, where the perception of the real is replaced by the vision of the infinite. The grandmother spoke through her sobs by snatches: "God! is it possible? Who would have thought it?—What brigands!"

She cried out,—

"Is this then the Government?"

"Yes," I said to her.

We finished undressing the child. He had a top in his pocket. His head rolled from one shoulder to the other; I held him and I kissed him on the brow; Versigny and Bancel took off his stockings. The grandmother suddenly started up.

"Do not hurt him!" she cried.

She took the two little white and frozen feet in her old hands, trying to warm them.

When the poor little body was naked, they began to lay it out. They took a sheet from the clothes-press.

Then the grandmother burst into bitter lamentation.

She cried out,—

"They shall give him back to me!"

She drew herself up and gazed at us, and began to pour forth incoherent utterances, in which were mingled Bonaparte, and God, and her little one, and the school to which he went, and her daughter whom she had lost, and even reproaches to us. She was livid, haggard, as though seeing a vision before her, and was more of a phantom than the dead child.

Then she again buried her face in her hands, placed her folded arms on her child, and once more began to sob.

The woman who was there came up to me, and without saying a word, wiped my mouth with a handkerchief. I had blood upon my lips.

What could be done? Alas! We went out overwhelmed.

It was quite dark. Bancel and Versigny left me.

---

## CHAPTER II.

### WHAT HAPPENED DURING THE NIGHT—THE MARKED QUARTER.

I CAME back to my lodging, 19, Rue Richelieu.

The massacre seemed to be at an end; the fusillades were heard no longer. As I was about to knock at the door I hesitated for a moment; a man was there who seemed to be waiting. I went straight up to this man, and I said to him,—

"You seem to be waiting for somebody?"

He answered,—

"Yes."

"For whom?"

"For you."

And he added, lowering his voice, "I have come to speak to you."

I looked at this man. A street-lamp shone on him. He did not avoid the light.

He was a young man with a fair beard, wearing a blue blouse, and who had the gentle bearing of a thinker and the robust hands of a workman.

"Who are you?" I asked him.

He answered,—"I belong to the Society of the Last-makers. I know you very well, Citizen Victor Hugo."

"From whom do you come?" I resumed.

He answered still in a whisper,—

"From Citizen King."

"Very good," said I.

He then told me his name. As he has survived the events of the night of the 4th, and as he since escaped the denunciations, it can be understood that we will not mention his name here, and that we shall confine ourselves to terming him throughout

the course of this story by his trade, calling him the "last-maker." *

"What do you want to say to me?" I asked him.

He explained that matters were not hopeless, that he and his friends meant to continue the resistance, that the meeting-places of the Societies had not yet been settled, but that they would be during the evening, that my presence was desired, and that if I would be under the Colbert Arcade at nine o'clock, either himself or another of their men would be there, and would serve me as guide. We decided that in order to make himself known, the messenger, when accosting me, should give the pass-word, "What is Joseph doing?"

I do not know whether he thought he noticed any doubt or mistrust on my part. He suddenly interrupted himself, and said,—

"After all, you are not bound to believe me. One does not think of everything; I ought to have asked them to give me a word in writing. At a time like this one distrusts everybody."

"On the contrary," I said to him, "one trusts everybody. I will be in the Colbert Arcade at nine o'clock."

And I left him.

I re-entered my asylum. I was tired, I was hungry; I had recourse to Charamaule's chocolate and to a small piece of bread which I had still left. I sank down into an arm-chair, I ate and I slept. Some slumbers are gloomy. I had one of those slumbers, full of spectres; I again saw the dead child and the two red holes in his forehead; these formed two mouths; one said "Morny," and the other "Saint-Arnaud." History is not made, however, to recount dreams. I will abridge. Suddenly I awoke. I started: "If only it is not past nine o'clock!" I had forgotten to wind up my watch. It had stopped. I went out hastily. The street was lonely, the shops were shut. In the Place Louvois I heard the hour striking (probably from Saint Roch); I listened. I counted nine strokes. In a few moments I was under the Colbert Arcade. I peered into the darkness. No one was under the Arcade.

I felt that it was impossible to remain there, and have the appearance of waiting about; near the Colbert Arcade there is a police-station, and the patrols were passing every moment. I plunged into the street. I found no one there. I went as far as the Rue Vivienne. At the corner of the Rue Vivienne a man was stopping before a placard and was trying to deface it or to tear it down. I drew near this man, who probably took me for a police agent, and who fled at the top of his speed. I retraced my steps. Near the Colbert Arcade, and just as I reached the point in the street where they post the theatrical bills, a workman passed me, and said quickly, "What is Joseph doing?"

I recognized the last-maker.

"Come," he said to me.

We set out without speaking and without appearing to know each other, he walking some steps before me.

We first went to two addresses, which I cannot mention here without pointing out victims for the proscription. In these two houses we got no news; no one had come there on the part of the societies.

"Let us go to the third place," said the last-maker, and he explained to me that they had settled among them three successive meeting-places, in case of need, so as to be always sure of finding each other if, perchance, the police discovered the first or even the second meeting-place, a precaution which for our part we adopted as much as possible with regard to our meetings of the Left and of the Committee.

We had reached the market quarter. Fighting had been going on there throughout the day. There were no longer any gas-lamps in the streets. We stopped from time to time and listened, so as not to run headlong into the arms of a patrol. We got over a paling of planks almost completely destroyed, and of which barricades had probably been made, and we crossed the extensive area of half-demolished houses which at that epoch encum-

* We may now, after twenty-six years, give the name of this loyal and courageous man. His name was Galoy (and not Galloix, as certain historians of the *coup d'état* have printed it while recounting, after their fashion, the incidents which we are about to read).

bered the lower portions of the Rue Montmartre and Rue Montorgueil. On the peaks of the high, dismantled gables could be seen a flickering, red glow, doubtless the reflection of the bivouac-fires of the soldiers encamped in the markets and in the neighborhood of Saint Eustache. This reflection lighted our way. The last-maker, however, narrowly escaped falling into a deep hole, which was no less than the cellar of a demolished house. On coming out of this region, covered with ruins, amongst which here and there a few trees might be perceived, the remains of gardens which had now disappeared, we entered into narrow, winding, and completely dark streets, where it was impossible to recognize one's whereabouts. Nevertheless the last-maker walked on as much at his ease as in broad daylight, and like a man who is going straight to his destination. Once he turned round to me, and said to me,—

"The whole of this quarter is barricaded; and if, as I hope, our friends come down, I will answer that they will hold it for a long time."

Suddenly he stopped. "Here is one," said he. In truth, seven or eight paces before us was a barricade entirely constructed of paving-stones, not exceeding a man's height, and which in the darkness appeared like a ruined wall. A narrow passage had been formed at one end. We passed through it. There was no one behind the barricade.

"There has already been fighting here a short time ago," said the last-maker, in a low voice; and he added, after a pause, "we are getting near."

The unpaving had left holes, of which we had to be careful. We strode, and sometimes jumped, from paving-stone to paving-stone. Notwithstanding the intense darkness, there yet hovered about an indefinable glimmer; on our way we noticed before us on the ground, close to the foot-pavement, something which looked like a stretched-out form. "The devil!" muttered my guide, "we were just going to walk upon it." He took a little wax match from his pocket and struck it on his sleeve; the flame flashed out. The light fell upon a pallid face, which looked at us with fixed eyes. It was a corpse lying there; it was an old man. The last-maker rapidly waved the match from his head to his feet. The dead man was almost in the attitude of a crucified man; his two arms were stretched out; his white hair, red at the ends, was soaking in the mud; a pool of blood was beneath him; a large, blackish patch on his waistcoat marked the place where the ball had pierced his breast; one of his braces was undone; he had thick, laced boots on his feet. The last-maker lifted up one of his arms, and said, "His collar-bone is broken." The movement shook the head, and the open mouth turned towards us as though about to speak to us. I gazed at this vision; I almost listened. Suddenly it disappeared.

The face re-entered the gloom; the match had just gone out.

We went away in silence. After walking about twenty paces, the last-maker, as though talking to himself, said, in a whisper, "Don't know him."

We still pushed forward. From the cellars to the roofs, from the ground-floors to the garrets, there was not a light in the house. We appeared to be groping in an immense tomb.

A man's voice, firm and sonorous, suddenly issued out of the darkness, and shouted to us, "Who goes there?"

"Ah, there they are!" said the last-maker, and he uttered a peculiar whistle.

"Come on," resumed the voice.

It was another barricade. This one, a little higher than the first, and separated from it by a distance of about a hundred paces, was, as far as could be seen, constructed of barrels filled with paving-stones. On the top could be seen the wheels of a truck entangled between the barrels; planks and beams were intermingled. A passage had been contrived still narrower than the gangway of the other barricade.

"Citizens," said the last-maker, as he went into the barricade, "how many of you are there here?"

The voice which had shouted "Who goes there?" answered,—

"There are two of us."

"Is that all?"

"That is all."

They were in truth two—two men who alone during that night, in that solitary street, behind that heap of paving-stones, awaited the onslaught of a regiment.

Both wore blouses; they were two workmen; with a few cartridges in their pockets, and a musket upon each of their shoulders.

"So, then," resumed the last-maker, in an impatient tone, "our friends have not yet come!"

"Well, then," I said to him, "let us wait for them."

The last-maker spoke for a short time in a low tone, and probably told my name to one of the two defenders of the barricade, who came up to me and saluted me. "Citizen Representative," said he, "it will be very warm here shortly."

"In the meantime," answered I laughingly, "it is cold."

It was very cold, in truth. The street, which was completely unpaved behind the barricade, was nothing better than a sewer, ankle deep in water.

"I say that it will be warm," resumed the workman, "and that you would do well to go farther off."

The last-maker put his hand on his shoulder: "Comrade, it is necessary that we should remain here. The meeting-place is close by, in the ambulance."

"All the same," resumed the other workman, who was very short, and who stood upon a paving-stone, "the Citizen Representative would do well to go farther off."

"I can very well be where you are," said I to him.

The street was quite dark, nothing could be seen of the sky. Inside the barricade on the left, on the side where the passage was, could be seen a high paling of badly joined planks, through which shone in places a feeble light. Above the paling rose out, lost in the darkness, a house of six or seven storeys; the ground floor, which was being repaired, and which was under-pinned, being closed in by these planks. A ray of light issuing from between the planks fell on the opposite wall, and lighted up an old torn placard, on which could be read, "Asnières. Water tournaments. Grand ball."

"Have you another gun?" asked the last-maker of the taller of the two workmen.

"If we had three guns we should be three men," answered the workman.

The little one added, "Do you think that the good will is wanting? There are plenty of musicians, but there are no clarionets."

By the side of the wooden paling could be seen a little, narrow and low door, which looked more like the door of a stall than the door of a shop. The shop to which this door belonged was hermetically sealed. The door seemed to be equally closed. The last-maker went up to it and pushed it gently. It was open.

"Let us go in," he said.

I went in first, he followed me, and shut the door behind me. We were in a room on the ground floor. At the end, on the left, a half-opened door emitted the reflection of a light. The room was only lighted by this reflection. A counter and a species of stove, painted in black and white, could be dimly distinguished.

A short, half-suffocated, intermittent gurgling could be heard, which seemed to come from an adjoining room on the same side as the light. The last-maker walked quickly to the half-opened door. I crossed the room after him, and we found ourselves in a sort of vast shed, lighted by one candle. We were on the other side of the plank paling. There was only the plank paling between ourselves and the barricade.

This species of shed was the ground floor in course of demolition. Iron columns, painted red, and fixed into stone sockets at short distances apart, supported the joists of the ceiling; facing the street, a huge framework standing erect, and denoting the centre of the surrounding paling, supported the great crossbeam of the first storey, that is to say, supported the whole house. In a corner were lying some masons' tools, a heap of rubbish, and a large double ladder. A few straw-bot-

tomed chairs were scattered here and there. The damp ground served for the flooring. By the side of a table, on which stood a candle in the midst of medicine bottles, an old woman and a young girl of about eight years old—the woman seated, the child squatting before a great basketful of old linen—were making lint. The end of the room, which was lost in the darkness, was carpeted with a litter of straw, on which three mattresses had been thrown. The gurgling noise came from there.

"It is the ambulance," said the last-maker.

The old woman turned her head, and seeing us, shuddered convulsively, and then, reassured probably by the blouse of the last-maker, she got up and came towards us.

The last-maker whispered a few words in her ear. She answered, "I have seen nobody."

Then she added, "But what makes me uneasy is that my husband has not yet come back. They have done nothing but fire muskets the whole evening."

Two men were lying on two of the mattresses at the end of the room. A third mattress was unoccupied and was waiting.

The wounded man nearest to me had received a musket ball in his stomach. He it was who was gurgling. The old woman came towards the mattress with a candle, and whispered to us, showing us her fist, "If you could only see the hole that that has made! We have stuffed lint as large as this into his stomach."

She resumed, "He is not above twenty-five years old. He will be dead to-morrow morning."

The other was still younger. He was hardly eighteen. "He has a handsome black overcoat," said the woman. "He is most likely a student." The young man had the whole of the lower part of his face swathed in blood-stained linen. She explained to us that he had received a ball in the mouth, which had broken his jaw. He was in a high fever, and gazed at us with lustrous eyes. From time to time he stretched his right arm towards a basin full of water in which a sponge was soaking; he took the sponge, carried it to his face, and himself moistened his bandages.

It seemed to me that his gaze fastened upon me in a singular manner. I went up to him, I stooped down, and I gave him my hand, which he took in his own. "Do you know me?" I asked him. He answered "Yes," by a pressure of the hand which went to my heart.

The last-maker said to me, "Wait a minute for me here, I shall be back directly; I want to see in this neighborhood if there is any means of getting a gun."

He added,—

"Would you like one for yourself?"

"No," answered I. "I shall remain here without a gun; I only take a half share in the civil war; I am willing to die, I am not willing to kill."

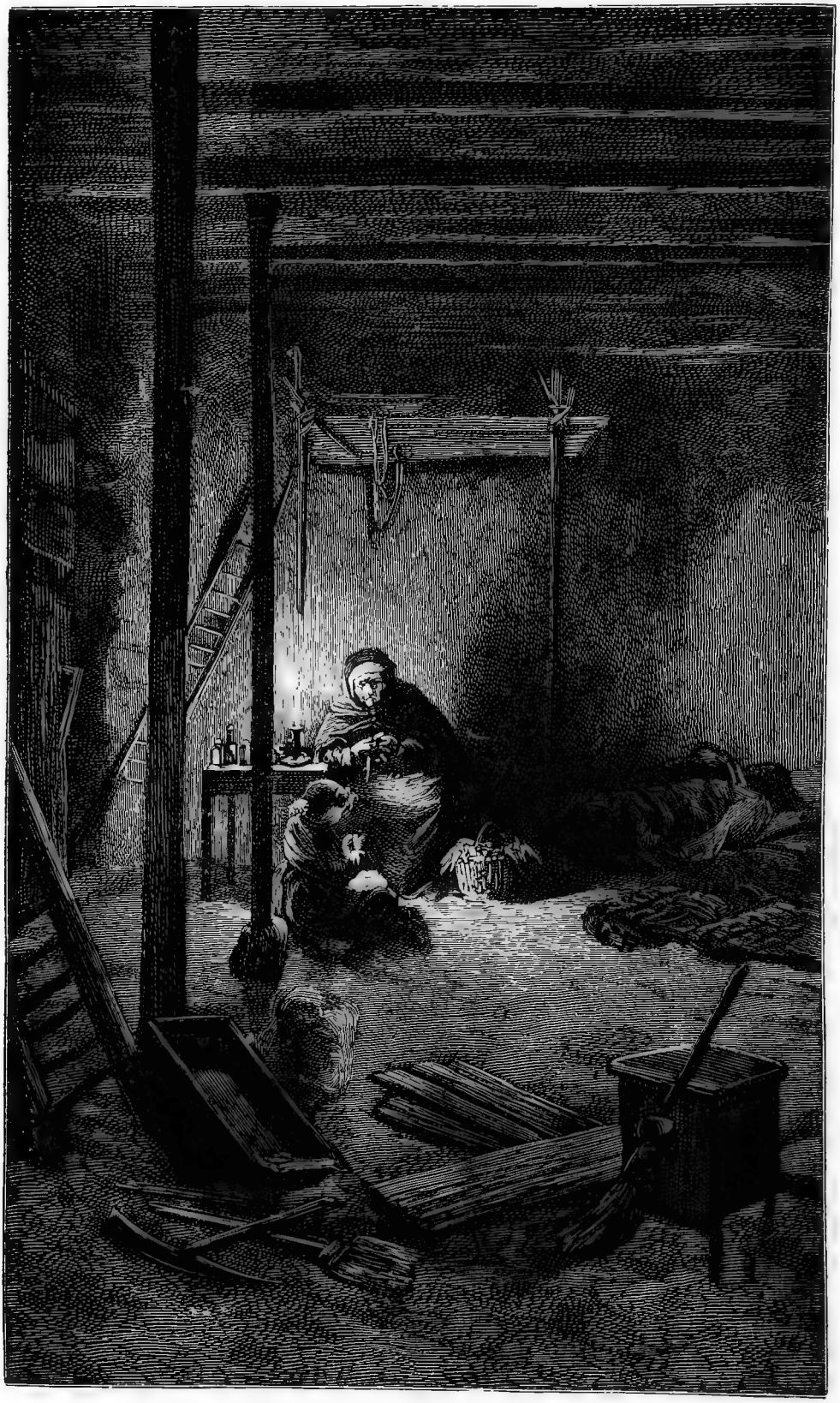
I asked him if he thought his friends were going to come. He declared that he could not understand it, that the men from the societies ought to have arrived already, that instead of two men in the barricade there should be twenty, that instead of two barricades in the street there should have been ten, and that something must have happened; he added,—

"However, I will go and see; promise to wait for me here."

"I promise you," I answered; "I will wait all night if necessary."

He left me.

The old woman had reseated herself near the little girl, who did not seem to understand much of what was passing round her, and who from time to time raised great calm eyes towards me. Both were poorly clad, and it seemed to me that the child had stockingless feet. "My man has not yet come back," said the old woman; "my poor man has not yet come back. I hope nothing has happened to him!" With many heart-rending "My Gods," and all the while quickly picking her lint, she wept. I could not help thinking with anguish of the old man we had seen stretched on the pavement at a few paces distant.



THE OLD WOMAN HAD RESEATED HERSELF NEAR THE LITTLE GIRL

Hugo, vol. I, p. 424.

A newspaper was lying on the table. I took it up, and I unfolded it. It was the *P*——, the rest of the title had been torn off. A blood-stained hand was plainly imprinted on it. A wounded man on entering had probably placed his hand on the table on the spot where the newspaper lay. My eyes fell upon these lines:—

"M. Victor Hugo has just published an appeal to pillage and assassination."

In these terms the journal of the Elysée described the proclamation which I had dictated to Baudin, and which may be read in page 318 of this History.

As I threw back the paper on the table one of the two defenders of the barricade entered. It was the short man.

"A glass of water," said he. By the side of the medicine bottles there was a decanter and a glass. He drank greedily. He held in his hand a morsel of bread and a sausage, which he was biting.

Suddenly we heard several successive explosions, following one after another, and which seemed but a short distance off. In the silence of this dark night it resembled the sound of a load of wood being shot on to the pavement.

The calm and serious voice of the other combatant shouted from outside, "It is beginning."

"Have I time to finish my bread?" asked the little one.

"Yes," said the other.

The little one then turned to me.

"Citizen Representative," said he to me, "those are volleys. They are attacking the barricades over there. Really you must go away."

I answered him, "But you yourselves are going to stay here."

"As for us, we are armed," resumed he; "as for you, you are not. You will only get yourself killed without benefiting any one. If you had a gun, I should say nothing. But you have not. You must go away."

"I cannot," I answered him. "I am waiting for some one."

He wished to continue and to urge me. I pressed his hand.

"Let me do as I like," said I.

He understood that my duty was to remain, and no longer persisted.

There was a pause. He again began to bite his bread. The gurgling of the dying man alone was audible. At that moment a sort of deep and hollow booming reached us. The old woman started from her chair, muttering, "It is the cannon!"

"No," said the little man, "it is the slamming of a street-door." Then he resumed, "There now! I have finished my bread," and he dusted one hand against the other, and went out.

In the meantime the explosions continued, and seemed to come nearer. A noise sounded in the shop. It was the last-maker who was coming back. He appeared on the threshold of the ambulance. He was pale.

"Here I am," said he, "I have come to fetch you. We must go home. Let us be off at once."

I arose from the chair where I had seated myself. "What does this mean? Will they not come?"

"No," he answered; "no one will come. All is at an end."

Then he hastily explained that he had gone through the whole of the quarter in order to find a gun, that it was labor lost, that he had spoken to "two or three," that we must abandon all hope of the societies, *that they would not come down*, that what had been done during the day had appalled every one, that the best men were terrified, that the boulevards were "full of corpses," that the soldiers had committed "horrors," that the barricade was about to be attacked, that on his arrival he had heard the noise of footsteps in the direction off the cross-way, that it was the soldiers who were advancing, that we could do nothing further there, that we must be off, that this house was "stupidly chosen," that there was no outlet in the rear, that perhaps we should already find it difficult to get out of the street, and that we had only just time.

He told this all panting, briefly, jerkily, and interrupted at every moment with this ejaculation, "And to think that they have no arms, and to think that I have no gun!"

As he finished we heard from the barrinade a shout of "Attention!" and almost immediately a shot was fired.

A violent discharge replied to this shot.

Several balls struck the paling of the ambulance, but they were too obliquely aimed, and none pierced it. We heard the glass of several broken windows falling noisily into the street.

"There is no longer time," said the last-maker calmly; "the barricade is attacked."

He took a chair and sat down. The two workmen were evidently excellent marksmen. Two volleys assailed the barricades, one after the other. The barricade answered with animation. Then the fire ceased. There was a pause.

"Now they are coming at us with the bayonet! They are coming at the double!" said a voice in the barricade.

The other voice said, "Let us be off." A last musket-shot was fired. Then a violent blow which we interpreted as a warning shook our wooden wall. It was in reality one of the workmen who had thrown down his gun when going away; the gun in falling had struck the paling of the ambulance. We heard the rapid steps of the two combatants, as they ran off.

Almost at the same moment a tumult of voices, and of butt ends of muskets striking the paving-stones, filled the barricade.

"It is taken," said the last-maker, and he blew out the candle.

To the silence which enveloped this street a moment before succeeded a sort of ill-omened tumult. The soldiers knocked at the doors of the houses with the butt-ends of their muskets. It was by a miracle that the shop-door escaped them. If they had merely pushed against it, they would have seen that it was not shut, and would have entered.

A voice, probably the voice of an officer, cried out, "Light up the windows!" The soldiers swore. We heard them say, "Where are those blackguard Reds? Let us search the houses." The amublance was plunged in darkness. Not a word was spoken, not a breath could be heard; even the dying man, as though he divined the danger, had ceased to gurgle. I felt the little girl pressing herself against my legs.

A soldier struck the barrels, and said laughingly,—

"Here is something to make a fire with to-night."

Another resumed,—

"Which way have they gone? They were at least thirty. Let us search the houses."

We heard one raising objections to this,—

"Nonsense! What do you want to do on a night like this? Enter the houses of the 'middle classes' indeed! There is some waste ground over yonder. They have taken refuge there."

"All the same," repeated the others, "let us search the houses."

At this moment a musket-shot was fired from the end of the street.

This shot saved us.

In fact, it was probably one of the two workmen who had fired in order to draw off their attention from us.

"That comes from over there," cried the soldiers. "They are over there!" and all starting off at once in the direction from which the shot had been fired, they left the barricade and ran down the street at the top of their speed.

The last-maker and myself got up.

"They are no longer there," whispered he. "Quick! let us be off."

"But this poor woman," said I. "Are we going to leave her here?"

"Oh," she said, "do not be afraid, I have nothing to fear; as for me I am an ambulance. I am taking care of the wounded. I shall even relight my candle when you are gone. What troubles me is that my poor husband has not yet come back!"

We crossed the shop on tiptoe. The last-maker gently opened the door and glanced out into the street. Some inhabitants had obeyed the order to light up their windows, and four or five lighted candles here and there flickered in the wind upon the sills of the windows. The street was no longer completely dark.

"There is no one about now," said the last-maker; "but let us make haste, for they will probably come back."

We went out; the old woman closed the door behind us, and we found ourselves in the street. We got over the barricade and hurried away as quickly as possible. We passed by the dead old man. He was still there, lying on the pavement indistinctly revealed by the flickering glimmer from the windows; he looked as though he was sleeping. As we reached the second barricade we heard behind us the soldiers, who were returning.

We succeeded in regaining the streets in course of demolition. There we were in safety. The sound of musketry still reached us. The last-maker said, "They are fighting in the direction of the Rue de Cléry." Leaving the streets in course of demolition, we went round the markets, not without risk of falling into the hands of the patrols, by a number of zigzags, and from one little street to another little street. We reached the Rue Saint Honoré.

At the corner of the Rue de l'Arbre Sec the last-maker and I separated. "For in truth," said he to me, "two run more danger than one." And I regained No. 19, Rue Richelieu.

While crossing the Rue des Bourdonnais we had noticed the bivouac of the Place Saint Eustache. The troops who had been despatched for the attack had not yet come back. Only a few companies were guarding it. We could hear shouts of laughter. The soldiers were warming themselves at large fires lighted here and there. In the fire which was nearest to us we could distinguish in the middle of the brazier the wheels of the vehicles which had served for the barricades. Of some there only remained a great hoop of red-hot iron.

## CHAPTER III.

### WHAT HAPPENED DURING THE NIGHT.—THE PETIT CARREAU.

On the same night, almost at the same moment, at a few paces distant, a villainous deed was being perpetrated.

After the taking of the barricade, where Pierre Tissié was killed, seventy or eighty combatants had retired in good order by the Rue Saint Sauveur. They had reached the Rue Montorgueil, and had rejoined each other at the junction of the Rue du Petit Carreau and the Rue du Cadran. At this point the street rises. At the corner of the Rue du Petit Carreau and the Rue de Cléry there was a deserted barricade, fairly high and well built. There had been fighting there during the morning. The soldiers had taken it, but had not demolished it. Why? As we have said, there were several riddles of this nature during this day.

The armed band which came from the Rue Saint Denis had halted there and had waited. These men were astonished at not being pursued. Had the soldiers feared to follow them into the little narrow streets, where each corner of the houses might conceal an ambuscade? Had a counter order been given? They hazarded various conjectures. Moreover they heard close by, evidently on the boulevard, a terrific noise of musketry, and a cannonade which resembled continuous thunder. Having no more ammunition, they were reduced to listen. If they had known what was taking place there, they would have understood why they were not pursued. The butchery of the boulevard was beginning. The generals employed in the massacre had suspended fighting for awhile.

The fugitives of the boulevard streamed in their direction, but when they perceived the barricade they turned back. Some, however, joined them indignant, and crying out for vengeance. One who lived in the neighborhood ran home and brought back a little tin barrel full of cartridges.

These were sufficient for an hour's fighting. They began to construct a barricade at the corner of the Rue du Cadran. In this manner the Rue du Petit Carreau, closed by two barricades, one towards the Rue de Cléry, the other at the corner of the Rue du Cadran, commanded the whole of the Rue Montorgueil. The space between these two barricades formed a perfect citadel. The second barricade was stronger than the first.

These men nearly all wore coats. Some of them rolled the paving-stones with gloves on.

Few workmen were amongst them, but those who were there were intelligent and energetic. These workmen were what might be termed the "pick of the crowd."

Jeanty Sarre had rejoined them; he at once became their leader.

Charpentier accompanied him, too brave to abandon the enterprise, but too much a dreamer to become a commander.

Two barricades, enclosing in the same manner some forty yards of the Rue Montorgueil, had just been constructed at the top of the Rue Mauconseil.

Three other barricades, extremely feebly constructed, again intersected the Rue Montorgueil in the space which separates the Rue Mauconseil from Saint Eustache.

Evening was closing in. The fusillade was ceasing upon the boulevard. A surprise was possible. They established a sentry-post at the corner of the Rue du Cadran, and sent a main guard in the direction of the Rue Montmartre. Their scouts came in to report some items of information. A regiment seemed to be preparing to bivouac in the Place des Victoires.

Their position, to all appearance strong, was not so in reality. There were too few in number to defend at the same time the two barricades on the Rue de Cléry and the Rue Montorgueil, and the soldiers arriving in the rear hidden by the second barricade would have been upon them without being even noticed. This determined them to establish a post in the Rue de Cléry. They put themselves in communication with the barricades of the Rue du Cadran and with the two Mauconseil barricades. These two last barricades were only separated from them by a space of about 150 paces. They were about six feet high, fairly solid, but only guarded by six workmen who had built them.

Towards half-past four, in the twilight —the twilight begins early in December— Jeanty Sarre took four men with him and went out to reconnoitre. He thought also of raising an advanced barricade in one of the little neighboring streets. On the way they found one which had been abandoned, and which had been built with barrels. The barrels, however, were empty, only one contained any paving stones, and the barricade could not have been held for two minutes. As they left this barricade they were assailed by a sharp discharge of musketry. A company of infantry, hardly visible in the dusk, was close upon them.

They fell back hastily; but one of them, who was a shoemaker of the Faubourg du Temple, was hit, and had remained on the pavement. They went back and brought him away. He had the thumb of the right hand smashed. "Thank God!" said Jeanty Sarre, "they have not killed him." "No," said the poor man, "it is my bread which they have killed."

And he added, "I can no longer work; who will maintain my children?"

They went back, carrying the wounded man. One of them, a medical student, bound up his wound.

The sentries, whom it was necessary to post in every direction, and who were chosen from the most trustworthy men, thinned and exhausted the little central band. There were scarcely thirty in the barricade itself.

There, as in the Quarter of the Temple, all the street-lamps were extinguished; the gas-pipes cut; the windows closed and unlighted; no moon, not even stars. The night was profoundly dark.

They could hear distant fusillades. The soldiers were firing from around Saint Eustache, and every three minutes sent a ball in their direction, as much as to say, "We are here." Nevertheless they did not expect an attack before the morning.

Dialogues like the following took place amongst them:—

"I wish I had a truss of straw," said Charpentier; "I have a notion that we shall sleep here to-night."

"Will you be able to get to sleep?" asked Jeanty Sarre.

"I? Certainly I shall go to sleep."

He did go to sleep, in fact, a few moments later.

In this gloomy network of narrow streets, intersected with barricades, and blockaded by soldiers, two wine-shops had

remained open. They made more lint there, however, than they drank wine; the orders of the chiefs were only to drink reddened water.

The doorway of one of these wine-shops opened exactly between the two barricades of the Petit Carreau. In it was a clock by which they regulated the sentries' relief. In a back room they had locked up two suspicious-looking persons who had intermingled with the combatants. One of these men at the moment when he was arrested said, "I have come to fight for Henri V." They kept him under lock and key, and placed a sentry at the door.

An ambulance had been established in an adjoining room. There the wounded shoemaker was lying upon a mattress thrown upon the ground.

They had established, in case of need, another ambulance in the Rue du Cadran. An opening had been effected at the corner of the barricade on this side, so that the wounded could be easily carried away.

Towards half-past nine in the evening a man came up to the barricade.

Jeanty Sarre recognized him.

"Good-day, Denis," said he.

"Call me Gaston," said the man.

"Why?"

"Because——"

"Are you your brother?"

"Yes, I am my brother. For to-day."

"Very well. Good-day, Gaston."

They heartily shook hands.

It was Denis Dussoubs.

He was pale, calm, and bleeding; he had already been fighting during the morning. At the barricade of the Faubourg Saint Martin a ball had grazed his breast, but had been turned off by some money in his pocket, and had only broken the skin. He had had the rare good fortune of being scratched by a ball. It was like the first touch from the claws of death. He wore a cap, his hat having been left behind in the barricade where he had fought; and he had replaced his bullet-pierced overcoat, which was made of Belleisle cloth, by a pea-jacket bought at a slop-shop.

How had he reached the barricade of the Petit Carreau? He could not say. He had walked straight before him. He had glided from street to street. Chance takes the predestined by the hand, and leads them straight to their goal through the thick darkness.

At the moment when he entered the barricade they cried out to him, "Who goes there?" He answered, "The Republic!"

They saw Jeanty Sarre shake him by the hand. They asked Jeanty Sarre,—

"Who is he?"

Jeanty Sarre answered,—

"It is some one."

And he added,—

"We were only sixty a short time since. We are a hundred now."

All pressed round the new-comer. Jeanty Sarre offered him the command.

"No," said he, "I do not understand the tactics of barricade fighting. I should be a bad chief, but I am a good soldier. Give me a gun."

They seated themselves on the paving-stones. They exchanged their experiences of what had been done. Denis described to them the fighting on the Faubourg Saint Martin. Jeanty Sarre told Denis of the fighting in the Rue Saint Denis.

During all this time the generals were preparing a final assault—what the Marquis of Clermont-Tonnerre, in 1822, called the "Coup de Collier," and what, in 1789, the Prince of Lambesc had called the "Coup de Bas."

Throughout all Paris there was now only this point which offered any resistance. This knot of barricades, this labyrinth of streets, embattled like a redoubt, was the last citadel of the People and of Right. The generals invested it leisurely, step by step, and on all sides. They concentrated their forces. They, the combatants of this fateful hour, knew nothing of what was being done. Only from time to time they interrupted their recital of events and they listened. From the right and from the left, from the front, from the rear, from every side, at the same time, an unmistakable murmur, growing every moment louder, and more distinct, hoarse, piercing, fear-inspiring, reached them through the darkness. It was the sound

of the battalions marching and charging at the trumpet-command in all the adjoining streets. They resumed their gallant conversation, and then in another moment they stopped again and listened to that species of ill-omened chant, chanted by Death, which was approaching.

Nevertheless some still thought that they would not be attacked till the next morning. Night combats are rare in street-warfare. They are more "risky" than all the other conflicts. Few generals venture upon them. But amongst the old hands of the barricade, from certain never-failing signs, they believed that an assault was imminent.

In fact, at half-past ten at night, and not at eight o'clock, as General Magnan has said in the despicable document which he calls his report—a special movement was heard in the direction of the markets. This was the marching of the troops. Colonel de Lourmel had determined to make the attack. The 51st of the Line, posted at Saint Eustache, entered the Rue Montorgueil. The 2nd battalion formed the advance guard. The Grenadiers and the Light Infantry, hurled forward at the double, quickly carried the three little barricades which were on the other side of the vacant space of the Rue Mauconseil, and the feebly defended barricades of the adjoining streets. It was at that very moment that the barricade near which I was happened to be carried.

From the barricade of the Petit Carreau they heard the night-strife draw near through the darkness, with a fitful noise, strange and appalling. First a great tumult, then volleys, then silence, and then all began again. The flashing of the fusillades suddenly delineated in the darkness the outlines of the houses, which appeared as though they themselves were affrighted.

The decisive moment drew near.

The outpost had fallen back upon the barricades. The advanced posts of the Rue de Cléry and the Rue du Cadran had come back. They called over the roll. Not one of those of the morning was missing.

They were, as we have said, about sixty combatants, and not a hundred, as the Magnan report has stated.

From the upper extremity of the street where they were stationed it was difficult to ascertain what was happening. They did not exactly know how many barricades there were in the Rue Montorgueil between them and Saint Eustache, whence the troops were coming. They only knew that their nearest point of resistance was the double Mauconseil barricade, and that, when all was at an end there, it would be their turn.

Denis had posted himself on the inner side of the barricade in such a manner that half his body was above the top, and from there he watched. The glimmer which came from the doorway of the wine-shop rendered his gestures visible.

Suddenly he made a sign. The attack on the Mauconseil redoubt was beginning.

The soldiers, in fact, after having some time hesitated before this double wall of paving-stones, lofty, well-built, and which they supposed was well defended, had ended by rushing upon it, and attacking it with blows of their guns.

They were not mistaken. It was well defended. We have already said that there were only six men in this barricade, the six workmen who had built it. Of the six one only had three cartridges, the others had only two shots to fire. These six men heard the regiment advancing and the roll of the battery which was followed on it, and did not stir. Each remained silent at his post of battle, the barrel of his gun between two paving-stones. When the soldiers were within range they fired, and the battalion replied.

"That is right. Rage away, Red Breeches," said, laughingly, the man who had three shots to fire.

Behind them, the men of the Petit Carreau were crowded round Denis and Jeanty Sarre, and leaning on the crest of their barricade, stretching their necks towards the Mauconseil redoubt, they watched them like the gladiators of the next combat.

The six men of this Mauconseil redoubt resisted the onslaught of the battalion for nearly a quarter of an hour. They did

not fire together, "in order," one of them said, "to make the pleasure last the longer." The pleasure of being killed for duty; a noble sentence in this workman's mouth. They did not fall back into the adjoining streets until after having exhausted their ammunition. The last, he who had three cartridges, did not leave until the soldiers were actually scaling the summit of the barricade.

In the barricade of the Petit Carreau not a word was spoken; they followed all the phases of this struggle, and they pressed each other's hands.

Suddenly the noise ceased, the last musket-shot was fired. A moment afterwards they saw the lighted candles being placed in all the windows which looked out on the Mauconseil redoubt. The bayonets and the brass ornaments on the shakos sparkled there. The barricade was taken.

The commander of the battalion, as is always the custom in similar circumstances, had sent orders into the adjoining houses to light up all the windows.

This was done at the Mauconseil redoubt.

Seeing that their hour had come, the sixty combatants of the barricade of the Petit Carreau mounted their heap of paving-stones, and shouted with one voice, in the midst of the darkness, this piercing cry, "Long live the Republic!"

No one answered them.

They could only hear the battalion loading their guns.

This acted upon them as a species of signal for action. They were all worn out with fatigue, having been on their feet since the preceding day, carrying paving-stones or fighting; the greater part had neither eaten or slept.

Charpentier said to Jeanty Sarre,—

"We shall all be killed."

"Shall we really!" said Jeanty Sarre.

Jeanty Sarre ordered the door of the wine-shop to be closed, so that their barricade, completely shrouded in darkness, would give them some advantage over the barricade which was occupied by the soldiers and lighted up.

In the mean time the 51st searched the streets, carried the wounded into the ambulances, and took up their position in the double barricade of the Rue Mauconseil. Half an hour thus elapsed.

Now, in order to clearly understand what is about to follow, the reader must picture himself in this silent street, in this darkness of the night, at from sixty to eighty yards apart, within speaking distance, these two redoubts facing each other, and able as in an Iliad to address each other.

On one side the Army, on the other side the People, the darkness over all.

The species of truce which always precedes decisive encounters drew to a close. The preparations were completed on both sides. The soldiers could be heard forming into order of battle, and the captains giving out their commands. It was evident that the struggle was at hand.

"Let us begin," said Charpentier; and he raised his gun.

Denis held his arm back. "Wait," he said.

Then an epic incident was seen.

Denis slowly mounted the paving-stones of the barricade, ascended to the top, and stood there erect, unarmed and bareheaded.

Thence he raised his voice, and, facing the soldiers, he shouted to them, "Citizens!"

At this word a sort of electric shudder ensued which was felt from one barricade to the other. Every sound was hushed, every voice was silent, on both sides reigned a deep religious and solemn silence. By the distant glimmer of a few lighted windows the soldiers could vaguely distinguish a man standing above a mass of shadows, like a phantom who was speaking to them in the night.

Denis continued,—

"Citizens of the Army! Listen to me!"

The silence grew still more profound.

He resumed,—

"What have you come to do here? You and ourselves, all of us who are in this street, at this hour, with the sword or gun in hand, what are we about to do? To kill each other! To kill each other, citizens! Why? Because they have raised a misunderstanding between us! Because

we obey — you your discipline—we our Right! You believe that you are carrying out your instructions; as for us, we know that we are doing our duty. Yes! it is Universal Suffrage, it is the Right of the Republic, it is our Right that we are defending, and our Right, soldiers, is your Right. The Army is the People, as the People is the Army! We are the same nation, the same country, the same men. My God! See, is there any Russian blood in my veins, in me who am speaking to you? Is there any Prussian blood in your veins, in you who are listening to me? No! Why then should we fight? It is always an unfortunate thing for a man to fire upon a man. Nevertheless, a gun-shot between a Frenchman and an Englishman can be understood; but between a Frenchman and a Frenchman, ah! that wounds Reason, that wounds France, that wounds our mother!"

All anxiously listened to him. At this moment from the opposite barricade a voice shouted to him,—

"Go home, then!"

At this coarse interruption an angry murmur ran through Denis's companions, and several guns could be heard being loaded. Denis restrained them by a sign.

This sign possessed a strange authority.

"Who is this man?" the combatants behind the barricade asked each other. Suddenly they cried out,—

"He is a Representative of the People!"

Denis had, in fact, suddenly assumed his brother Gaston's sash.

What he had premeditated was about to be accomplished; the hour of the heroic falsehood had arrived. He cried out,—

"Soldiers, do you know what the man is who is speaking to you at this moment? He is not only a citizen, he is a Legislator! He is a Representative chosen by Universal Suffrage! My name is Dussoubs, and I am a Representative of the People. It is in the name of the National Assembly, it is in the name of the Sovereign Assembly, it is in the name of the People, and in the name of the Law, that I summon you to hear me. Soldiers, you are the armed force. Well, then, when the Law speaks, the armed force listens."

This time the silence was not broken.

We reproduce these words almost literally; such as they are, and such as they have remained graven on the memory of those who heard them; but what we cannot reproduce, and what should be added to these words, in order to realize the effect, is the attitude, the accent, the thrill of emotion, the vibration of the words issuing from this noble breast, the intense impression produced by the terrible hour and place.

Denis Dussoubs continued: "He spoke for some twenty minutes," an eye-witness has told me. Another has said, "He spoke with a loud voice; the whole street heard him." He was vehement, eloquent, earnest; a judge for Bonaparte, a friend for the soldiers. He sought to rouse them by everything which could still vibrate in them; he recalled to them their true wars, their true victories, the national glory, the ancient military honor, the flag. He told them that all this was about to be slain by the bullets from their guns. He adjured them, he ordered them to join themselves to the People and to the Law; and then suddenly coming back to the first words which he had pronounced, carried away by that fraternity with which his soul overflowed, he interrupted himself in the middle of a half-completed sentence, and cried out:—

"But to what purpose are all these words? It is not all this that is wanted, it is a shake of the hand between brothers! Soldiers, you are there opposite us, at a hundred paces from us, in a barricade, with the sword drawn, with guns pointed; you are aiming directly at me; well then, all of us who are here love you! There is not one of us who would not give his life for one of you. You are the peasants of the fields of France; we are the workmen of Paris. What, then, is in question? Simply to see each other, to speak to each other, and not to cut each other's throats. Shall we try this? Say! Ah! as for myself in this frightful battle-field of civil war, I would rather die than kill. Look now, I am going to get off this barricade

and come to you. I am unarmed; I only know that you are my brothers. I am confident, I am calm; and if one of you presents his bayonet at me, I will offer him my hand."

He finished speaking.

A voice cried out from the opposite barricade, "Advance in order!"

Then they saw him slowly descend the dimly-lighted crest of the barricade, paving-stone by paving-stone, and plunge with head erect into the dark street.

From the barricade all eyes followed him with an inexpressible anxiety. Hearts ceased beating, mouths no longer breathed.

No one attempted to restrain Denis Dussoubs. Each felt that he was going where he ought to go. Charpentier wished to accompany him. "Would you like me to go with you?" he cried out to him. Dussoubs refused, with a shake of the head.

Dussoubs, alone and grave, advanced towards the Mauconseil Barricade. The night was so dark that they lost sight of him immediately. They could distinguish only for a few seconds his peaceable and intrepid bearing. Then he disappeared. They could no longer see anything. It was an inauspicious moment. The night was dark and dumb. There could only be heard in this thick darkness the sound of a measured and firm step dying away in the distance.

After some time, how long no one could reckon, so completely did emotion eclipse thought amongst the witnesses of this marvellous scene, a glimmer of light appeared in the barricade of the soldiers; it was probably a lantern which was being brought or taken away. By the flash they again saw Dussoubs, he was close to the barricade, he had almost reached it, he was walking towards it with his arms stretched out like Christ.

Suddenly the word of command, "Fire!" was heard. A fusillade burst forth.

They had fired upon Dussoubs when he was at the muzzles of their guns.

Dussoubs fell.

Then he raised himself and cried, "Long live the Republic!"

Another bullet struck him, he fell again. Then they saw him raise himself once more, and heard him shout in a loud voice, "I die with the Republic."

These were his last words.

In this manner died Denis Dussoubs.

It was not vainly that he had said to his brother, "Your sash will be there."

He was anxious that this sash should do its duty. He determined in the depths of his great soul that this sash should triumph either through the law or through death.

That is to say, in the first case it would save Right, in the second save Honor.

Dying, he could say, "I have succeeded."

Of the two possible triumphs of which he had dreamed, the gloomy triumph was not the less splendid.

The insurgent of the Elysée thought that he had killed a Representative of the People, and boasted of it. The sole journal published by the *coup d'état*, under these different titles, *Patrie*, *Univers*, *Moniteur*, *Parisien*, &c., announced on the next day, Friday, the 5th, "that the ex-Representative Dussoubs (Gaston) had been killed at the barricade of the Rue Neuve Saint Eustache, and that he bore 'a red flag in his hand.'"

---

## CHAPTER IV.

### WHAT WAS DONE DURING THE NIGHT—THE PASSAGE DU SAUMON.

When those on the barricade of the Petit Carreau saw Dussoubs fall, so gloriously for his friends, so shamefully for his murderers, a moment of stupor ensued. Was it possible? Did they really see this before them? Such a crime committed by our soldiers? Horror filled every soul.

This moment of surprise did not last long. "Long live the Republic!" shouted the barricade with one voice, and it replied to the ambuscade by a formidable fire.

The conflict began. A mad conflict on the part of the *coup d'état*, a struggle of despair on the side of the Republic. On the side of the soldiers an appalling and cold-blooded resolution, a passive and

ferocious obedience, numbers, good arms, absolute chiefs, pouches filled with cartridges. On the side of the people no ammunition, disorder, weariness, exhaustion, no discipline, indignation serving for a leader.

It appears that while Dussoubs was speaking, fifteen grenadiers, commanded by a sergeant named Pitrois, had succeeded in gliding in the darkness along the houses, and, unperceived and unheard, had taken up their position close to the barricade. These fifteen men suddenly formed themselves together with lowered bayonets at twenty paces from the barricade ready to scale it. A volley received them. They fell back, leaving several corpses in the gutter. Major Jeannin cried out, "Finish them off." The entire battalion which occupied the Mauconseil barricade then appeared with raised bayonets upon the uneven crest of this barricade, and from there without breaking their line, with a sudden, but regulated and inexorable movement, sprang into the street. The four companies, in close order, and as though mingled and hardly visible, seemed like a wave precipitating itself with a great noise from the height of the barricade.

At the barricade of the Petit Carreau they noted the manœuvre, and had paused in their fire. "Present," cried Jeanty Sarre, "but do not fire; wait for the order."

Each put his gun to his shoulder, then placed the barrels between the paving-stones, ready to fire, and waited.

As soon as it had quitted the Mauconseil redoubt, the battalion rapidly formed itself into an attacking column, and a moment afterwards they heard the intermittent sound of an advance at the double. It was the battalion which was coming upon them.

"Charpentier," said Jeanty Sarre, "you have good eyes. Are they midway?"

"Yes," said Charpentier.

"Fire," said Jeanty Sarre.

The barricade fired. The whole street was filled with smoke. Several soldiers fell. They could hear the cries of the wounded. The battalion, riddled with balls, halted, and replied by platoon firing.

Seven or eight combatants whose bodies reached above the barricade, which had been made hastily and was too low, were hit. Three were killed on the spot. One fell wounded by a ball in his stomach, between Jeanty Sarre and Charpentier. He shrieked out with pain.

"Quick to the ambulance!" said Jeanty Sarre.

"Where?"

"In the Rue du Cadran."

Jeanty Sarre and Charpentier picked up the wounded man, the one by the feet, the other by the head, and carried him to the Rue du Cadran through the passage in the barricade.

During all this time there was continued file firing. There no longer seemed anything in the street but smoke, the balls whistling and crossing each other, the brief and repeated commands, some plaintive cries, and the flash of the guns lighting up the darkness.

Suddenly a loud voice cried out, "Forward!" The battalion resumed its double-quick march and threw itself upon the barricade.

Then ensued a horrible scene. They fought hand to hand, four hundred on the one side, fifty on the other. They seized each other by the collar, by the throat, by the mouth, by the hair. There was no longer a cartridge in the barricade, but there remained despair. A workman, pierced through and through, snatched the bayonet from his belly, and stabbed a soldier with it. They did not see each other, but they devoured each other. It was a desperate scuffle in the dark.

The barricade did not hold out for two minutes. In several places, it may be remembered, it was low. It was rather stridden over than scaled. That was all the more heroic. One of the survivors* told the writer of these lines, "The barricade defended itself very badly, but the men died very well."

All this took place while Jeanty Sarre

* February 18. Louvain.

and Charpentier were carrying the wounded man to the ambulance in the Rue du Cadran. His wounds having been attended to, they came back to the barricade. They had just reached it when they heard themselves called by name. A feeble voice close by said to them, "Jeanty Sarre! Charpentier!" They turned round and saw one of their men who was dying leaning against a wall, and his knees giving way beneath him. He was a combatant who had left the barricade. He had only been able to take a few steps down the street. He held his hand over his breast, where he had received a ball fired at close quarters. He said to them in a scarcely audible voice, "The barricade is taken; save yourselves."

"No," said Jeanty Sarre, "I must unload my gun." Jeanty Sarre re-entered the barricade, fired a last shot and went away.

Nothing could be more frightful than the interior of the captured barricade.

The Republicans, overpowered by numbers, no longer offered any resistance. The officers cried out, "No prisoners!" The soldiers killed those who were standing, and despatched those who had fallen. Many awaited their death with their heads erect. The dying raised themselves up, and shouted, "Long live the Republic!" Some soldiers ground their heels upon the faces of the dead, so that they should not be recognized. There, stretched out amongst the corpses, in the middle of the barricade, with his hair in the gutter, was seen the all-but namesake of Charpentier, Carpentier, the delegate of the Committee of the Tenth Arrondissement, who had been killed, and had fallen backwards, with two balls in his breast. A lighted candle which the soldiers had taken from the wine-shop was placed on a paving-stone.

The soldiers were infuriated. One would say that they were revenging themselves. On whom? A workman, named Paturel, received three balls and six bayonet thrusts, four of which were in the head. They thought that he was dead, and they did not renew the attack. He felt them search him. They took ten francs which he had about him. He did not die till six days later, and he was able to relate the details which are given here. We may note, by the way, that the name of Paturel does not figure upon any of the lists of the corpses published by M. Bonaparte.

Sixty Republicans were shut up in this redoubt of the Petit Carreau. Forty-six were killed there. These men had come there that morning free, proud to fight, and joyous to die. At midnight all was at an end. The night waggons carried away on the next day nine corpses to the hospital cemetery, and thirty-seven to Montmartre.

Jeanty Sarre escaped by a miracle, as well as Charpentier, and a third whose name we have not been able to ascertain. They glided along the houses and reached the Passage du Saumon. The grated doors which closed the Passage during the night only reached to the centre of the archway. They climbed it and got over the spikes, at the risk of tearing themselves. Jeanty Sarre was the first to climb it; having reached the summit, one of the spikes pierced his trousers, hooked them, and Jeanty Sarre fell headforemost upon the pavement. He got up again; he was only stunned. The other two followed him, and gliding along the bars, all three found themselves in the Passage. It was dimly lighted by a lamp which shone at one end. In the meanwhile they heard the soldiers, who were pursuing them, coming up. In order to escape by the Rue Montmartre, they would have to climb the grated gateway at the other end of the Passage; their hands were grazed, their knees were bleeding; they were dying of weariness; they were in no condition to recommence a similar ascent.

Jeanty Sarre knew where the keeper of the Passage lived. He knocked at his window, and begged him to open. The keeper refused.

At this moment the detachment which had been sent in pursuit of them reached the grated gateway which they had just climbed. The soldiers, hearing a noise in the Passage, passed the barrels of their guns through the bars. Jeanty Sarre

squeezed himself against the wall behind one of those projecting columns which decorate the Passage; but the column was very thin, and only half covered him. The soldiers fired, and smoke filled the Passage. When it cleared away, Jeanty Sarre saw Charpentier stretched on the stones, with his face to the ground. He had been shot through the heart. Their other companion lay a few paces from him, mortally wounded.

The soldiers did not scale the grated gateway, but they posted a sentinel before it. Jeanty Sarre heard them going away by the Rue Montmartre. They would doubtless come back.

No means of flight. He felt all the doors round his prison successively. One of them at length opened. This appeared to him like a miracle. Whoever could have forgotten to shut the door? Providence, doubtless. He hid himself behind it, and remained there for more than an hour, standing motionless, scarcely breathing.

He no longer heard any sound; he ventured out. The sentinel was no longer there. The detachment had rejoined the battalion.

One of his old friends, a man to whom he had rendered services such as are not forgotten, lived in this very Passage du Saumon. Jeanty Sarre looked for the number, woke the porter, told him the name of his friend, was admitted, went up the stairs, and knocked at the door. The door was opened, his friend appeared in his night-shirt, with a candle in his hand.

He recognized Jeanty Sarre, and cried out, "You here! What a state you are in! Where have you come from? From what riot? From what madness? And then you come to compromise us all here? To have us murdered? To have us shot? Now then, what do you want with me?"

"I want you to give me a brush down," said Jeanty Sarre.

His friend took a brush and brushed him, and Jeanty Sarre went away. While going down the stairs, Jeanty Sarre cried out to his friend, "Thanks!"

Such is the kind of hospitality which we have since received in Belgium, in Switzerland, and even in England.

The next day, when they took up the bodies they found on Charpentier a notebook and a pencil, and upon Denis Dussoubs a letter. A letter to a woman. Even these stoic souls love.

On the 1st of December, Denis Dussoubs began this letter. He did not finish it. Here it is:—

"My dear Marie,

"Have you experienced that sweet pain of feeling regret from him who regrets you? For myself since I left you I have known no other affliction than that of thinking of you. Even in my affliction itself there was something sweet and tender, and although I was troubled, I was nevertheless happy to feel in the depths of my heart how greatly I loved you by the regret which you cost me. Why are we separated? Why have I been forced to fly from you? For we were so happy! When I think of our little evenings so free from constraint, of our gay country chats with your sisters, I feel myself seized with a bitter regret. Did we not love each other dearly, my darling? We had no secret from each other because we had no need to have one, and our lips uttered the thoughts of our hearts without our thinking to keep anything back.

"God has snatched away from us all these blessings, and nothing will console me for having lost them; do you not lament with me the evils of absence?

"How seldom we see those whom we love! Circumstances take us far from them, and our soul tormented and attracted out of ourselves lives in a perpetual anguish. I feel this sickness of absence. I imagine myself wherever you are. I follow your work with my eyes, or I listen to your words, seated beside you and seeking to divine the word which you are about to utter; your sisters sew by our side. Empty dreams—illusions of a moment—my hand seeks yours; where are you, my beloved one?

"My life is an exile. Far from those whom I love and by whom I am loved, my heart calls them and consumes away in

its grief. No, I do not love the great cities and their noise, towns peopled with strangers where no one knows you and where you know no one, where each one jostles and elbows the other without ever exchanging a smile. But I love our quiet fields, the peace of home, and the voice of friends who greet you. Up to the present I have always lived in contradiction with my nature; my fiery blood, my nature so hostile to injustice, the spectacle of unmerited miseries have thrown me into a struggle of which I do not foresee the issue, a struggle in which I will remain to the end without fear and without reproach, but which daily breaks me down and consumes my life.

"I tell you, my much-loved darling, the secret miseries of my heart; no, I do not blush for what my hand has just written, but my heart is sick and suffering, and I tell it to you. I suffer. . . . I wished to blot out these lines, but why? Could they offend you? What do they contain that could wound my darling? Do I not know your affection, and do I not know that you love me? Yes, you have not deceived me, I did not kiss a lying mouth; when seated on my knees you lulled me with the charm of your words, I believed you. I wished to bind myself to a burning iron bar; weariness preys upon me and devours me. I feel a maddening desire to recover life. Is it Paris that produces this effect upon me? I always yearn to be in places where I am not. I live here in a complete solitude. I believe you, Marie. . . . . ."

Charpentier's note-book only contained this line, which he had written in the darkness at the foot of the barricade while Denis Dussoubs was speaking:—

Admonet et magna testatur voce per umbras.

## CHAPTER V.

### OTHER DEEDS OF DARKNESS.

YVAN had again seen Conneau. He corroborated the information given in the letter of Alexandre Dumas to Bocage; with the fact we had the names. On the 3rd of December at M. Abbatucci's house, 31, Rue Caumartin, in the presence of Dr. Conneau and of Piétri, a Corsican, born at Vezzani, named Jacques François Criscelli,* a man attached to the secret and personal service of Louis Bonaparte, had received from Piétri's own mouth the offer of 25,000 francs "to take or kill Victor Hugo." He had accepted, and said, "That is all very well if I am alone. But suppose there are two of us?"

Piétri had answered,—

"Then there will be 50,000 francs."

This communication, accompanied by urgent prayers, had been made to me by Yvan in the Rue de Monthabor, while we were still at Dupont White's.

This said, I continue my story.

The massacre of the 4th did not produce the whole of its effect until the next day, the 5th. The impulse given by us to the resistance still lasted for some hours, and at nightfall, in the labyrinth of houses ranging from the Rue du Petit Carreau to the Rue du Temple, there was fighting. The Pagevin, Neuve Saint Eustache, Montorgueil, Rambuteau, Beaubourg, and Transnonain barricades were gallantly defended. There, there was an impenetrable network of streets and crossways barricaded by the People, surrounded by the Army.

The assault was merciless and furious.

The barricade of the Rue Montorgueil was one of those which held out the longest. A battalion and artillery was needed to carry it. At the last moment it was only defended by three men, two shop-clerks and a lemonade-seller of an adjoining street. When the assault began the night was densely dark, and the three combatants escaped. But they were surrounded. No outlets. Not one door was open. They climbed the grated gateway of the Passage Verdeau as Jeanty Sarre and Charpentier had scaled the Passage du Saumon, had jumped over, and had

* It was this same Criscelli, who later on at Vaugirard in the Rue du Trancy, killed by special order of the Prefect of Police a man named Kelch, "suspected of plotting the assassination of the Emperor."

fled down the Passage. But the other grated gateway was closed, and like Jeanty Sarre and Charpentier they had no time to climb it. Besides, they heard the soldiers coming on both sides. In a corner at the entrance of the Passage there were a few planks which had served to close a stall, and which the stall-keeper was in the habit of putting there. They hid themselves beneath these planks.

The soldiers who had taken the barricade, after having searched the streets, bethought themselves of searching the Passage. They also climbed over the grated gateway, looked about everywhere with lanterns, and found nothing. They were going away, when one of them perceived the foot of one of these three unfortunate men which was projecting from beneath the planks.

They killed all three of them on the spot with bayonet-thrusts. They cried out, "Kill us at once! Shoot us! Do not prolong our misery."

The neighboring shop-keepers heard these cries, but dared not open their doors or their windows, for fear, as one of them said the next day, "that they should do the same to them."

The execution at an end, the executioners left the three victims lying in a pool of blood on the pavement of the Passage. One of these unfortunate men did not die until eight o'clock next morning.

No one had dared to ask for mercy; no one had dared to bring any help. They left them to die there.

One of the combatants of the Rue Beaubourg was more fortunate. They were pursuing him. He rushed up a staircase, reached a roof, and from there a passage, which proved to be the top corridor of an hotel. A key was in the door. He opened it boldly, and found himself face to face with a man who was going to bed. It was a tired-out traveler who had arrived at the hotel that very evening. The fugitive said to the traveler, "I am lost, save me!" and explained him the situation in three words. The traveler said to him, "Undress yourself and get into my bed." And then he lit a cigar, and began quietly to smoke. Just as the man of the barricade had got into bed a knock came at the door. It was the soldiers who were searching the house. To the questions which they asked him the traveler answered, pointing to the bed, "We are only two here. We have just arrived here. I am smoking my cigar, and my brother is asleep." The waiter was questioned, and confirmed the traveler's statement. The soldiers went away, and no one was shot.

We will say this, that the victorious soldiers killed less than on the preceding day. They did not massacre in all the captured barricades. The order had been given on that day to make prisoners. It might also be believed that a certain humanity existed. What was this humanity? We shall see.

At eleven o'clock at night all was at an end.

They arrested all those whom they found in the streets which had been surrounded, whether combatants or not, they had all the wine-shops and the *cafés* opened, they closely searched the houses, they seized all the men whom they could find, only leaving the women and the children. Two regiments formed in a square carried away all these prisoners huddled together. They took them to the Tuileries, and shut them up in the vast cellar situated beneath the terrace at the water-side.

On entering this cellar the prisoners felt reassured. They called to mind that in June, 1848, a great number of insurgents had been shut up there, and later on had been transported. They said to themselves that doubtless they also would be transported, or brought before the Councils of War, and that they had plenty of time before them.

They were thirsty. Many of them had been fighting since that morning, and nothing parches the mouth so much as biting cartridges. They asked for drink. Three pitchers of water were brought to them.

A sort of security suddenly fell upon them. Amongst them were several who had been transported in June, 1848, and who had already been in that cellar, and who

said, "In June they were not so humane. They left us for three days without food or drink." Some of them wrapped themselves up in their overcoats or cloaks, lay down and slept. At one o'clock in the morning a great noise was heard outside. Soldiers, carrying torches, appeared in the cellars, the prisoners who were sleeping woke with a start, an officer ordered them to get up.

They made them go out anyhow as they had come in. As they went out they coupled them two by two at random, and a sergeant counted them in a loud voice. They asked neither their names, nor their professions, nor their families, nor who they were, nor whence they came; they contented themselves with the numbers. The numbers sufficed for what they were about to do.

In this manner they counted 337. The counting having come to an end, they ranged them in close columns, still two by two and arm-in-arm. They were not tied together, but on each side of the column, on the right and on the left, there were three files of soldiers keeping them within their ranks, with guns loaded; a battalion was at their head, a battalion in their rear. They began to march, pressed together and enclosed in this moving frame of bayonets.

At the moment when the column set forward, a young law-student, a fair, pale Alsatian, of some twenty years, who was in their ranks, asked a captain, who was marching by him with his sword drawn,—

"Where are we going?"

The officer made no reply.

Having left the Tuileries, they turned to the right, and followed the quay as far as the Pont de la Concorde. They crossed the Pont de la Concorde, and again turned to the right. In this manner they passed before the esplanade of the Invalides, and reached the lonely quay of Gros-Caillou.

As we have just said, they numbered 337, and as they walked two by two, there was one, the last, who walked alone. He was one of the most daring combatants of the Rue Pagevin, a friend of Lecomte the younger. By chance the sergeant, who was posted in the inner file by his side was a native of the same province. On passing under a street-lamp they recognized each other. They exchanged quickly a few words in a whisper.

"Where are we going?" asked the prisoner.

"To the military school," answered the sergeant. And he added, "Ah! my poor lad!"

And then he kept at a distance from the prisoner.

As this was the end of the column, there was a certain space between the last rank of the soldiers who formed the line, and the first rank of the company which closed the procession.

As they reached the lonely boulevard of Gros-Caillou, of which we have just spoken, the sergeant drew near to the prisoner, and said to him in a rapid and low tone,—

"One can hardly see here. It is a dark spot. On the left there are trees. Be off!"

"But," said the prisoner, "they will fire at me."

"They will miss you."

"But suppose they kill me?"

"It will be no worse than what awaits you."

The prisoner understood, shook the sergeant's hand, and taking advantage of the space between the line of soldiers and rear-ground, rushed with a single bound outside the column, and disappeared in the darkness beneath the trees.

"A man is escaping!" cried out the officer who commanded the last company. "Halt! Fire!"

The column halted. The rear-guard company fired at random in the direction taken by the fugitive, and, as the sergeant had foreseen, missed him. In a few moments the fugitive had reached the streets adjoining the tobacco manufactory, and had plunged into them. They did not pursue him. They had more pressing work on hand.

Besides, confusion might have arisen in their ranks, and to recapture one they risked letting the 336 escape.

The column continued its march. Having reached the Pont d'Iéna, they turned

to the left, and entered into the Champ de Mars.

There they shot them all.

These 336 corpses were amongst those which were carried to Montmartre Cemetery, and which were buried there with their heads exposed.

In this manner their families were enabled to recognize them. The Government learned who they were after killing them.

Amongst these 336 victims were a large number of the combatants of the Rue Pagevin and the Rue Rambuteau, of the Rue Neuve Saint Eustache and the Porte Saint Denis. There were also 100 passers-by, whom they had arrested because they happened to be there, and without any particular reason.

Besides, we will at once mention that the wholesale executions from the 3rd inst. were renewed nearly every night. Sometimes at the Champ de Mars, sometimes at the Prefecture of Police, sometimes at both places at once.

When the prisons were full, M. de Maupas said "Shoot!" The fusillades at the Prefecture took place sometimes in the courtyard, sometimes in the Rue de Jérusalem. The unfortunate people whom they shot were placed against the wall which bears the theatrical notices. They had chosen this spot because it is close by the sewer-grating of the gutter, so that the blood would run down at once, and leave fewer traces. On Friday, the 5th, they shot near this gutter of the Rue de Jérusalem 150 prisoners. Some one* said to me, "On the next day I passed by there, they showed me the spot; I dug between the paving stones with the toe of my boot, and I stirred up the mud. I found blood."

This expression forms the whole history of the *coup d'état*, and will form the whole history of Louis Bonaparte. Stir up this mud, you will find blood.

Let this then be known to History:—

The massacre of the boulevard had this infamous continuation, the secret executions. The *coup d'état* after having been ferocious, became mysterious. It passed from impudent murder in broad day to hidden murder at night.

Evidence abounds.

Esquiros, hidden in the Gros-Caillou, heard the fusillades on the Champ de Mars every night.

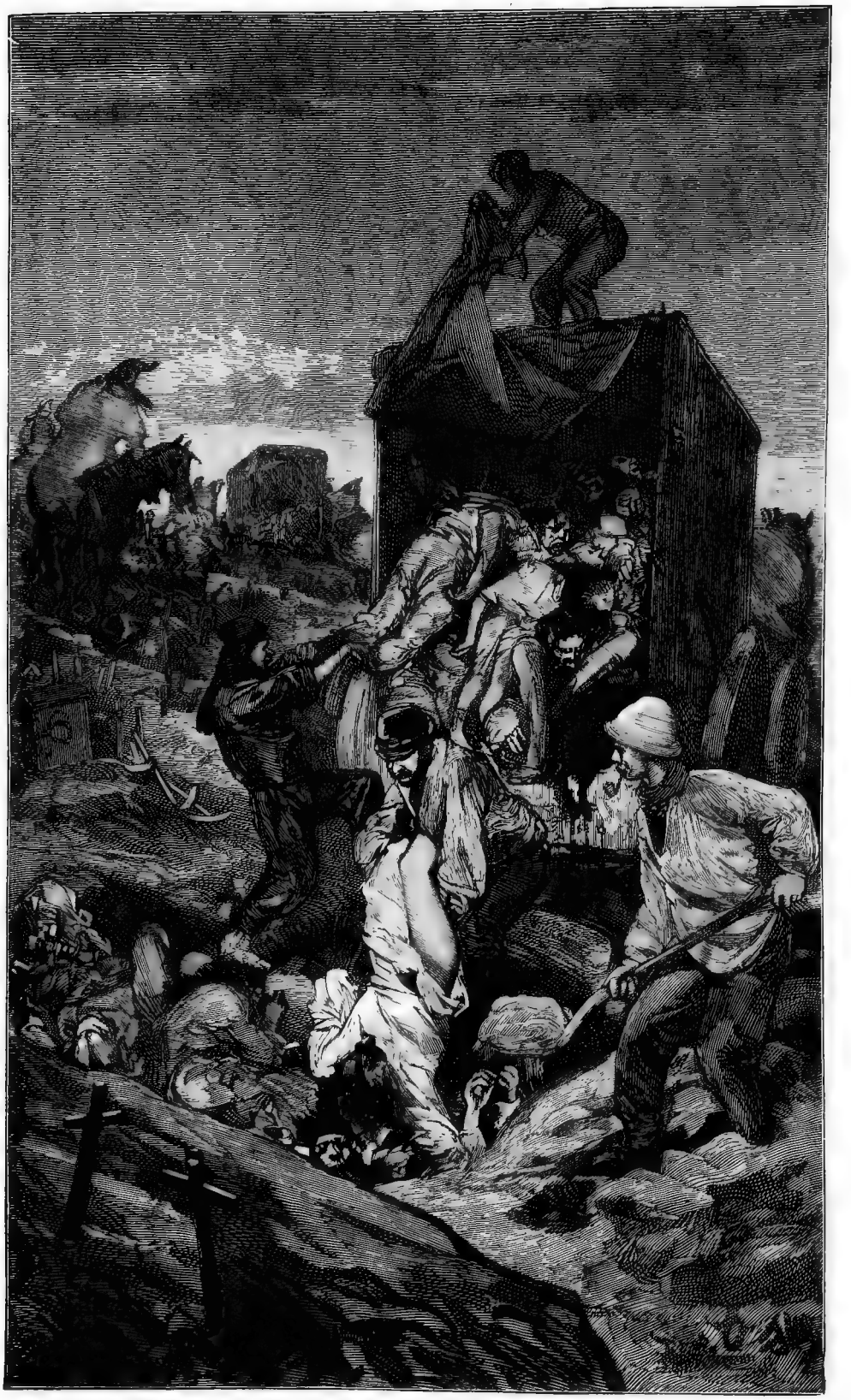
At Mazas, Chambolle, on the second night of his incarceration, heard from midnight till five o'clock in the morning, such volleys that he thought the prison was attacked.

Like Montferrier, Desmoulins bore evidence to blood between the paving-stones of the Rue de Jérusalem.

Lieutenant-Colonel Caillaud, of the ex-Republican Guard, is crossing the Pont Neuf; he sees some *sergents de ville* with muskets to their shoulders, aiming at the passers-by; he says to them, "You dishonor the uniform." They arrest him. They search him. A *sergent de ville* says to him, "If we find a cartridge upon you we shall shoot you." They find nothing. They take him to the Prefecture of Police, they shut him up in the station-house. The director of the station-house comes and says to him, "Colonel, I know you well. Do not complain of being here. You are confided to my care. Congratulate yourself on it. Look here, I am one of the family, I go and I come, I see, I listen; I know what is going on; I know what is said; I divine what is not said. I hear certain noises during the night; I see certain traces in the morning. As for myself I am not a bad fellow. I am taking care of you. I am keeping you out of the way. At the present moment be contented to remain with me. If you were not here you would be underground."

An ex-magistrate, General Leflô's brother-in-law, is conversing on the Ponte de la Concorde with some officers before the steps of the Chamber; some policemen come up to him: "You are tampering with the army." He protests, they throw him into a vehicle, and they take him to the Prefecture of Police. As he arrives there he sees a young man, in a blouse and a cap, passing on the quay, who is being shoved along by three municipal guards

* The Marquis Sarrazin de Montferrier, a relative of my eldest brother; I can now mention his name.



MONTMARTRE CEMETERY.

Hugo, vol. I., p. 441.

with the butt-ends of their muskets. At an opening of the parapet, a guard shouts to him, "Go in there." The man goes in. Two guards shoot him in the back. He falls. The third guard despatches him with a shot in his ear

On the 13th the massacres were not yet at an end. On the morning of that day, in the dim light of the dawn, a solitary passer-by, going along the Rue Saint Honoré saw, between two lines of horse-soldiers, three waggons wending their way, heavily loaded. These waggons could be traced by the stains of blood which dripped from them. They came from the Champ de Mars, and were going to the Montmartre Cemetery. They were full of corpses.

---

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE CONSULTATIVE COMMITTEE.

ALL danger being over, all scruples vanished. Prudent and wise people could now give their adherence to the *coup d'état*, they allowed their names to be posted up.

Here is the placard :

"FRENCH REPUBLIC.

"*In the name of the French People.*

"The President of the Republic,

"Wishing, until the reorganization of the Legislative Body and the Council of State, to be surrounded by men who justly possess the esteem and the confidence of the country,

"Has created a Consultative Committee, which is composed of MM.—

Abbatucci, ex-Councillor of the Court of Cassation (of the Loiret).

General Achard (of the Moselle).

André, Ernest (of the Seine).

André (of the Charente).

D'Argout, Governor of the Bank, ex-Minister.

General Arrighi of Padua (of Corsica).

General de Bar (of the Seine).

General Baraguay-d'Hilliers (of Doubs).

Barbaroux, ex-Procureur-General (of the Réunion).

Baroche, ex-Minister of the Interior and of Foreign Affairs, Vice-President of the Committee (of the Charente-Inférieure).

Barrot (Ferdinand), ex-Minister (of the Seine).

Barthe, ex-Minister, first President (of the Cour de Comptes).

Bataille (of the Haute-Vienne).

Bavoux (Évariste) (of the Seine-et-Marne).

De Beaumont (of the Somme).

Berard (of the Lot-et-Garonne).

Berger, Prefect of the Seine (of Puy-de-Dôme).

Bertrand (of the Yonne).

Bidault (of the Cher).

Bigrel (of the Côtes-du-Nord).

Billault, Barrister.

Bineau, ex-Minister (of the Maine-et-Loire).

Boinvilliers, ex-President of the body of barristers (of the Seine).

Bonjean, Attorney-General of the Court of Cassation (of the Drome).

Boulatignier.

Bourbousson (of Vaucluse).

Bréhier (of the Manche).

De Cambacérès (Hubert).

De Cambacérès (of the Aisne).

Carlier, ex-Prefect of Police.

De Casabianca, ex-Minister (of Corsica).

General de Castellane, Commander-in-Chief at Lyons.

De Caulaincourt (of Calvados).

Vice-Admiral Cécile (of the Seine-Inférieure).

Chadenet (of the Meuse).

Charlemagne (of the Indre).

Chassaigne-Goyon (of Puy de Dôme).

General de Chasseloup-Laubat (of the Seine-Inférieure).

Prosper de Chasseloup-Laubat (Charente-Inférieure).

Chaix d'Est-Ange, Barrister of Paris (of the Marne).

De Chazelles, Mayor of Clermont-Ferrand (of Puy-de-Dôme).

Collas (of the Gironde).

De Crouseilhes, ex-Councillor of the Court of Cassation, ex-Minister (of the Basses-Pyrénées).

Curial (of the Orne).

De Cuverville (of the Côtes-du-Nord).

Dabeaux (of the Haute-Garonne).

Dariste (of the Basses-Pyrénées).
Daviel, ex-Minister.
Delacoste, ex-Commissary-General (of the Rhône).
Delajus (of the Charente-Inférieure).
Delavau (of the Indre).
Deltheil (of the Lot).
Denjoy (of the Gironde).
Desjobert (of the Seine-Inférieure).
Desmaroux (of the Allier).
Drouyn de Lhuys, ex-Minister (of the Seine-et-Marne).
Théodore Ducos, Minister of the Marine and of the Colonies (of the Seine).
Dumas (of the Institut) ex-Minister (of the Nord).
Charles Dupin, of the Institut (of the Seine-Inférieure).
General Durrieu (of the Landes).
Maurice Duval, ex-Prefect.
Eschassériaux (of the Charente-Inférieure).
Marshal Excelmans, Grand Chancellor of the Legion of Honor.
Ferdinand Favre (of the Loire-Inférieure).
General de Flahaut, ex-Ambassador.
Fortoul, Minister of Public Instruction (of the Basses-Alpes).
Achille Fould, Minister of Finance (of the Seine).
De Fourment (of the Somme).
Fouquier-d'Hérouël (of the Aisne).
Fremy (of the Yonne).
Furtado (of the Seine).
Gasc (of the Haute Garonne).
Gaslonde (of the Manche).
De Gasparin (ex-Minister).
Ernest de Girardin (of the Charente).
Augustin Giraud (of Maine-et-Loire).
Charles Giraud, of the Institut, member of the Council of Public Instruction, ex-Minister.
Godelle (of the Aisne).
Goulhot de Saint-Germain (of the Manche).
General de Grammont (of the Loire).
De Grammont (of the Haute-Saône).
De Greslan (of the Réunion).
General de Grouchy (of the Gironde).
Hallez Claparède (of the Bas-Rhin).
General d'Hautpoul, ex-Minister (of the Aude).
Hébert (of the Aisne).
De Heeckeren (of the Haut-Rhin).
D'Hérembault (of the Pas-de-Calais).
Hermann.
Heurtier (of the Loire).
General Husson (of the Aube).
Janvier (of the Tarn-et-Garonne).
Lacaze (of the Hautes-Pyrénées).
Lacrosse, ex-Minister (of Finistère).
Ladoucette (of the Moselle).
Frédéric de Lagrange (of the Gers).
De Lagrange (of the Gironde).
General de La Hitte, ex-Minister.
Delangle, ex-Attorney-General.
Lanquetin, President of the Municipal Commission.
De la Riboissière (of Ille-et-Vilaine).
General Lawœstine.
Lebeuf (of the Seine-et-Marne).
General Lebreton (of the Eure-et-Loir).
Le Comte (of the Yonne).
Le Conte (of the Côtes-du-Nord).
Lefebvre-Duruflé, Minister of Commerce (of the Eure).
Lélut (of the Haute-Saône).
Lemarois (of the Manche).
Lemercier (of the Charente).
Lequien (of the Pas-de-Calais.)
Lestiboudois (of the Nord).
Levavasseur (of the Seine-Inférieure).
Le Verrier (of the Manche).
Lezay de Marnésia (of Loir-et-Cher).
General Magnan, Commander-in-chief of the Army of Paris.
Magne, Minister of Public Works (of the Dordogne).
Edmond Maigne (of the Dordogne).
Marchant (of the Nord).
Mathieu Bodet, Barrister at the Court of Cassation.
De Maupas, Prefect of Police.
De Mérode (of the Nord).
Mesnard, President of the Chamber of the Court of Cassation.
Meynadier, ex-Prefect (of the Lozère).
De Montalembert (of the Doubs).
De Morny (of the Puy-de-Dôme).
De Mortemart (of the Seine-Inférieure).
De Mouchy (of the Oise).
De Moustiers (of the Doubs).
Lucien Murat (of the Lot).
General d'Ornano (of the Indre-et-Loire).

Pepin Lehalleur (of the Seine-et-Marne).
Joseph Périer, Governor of the Bank.
De Persigny (of the Nord).
Pichon, Mayor of Arras (of the Pas de Calais).
Portalis, First President of the Court of Cassation.
Pongérard, Mayor of Rennes (of the Ille-et-Vilaine).
General de Préval.
De Rancé (of Algeria).
General Randon, ex-Minister, Governor-General of Algeria.
General Regnauld de Saint-Jean-d'Angély, ex-Minister (of the Charente-Inférieure).
Renouard de Bussière (of the Bas-Rhin).
Renouard (of the Lozère.)
General Rogé.
Rouher, Keeper of the Seals, Minister of Justice (of the Puy-de-Dôme).
De Royer, ex-Minister, Attorney-General at the Court of Appeal of Paris.
General de Sainst-Arnaud, Minister of War.
De Saint-Arnand, Barrister at the Court of Appeal of Paris.
De Salis (of the Moselle).
Sapey (of the Isère.)
Schneider, ex-Minister.
De Ségur d'Aguesseau (of the Hautes-Pyréneés.)
Seydoux (of the Nord).
Amédée Thayer.
Thieullen (of the Côtes-du-Nord).
De Thorigny, ex-Minister.
Toupot de Béveaux (of the Haute Marne).
Tourangin, ex-Prefect.
Propolong, First President of the Court of Appeal.
De Turgot, Minister for Foreign Affairs.
Vaillant, Marshal of France.
Vaïsse, ex-Minister (of the Nord).
De Vandeul (of the Haute-Marne).
General Vast-Vimeux (of the Charente-Inférieure).
Vauchelle, Mayor of Versailles.
Viard (of the Meurthe).
Vieillard (of the Manche).
Vuillefroy.
Vuitry, Under-Secretary of State at the Ministry of Finance.
De Wagram.

"The President of the Republic,
"LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.
"Minister of the Interior, DE MORNY."

The name of Bourbousson is found on this list.

It would be a pity if this name were lost.

At the same time as this placard appeared the protest of M. Daru, as follows:—

"I approve of the proceedings of the National Assembly at the Mairie of the Tenth Arrondissement on the 2d of December, 1851, in which I was hindered from participating by force.

"DARU."

Some of these members of the Consultative Committee came from Mazas or from Mount Valerien. They had been detained in a cell for four-and-twenty hours, and then released. It may be seen that these legislators bore little malice to the man who had made them undergo this disagreeable taste of the law.

Many of the personages comprised in this menagerie possessed no other renown but the outcry caused by their debts, clamoring, around them. Such a one had been twice declared bankrupt, but this extenuating circumstance was added, "not under his own name." Another who belonged to a literary or scientific circle was reputed to have sold his vote. A third, who was handsome, elegant, fashionable, dandified, polished, gilded, embroidered, owed his prosperity to a connexion which indicated a filthiness of soul.

Such people as these gave their adherence with little hesitation to the deed which "saved society."

Some others, amongst those who composed this mosaic, possessed no political enthusiasm, and merely consented to figure in this list in order to keep their situations and their salaries; they were under the Empire what they had been before the Empire, neuters, and during the nineteen years of the reign, they continued to exercise their military, judicial, or administrative functions unobtrusively, surrounded with the right and proper respect due to inoffensive idiots.

Others were genuine politicians, belonging to that learned school which begins with Guizot, and does not finish with Parieu; grave physicians of social order, who re-assure the frightened middle-classes, and who preserve dead things.

"Shall I lose my eye?" asked Messer Pancrace: "Not at all, my friend, I hold it in my hand."

In this quasi Council of State there were a goodly number of men of the Police, a race of beings then held in esteem, Carlier, Piétri, Maupas, etc.

Shortly after the 2d of December, under the title of Mixed Commissions, the police substituted itself for justice, drew up judgments, pronounced sentences, violated every law judicially without the regular magistracy interposing the slightest obstacle to this irregular magistracy; Justice allowed the police to do what it liked with the satisfied look of a team of horses which had just been relieved.

Some of the men inscribed on the list of this commission refused: Léon Faucher Goulard, Mortemart, Fréderic Granier, Marchand, Maillard Paravay, Beugnot. The newspapers received orders not to publish these refusals.

M. Beugnot inscribed on his card: "Count Beugnot, who does *not* belong to the Consultative Committee."

M. Joseph Périer went from corner to corner of the streets, pencil in hand, scratching out his name from all the placards, saying, "I shall take back my name wherever I find it."

General Baraguay d'Hilliers did not refuse. A brave soldier, nevertheless; he had lost an arm in the Russian war. Later on, he has been Marshal of France; he deserved better than to have been created a Marshal by Louis Bonaparte. It did not appear likely that he would have come to this. During the last days of November General Baraguay d'Hilliers, seated in a large arm-chair before the high fireplace of the Conference Hall of the National Assembly, was warming himself; some one, one of his colleagues, he who is writing these lines, sat down near him on the other side of the fireplace. They did not speak to each other, one belonging to the Right, the other to the Left; but M. Piscatory came in, who belonged a little to the Right and a little to the Left. He addressed himself to Baraguay d'Hilliers: "Well, general, do you know what they are saying?"

"What?"

"That one of these days the President will shut the door in our faces."

General Baraguay d'Hilliers answered, and I heard the answer,—"If M. Bonaparte should close the door of the Assembly against us, France will fling it wide open again."

Louis Bonaparte at one moment thought of entitling this committee the "Executive Commission." "No," said Morny to him, "that would be to credit them with courage. They will willingly be supporters; they will not be proscribers."

General Rulhière was dismissed for having blamed the passive obedience of the army.

Let us here mention an incident. Some days after the 4th of December, Emmanuel Arago, met M. Dupin, who was going up the Faubourg Saint Honoré.

"What!" said Arago, "are you going to the Elysée?"

M. Dupin answered, "I never go to disreputable houses."

Yet he went there.

M. Dupin, it may be remembered, was appointed Attorney-General at the Court of Cassation.

---

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE OTHER LIST.

Opposite to the list of adherents should be placed the list of the proscribed. In this manner the two sides of the *coup d'état* can be seen at a glance.

"Decree.

"Article I.—The ex-Representatives of the Assembly, whose names are found beneath, are expelled from French territory, from Algeria, and from the Colonies, for the sake of public safety:—

| | |
|---|---|
| Edmond Valentine. | Dupont (de Bussac). |
| Paul Racouchot. | Charrassin. |
| Agricol Perdiguier. | Bandsept. |
| Eugène Cholat. | Savoye. |
| Louis Latrade. | Joly. |
| Michel Renaud. | Combier. |
| Joseph Benoist (du Rhône). | Boysset. |
| | Duché. |
| Joseph Burgard. | Ennery. |
| Jean Colfavru. | Guilgot. |
| Joseph Faure (du Rhône). | Hochstuhl. |
| | Michot Boutet. |
| Pierre-CharlesGambon. | Baune. |
| | Bertholon. |
| Charles Lagrange. | Schœlcher. |
| Martin Nadaud. | De Flotte. |
| Barthélemy Terrier. | Joigneaux. |
| Victor Hugo. | Laboulaye. |
| Cassal. | Bruys. |
| Signard. | Gaston Dussoubs. |
| Viguier. | Guiter. |
| Esquiros. | Lafon. |
| Madier de Montjau. | Lamarque. |
| Noël Parfait. | Pierre Lefranc. |
| Emile Péan. | Jules Leroux. |
| Pelletier. | Francisque Maigne. |
| Raspail. | Malardier. |
| Théodore Bac. | Mathieu (de la Drôme). |
| Bancel. | |
| Belin (Drôme). | Millotte. |
| Besse. | Roselli-Mollet. |
| Bourzat, | Charras. |
| Brive. | Saint-Ferréol. |
| Chavoix. | Sommier. |
| Clément Dulac. | Testelin (Nord). |

"ARTICLE II.—In the event, contrary to the present decree, of one of the persons named in Article I. re-entering the prohibited limits, he may be transported for the sake of public safety.

"Given at the Palace of the Tuileries, at the Cabinet Council assembled, January 9th, 1852.

"LOUIS BONAPARTE.

"DE MORNY, Minister of the Interior."

There was besides a list of the "provisionally exiled," on which figured Edward Quinet, Victor Chauffour, General Laidet, Pascal Duprat, Versigny, Antony Thouret, Thiers, Girardin, and Rémusat. Four Representatives, Mathé Greppo, Marc-Dufraisse, and Richardet, were added to the list of the "expelled." Representative Miot was reserved for the tortures of the casemates of Africa. Thus in addition to the massacres, the victory of the *coup d'état* was paid for by these figures: eighty-eight Representatives proscribed, one killed.

I usually dined at Brussels in a café, called the Café des Mille Colonnes, which was frequented by the exiles. On the 10th of January I had invited Michel de Bourges to lunch, and we were sitting at the same table. The waiter brought me the *Moniteur Français;* I glanced over it.

"Ah," said I, "here is the list of the proscribed." I ran my eye over it, and I said to Michel de Bourges, "I have a piece of bad news to tell you." Michel de Bourges turned pale. I added, "You are not on the list." His face brightened.

Michel de Bourges, so dauntless in the face of death, was faint-hearted in the face of exile.

---

## CHAPTER VIII.

### DAVID D'ANGERS.

BRUTALITIES and ferocities were mingled together. The great sculptor, David d'Angers, was arrested in his own house, 16, Rue d'Assas; the Commissary of Police on entering, said to him,—

"Have you any arms in your house?"

"Yes," said David, "for my defence."

And he added,—

"If I had to deal with civilized people."

"Where are these arms?" rejoined the Commissary. "Let us see them."

David showed him his studio full of masterpieces.

They placed him in a *fiacre*, and drove him to the station house of the Prefecture of Police.

Although there was only space for 120 prisoners, there were 700 there. David was the twelfth in a dungeon intended for two. No light nor air. A narrow ventilation hole above their heads. A dread-

ful tub in a corner, common to all, covered but not closed by a wooden lid. At noon they brought them soup, a sort of warm and stinking water, David told me. They stood leaning against the wall, and trampled upon the mattresses which had been thrown on the floor, not having room to lie down on them. At length, however, they pressed so closely to each other, that they succeeded in lying down at full length. Their gaolers had thrown them some blankets. Some of them slept. At day-break the bolts creaked, the door was half-opened, and the gaolers cried out to them, "Get up!" They went into the adjoining corridor, the gaoler took up the mattresses, threw a few buckets of water on the floor, wiped it up anyhow, replaced the mattresses on the damp stones, and said to them, "Go back again." They locked them up until the next morning. From time to time they brought in 100 new prisoners, and they fetched 100 old ones (those who had been there for two or three days). What became of them?—At night the prisoners could hear from their dungeon the sound of explosions, and in the morning passers-by could see, as we have stated, pools of blood in the court-yard of the Prefecture.

The calling over of those who went out was conducted in alphabetical order.

One day they called David d'Angers. David took up his packet, and was getting ready to leave, when the governor of the gaol, who seemed to be keeping watch over him, suddenly came up and said quickly, "Stay, M. David, stay."

One morning he saw Buchez, the ex-President of the Constituent Assembly, coming into his cell.—"Ah!" said David, "good! you have come to visit the prisoners!"—"I am a prisoner," said Buchez.

They wished to insist on David leaving for America. He refused. They contented themselves with Belgium. On the 19th December he reached Brussels. He came to see me. "I am lodging at the Grand Monarque, 89, Rue des Fripiers." * And he added laughing, "The Great Monarch—the King. The old clothesmen—the Royalists, '89. The Revolution." Chance occasionally furnishes some wit.

* *Anglice*, "old clothes men."

## CHAPTER IX.

### OUR LAST MEETING.

On the 3rd of December everything was coming in in our favor. On the 5th everything was receding from us. It was like a mighty sea which was going out. The tide had come in gloriously, it went out disastrously. Gloomy ebb and flow of the people.

And who was the power who said to this ocean, "Thou shalt go no farther?" Alas! a pigmy.

These hiding-places of the abyss are fathomless.

The abyss is afraid. Of what?

Of something deeper than itself. Of the Crime.

The people drew back. They drew back on the 5th; on the 6th they disappeared.

On the horizon there could be seen nothing but the beginning of a species of vast night.

This night has been the Empire.

We found ourselves on the 5th what we were on the 2nd. Alone.

But we persevered. Our mental condition was this—desperate, yes; discouraged, no.

Items of bad news came to us, as good news had come to us on the evening of the 3rd, one after another. Aubry du Nord was at the Conciergerie. Our dear and eloquent Crémieux was at Mazas. Louis Blanc, who, although banished, was coming to the assistance of France, and was bringing to us the great power of his name and of his mind, had been compelled, like Ledru Rollin, to halt before the catastrophe of the 4th. He had not been able to get beyond Tournay.

As for General Neumayer, he had not "marched upon Paris," but he had come there. For what purpose? To give in his submission.

We no longer possessed a refuge. No.

15, Rue Richelieu, was watched; No. 11, Rue Monthabor, had been denounced. We wandered about Paris, meeting each other here and there, and exchanging a few words in a whisper, not knowing where we should sleep, or whether we should get a meal; and amongst those heads which did not know what pillow they should have at night there was at least one upon which a price was set.

They accosted each other, and this is the sort of conversation they held :—

"What has become of So-and-So?"

"He is arrested."

"And So-and-so?"

"Dead."

"And So-and-So?"

"Disappeared."

We held, however, one other meeting. This was on the 6th, at the house of the Representative Raymond, in the Place de la Madeleine. Nearly all of us met there. I was enabled to shake the hands of Edgar Quinet, of Chauffour, of Clément Dulac, of Bancel, of Versigny, of Émile Péan, and I again met our energetic and honest host of the Rue Blanche, Coppens, and our courageous colleague, Pons Stande, whom we had lost sight of in the smoke of the battle. From the windows of the room where we were deliberating we could see the Place de la Madeleine and the Boulevards militarily occupied, and covered with a fierce and deep mass of soldiers drawn up in battle order, and which still seemed to face a possible combat. Charamaule came in.

He drew two pistols from his great cloak, placed them on the table, and said, "All is at an end. Nothing feasible and sensible remains, except a deed of rashness. I propose it. Are you of my opinion, Victor Hugo?"

"Yes," I answered.

I did not know what he was going to say, but I knew that he would only say that which was noble.

This was his proposition :

"We number," resumed he, "about fifty Representatives of the People, still standing and assembled together. We are all that remains of the National Assembly, of Universal Suffrage, of the Law, of Right. To-morrow, where shall we be? We do not know. Scattered or dead. The hour of to-day is ours; this hour gone and past, we have nothing left but the shadow. The opportunity is unique. Let us profit by it."

He stopped, looked at us fixedly with his steadfast gaze, and resumed,—

"Let us take advantage of this chance of being alive and the good fortune of being together. The group which is here is the whole of the Republic. Well, then; let us offer in our persons all the Republic to the army, and let us make the army fall back before the Republic, and Might fall back before Right. In that supreme moment one of the two must tremble, Might or Right, and if Right does not tremble Might will tremble. If we do not tremble the soldiers will tremble. Let us march upon the Crime. If the Law advances the Crime will draw back. In either case we shall have done our duty. Living, we shall be preservers; dead, we shall be heroes. This is what I propose."

A profound silence ensues.

"Let us put on our sashes, and let us all go down in a procession, two by two, into the Place de la Madeleine. You can see that Colonel before that large flight of steps, with his regiment in battle array; we will go to him, and there, before his soldiers, I will summon him to come over to the side of duty, and restore his regiment to the Republic. If he refuses . . . ."

Charamaule took his two pistols in his hands.

". . . I will blow out his brains."

"Charamaule," said I, "I will be by your side."

"I knew that well," Charamaule said to me.

He added,—

"This explosion will awaken the people."

"But," several cried out, "suppose it does not awaken them?"

"We shall die."

"I am on your side," said I to him.

We each pressed the other's hand. But objections burst forth.

No one trembled, but all criticized the proposal. Would it not be madness? And useless madness? Would it not be

to play the last card of the Republic without any possible chance of success? What good fortune for Bonaparte! To crush with one blow all that remained of those who were resisting and of those who were combating! To finish with them once for all! We were beaten, granted, but was it necessary to add annihilation to defeat? No possible chance of success. The brains of an army cannot be blown out. To do what Charamaule advised would be to open the tomb, nothing more. It would be a magnificent suicide, but it would be a suicide. Under certain circumstances it is selfish to be merely a hero. A man accomplishes it at once, he becomes illustrious, he enters into history; all that is very easy. He leaves to others behind him the laborious work of a long protest, the immovable resistance of the exile, the bitter, hard life of the conquered who continues to combat the victory. Some degree of patience forms a part of politics. To know how to await revenge is sometimes more difficult than to hurry on its catastrophe. There are two kinds of courage—bravery and perseverance; the first belongs to the soldier, the second belongs to the citizen. A hap-hazard end, however dauntless, does not suffice. To extricate oneself from the difficulty by death, it is only too easily done: what is required, what is the reverse of easy, is to extricate one's country from the difficulty. No, said those high-minded men, who opposed Charamaule and myself, this to-day which you propose to us is the suppression of to-morrow; take care, there is a certain amount of desertion in suicide. . .

The word "desertion" grievously wounded Charamaule. "Very well," said he, "I abandon the idea."

This scene was exceedingly grand, and Quinet later on, when in exile, spoke to me of it with deep emotion.

We separated. We did not meet again.

I wandered about the streets. Where should I sleep? That was the question. I thought that No. 19, Rue Richelieu would probably be as much watched as No. 15. But the night was cold, and I decided at all hazards to re-enter this refuge, although perhaps a hazardous one. I was right to trust myself to it. I supped on a morsel of bread, and I passed a very good night. The next morning at daybreak on waking I thought of the duties which awaited me. I thought that I was about to go out, and that I should probably not come back to the room; I took a little bread which remained, and I crumbled it on the window-sill for the birds.

---

## CHAPTER X.

### DUTY CAN HAVE TWO ASPECTS.

HAD it been in the power of the Left at any moment to prevent the *coup d'état?*

We do not think so.

Nevertheless here is a fact which we believe we ought not to pass by in silence. On the 16th November, 1851, I was in my study at home at 37, Rue de la Tour d'Auvergne; it was about midnight. I was working. My servant opened the door.

"Will you see M——, sir?

And he mentioned a name.

"Yes," I said.

Some one came in.

I shall only speak reservedly of this eminent and distinguished man. Let it suffice to state that he had the right to say when mentioning the Bonapartes "my family."

It is known that the Bonaparte family is divided into two branches, the Imperial family and the private family. The Imperial family had the tradition of Napoleon, the private family had the tradition of Lucien; a shade of difference which, however, had no reality about it.

My midnight visitor took the other corner of the fireplace.

He began by speaking to me of the memoirs of a very high-minded and virtuous woman, the Princess ——, his mother, the manuscript of which he had confided to me, asking my advice as to the utility or the suitability of their publication. This manuscript, besides being full of interest, possessed for me a special charm, because the handwriting of the Princess resembled my mother's handwriting. My visitor, to

whom I gave it back, turned over the leaves for a few moments, and then suddenly interrupting himself, he turned to me and said,—

"The Republic is lost."

I answered,—

"Almost."

He resumed,—

"Unless you save it."

"I?"

"You."

"How so?"

"Listen to me."

Then he set forth with that clearness, complicated at times with paradoxes, which is one of the resources of his remarkable mind, the situation, at the same time desperate and strong, in which we were placed.

This situation, which moreover I realized as well as he himself, was this:

The Right of the Assembly was composed of about 400 members, and the Left of about 180. The four hundred of the majority belonged by thirds to three parties, the Legitimist party, the Orleanist party, the Bonapartist party, and in a body to the Clerical party. The 180 of the minority belonged to the Republic. The Right mistrusted the Left, and had taken a precaution against the minority.

A Vigilance Committee, composed of sixteen members of the Right, charged with impressing unity upon this trinity of parties, and charged with the task of carefully watching the Left, such was this precaution. The Left at first had confined itself to irony, and borrowing from me a word to which people then attached, though wrongly, the idea of decrepitude, had called the sixteen Commissioners the "Burgraves." The irony subsequently turning into suspicion; the Left had on its side ended by creating a committee of sixteen members to direct the Left, and observe the Right; these the Right had hastened to name the "Red Burgraves." A harmless rejoinder. The result was that the Right watched the Left, and that the Left watched the Right, but that no one watched Bonaparte. They were two flocks of sheep so distrustful of one another that they forgot the wolf. During that time, in his den at the Élysée, Bonaparte was working. He was busily employing the time which the Assembly, the majority and the minority, was losing in mistrusting itself. As people feel the loosening of the avalanche, so they felt the catastrophe tottering in the gloom. They kept watch upon the enemy, but they did not turn their attention in the true direction. To know where to fix one's mistrust is the secret of a great politician. The Assembly of 1851 did not possess this shrewd certainty of eyesight, their perspective was bad, each saw the future after his own fashion, and a sort of political short-sightedness blinded the Left as well as the Right; they were afraid, but not where fear was advisable; they were in the presence of a mystery, they had an ambuscade before them, but they sought it where it did not exist, and they did not perceive where it really lay. Thus it was that these two flocks of sheep, the majority and the minority, faced each other affrightedly, and while the leaders on one side and the guides on the other, grave and attentive, asked themselves anxiously what could be the meaning of the grumblings of the Left on the one side, of the bleatings of the Right on the other, they ran the risk of suddenly feeling the four claws of the *coup d'état* fastened in their shoulders.

My visitor said to me,—

"You are one of the Sixteen!"

"Yes," answered I, smiling; "a 'Red Burgrave.'"

"Like me, a 'Red Prince.'"

And his smile responded to mine.

He resumed,—

"You have full powers?"

"Yes. Like the others."

And I added,—

"Not more than the others. The Left has no leaders."

He continued,—

"Yon, the Commissary of Police, is a Republican?"

"Yes."

"He would obey an order signed by you?"

"Possibly."

"*I* say, without doubt."

He looked at me fixedly.

"Well, then, have the President arrested this night."

It was now my turn to look at him.

"What do you mean?"

"What I say."

I ought to state that his language was frank, resolute, and self-convinced, and that during the whole of this conversation, and now, and always, it has given me the impression of honesty.

"Arrest the President!" I cried.

Then he set forth that this extraordinary enterprise was an easy matter; that the Army was undecided; that in the Army the African Generals counterpoised the President; that the National Guard favored the Assembly, and in the Assembly the Left; that Colonel Forestier answered for the 8th Legion; Colonel Gressier for the 6th, and Colonel Howyne for the 5th; that at the order of the Sixteen of the Left there would be an immediate taking up of arms; that my signature would suffice; that, nevertheless, if I preferred to call together the Committee, in Secret Session, we could wait till the next day; that on the order from the Sixteen, a battalion would march upon the Élysée; that the Élysée apprehended nothing, thought only of offensive, and not of defensive measures, and accordingly would be taken by surprise; that the soldiers would not resist the National Guard; that the thing would be done without striking a blow; that Vincennes would open and close while Paris slept; that the President would finish his night there, and that France, on awakening, would learn the two-fold good tidings: that Bonaparte was out of the fight, and France out of danger.

He added,—

"You can count on two Generals: Neumayer at Lyons, and Lawoëstyne at Paris."

He got up and leaned against the chimney-piece; I can still see him there, standing thoughtfully; and he continued:

"I do not feel myself strong enough to begin exile all over again, but I feel the wish to save my family and my country."

He probably thought he noticed a movement of surprise in me, for he accentuated and italicized these words.

"I will explain myself. Yes; I wish to save my family and my country. I bear the name of Napoleon; but as you know without fanaticism. I am a Bonaparte, but not a Bonapartist. I respect the name, but I judge it. It already has one stain. The Eighteenth Brumaire. Is it about to have another? The old stain disappeared beneath the glory; Austerlitz covered Brumaire. Napoleon was absolved by his genius. The people admired him so greatly that it forgave him. Napoleon is upon the column, there is an end of it, let them leave him there in peace. Let them not resuscitate him through his bad qualities. Let them not compel France to remember too much. This glory of Napoleon is vulnerable. It has a wound; closed, I admit. Do not let them reopen it. Whatever apologists may say and do, it is none the less true that by the Eighteenth of Brumaire Napoleon struck himself a first blow."

"In truth," said I, "it is ever against ourselves that we commit a crime."

"Well, then," he continued, "his glory has survived a first blow, a second will kill it. I do not wish it. I hate the first Eighteenth Brumaire; I fear the second. I wish to prevent it."

He paused again, and continued,—

"That is why I have come to you tonight. I wish to succor this great wounded glory. By the advice which I am giving you, if you can carry it out, if the Left carries it out, I save the first Napoleon; for if a second crime is superposed upon his glory, this glory would disappear. Yes, this name would founder, and history would no longer own it. I will go farther and complete my idea. I also save the present Napoleon, for he who as yet has no glory will only have crime. I save his memory from an eternal pillory. Therefore, arrest him."

He was truly and deeply moved. He resumed,—

"As to the Republic, the arrest of Louis Bonaparte is deliverance for her. I am right, therefore, in saying that by what

I am proposing to you I am saving my family and my country."

"But," I said to him, "what you propose to me is a *coup d'état.*"

"Do you think so?"

"Without doubt. We are the minority, and we should commit an act which belongs to the majority. We are a part of the Assembly. We should be acting as though we were the entire Assembly. We who condemn all usurpation should ourselves become usurpers. We should put our hands upon a functionary whom the Assembly alone has the right of arresting. We, the defenders of the Constitution, we should break the Constitution. We, the men of the Law, we should violate the Law. It is a *coup d'état.*"

"Yes, but a *coup d'état* for a good purpose."

"Evil committed for a good purpose remains evil."

"Even when it succeeds?"

"Above all when it succeeds."

"Why?"

"Because it then becomes an example."

"You do not then approve of the Eighteenth Fructidor?"

"No."

"But Eighteenth Fructidors prevent Eighteenth Brumaires."

"No. They prepare the way for them."

"But reasons of State exist?"

"No. What exists is the Law."

"The Eighteenth Fructidor has been accepted by exceedingly honest minds."

"I know that."

"Blanqui is in its favor, with Michelet."

"I am against it, with Barbès."

From the moral aspect I passed to the practical aspect.

"This said," resumed I, "let us examine your plan."

This plan bristled with difficulties. I pointed them out to him.

"Count on the National Guard? Why, General Lawoëstyne had not yet got command of it. Count on the Army? Why General Neumayer was at Lyons, and not at Paris. Would he march to the assistance of the Assembly? What did we know about this? As for Lawoëstyne, was he not double-faced? Were they sure of him? Call to arms the 8th Legion? Forestier was no longer Colonel. The 5th and 6th? But Gressier and Howyne were only lieutenant-colonels, would these legions follow them? Order the Commissary Yon? But would he obey the Left alone? He was the agent of the Assembly, and consequently of the majority, but not of the minority. These were so many questions. But these questions, supposing them answered, and answered in the sense of success, was success itself the question? The question is never Success, it is always Right. But here, even if we had obtained success, we should not have Right. In order to arrest the President an order of the Assembly was necessary; we should replace the order of the Assembly by an act of violence of the Left. A scaling and a burglary; an assault by scaling-ladders on the constituted authority, a burglary on the Law. Now let us suppose resistance; we should shed blood. The Law violated leads to the shedding of blood. What is all this? It is a crime."

"No, indeed," he exclaimed, "it is the *salus populi.*"

And he added,—

"*Suprema Lex.*"

"Not for me," I said.

"I continued,—

"I would not kill a child to save a people."

"Cato did so."

"Jesus did not do so."

And I added,—

"You have on your side all ancient history, you are acting according to the uprightness of the Greeks, and according to the uprightness of the Romans; for me, I am acting according to the uprightness of Humanity. The new horizon is of wider range than the old."

There was a pause. He broke it.

"Then he will be the one to attack!"

"Let it be so."

"You are about to engage in a battle which is almost lost beforehand."

"I fear so."

"And this unequal combat can only end for you, Victor Hugo, in death or exile."

"I believe it."

"Death is the affair of a moment, but exile is long."

"It is a habit to be learned."

He continued,—

"You will not only be proscribed. You will be calumniated."

"It is a habit already learned."

He continued,—

"Do you know what they are saying already?"

"What?"

"They say that you are irritated against him because he has refused to make you a Minister."

"Why you know yourself that——"

"I know that it is just the reverse. It is he who has asked you, and it is you who have refused."

"Well, then——"

"They lie."

"What does it matter?"

He exclaimed,—

"Thus, you will have caused the Bonapartes to re-enter France, and you will be banished from France by a Bonaparte!"*

"Who knows," said I, "if I have not committed a fault? This injustice is perhaps a justice."

We were both silent. He resumed,—

"Could you bear exile?"

"I will try."

"Could you live without Paris?"

"I should have the ocean."

"You would then go to the seaside?"

"I think so."

"It is sad."

"It is grand."

There was another pause. He broke it.

"You do not know what exile is. I do know it. It is terrible. Assuredly, I would not begin it again. Death is a bourne whence no one comes back, exile is a place whither no one returns."

"If necessary," I said to him, "I will go, and I will return to it."

"Better die. To quit life is nothing, but to quit one's country——"

"Alas!" said I, "that is everything."

"Well, then, why accept exile when it is in your power to avoid it? What do you place above your country?"

"Conscience."

This answer made him thoughtful. However, he resumed.

"But on reflection your conscience will approve of what you will have done."

"No."

"Why?"

"I have told you. Because my conscience is so constituted that it puts nothing above itself. I feel it upon me as the headland can feel the lighthouse which is upon it. All life is an abyss, and conscience illuminates it around me."

"And I also," he exclaimed—and I affirm that nothing could be more sincere or more loyal than his tone—"and I also feel and see my conscience. It approves of what I am doing. I appear to be betraying Louis; but I am really doing him a service. To save him from a crime is to save him. I have tried every means. There only remains this one, to arrest him. In coming to you, in acting as I do, I conspire at the same time against him and for him, against his power, and for his honor. What I am doing is right."

"It is true," I said to him. "You have a generous and a lofty aim."

And I resumed,—

"But our two duties are different. I could not hinder Louis Bonaparte from committing a crime unless I committed one myself. I wish neither for an Eighteenth Brumaire for him, nor for an Eighteenth Fructidor for myself. I would rather be proscribed than be a proscriber. I have the choice between two crimes, my crime and the crime of Louis Bonaparte. I will not choose my crime."

"But then you will have to endure his."

"I would rather endure a crime than commit one."

He remained thoughtful, and said to me,—

"Let it be so."

And he added,—

"Perhaps we are both in the right."

"I think so," I said.

And I pressed his hand.

He took his mother's manuscript and went away.

It was three o'clock in the morning. The conversation had lasted more than

* 14th of June, 1847. Chamber of Peers. See the work "Avant l'Exile."

two hours. I did not go to bed until I had written it out.

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE COMBAT FINISHED, THE ORDEAL BEGINS.

I DID not know where to go.

On the afternoon of the 7th I determined to go back once more to 19, Rue Richelieu. Under the gateway some one seized my arm. It was Madame D. She was waiting for me.

"Do not go in," she said to me.

"Am I discovered?"

"Yes."

"And taken."

"No."

She added,—

"Come."

We crossed the courtyard, and we went out by a back-door into the Rue Fontaine Molière; we reached the square of the Palais Royal. The *fiacres* were standing there as usual. We got into the first we came to.

"Where are we to go?" asked the driver.

She looked at me.

I answered,—

"I do not know."

"I know," she said.

Women always know where Providence lies.

An hour later I was in safety.

From the 4th, every day which passed by consolidated the *coup d'état*. Our defeat was complete, and we felt ourselves abandoned. Paris was like a forest in which Louis Bonaparte was making a *battue* of the Representatives; the wild beast was hunting down the sportsmen. We heard the indistinct baying of Maupas behind us. We were compelled to disperse. The pursuit was energetic. We entered into the second phase of duty—the catastrophe accepted and submitted to. The vanquished became the proscribed. Each one of us had his own concluding adventures. Mine was what it should have been—exile; death having missed me. I am not going to relate it here, this book is not my biography, and I ought not to divert to myself any of the attention which it may excite. Besides, what concerns me personally is told in a narrative which is one of the testaments of exile.*

Notwithstanding the relentless pursuit which was directed against us, I did not think it my duty to leave Paris as long as a glimmer of hope remained, and as long as an awakening of the people seemed possible. Malarmet sent me word in my refuge that a movement would take place at Belleville on Tuesday the 9th. I waited until the 12th. Nothing stirred. The people were indeed dead. Happily such deaths as these, like the deaths of the gods, are only for a time.

I had a last interview with Jules Favre and Michel de Bourges at Madame Didier's in the Rue de la Ville-Lévêque. It was at night. Bastide came there. This brave man said to me,—

"You are about to leave Paris; for myself, I remain here. Take me as your lieutenant. Direct me from the depths of your exile. Make use of me as an arm which you have in France."

"I will make use of you as of a heart," I said to him.

On the 14th, amidst the adventures which my son Charles relates in his book, I succeeded in reaching Brussels.

The vanquished are like cinders, Destiny blows upon them and disperses them. There was a gloomy vanishing of all the combatants for Right and for Law. A tragical disappearance.

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE EXILED.

THE crime having succeeded, all hastened to join it. To persist was possible, to resist was not possible. The situation became more and more desperate. One would have said that an enormous wall was rising upon the horizon ready to close in. The outlet: Exile.

* "Les Hommes de l'Exile," by Charles Hugo.

The great souls, the glories of the people, emigrated. Thus there was seen this dismal sight — France driven out from France.

But what the Present appears to lose, the Future gains; the hand which scatters is also the hand which sows.

The Representatives of the Left, surrounded, tracked, pursued, hunted down, wandered for several days from refuge to refuge. Those who escaped found great difficulty in leaving Paris and France. Madier de Montjau had very black and thick eyebrows; he shaved off half of them, cut his hair, and let his beard grow. Yvan, Pelletier, Gindrier, and Doutre shaved off their moustaches and beards. Versigny reached Brussels on the 14th with a passport in the name of Morin. Schœlcher dressed himself up as a priest. This costume became him admirably, and suited his austere countenance and grave voice. A worthy priest helped him to disguise himself, and lent him his cassock and his band, made him shave off his whiskers a few days previously, so that he should not be betrayed by the white trace of his freshly-cut beard, gave him his own passport, and only left him at the railway station.*

De Flotte disguised himself as a servant, and in this manner succeeded in crossing the frontier at Mouscron. From there he reached Ghent, and thence Brussels.

On the night of December 26th, I had returned to the little room, without a fire, which I occupied (No. 9) on the second storey of the Hôtel de la Porte-Verte; it was midnight; I had just gone to bed and was falling asleep, when a knock sounded at my door. I awoke. I always left the key outside. "Come in," I said. A chambermaid entered with a light, and brought two men whom I did not know. One was a lawyer, of Ghent, M——; the other was De Flotte. He took my two hands and pressed them tenderly. "What," I said to him, "is it you?"

At the Assembly De Flotte, with his prominent and thoughtful brow, his deep-set eyes, his close-shorn head, and his long beard, slightly turned back, looked like a creation of Sebastian del Piombo wandering out of his picture of the "Raising of Lazarus;" and I had before my eyes a short young man, thin and pallid, with spectacles. But what he had not been able to change, and what I recognized immediately, was the great heart, the lofty mind, the energetic character, the dauntless courage; and if I did not recognize him by his features, I recognized him by the grasp of his hand.

Edward Quinet was brought away on the 10th by a noble-hearted Wallachian woman, Princess Cantacuzène, who undertook to conduct him to the frontier, and who kept her word. It was a troublesome task. Quinet had a foreign passport in the name of Grubesko, he was to personate a Wallachian, and it was arranged that he should not know how to speak French, he who writes it as a master. The journey was perilous. They asked for passports along all the line, beginning at the terminus. At Amiens they were particularly suspicious. But at Lille the danger was great. The gendarmes went from carriage to carriage; entered them lantern in hand, and compared the written descriptions of the travellers with their personal appearance. Several who appeared to be suspicious characters were arrested, and were immediately thrown into prison. Edgar Quinet, seated by the side of Madame Cantacuzène, awaited the turn of his carriage. At length it came. Madame Cantacuzéne leaned quickly forward towards the gendarmes, and hastened to present her passport, but the corporal waved back Madame Cantacuzène's passport saying, "It is useless, Madame. We have nothing to do with women's passports," and he asked Quinet abruptly, "Your papers!" Quinet held out his passport unfolded. The gendarme said to him, "Come out of the carriage, so that we can compare your description." It happened, however, that the Wallachian passport contained no description. The corporal frowned, and said to his subordinates, "An irregular passport! Go and fetch the Commissary."

All seemed lost, but Madame Cantacu-

* See "Les Hommes de l'Exile."

zène began to speak to Quinet in the most Wallachian words in the world, with incredible assurance and volubility; so much so that the gendarme, convinced that he had to deal with all Wallachia in person, and seeing the train ready to start, returned the passport to Quinet, saying to him, "There! be off with you!" —a few hours afterwards Edgar Quinet was in Belgium.

Arnauld de l'Ariége also had his adventures. He was a marked man, he had to hide himself. Arnauld being a Catholic, Madame Arnauld went to the priests; the Abbé Deguerry slipped out of the way, the Abbé Maret consented to conceal him; the Abbé Maret was honest and good. Arnauld d'Ariége remained hidden for a fortnight at the house of this worthy priest. He wrote from the Abbé Maret's a letter to the Archbishop of Paris, urging him to refuse the Pantheon, which a decree of Louis Bonaparte took away from France and gave to Rome. This letter angered the Archbishop. Arnauld, proscribed, reached Brussels, and there, at the age of eighteen months, died the "little Red," who on the 3rd of December had carried the workman's letter to the Archbishop—an angel sent by God to the priest who had not understood the angel, and who no longer knew God.

In this medley of incidents and adventures each one had his drama. Cournet's drama was strange and terrible.

Cournet, it may be remembered, had been a naval officer. He was one of those men of a prompt, decisive character, who magnetize other men, and who on certain extraordinary occasions send an electric shock through a multitude. He possessed an imposing air, broad shoulders, brawny arms, powerful fists, a tall stature, all of which give confidence to the masses, and the intelligent expression which gives confidence to the thinkers. You saw him pass, and you recognized strength; you heard him speak, and you felt the will, which is more than strength. When quite a youth he had served in the navy. He combined in himself in a certain degree—and it is this which made this energetic man, when well directed and well employed, a means of enthusiasm and a support—he combined the popular fire and the military coolness. He was one of those natures created for the hurricane and for the crowd, who have begun their study of the people by their study of the ocean, and who are at their ease in revolutions as in tempests. As we have narrated, he took an important part in the combat. He had been dauntless and indefatigable, he was one of those who could yet rouse it to life. From Wednesday afternoon several police agents were charged to seek him everywhere, to arrest him wherever they might find him, and to take him to the Prefecture of the Police, where orders had been given to shoot him immediately.

Cournet, however, with his habitual daring, came and went freely in order to carry on the lawful resistance, even in the quarters occupied by the troops, shaving off his moustaches as his sole precaution.

On the Thursday afternoon he was on the boulevards at a few paces from a regiment of cavalry drawn up in order. He was quietly conversing with two of his comrades of the fight, Huy and Lorrain. Suddenly, he perceives himself and his companions surrounded by a company of *sergents de ville;* a man touches his arm and says to him, "You are Cournet; I arrest you."

"Bah!" answers Cournet; "my name is Lépine."

The man resumes,—

"You are Cournet. Do not you recognize me? Well, then, I recognize you; I have been, like you, a member of the Socialist Electoral Committee."

Cournet looks him in the face, and finds this countenance in his memory. The man was right. He had, in fact, formed part of the gathering in the Rue Saint Spire. The police spy resumed, laughing,—

"I nominated Eugène Sue with you."

It was useless to deny it, and the moment was not favorable for resistance. There were on the spot, as we have said, twenty *sergents de ville* and a regiment of Dragoons.

"I will follow you," said Cournet.

A *fiacre* was called up.

"While I am about it," said the police spy, "come in all three of you."

He made Huy and Lorrain get in with Cournet, placed them on the front seat, and seated himself on the back seat by Cournet, and then shouted to the driver,—

"To the Prefecture!"

The *sergents de ville* surrounded the *fiacre*. But whether by chance or through confidence, or in the haste to obtain the payment for his capture, the man who had arrested Cournet shouted to the coachman, "Look sharp, look sharp!" and the *fiacre* went off at a gallop.

In the meantime Cournet was well aware that on arriving he would be shot in the very courtyard of the Prefecture. He had resolved not to go there.

At a turning in the Rue St. Antoine he glanced behind, and noticed that the *sergents de ville* only followed the *fiacre* at a considerable distance.

Not one of the four men which the *fiacre* was bearing away had as yet opened their lips.

Cournet threw a meaning look at his two companions seated in front of him, as much as to say, "We are three; let us take advantage of this to escape." Both answered by an imperceptible movement of the eyes, which pointed out the street full of passers-by, and which said, "No."

A few moments afterwards the *fiacre* emerged from the Rue St. Antoine, and entered the Rue de Fourcy. The Rue de Fourcy is usually deserted, no one was passing down it at that moment.

Cournet turned suddenly to the police spy, and asked him,—

"Have you a warrant for my arrest?"

"No; but I have my card."

And he drew his police agent's card out of his pocket, and showed it to Cournet. Then the following dialogue ensued between these two men,—

"This is not regular."

"What does that matter to me?"

"You have no right to arrest me."

"All the same, I arrest you."

"Look here; is it money that you want? Do you wish for any? I have some with me; let me escape."

"A gold nugget as big as your head would not tempt me. You are my finest capture, Citizen Cournet."

"Where are you taking me to?"

"To the Prefecture."

"They will shoot me there?"

"Possibly."

"And my two comrades?"

"I do not say 'No.'"

"I will not go."

"You will go, nevertheless."

"I tell you I will not go," exclaimed Cournet.

And with a movement, unexpected as a flash of lightning, he seized the police spy by the throat.

The police agent could not utter a cry, he struggled: a hand of bronze clutched him.

His tongue protruded from his mouth, his eyes became hideous, and started from their sockets. Suddenly his head sank down, and reddish froth rose from his throat to his lips. He was dead.

Huy and Lorrain, motionless, as though themselves thunderstruck, gazed at this gloomy deed.

They did not utter a word. They did not move a limb. The *fiacre* was still driving on.

"Open the door!" Cournet cried to them.

They did not stir, they seemed to have become stone.

Cournet, whose thumb was closely pressed in the neck of the wretched police spy, tried to open the door with his left hand, but he did not succeed; he felt that he could only do it with his right hand, and he was obliged to loose his hold of the man. The man fell face forwards, and sank down on his knees.

Cournet opened the door.

"Off with you!" he said to them.

Huy and Lorrain jumped into the street and fled at the top of their speed.

The coachman had noticed nothing.

Cournet let them get away, and then, pulling the check-string, stopped the *fiacre*, got down leisurely, reclosed the door, quietly took forty sous from his purse, gave them to the coachman, who had not left his seat, and said to him, "Drive on."

He plunged into Paris. In the Place

des Victoires he met the ex-Constituent Isidore Buvignier, his friend, who about six weeks previously had come out of the Madelonnettes, where he had been confined for the matter of the *Solidarité Républicaine*. Buvignier was one of the noteworthy figures on the high benches of the Left; fair, close-shaven, with a stern glance, he made one think of the English Roundheads, and he had the bearing rather of a Cromwellian Puritan than of a Dantonist Man of the Mountain. Cournet told his adventure, the extremity had been terrible.

Buvignier shook his head.

"You have killed a man," he said.

In "Marie Tudor," I have made Fabiani answer under similar circumstances,—

"No, a Jew."

Cournet, who probably had not read "Marie Tudor," answered,—

"No, a police spy."

Then he resumed,—

"I have killed a police spy to save three men, one of whom was myself."

Cournet was right. They were in the midst of the combat, they were taking him to be shot; the spy who had arrested him was, properly speaking, an assassin, and assuredly it was a case of legitimate defence. I add that this wretch, a democrat for the people, a spy for the police, was a twofold traitor. Moreover, the police spy was the jackal of the *coup d'état*, while Cournet was the combatant for the Law.

"You must conceal yourself," said Buvignier; "come to Juvisy."

Buvignier had a little refuge at Juvisy, which is on the road to Corbeil. He was known and loved there; Cournet and he reached there that evening.

But they had hardly arrived when some peasants said to Buvignier, "The police have already been here to arrest you, and are coming again to-night." It was necessary to go back.

Cournet, more in danger than ever, hunted, wandering, pursued, hid himself in Paris with considerable difficulty. He remained there till the 16th. He had no means of procuring himself a passport. At length, on the 16th, some friends of his on the Northern Railway obtained for him a special passport, worded as follows:—

"Allow M. ——, an Inspector on the service of the Company, to pass."

He decided to leave the next day, and take the day train, thinking, perhaps rightly, that the night train would be more closely watched.

On the 17th, at daybreak, favored by the dim dawn, he glided from street to street, to the Northern Railway Station. His tall stature was a special source of danger. He, however, reached the station in safety. The stokers placed him with them on the tender of the engine of the train, which was about to start. He only had the clothes which he had worn since the 2nd; no clean linen, no trunk, a little money.

In December, the day breaks late and the night closes in early, which is favorable to proscribed persons.

He reached the frontier at night without hindrance. At Neuvéglise he was in Belgium; he believed himself in safety. When asked for his papers, he caused himself to be taken before the Bourgomaster, and said to him, "I am a political refugee."

The Bourgomaster, a Belgian, but a Bonapartist—this breed is to be found—had him at once reconducted to the frontier by the gendarmes, who were ordered to hand him over to the French authorities.

Cournet gave himself up for lost.

The Belgian gendarmes took him to Armentières. If they had asked for the Mayor it would have been all at an end with Cournet, but they asked for the Inspector of Customs.

A glimmer of hope dawned upon Cournet.

He accosted the Inspector of Customs with his head erect, and shook hands with him.

The Belgian gendarmes had not yet released him.

"Now, sir," said Cournet to the Custom House officer, "you are an Inspector of Customs; I am an Inspector of Railways. Inspectors do not eat inspectors. The deuce take it! Some worthy Bel-

gians have taken fright and sent me to you between four gendarmes. Why, I know not. I am sent by the Northern Company to relay the ballast of a bridge somewhere about here which is not firm. I come to ask you to allow me to continue my road. Here is my pass."

He presented the pass to the Custom House officer; the Custom House officer read it, found it according to due form, and said to Cournet,—

"Mr. Inspector, you are free."

Cournet, delivered from the Belgian gendarmes by French authority, hastened to the railway station. He had friends there.

"Quick," he said, "it is dark, but it does not matter; it is even all the better. Find me some one who has been a smuggler, and who will help me to pass the frontier."

They brought him a small lad of eighteen; fair-haired, ruddy, hardy, a Walloon,* and who spoke French.

"What is your name?" said Cournet.

"Henry."

"You look like a girl."

"Nevertheless I am a man."

"Is it you who undertake to guide me?"

"Yes."

"You have been a smuggler?"

"I am one still."

"Do you know the roads?"

"No. I have nothing to do with the roads."

"What do you know then?"

"I know the passes."

"There are two Custom House lines."

"I know that well."

"Will you pass me across them?"

"Without doubt."

"Then you are not afraid of the Custom House officers?"

"I'm afraid of the dogs."

"In that case," said Cournet, "we will take sticks."

They accordingly armed themselves with big sticks. Cournet gave fifty francs to Henry, and promised him fifty more when they should have crossed the second Custom House line.

"That is to say, at four o'clock in the morning," said Henry.

It was midnight.

They set out on their way.

What Henry called the "passes" another would have called the "hindrances." They were a succession of pitfalls and quagmires. It had been raining, and all the holes were pools of water.

An indescribable footpath wound through an inextricable labyrinth, sometimes as thorny as a heath, sometimes as miry as a marsh.

The night was very dark.

From time to time, far away in the darkness, they could hear a dog bark. The smuggler then made bends or zigzags, turned sharply to the right or to the left, and sometimes retraced his steps.

Cournet, jumping hedges, striding over ditches, stumbling at every moment, slipping into sloughs, laying hold of briars, with his clothes in rags, his hands bleeding, dying with hunger, battered about, wearied, worn out, almost exhausted, followed his guide gaily.

At every minute he made a false step; he fell into every bog, and got up covered with mud. At length he fell into a pond. It was several feet deep. This washed him.

"Bravo!" he said. "I am very clean, but I am very cold."

At four o'clock in the morning, as Henry had promised him, they reached Messine, a Belgian village. The two Custom House lines had been cleared. Cournet had nothmore to fear, neither from the Custom House nor from the *coup d'état*, neither from men nor from dogs.

He gave Henry the second fifty francs, and continued his journey on foot, trusting somewhat to chance.

It was not until towards evening that he reached a railway station. He got into a train, and at nightfall he arrived at the Southern Railway Station at Brussels.

He had left Paris on the preceding morning, had not slept an hour, had been walk-

* The name given to a population belonging to the Romanic family, and more particularly to those of French descent, who occupy the region along the frontiers of the German-speaking territory in the South Netherlands from Dunkirk to Malmedy, in Rhenish Prussia.

ing all night, and had eaten nothing. On searching in his pocket he missed his pocket-book, but found a crust of bread. He was more delighted at the discovery of the crust than grieved at the loss of his pocket-book. He carried his money in a waistband. The pocket-book, which had probably disappeared in the pond, contained his letters, and amongst others an exceedingly useful letter of introduction from his friend M. Ernest Kœchlin, to the Representatives Guilgot and Carlos Forel, who at that moment were refugees at Brussels, and lodged at the Hôtel de Brabant.

On leaving the railway station he threw himself into a cab, and said to the coachman,—

"Hôtel de Brabant."

He heard a voice repeat, "Hôtel de Brabant." He put out his head and saw a man writing something in a note-book with a pencil by the light of a street-lamp.

It was probably some police agent.

Without a passport, without letters, without papers, he was afraid of being arrested in the night, and he was longing for a good sleep. A good bed to-night, he thought, and to-morrow the Deluge! At the Hôtel de Brabant he paid the coachman, but did not go into the hotel. Moreover, he would have asked in vain for the Representatives Forel and Guilgot; both were there under false names.

He took to wandering about the streets. It was eleven o'clock at night, and for a long time he had begun to feel utterly worn out.

At length he saw a lighted lamp with the inscription "Hôtel de la Monnaie."

He walked in.

The landlord came up, and looked at him somewhat askance.

He then thought of looking at himself.

His unshaven beard, his disordered hair, his cap soiled with mud, his blood-stained hands, his clothes in rags, he looked horrible.

He took a double louis out of his waistband, and put it on the table of the parlor, which he had entered and said to the landlord,—

"In truth, sir, I am not a thief, I am a proscript; money is now my only passport. I have just come from Paris, I wish to eat first and sleep afterwards."

The landlord was touched, took the double louis, and gave him bed and supper.

Next day, while he was still sleeping, the landlord came into his room, woke him gently, and said to him,—

"Now, sir, if I were you, I should go and see Baron Hody."

"Who and what is Baron Hody?" asked Cournet, half asleep.

The landlord explained to him who Baron Hody was. When I had occasion to ask the same question as Cournet, I received from three inhabitants of Brussels the three answers as follows:—

"He is a dog."

"He is a polecat."

"He is a hyena."

There is probably some exaggeration in these three answers.

A fourth Belgian whom I need not specify confined himself to saying to me,—

"He is a beast."

As to his public functions, Baron Hody was what they call at Brussels "The Administrator of Public Safety;" that is to say, a counterfeit of the Prefect of Police, half Carlier, half Maupas.

Thanks to Baron Hody, who has since left the place, and who, moreover, like M. de Montalembert, was a "mere Jesuit," the Belgian police at that moment was a compound of the Russian and Austrian police. I have read strange confidential letters of this Baron Hody. In action and in style there is nothing more cynical and more repulsive than the Jesuit police, when they unveil their secret treasures. These are the contents of the unbuttoned cassock.

At the time of which we are speaking (December, 1851), the Clerical party had joined itself to all the forms of Monarchy; and this Baron Hody confused Orleanism with Legitimate right. I simply tell the tale. Nothing more.

"Baron Hody? Very well, I will go to him," said Cournet.

He got up, dressed himself, brushed his clothes as well as he could, and asked the landlord, "Where is the Police office?"

"At the Ministry of Justice."

In fact this is the case in Brussels: the police administration forms part of the Ministry of Justice, an arrangement which does not greatly raise the police, and somewhat lowers justice.

Cournet went there, and was shown into the presence of this personage.

Baron Hody did him the honor to ask him sharply,—

"Who are you?"

"A refugee," answered Cournet; "I am one of those whom the *coup d'état* has driven from Paris."

"Your profession?"

"Ex-naval officer."

"Ex-naval officer!" exclaimed Baron Hody in a much gentler tone, "did you know His Royal Highness the Prince de Joinville?"

"I have served under him."

It was the truth. Cournet had served under M. de Joinville, and prided himself on it.

At this statement the administrator of Belgian safety completely unbent, and said to Cournet, with the most gracious smile that the police can find, "That's all right, sir; stay here as long as you please; we close Belgium to the Men of the Mountain, but we throw it widely open to men like you."

When Cournet told me this answer of Hody's I thought that my fourth Belgian was right.

A certain comic gloom was mingled at times with these tragedies. Barthélemy Terrier was a Representative of the people, and a proscript. They gave him a special passport for a compulsory route as far as Belgium for himself and his wife. Furnished with this passport he left with a woman. This woman was a man. Préveraud, a landed proprietor at Donjon, one of the most prominent men in the Department of Allier, was Terrier's brother-in-law. When the *coup d'état* broke out at Donjon, Préveraud had taken up arms and fulfilled his duty, had combated the outrage and defended the law. For this he had been condemned to death. The justice of that time, as we know. Justice executed justice. For this crime of being an honest man they had guillotined Charlet, guillotined Cuisinier, guillotined Cirasse. The guillotine was an instrument of the reign. Assassination by the guillotine was one of the means of order of that time. It was necessary to save Préveraud. He was little and slim: they dressed him as a woman. He was not sufficiently pretty for them not to cover his face with a thick veil. They put the brave and sturdy hands of the combatant in a muff. Thus veiled and a little filled out with padding, Préveraud made a charming woman. He became Madame Terrier, and his brother-in-law took him away. They crossed Paris peaceably, and without any other adventure than an imprudence committed by Préveraud, who, seeing that the shaft-horse of a waggon had fallen down, threw aside his muff, lifted his veil and his petticoat, and if Terrier, in dire alarm, had not stopped him, he would have helped the carter to raise his horse. Had a *sergent de ville* been there Préveraud would have been captured. Terrier hastened to thrust Préveraud into a carriage, and at nightfall they left for Brussels. They were alone in the carriage, each in a corner and face to face. All went well as far as Amiens. At Amiens station the door was opened, and a gendarme entered and seated himself by the side of Préveraud. The gendarme asked for his passport, Terrier showed it him; the little woman in her corner, veiled and silent, did not stir, and the gendarme found all in due form. He contented himself with saying, "We shall travel together, I am on duty as far as the frontier."

The train, after the ordinary delay of a few minutes, again started. The night was dark. Terrier had fallen asleep. Suddenly Préveraud felt a knee press against his, it was the knee of the policeman. A boot placed itself softly on his foot, it was a horse-soldier's boot. An idyll had just germinated in the gendarme's soul. He first tenderly pressed Préveraud's knee, and then emboldened by the darkness of the hour and by the slumbering husband, he ventured his hand as far as her dress, a circumstance fore-

seen by Molière, but the fair veiled one was virtuous. Préveraud, full of surprise and rage, gently pushed back the gendarme's hand. The danger was extreme. Too much love on the part of the gendarme, one audacious step further, would bring about the unexpected, would abruptly change the eclogue into an official indictment, would reconvert the amorous satyr into a stony-hearted policeman, would transform Tircis into Vidocq; and then this strange thing would be seen, a passenger guillotined because a gendarme had committed an outrage. The danger increased every moment. Terrier was sleeping. Suddenly the train stopped. A voice cried, "Quiévrain!" and the door was opened. They were in Belgium. The gendarme, obliged to stop here, and to reenter France, rose to get out, and at the moment when he stepped on to the ground he heard behind him these expressive words coming from beneath the lace veil, "Be off, or I'll break your jaw!"

---

## CHAPTER XIII.

### THE MILITARY COMMISSIONS AND THE MIXED COMMISSIONS.

JUSTICE sometime meets with strange adventures.

This old phrase assumed a new sense.

The code ceased to be a safeguard. The law became something which had sworn fealty to a crime. Louis Bonaparte appointed judges by whom one felt oneself stopped as in the corner of a wood. In the same manner as the forest is an accomplice through its density, so the legislation was an accomplice by its obscurity. What it lacked at certain points in order to make it perfectly dark they added. How? By force. Purely and simply. By decree. *Sic jubeo.* The decree of the 17th of February was a master-piece. This decree completed the proscription of the person, by the proscription of the name. Domitian could not have done better. Human conscience was bewildered; Right, Equity, Reason felt that the master had over them the authority that a thief has over a purse. No reply. Obey. Nothing resembles those infamous times.

Every iniquity was possible. Legislative bodies supervened and instilled so much gloom into legislation that it was easy to achieve a baseness in this darkness.

A successful *coup d'état* does not stand upon ceremony. This kind of success permits itself everything.

Facts abound. But we must abridge, we will only present them briefly.

There were two species of Justice: the Military Commissions and the Mixed Commissions.

The Military Commissions sat in judgment with closed doors. A colonel presided.

In Paris alone there were three Military Commissions; each received a thousand bills of indictment. The Judge of Instruction sent these accusations to the Procureur of the Republic, Lascoux, who transmitted them to the Colonel President. The Commission summoned the accused to appear. The accused himself was his own bill of indictment. They searched him, that is to say, they "thumbed" him. The accusing document was short. Two or three lines. Such as this, for example,—Name. Christian name. Profession. A sharp fellow. Goes to the Café. Reads the papers. Speaks. Dangerous.

The accusation was laconic. The judgment was still less prolix. It was a simple sign.

The bill of indictment having been examined, the judges having been consulted, the colonel took a pen, and put at the end of the accusing line one of these signs:—

— + o

— signified consignment to Lambessa.

+ signified transportation to Cayenne. (The dry guillotine. Death.)

o signified acquittal.

While this justice was at work, the man on whose case they were working was sometimes still at liberty, he was going and coming at his ease; suddenly they arrested him, and without knowing what they wanted with him, he left for Lambessa or for Cayenne.

His family was often ignorant of what had become of him.

People asked of a wife, of a sister, of a daughter, of a mother, —

"Where is your husband?"

"Where is your brother?"

"Where is your father?"

"Where is your son?"

The wife, the sister, the daughter, the mother answered,—

"I do not know."

In the Allier eleven members of one family alone, the Préveraud family of Donjon, were struck down, one by the penalty of death, the others by banishment and transportation.

A wine-seller of the Batignolles, named Brisadoux, was transported to Cayenne for this line in his deed of accusation: *His shop is frequented by Socialists.*

Here is a dialogue, word for word, and taken from life, between a colonel and his convicted prisoner:—

"You are condemned."

"Indeed! Why?"

"In truth I do not exactly know myself. Examine your conscience. Think what you have done."

"I?"

"Yes, you."

"How I?"

"You must have done something."

"No. I have done nothing. I have not even done my duty. I ought to have taken my gun, gone down into the street, harangued the people, raised barricades; I remained at home stupidly like a sluggard" (the accused laughs); "that is the offence of which I accuse myself."

"You have not been condemned for that offence. Think carefully."

"I can think of nothing."

"What! You have not been to the *café?*"

"Yes, I have breakfasted there."

"Have you not chatted there?"

"Yes, perhaps."

"Have you not laughed?"

"Perhaps I have laughed."

"At whom? At what?"

"At what is going on. It is true I was wrong to laugh."

"At the same time you talked?"

"Yes."

"Of whom?"

"Of the President."

"What did you say?"

"Indeed, what may be said with justice, that he had broken his oath."

"And then?"

"That he had not the right to arrest the Representatives."

"You said that?"

"Yes. And I added that he had not the right to kill people on the boulevard. . . ."

Here the condemned man interrupted himself and exclaimed,—

"And thereupon they send me to Cayenne!"

The judge looks fixedly at the prisoner, and answers,—

"Well, then?"

Another form of justice:—

Three miscellaneous personages, three removable functionaries, a Prefect, a soldier, a public prosecutor, whose only conscience is the sound of Louis Bonaparte's bell, seated themselves at a table and judged. Whom? You, me, us, everybody. For what crimes? They invented crimes. In the name of what laws? They invented laws. What penalties did they inflict? They invented penalties. Did they know the accused? No. Did they listen to him? No. What advocates did they listen to? None. What witnesses did they question? None. What deliberation did they enter upon? None. What public did they call in? None. Thus, no public, no deliberation, no counsellors, no witnesses, judges who are not magistrates, a jury where none are sworn in, a tribunal which is not a tribunal, imaginary offences, invented penalties, the accused absent, the law absent; from all these things which resembled a dream there came forth a reality: the condemnation of the innocent.

Exile, banishment, transportation, ruin, home-sickness, death, and despair for 40,000 families.

That is what History calls the mixed Commissions.

Ordinarily the great crimes of State strike the great heads, and content them-

selves with this destruction; they roll like blocks of stone, all in one piece, and break the great resistances; illustrious victims suffice for them. But the Second of December had its refinements of cruelty; it required in addition petty victims. Its appetite for extermination extended to the poor and to the obscure, its anger and animosity penetrated as far as the lowest class; it created fissures in the social subsoil in order to diffuse the proscription there; the local triumvirates, nicknamed "mixed mixtures," served it for that. Not one head escaped, however humble and puny. They found means to impoverish the indigent, to ruin those dying of hunger, to spoil the disinherited; the *coup d'état* achieved this wonderful feat of adding misfortune to misery. Bonaparte, it seems, took the trouble to hate a mere peasant; the vine-dresser was torn from his vine, the laborer from his furrow, the mason from his scaffold, the weaver from his loom. Men accepted this mission of causing the immense public calamity to fall, morsel by morsel, upon the humblest walks of life. Detestable task! To crumble a catastrophe upon the little and on the weak.

---

## CHAPTER XIV.

### A RELIGIOUS INCIDENT.

A LITTLE religion can be mingled with this justice. Here is an example.

Frederick Morin, like Arnauld de l'Ariége, was a Catholic Republican. He thought that the souls of the victims of the 4th of December, suddenly cast by the volleys of the *coup d'état* into the infinite and the unknown, might need some assistance, and he undertook the laborious task of having a mass said for the repose of these souls. But the priests wished to keep the masses for their friends. The group of Catholic Republicans which Frederick Morin headed applied successively to all the priests of Paris; but met with a refusal. They applied to the Archbishop: again a refusal. As many masses for the assassin as they liked, but for the assassinated not one. To pray for dead men of this sort would be a scandal. The refusal was determined. How should it be overcome? To do without a mass would have appeared easy to others, but not to these staunch believers. The worthy Catholic Democrats with great difficulty at length unearthed in a tiny suburban parish a poor old vicar, who consented to mumble in a whisper this mass in the ear of the Almighty, while begging Him to say nothing about it.

---

## CHAPTER XV.

### HOW THEY CAME OUT OF HAM.

ON the night of the 7th and 8th of January, Charras was sleeping. The noise of his bolts being drawn awoke him.

"So then!" said he, "they are going to put us in close confinement." And he went to sleep again.

An hour afterwards the door was opened. The Commandant of the fort entered in full uniform, accompanied by a police agent carrying a torch.

It was about four o'clock in the morning.

"Colonel," said the Commandant, "dress yourself at once."

"What for?"

"You are about to leave."

"Some more rascality, I suppose!"

The Commandant was silent. Charras dressed himself.

As he finished dressing, a short young man, dressed in black, came in. This young man spoke to Charras.

"Colonel, you are about to leave the fortress, you are about to quit France. I am instructed to have you conducted to the frontier."

Charras exclaimed,—

"If I am to quit France I will not leave the fortress. This is yet another outrage. They have no more the right to exile me than they had the right to imprison me. I have on my side the Law, Right, my old

services, my commission. I protest. Who are you, sir?"

"I am the Private Secretary of the Minister of the Interior."

"Ah! it is you who are named Léopold Lehon."

The young man cast down his eyes.

Charras continued,—

"You come on the part of some one whom they call 'Minister of the Interior,' M. de Morny, I believe. I know M. de Morny. A bald young man; he has played the game where people lose their hair; now he is playing the game where people risk their heads."

The conversation was painful. The young man was deeply interested in the toe of his boot.

After a pause, however, he ventured to speak,—

"M. Charras, I am instructed to say that if you want money——"

Charras interrupted him impetuously.

"Hold your tongue, sir! not another word. I have served my country five-and-twenty years as an officer, under fire, at the peril of my life, always for honor, never for gain. Keep your money for your own set!"

"But, sir——"

"Silence! Money which passes through your hands would soil mine."

Another pause ensued, which the private secretary again broke,—

"Colonel, you will be accompanied by two police agents who have special instructions, and I should inform you that you are ordered to travel with a false passport, and under the name of Vincent."

"Good heavens!" said Charras; "this is really too much. Who is it imagines that they will make me travel by order with a false passport, and under a false name?" And looking steadily at M. Léopold Lehon, "Know, sir, that my name is Charras and not Vincent, and that I belong to a family whose members have always borne the name of their father."

They set out.

They journeyed by carriage as far as Creil, which is on the railway.

At Creil station the first person whom Charras saw was General Changarnier.

"Ah! it is you, General."

The two proscripts embraced each other. Such is exile.

"What the deuce are they doing with you?" asked the General.

"What they are probably doing with you. These vagabonds are making me travel under the name of Vincent."

"And me," said Changarnier, "under the name of Leblanc."

"In that case they ought at least to have called me Lerouge," said Charras, with a burst of laughter.

In the meantime a group, kept at a distance by the police agents, had formed round them. People had recognized them and saluted them. A little child, whose mother could not hold him back, ran quickly to Charras and took his hand.

They got into the train apparently as free as other travellers. Only they isolated them in empty compartments, and each was accompanied by two men, who sat one at the side and the other facing him, and who never took their eyes off him. The keepers of General Changarnier were of ordinary strength and stature. Those of Charras were almost giants. Charras is exceedingly tall; they topped him by an entire head. These men who were galley sergeants, had been carabineers; these spies had been heroes.

Charras questioned them. They had served when quite young, from 1813. Thus they had shared the bivouac of Napoleon; now they ate the same bread as Vidocq. The soldier brought to such a sorry pass as this is a sad sight.

The pocket of one of them was bulged out with something which he was hiding there.

When this man crossed the station in company with Charras, a lady traveller said,—

"Has he got M. Thiers in his pocket?"

What the police agent was hiding was a pair of pistols. Under their long, buttoned-up and double-breasted frock coats these men were armed. They were ordered to treat "those gentlemen" with the most profound respect, but in certain circumstances to blow out their brains.

The prisoners had each been informed

that in the eyes of the different authorities whom they would meet on the road they would pass for foreigners, Swiss or Belgians, expelled on account of their political opinions, and that the police agents would keep their title of police agents, and would represent themselves as charged with reconducting these foreigners to the frontier.

Two-thirds of the journey were accomplished without any hindrance. At Valenciennes an incident occurred.

The *coup d'état* having succeeded, zeal reigned paramount. No task was any longer considered despicable. To denounce was to please; zeal is one of the forms of servitude towards which people lean the most willingly. The general became a common soldier, the prefect became a commissary of police, the commissary of police became a police spy.

The commissary of police at Valenciennes himself superintended the inspection of passports. For nothing in the world would he have deputed this important office to a subordinate inspector. When they presented him the passport of the so-called Leblanc, he looked the so-called Leblanc full in the face, started, and exclaimed,—

"You are General Changarnier!"

"That is no affair of mine," said the General.

Upon this the two keepers of the General protested and exhibited their papers, perfectly drawn up in due form.

"Mr. Commissary, we are Government agents. Here are our proper passports."

"Improper ones," said the General.

The Commissary shook his head. He had been employed in Paris, and had been frequently sent to the headquarters of the staff at the Tuileries, to General Changarnier. He knew him very well.

"This is too much!" exclaimed the police agents. They blustered, declared that they were police functionaries on a special service, that they had instructions to conduct to the frontier this Leblanc, expelled for political reasons, swore by all the gods, and gave their word of honor that the so-called Leblanc was really named Leblanc.

"I do not much believe in words of honor," said the Commissary.

"Honest Commissary," muttered Changarnier, "you are right. Since the 2nd of December words of honor and oaths are no more than worthless paper money."

And then he began to smile.

The Commissary became more and more perplexed. The police agents ended by invoking the testimony of the prisoner himself.

"Now, sir, tell him your name yourself."

"Get out of the difficulty yourselves," answered Changarnier.

All this appeared most irregular to the mind of a provincial alguazil.

It seemed evident to the Commissary of Valenciennes that General Changarnier was escaping from Ham under a false name with a false passport, and with false agents of police, in order to mislead the authorities, and that it was a plot to escape which was on the point of succeeding.

"Come down, all three of you!" exclaimed the Commissary.

The General gets down, and on putting foot to the ground notices Charras in the depths of his compartment between his two bullies.

"Oho! Charras, you are there!" he cries.

"Charras!" exclaimed the Commissary. "Charras there! Quick! the passports of these gentlemen!"

And looking Charras in the face,—

"Are you Colonel Charras?"

"Egad!" said Charras.

Yet another complication. It was now the turn of Charras's bullies to bluster. They declared that Charras was the man called Vincent, displayed passports and papers, swore and protested. The Commissary's suspicions were fully confirmed.

"Very well," said he, "I arrest everybody."

And he handed over Changarnier, Charras, and the four police agents to the gendarmes. The Commissary saw the Cross of Honor shining in the distance. He was radiant.

The police arrested the police. It hap-

pens sometimes that the wolf thinks he has seized a victim and bites his own tail.

The six prisoners—for now there were six prisoners—were taken into a parlor at the railway station. The Commissary informed the town authorities. The town authorities hastened thither, headed by the sub-prefect.

The sub-prefect, who was named Censier, comes in, and does not know whether he ought to salute or to question, to grovel in the dust or to keep his hat on his head. These poor devils of magistrates and local officials were very much exercised in their minds. General Changarnier had been too near the Dictatorship not to make them thoughtful. Who can foresee the course of events? Everything is possible. Yesterday called itself Cavaignac, to-day calls itself Bonaparte, to-morrow may call itself Changarnier. Providence is really cruel not to let sub-prefects have a peep at the future.

It is sad for a respectable functionary, who would ask for nothing better than to be servile or arrogant, according to circumstances, to be in danger of lavishing his platitudes on a person who is perhaps going to rot for ever in exile, and who is nothing more than a rascal, or to risk being insolent to a vagabond of a proscript who is capable of coming back a conqueror in six months' time, and of becoming the Government in his turn. What was to be done? And then they were spied upon. This takes place between officials. The slightest word would be maliciously interpreted, the slightest gesture would be laid to their discredit. How should he keep on good terms at the same time this Cabbage, which is called To-day, and that Goat, which is called To-morrow? To ask too many questions would offend the General; to render too many salutations would annoy the President. How could he be at the same time very much a sub-prefect, and in some degree a lacquey? How could he combine the appearance of obsequiousness, which would please Changarnier, with the appearance of authority, which would please Bonaparte?

The sub-prefect thought to get out of the difficulty by saying, "General, you are my prisoner," and by adding, with a smile, "Do me the honor of breakfasting with me?" He addressed the same words to Charras.

The General refused curtly.

Charras looked at him fixedly, and did not answer him.

Doubts regarding the identity of the prisoners came to the mind of the sub-prefect. He whispered to the Commissary, "Are you quite sure?" "Certainly," said the Commissary.

The sub-prefect decided to address himself to Charras, and dissatisfied with the manner in which his advances had been received, asked him somewhat sharply, "But, in short, who are you?"

Charras answered, "We are packages."

And turning to his keepers who were now in their turn in keeping:—

"Apply to our exporters. Ask our Custom House officers. It is a mere matter of goods traffic."

They set the electric telegraph to work. Valenciennes, alarmed, questioned Paris. The sub-prefect informed the Minister of the Interior that, thanks to a strict supervision, which he had trusted to no one but himself, he had just effected an important capture, that he had just discovered a plot, had saved the President, had saved society, had saved religion, etc., that, in one word, he had just arrested General Changarnier and Colonel Charras, who had escaped that morning from the fort of Ham with false passports, doubtless for the purpose of heading a rising, etc., and that, in short, he asked the Government what was to be done with the two prisoners.

At the end of an hour the answer arrived:—"Let them go on their way."

The police perceived that in a burst of zeal they had pushed profundity to the point of stupidity. That sometimes happens.

The next train carried away the prisoners, restored, not to liberty, but to their keepers.

They passed Quiévrain.

They got down from the carriage, and got in again.

When the train again started Charras

heaved the deep, joyous sigh of a freed man, and said, "At last!"

He raised his eyes, and perceived his two gaolers by his side.

They had got up behind him into the carriage.

"Ah, indeed!" he said to them; "you there!"

Of these two men there was only one who spoke; that one answered,—

"Yes, Colonel."

"What are you doing here?"

"We are keeping watch over you."

"But we are in Belgium."

"Possibly."

"Belgium is not France."

"Ah! that my be."

"But suppose I put my head out of the carriage? Suppose I call out? Suppose I had you arrested? Suppose I reclaim my liberty?"

"You will not do all that, Colonel."

"How will you prevent me?"

The police agent showed the butt-end of his pistol and said, "Thus."

Charras burst out laughing, and asked them, "Where then are you going to leave me?"

"At Brussels."

"That is to say, that at Brussels you will salute me with your cap; but that at Mons you will salute me with your pistol."

"As you say, Colonel."

"In truth," said Charras, "it does not matter to me. It is King Leopold's business. The Bonaparte treats countries as he has treated the Representatives. He has violated the Assembly, he violates Belgium. But all the same, you are a medley of strange rascals. He who is at the top is a madman, those who are beneath are blockheads. Very well, my friends, let me go to sleep."

And he went to sleep.

Almost the same incident happened nearly at the same moment to Generals Changarnier and Lamoricière and to M. Baze.

The police agents did not leave General Changarnier until they had reached Mons. There they made him get down from the train, and said to him, "General, this is your place of residence. We leave you free."

"Ah!" said he, "this is my place of residence, and I am free? Well, then, good night."

And he sprang lightly back into the carriage just as the train was starting, leaving behind him two galley sergeants dumb-founded.

The police released Charras at Brussels, but did not release General Lamoricière. The two police agents wished to compel him to leave immediately for Cologne. The General, who was suffering from rheumatism which he had caught at Ham, declared that he would sleep at Brussels.

"Be it so," said the police agents.

They followed him to the Hôtel de Bellevue. They spent the night there with him. He had considerable difficulty to prevent them from sleeping in his room. Next day they carried him off, and took him to Cologne—violating Prussian territory after having violated Belgian territory.

The *coup d'état* was still more impudent with M. Baze.

They made M. Baze journey with his wife and his children under the name of Lassallè. He passed for the servant of the police agent who accompanied him.

They took him thus to Aix-la-Chapelle.

There, in the middle of the night, in the middle of the street, the police agents deposited him and the whole of his family, without a passport, without papers, without money. M. Baze, indignant, was obliged to have recourse to threats to induce them to take him and identify him before a magistrate. It was, perhaps, part of the petty joys of Bonaparte to cause a Questor of the Assembly to be treated as a vagrant.

On the night of the 7th of January, General Bedeau, although he was not to leave till the next day, was awakened like the others by the noise of bolts. He did not understand that they were shutting him in, but on the contrary, believed that they were releasing M. Baze, his neighbor in the adjoining cell. He cried through the door, "Bravo, Baze!"

In fact, every day the Generals said to

the Questor, "You have no business here, this is a military fortress. One of these fine mornings you will be thrust outside like Roger du Nord."

Nevertheless General Bedeau heard an unusual noise in the fortress. He got up and "knocked" for General Le Flô, his neighbor in the cell on the other side, with whom he exchanged frequent military dialogues, little flattering to the *coup d'état*. General Le Flô answered the knocking, but he did not know any more than General Bedeau.

General Bedeau's window looked out on the inner courtyard of the prison. He went to this window and saw lanterns flashing hither and thither, species of covered carts, horsed, and a company of the 48th under arms. A moment afterwards he saw General Changarnier come into the courtyard, get into a carriage, and drive off. Some moments elapsed, then he saw Charras pass. Charras noticed him at the window, and cried out to him, "Mons!"

In fact he believed he was going to Mons, and this made General Bedeau, on the next day, choose Mons as his residence, expecting to meet Charras there.

Charras having left, M. Léopold Lehon came in, accompanied by the Commandant of the fort. He saluted Bedeau, explained his business, and gave his name. General Bedeau confined himself to saying, "They banish us; it is an illegality, and one more indignity added to the others. However, with the people who send you one is no longer surprised at anything."

They did not send him away till the next day. Louis Bonaparte had said, "We must 'space out' the Generals."

The police agent charged with escorting General Bedeau to Belgium was one of those who, on the 2nd of December, had arrested General Cavaignac. He told General Bedeau that they had had a moment of uneasiness when arresting General Cavaignac; the picket of fifty men, which had been told off to assist the police, having failed them.

In the compartment of the railway carriage which was taking General Bedeau into Belgium there was a lady, manifestly belonging to good society, of very distinguished appearance, and who was accompanied by three little children. A servant in livery, who appeared to be a German, had two of the children on his knees, and lavished a thousand little attentions on them. However, the General, hidden by the darkness, and muffled up, like the police agents, in the collar of his mantle, paid little attention to this group. When they reached Quiévrain, the lady turned to him and said, "General, I congratulate you, you are now in safety."

The General thanked her, and asked her name.

"Baroness Coppens," she answered.

It may be remembered that it was at M. Coppens's house, 70, Rue Blanche, that the first meeting of the Left had taken place on December 2nd.

"You have charming children there, madam," said the General, "and," he added, "an exceedingly good servant."

"It is my husband," said Madame Coppens.

M. Coppens, in fact, had remained five weeks buried in a hiding-place contrived in his own house. He had escaped from France that very night under the cover of his own livery. They had carefully taught their children their lesson. Chance had made them get into the same carriage as General Bedeau and the two bullies who were keeping guard over him, and throughout the night Madame Coppens had been in terror lest, in the presence of the policemen, one of the little ones awaking, should throw its arms round the neck of the servant and cry, "Papa!"

## CHAPTER XVI.

### A RETROSPECT.

LOUIS BONAPARTE had tested the majority as engineers test a bridge; he had loaded it with iniquities, encroachments, enormities, slaughters on the Place du Havre, cries of "Long live the Emperor," distributions of money to the troops, sales of Bonapartist journals in the streets, prohibition of Republican and parliamentary

journals, reviews at Satory, speeches at Dijon; the majority bore everything.

"Good," said he. "It will carry the weight of the *coup d'état.*"

Let us recall the facts. Before the 2nd of December the *coup d'état* was being constructed in detail, here and there, a little everywhere, with exceeding impudence, and yet the majority smiled. The Representative Pascal Duprat had been violently treated by police agents. "That is very funny," said the Right. The Representative Dain was seized. "Charming." The Representative Sartin was arrested. "Bravo." One fine morning when all the hinges had been well tested and oiled, and when all the wires were well fixed, the *coup d'état* was carried out all at once, abruptly. The majority ceased to laugh, but the trick was done. It had not perceived that for a long time past, while it was laughing at the strangling of others, the cord was round its own neck.

Let us maintain this, not to punish the past, but to illuminate the future. Many months before being carried out, the *coup d'état* had been accomplished. The day having come, the hour having struck, the mechanism being completely wound up, it had only to be set going. It was bound not to fail, and nothing did fail. What would have been an abyss if the majority had done its duty, and had understood its joint responsibility with the Left, was not even a ditch. The inviolability had been demolished by those who were inviolable. The hand of gendarmes had become as accustomed to the collar of the Representatives as to the collar of thieves: the white tie of the statesman was not even rumpled in the grasp of the galley sergeants, and one can admire the Vicomte de Falloux—oh, candor!—for being dumfounded at being treated like Citizen Sartin.

The majority, going backwards, and ever applauding Bonaparte, fell into the hole which Bonaparte had dug for it.

---

## CHAPTER XVII.

### CONDUCT OF THE LEFT.

THE conduct of the Republican Left in this grave crisis of the 2nd of December was memorable.

The flag of the Law was on the ground, in the mire of universal treason, under the feet of Louis Bonaparte; the Left raised this flag, washed away the mire with its blood, unfurled it, waved it before the eyes of the people, and from the 2nd to the 5th of December held Bonaparte at bay.

A few men, a mere handful, 120 Representatives of the people, escaped by chance from arrest, plunged in darkness and in silence, without even possessing that cry of the free press which sounds the tocsin to human intellects, and which encourages the combatants, without generals under their orders, without soldiers, without ammunition, went down into the streets, resolutely barred the way against the *coup d'état*, and give battle to this monstrous crime, which had taken all its precautions, which was mail-clad in every part, armed to the teeth, crowding round it forests of bayonets, and making a pack of mortars and cannons give tongue in its favor.

They had that presence of mind, which is the most practical kind of courage; they had, while lacking everything else, the formidable improvisation of duty, which never loses heart. They had no printing offices, they obtained them; they had no guns, they found them; they had no balls, they cast them; they had no powder, they manufactured it; they had nothing but paving stones, and from thence they evolved combatants.

It is true that these paving-stones were the paving-stones of Paris, stones which change themselves into men.

Such is the power of Right, that, during four days these hundred and twenty men, who had nothing in their favor but the goodness of their cause, counterbalanced an army of 100,000 soldiers. At one moment the scale turned on their side. Thanks to them, thanks to their resistance, seconded by the indignation of honest

hearts, there came an hour when the victory of the law seemed possible, and even certain. On Thursday, the 4th, the *coup d'état* tottered, and was obliged to support itself by assassination. We have seen that without the butchery of the boulevards, if he had not saved his perjury by a massacre, if he had not sheltered his crime by another crime, Louis Bonaparte was lost.

During the long hours of this struggle, a struggle without a truce, a struggle against the army during the day, and against the police during the night,—an unequal struggle, where all the strength and all the rage was on one side, and, as we have just said, nothing but Right on the other, not one of these hundred and twenty Representatives, not a single one failed at the call of duty, not one shunned the danger, not one drew back, not one wearied,—all these heads placed themselves resolutely under the axe, and for four days waited for it to fall.

To-day captivity, transportation, expatriation, exile, the axe has fallen on nearly all these heads.

I am one of those who have had no other merit in this struggle than to rally into one unique thought the courage of all; but let me here heartily render justice to those men amongst whom I pride myself with having for three years served the holy cause of human progress, to this Left, insulted, calumniated, unappreciated, and dauntless, which was always in the breach, and which did not repose for a single day, which recoiled none the more before the military conspiracy than before the parliamentary conspiracy, and which, entrusted by the people with the task of defending them, defended them even when abandoned by themselves; defended them in the tribune with speech, and in the street with the sword.

When the Committee of Resistance in the sitting at which the decree of deposition and outlawry was drawn up and voted, making use of the discretionary power which the Left had confided to it, decided that all the signatures of the Republican Representatives remaining at liberty should be placed at the foot of the decree, it was a bold stroke; the Committee did not conceal from itself that it was a list of proscription offered to the victorious *coup d'état* ready drawn up, and perhaps in its inner conscience it feared that some would disavow it, and protest against it. As a matter of fact, the next day we received two letters, two complaints. They were from two Representatives who had been omitted from the list, and who claimed the honor of being reinstated there. I reinstate these two Representatives here, in their right of being proscripts. Here are their names—Anglade and Pradié.

From Tuesday, the 2nd, to Friday, the 5th of December, the Representatives of the Left and the Committee, dogged, worried, hunted down, always on the point of being discovered and taken, that is to say—massacred; repaired for the purpose of deliberating, to twenty-seven different houses, shifted twenty-seven times their place of meeting, from their first gathering in the Rue Blanche to their last conference at Raymond's. They refused the shelters which were offered them on the left bank of the river, wishing always to remain in the centre of the combat. During these changes they more than once traversed the right bank of Paris from one end to the other, most of the time on foot, and making long circuits in order not to be followed. Everything threatened them with danger; their number, their well-known faces, even their precautions. In the populous streets there was danger, the police were permanently posted there; in the lonely streets there was danger, because the goings and comings were more noticed there.

They did not sleep, they did not eat, they took what they could find, a glass of water from time to time, a morsel of bread here and there. Madame Landrin gave us a basin of soup, Madame Grévy the remainder of a cold pie. We dined one evening on a little chocolate which a chemist had distributed in a barricade. At Jeunesse's, in the Rue de Grammont, during the night of the 3rd, Michel de Bourges took a chair, and said, "This is my bed." Were they tired? They did not feel it. The old men like Ronjat, the sick, like

Boysset, all went forward. The public peril, like a fever, sustained them.

Our venerable colleague, Lamennais, did not come, but he remained three days without going to bed, buttoned up in his old frock coat, his thick boots on his feet, ready to march. He wrote to the author these three lines, which it is impossible not to quote :—"You are heroes without me. This pains me greatly. I await your orders. Try, then, to find me something to do, be it but to die."

In these meetings each man preserved his usual demeanor. At times one might have thought it an ordinary sitting in one of the bereaux of the Assembly. There was the calm of every day, mingled with the firmness of decisive crises. Edgar Quinet retained all his lofty judgment, Noël Parfait all his mental vivacity, Yvan all his vigor and intelligent penetration, Labrousse all his animation. In a corner Pierre Lefranc, pamphleteer and ballad-writer like Béranger, smiled at the grave and stern words of Dupont de Bussac. All that brilliant group of young orators of the Left, Bancel with his powerful ardor, Versigny and Victor Chauffour with their youthful daring. Sain with his cool-headedness which reveals strength, Farconnet with his gentle voice and energetic inspiration, lavishing his efforts in resisting the *coup d'état*, sometimes taking part in the deliberations, at others amongst the people, proving that to be an orator one must possess all the qualifications of a combatant.

De Flotte, indefatigable, was ever ready to traverse all Paris. Xavier Durrieu was courageous, Dulac dauntless, Charamaule fool-hardy. Citizens and Paladins. Courage! who would have dared to exhibit none amongst all these men, of whom not one trembled? Untrimmed beards, torn coats, disordered hair, pale faces, pride glistening in every eye. In the houses where they were received they installed themselves as best they could. If there were no sofas or chairs, some, exhausted in strength, but not in heart, seated themselves on the floor. All became copyists of the decrees and proclamations; one dictated, ten wrote. They wrote on tables, on the corners of furniture, on their knees. Frequently paper was lacking, pens were wanting. These wretched trifles created obstacles at the most critical times. At certain moments in the history of peoples an inkstand where the ink is dried up may prove a public calamity. Moreover, cordiality prevailed among all, all shades of difference were effaced. In the secret sittings of the Committee Madier de Montjau, that firm and generous heart, De Flotte, brave and thoughtful, a fighting philosopher of the Revolution, Carnot, accurate, cold, tranquil, immovable, Jules Favre, eloquent, courageous, admirable through his simplicity and his strength, inexhaustible in resources as in sarcasms, doubled, by combining them, the diverse powers of their minds.

Michel de Bourges, seated in a corner of the fireplace, or leaning on a table enveloped in his great coat, his black silk cap on his head, had an answer for every suggestion, gave back to occurrences blow for blow, was on his guard for danger, difficulty, opportunity, necessity, for his is one of those wealthy natures which have always something ready either in their intellect or in their imagination. Words of advice crossed without jostling each other. These men entertained no illusion. They knew that they had entered into a life-and-death struggle. They had no quarter to expect. They had to do with the Man who had said, "Crush everything." They knew the bloody words of the self-styled Minister, Morny. These words the placards of Saint-Arnaud interrupted by decrees, the Prætorians let loose in the street interpreted them by murder. The members of the Insurrectionary Committee and the Representatives assisting at the meetings were not ignorant that wherever they might be taken they would be killed on the spot by bayonet-thrusts. It was the fortune of this war. Yet the prevailing expression on every face was serenity; that profound serenity which comes from a happy conscience. At times this serenity rose to gaiety. They laughed willingly and at everything. At the torn trousers of one, at the hat which another

had brought back from the barricade instead of his own, at the comforter of a third. "Hide your big body," they said to him. They were children, and everything amused them. On the morning of the 4th Mathieu de la Drôme came in. He had organized for his part a committee which communicated with the Central Committee; he came to tell us of it. He had shaved off his fringe of beard so as not to be recognized in the streets. "You look like an Archbishop," said Michel de Bourges to him, and there was a general laugh. And all this, with this thought which every moment brought back; the noise which is heard at the door, the key which turns in the lock is perhaps Death coming in.

The Representatives and the Committee were at the mercy of chance. More than once they could have been captured, and they were not; either owing to the scruples of certain police agents (where the deuce will scruples next take up their abode?) or that these agents doubted the final result, and feared to lay their hand heedlessly upon possible victors. If Vassal, the Commissary of Police, who met us on the morning of the 4th, on the pavement of the Rue des Moulins, had wished, we might have been taken that day. He did not betray us. But these were exceptions. The pursuit of the police was none the less ardent and implacable. At Marie's, it may be remembered that the *sergents de ville* and the gendarmes arrived ten minutes after we had left the house, and that they even ransacked under the beds with their bayonets.

Amongst the Representatives there were several Constituents, and at their head Bastide. Bastide, in 1848, had been Minister for Foreign Affairs. During the second night, meeting in the Rue Popincourt, they reproached him with several of his actions. "Let me first get myself killed," he answered, "and then you can reproach me with what you like." And he added, "How can you distrust me, who am a Republican up to the hilt?" Bastide would not consent to call our resistance the "insurrection;" he called it the "counter-insurrection." He said, "Victor Hugo is right. The insurgent is at the Elysée." It was my opinion, as we have seen, that we ought to bring the battle at once to an issue, to defer nothing, to reserve nothing; I said, "We must strike the *coup d'état* while it is hot." Bastide supported me. In the combat he was impassive, cold, gay beneath his coldness. At the Saint Antoine barricade, at the moment when the guns of the *coup d'état* were levelled at the Representatives of the people, he said smilingly to Madier de Montjau, "Ask Schœlcher what he thinks of the abolition of the penalty of death." (Schœlcher, like myself, at this supreme moment, would have answered, "that it ought to be abolished.") In another barricade Bastide, compelled to absent himself for a moment, placed his pipe on a paving-stone. They found Bastide's pipe, and they thought him dead. He came back, and it was hailing musket-balls; he said, "My pipe?" he relighted it and resumed the fight. Two balls pierced his coat.

When the barricades were constructed, the Republican Representatives spread themselves abroad, and distributed themselves amongst them. Nearly all the Representatives of the Left repaired to the barricades, assisting either to build them or to defend them. Besides the great exploit at the Saint Antoine barricade, where Schœlcher was so admirable, Esquiros went to the barricade of the Rue de Charonne, De Flotte to those of the Pantheon and of the Chapelle Saint Denis, Madier de Montjau to those of Belleville and the Rue Aumaire, Doutre and Pelletier to that of the Mairie of the Fifth Arrondissement, Brives to that of the Rue Beaubourg, Arnauld de l'Ariège to that of the Rue du Petit-Reposoir, Viguier to that of the Rue Pagevin, Versigny to that of the Rue Joigneaux; Dupont de Bussac to that of the Carré Saint Martin; Carlos Forel and Boysset to that of the Rue Rambuteau. Doutre received a sword-cut on his head, which cleft his hat; Bourzat had four balls in his overcoat; Baudin was killed; Gaston Dussoubs was ill and could not come; his brother, Denis Dussoubs, replaced him. Where? In the tomb.

Baudin fell on the first barricade, Denis Dussoubs on the last.

I was less favored than Bourzat; I only had three balls in my overcoat, and it is impossible for me to say whence they came. Probably from the boulevard.

After the battle was lost there was no general helter-skelter, no rout, no flight. All remained hidden in Paris ready to reappear, Michel in the Rue d'Alger, myself in the Rue de Navarin. The Committee held yet another sitting on Saturday, the 6th, at eleven o'clock at night. Jules Favre, Michel de Bourges, and myself, we came during the night to the house of a generous and brave woman, Madame Didier. Bastide came there and said to me, "If you are not killed here, you are going to enter upon exile. For myself, I am going to remain in Paris. Take me for your lieutenant." I have related this incident.

They hoped for the 9th (Tuesday) a resumption of arms, which did not take place. Malarmet had announced it to Dupont de Bussac, but the blow of the 4th had prostrated Paris. The populace no longer stirred. The Representatives did not resolve to think of their safety, and to quit France through a thousand additional dangers until several days afterwards, when the last spark of resistance was extinguished in the heart of the people, and the last glimmer of hope in heaven.

Several Republican Representatives were workmen; they have again become workmen in exile. Nadaud has resumed his trowel, and is a mason in London. Faure (du Rhône), a cutler, and Bansept, a shoemaker, felt that their trade had become their duty, and practise it in England. Faure makes knives, Bansept makes boots. Greppo is a weaver; it was he who when a proscript made the coronation robe of Queen Victoria. Gloomy smile of Destiny. Noël Parfait is a proof-reader at Brussels; Agricol Perdiguier, called Avignonnais-la-Vertu, has girded on his leathern apron, and is a cabinet-maker at Antwerp. Yesterday these men sat in the Sovereign Assembly. Such things as these are seen in Plutarch.

The eloquent and courageous proscript, Emile Deschanel, has created at Brussels, with a rare talent of speech, a new form of public instruction, the Conferences. To him is due the honor of this foundation, so fruitful and so useful.

Let us say in conclusion that the National Legislative Assembly lived badly but died well.

At this moment of the fall, irreparable for the cowards, the Right was worthy, the Left was great.

Never before has History seen a Parliament fall in this manner.

February had blown upon the Deputies of the legal country, and the Deputies had vanished. M. Sauzet had sunk down behind the tribune, and had gone away without even taking his hat.

Bonaparte, the other, the first, the true Bonaparte, had made the "Five Hundred" step out of the windows of the Orangery of Saint Cloud, somewhat embarrassed with their large mantles.

Cromwell, the oldest of the Bonapartes, when he achieved his Eighteenth Brumaire, encountered scarcely any other resistance than a few imprecations from Milton and from Ludlow, and was able to say in his boorishly gigantic language, "I have put the King in my knapsack and the Parliament in my pocket."

We must go back to the Roman Senate in order to find true Curule chairs.

The Legislative Assembly, let us repeat, to its honor, did not lose countenance when facing the abyss. History will keep an account of it. After having betrayed so many things, it might have been feared that this Assembly would end by betraying itself. It did nothing of the kind. The Legislature, one is obliged to remember, had committed faults upon faults; the Royalist majority had, in the most odious manner, persecuted the Republican minority, which was bravely doing its duty in denouncing it to the people; this Assembly had had a very long cohabitation and a most fatal complicity with the Man of Crime, who had ended by strangling it as a robber strangles his concubine in his bed; but whatever may be said of this fateful Assembly, it did not exhibit that wretched vanishing away which Louis

Bonaparte hoped for; it was not a coward.

This is due to its having originated from universal suffrage. Let us mention this, for it is an instructive lesson. The virtue of this universal suffrage, which had begotten the Assembly and which the Assembly had wished to slay, it felt in itself to its last hour.

The sap of a whole people does not spread in vain throughout an Assembly, even throughout the most decrepid. On the decisive day this sap asserts itself.

The Legislative Assembly, laden as it may be with formidable responsibilities, will, perhaps, be less overwhelmed than it deserves by the reprobation of posterity.

Thanks to universal suffrage, which it had deceived, and which constituted its faith and its strength at the last moment, thanks to the Left, which it had oppressed, scoffed at, calumniated, and decimated, and which cast on it the glorious reflection of its heroism, this pitiful Assembly died a grand death.

---

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### A PAGE WRITTEN AT BRUSSELS.

WELL then, yes, I will kick open the door of this Palace, and I will enter with you, History! I will seize by the collar all the perpetrators, continually caught red-handed in the commission of all these outrages! I will suddenly illuminate this cavern of night with the broad daylight of truth!

Yes, I will bring in the daylight! I will tear down the curtain, I will open the window, I will show to every eye such as it really is, infamous, horrible, wealthy, triumphant, joyous, gilded, besmirched—this Elysée! this Court! this group! this heap! call it what you will! this galley-crew! where writhe and crawl, and pair and breed every baseness, every indignity, every abomination: filibusters, buccaneers, swearers of oaths, Signers of the Cross, spies, swindlers, butchers, executioners, from the brigand who vends his sword, to the Jesuit who sells his God second-hand! This sink where Baroche elbows Teste! where each brings his own nastiness! Magnan his epaulettes; Montalembert his religion, Dupin his person! And above all the innermost circle, the Holy of Holies, the private Council, the snug den where they drink—where they eat—where they laugh—where they sleep—where they play—where they cheat—where they call Highnesses "Thou,"—where they wallow! Oh! what ignominies! It is there! It is there! Dishonor, baseness, shame, and opprobrium are there! Oh History! A hot iron for all these faces.

It is there that they amuse themselves, and that they jest, and that they banter, and that they make sport of France! It is there that they pocket hap-hazard, amid great shouts of laughter, the millions of louis and the millions of votes! See them, look at them! They have treated the Law like a girl, they are content! Right is slaughtered, Liberty is gagged, the Flag is dishonored, the people are under their feet. They are happy! And who are they? What are these men? Europe knows not. One fine morning it saw them come out of a crime. Nothing more. A parcel of rascals who vainly tried to become celebrated, and who have remained anonymous. Look! they are all there! See them, I tell you! Look at them, I tell you! Recognize them if you can. Of what sex are they? To what species do they belong? Who is this one? Is he a writer? No;—he is a dog. He gobbles human flesh. And that one? Is he a dog? No, he is a courtier—he has blood on his paw.

New men, that is what they term them. New, in truth! Unlooked-for, strange, unprecedented, monstrous! Perjury, iniquity, robbery, assassination, erected into ministerial departments, swindling, applied to universal suffrage, government under false pretences, duty called crime, crime called duty, cynicism laughing in the midst of atrocity,—it is of all this that their newness is compounded.

Now, all is well, they have succeeded, they have a fair wind, they enjoy themselves to the full. They have cheated

France, they are dividing the spoil. France is a bag, and they put their hand in it. Rummage, for Heaven's sake! Take, while you are there; help yourselves, draw out, plunder, steal! One wants money, another wants situations, another wants a decorative collar round his neck, another a plume in his hat, another embroidery on his sleeve, another woman, another power, another news for the Bourse, another a railway, another wine. I should think, indeed, that they are well satisfied. Picture to yourself a poor devil, who, three years ago, borrowed ten sous of his porter, and who to-day, leaning voluptuously on the *Moniteur*, has only to sign a decree to take a million. To make themselves perfectly happy, to be able to devour the finances of the State, to live at the expense of the Treasury like a son of the family, this is what is called their policy. Their ambition has a true name, it is gluttony.

They ambitious? Nonsense! They are gluttons. To govern is to gamble. This does not prevent betrayal. On the contrary, they spy upon each other, they betray each other. The little traitors betray the great traitors. Pietri looks askance at Maupas, and Maupas at Carlier. They all lie in the same reeking sewer! They have achieved the *coup d'état* in common. That is all. Moreover they feel sure of nothing, neither of glances, nor of smiles, nor of hidden thoughts, nor of men, nor of women, nor of the lacquey, nor of the prince, nor of the words of honor, nor of birth certificates. Each feels himself fraudulent, and knows himself suspected. Each has his secret aims. Each alone knows why he has done this. Not one utters a word about his crime, and no one bears the name of his father. Ah! may God grant me life, and may Jesus pardon me, I will raise a gibbet a hundred yards high, I will take hammer and nails, and I will crucify this Beauharnais called Bonaparte, between this Leroy called Saint-Arnauld, and this Fialin called Persigny!

And I would drag you there also, all of you accomplices! This Morny, this Romieu, this Fould, the Jew senator, this Delangle, who bears on his back this placard: JUSTICE! and this Troplong, this judicial glorifier of the violation of the laws, this lawyer apologist of the *coup d'état*, this magistrate flatterer of perjury, this judge panegyrist of murder, who will go down to posterity with a sponge filled with mud and with blood in his hand.

I begin the battle therefore. With whom? With the present ruler of Europe. It is right that this spectacle should be given to the world. Louis Bonaparte is the success, is the intoxicated triumph, is the gay and ferocious despotism, opening out under the victory; he is the mad fulness of power, seeking limits and finding none, neither in things nor in men; Louis Bonaparte holds France, *Urbem Romam habet;* and whoever holds France holds the world; he is master of the votes, master of the consciences, master of the people; he nominates his successor, reigns for ever over future electoral scrutinies, disposes of eternity, and places futurity in an envelope; his Senate, his Legislative Body, his Council of State, with heads lowered and mingled confusedly behind him, lick his feet; he drags along in a leash the bishops and cardinals; he tramples on the justice which curses him, and on the judges who adore him; thirty correspondents inform the Continent that he has frowned, and every electric telegraph vibrates if he raises his little finger; around him is heard the rustling of sabres and the drums beat the salute; he sits under the shadow of the eagle in the midst of bayonets and of citadels, the free nations tremble and hide their liberties for fear that he should steal them, the great American Republic herself falters in his presence, and dares not withdraw her Ambassador from him; the kings, surrounded by their armies, look at him smilingly, with their hearts full of fear. Where will he begin? With Belgium? With Switzerland? With Piedmont? Europe expects to be overrun. He is capable of all, and he dreams of all.

Well, then! Before this master, this triumpher, this conqueror, this dictator, this Emperor, this all-powerful, there rises a solitary man, a wanderer, despoiled, ruined, prostrate, proscribed, and attacks him. Louis Napoleon has ten thousand

cannons, and five hundred thousand soldiers; the writer has his pen and his inkstand. The writer is nothing, he is a grain of dust, he is a shadow, he is an exile without a refuge, he is a vagrant without a passport, but he has by his side and fighting with him two powers, Right, which is invincible, and Truth, which is immortal.

Assuredly, for this struggle to the death, for this formidable duel, Providence could have chosen a more illustrious champion, a grander athlete. But what matter men, there, where it is the idea with combats! Such as it is, it is good, let us repeat, that this spectacle should be given to the world. What is this in truth? It is intellect, an atom which resists strength—a colossus.

I have only one stone in my sling, but that stone is a good one; that stone is Justice.

I attack Louis Bonaparte at this hour, when he is erect; at this hour, when he is master. He is in his zenith. So much the better; it is that which suits me.

Yes, I attack Louis Bonaparte. I attack him before the world; I attack him in the presence of God and men; I attack him resolutely, desperately; for the love of the people and of France. He is about to be Emperor; let it be so. Let there be at least one brow which resists. Let Louis Bonaparte know that an Empire may be taken, but that a Conscience cannot be taken.

---

## CHAPTER XIX.

### THE INFALLIBLE BENEDICTION.

THE Pope approved.

When the mails brought to Rome intelligence of the event of this 2nd of December, the Pope went to a review held by General Gémeau, and begged him to congratulate Prince Louis Napoléon for him.

There was a precedent for this.

On the 12th December, 1572, Saint-Goard, Ambassador of Charles the Ninth, King of France, to Philip the Second, King of Spain, wrote from Madrid to his master, Charles the Ninth, "The news of the events of the day of St. Bartholomew have reached the Catholic King. Contrary to his wont and custom, he has shown so much joy, that he has manifested it more openly than he has ever done for all the happy events and good fortune which have previously befallen him. So that I went to him on Sunday morning at Saint Hieronimus, and having approached him, he burst out laughing, and with every demonstration of extreme pleasure and contentment, began to praise your Majesty."*

The hand of Piux IX. remained extended over France, when it had become the Empire.

Then, under the shadow of this benediction, began an era of prosperity.

---

## *CONCLUSION.—THE FALL.*

---

## CHAPTER I.

I WAS coming back from my fourth exile —an exile in Belgium, a small matter. It was one of the last days of September, 1871. I was re-entering France by the Luxembourg frontier. I had fallen asleep in the carriage. Suddenly the jolt of the train coming to a standstill awoke me. I opened my eyes.

The train had stopped in the middle of a charming landscape.

I was in the half-consciousness of an interrupted sleep; and ideas, as yet half-dreams, hazy and diffuse, hovered between myself and reality. I experienced the undefinable and confused sensation of awakening.

A river flowed by the side of the railway, clear, around a bright and verdant island. This vegetation was so thick that the moor-hens, on reaching it, plunged beneath it and disappeared. The river wound through a valley, which appeared like a huge garden. Apple-trees were

* "Archives of the House of Orange." Page 125, Supplement.

there, which reminded one of Eve, and willows, which made one think of Galatea. It was, as I have said, in one of those equinoctial months when may be felt the peculiar charm of a season drawing to a close. If it be winter which is passing away, you hear the song of approaching spring; if it be summer which is vanishing, you see glimmering on the horizon the undefinable smile of autumn. The wind lulled and harmonized all those pleasant sounds which compose the murmur of the fields; the tinkling of the sheep-bells seemed to soothe the humming of the bees; the last butterflies met together with the first grapes; this hour of the year mingles the joy of being still alive with the unconscious melancholy of fast approaching death; the sweetness of the sun was indescribable. Fertile fields streaked with furrows, honest peasants' cottages; under the trees a turf covered with shade, the lowing of cattle as in Virgil, and the smoke of hamlets penetrated by rays of sunshine; such was the complete picture. The clanging of anvils rang in the distance, the rhythm of work amidst the harmony of nature. I listened, I mused vaguely. The valley was beautiful and quiet, the blue heavens seemed as though resting upon a lovely circle of hills; in the distance were the voices of birds, and close to me the voices of children, like two songs of angels mingled together; the universal purity enshrouded me; all this grace and all this grandeur shed a golden dawn into my soul. . . . . .

Suddenly a fellow-traveller asked,—

"What place is this?"

Another answered,—

"Sedan."

I shuddered.

This paradise was a tomb.

I looked around. The valley was circular and hollow, like the bottom of a crater; the winding river resembled a serpent; the high hills, ranged one behind the other, surrounded this mysterious spot like a triple line of inexorable walls; once there, there is no means of exit. It reminded me of the amphitheatres. An indescribable disquieting vegetation, which seemed to be an extension of the Black Forest, overran all the heights, and lost itself in the horizon like a huge impenetrable snare; the sun shone, the birds sang, carters passed by whistling; sheep, lambs, and pigeons were scattered about, leaves quivered and rustled; the grass, a densely thick grass, was full of flowers. It was appalling.

I seemed to see waving over this valley the flashing of the avenging angel's sword.

This word "Sedan" had been like a veil abruptly torn aside. The landscape had become suddenly filled with tragedy. Those shapeless eyes which the bark of trees delineates on the trunks were gazing —at what? At something terrible and lost to view.

In truth, that was the place! And at the moment when I was passing by thirteen months all but a few days had elapsed. That was the place where the monstrous enterprise of the 2nd of December had burst asunder. A fearful shipwreck.

The gloomy pathways of Fate cannot be studied without profound anguish of the heart.

---

## CHAPTER II.

On the 31st of August, 1870, an army was reassembled, and was, as it were, massed together under the walls of Sedan, in a place called the Givonne Valley. This army was a French army—twenty-nine brigades, fifteen divisions, four army corps —90,000 men. This army was in this place without any one being able to divine the reason; without order, without an object, scattered about—a species of heap of men thrown down there as though with the view of being seized by some huge hand.

This army either did not entertain, or appeared not to entertain, for the moment any immediate uneasinesss. They knew, or at least they thought they knew, that the enemy was a long way off. On calculating the stages at four leagues daily, it was three days' march distant. Nevertheless, towards evening the leaders took some wise strategic precautions; they

protected the army, which rested in the rear on Sedan and the Meuse, by two battle fronts, one composed of the 7th Corps, and extending from Floing to Givonne, the other composed of the 12th Corps, extending from Givonne to Bazeilles; a triangle of which the Meuse formed the hypothenuse. The 12th Corps, formed of the three divisions of Lacretelle, Lartigue, and Wolff, ranged on the right, with the artillery between the brigades formed a veritable barrier, having Bazeilles and Givonne at each end, and Daigny in its centre; the two divisions of Petit and Lhéritier massed in the rear upon two lines supported this barrier. General Lebrun commanded the 12th Corps. The 7th Corps, commanded by General Douay, only possessed two divisions—Dumont's division and Gilbert's division—and formed the other battle front, covering the army of Givonne to Floing on the side of Illy; this battle front was comparatively weak, too open on the side of Givonne, and only protected on the side of the Meuse by the two cavalry divisions of Margueritte and Bonnemains, and by Guyomar's brigade, resting in squares upon Floing. Within this triangle were encamped the 5th Corps, commanded by General Wimpfen, and the 1st Corps, commanded by General Ducrot. Michel's cavalry division covered the 1st Corps on the side of Daigny; the 5th supported itself upon Sedan. Four divisions, each disposed upon two lines—the divisions of Lhéritier, Grandchamp, Goze, and Conseil-Duménil—formed a sort of horseshoe, turned towards Sedan, and uniting the first battle front with the second. The cavalry division of Ameil and the brigade of Fontanges served as a reserve for these four divisions. The whole of the artillery was upon the two battle fronts. Two portions of the army were in confusion, one to the right of Sedan beyond Balan, the other to the left of Sedan, on this side of Iges. Beyond Balan were the division of Vassoigne and the brigade of Reboul, on this side of Iges were the two cavalry divisions of Margueritte and Bonnemains.

These arrangements indicated a profound feeling of security. In the first place the Emperor Napoleon III. would not have come there if he had not been perfectly tranquil. This Givonne Valley is what Napoleon I. called a "washhand basin." There could not be a more complete enclosure. An army is so much at home there that it is too much so; it runs the risk of no longer being able to get out. This disquieted some brave and prudent leaders such as Wimpfen, but they were not listened to. If absolutely necessary, said the people of the Imperial circle, they could always be sure of being able to reach Mézières, and at the worst the Belgian frontier. Was it, however, needful to provide for such extreme eventualities? In certain cases foresight is almost an offence. They were all of one mind, therefore, to be at their ease.

If they had been uneasy they would have cut the bridges of the Meuse; but they did not even think of it. To what purpose? The enemy was a long way off. The Emperor, who, evidently was well informed, affirmed it.

The army bivouacked somewhat in confusion, as we have said, and slept peaceably throughout this night of August 31, having, whatever might happen, or believing that they had, the retreat upon Mézières open behind it. They disdained to take the most ordinary precautions, they made no cavalry reconnaissances, they did not even place outposts. A German military writer has stated this.* Fourteen leagues at least separated them from the German army, three days' march; they did not exactly know where it was; they believed it scattered, possessing little unity, badly informed, led somewhat at random upon several points at once, incapable of a movement converging upon one single point, like Sedan; they believed that the Crown Prince of Saxony was marching on Chalons, and that the Crown Prince of Prussia was marching on Metz; they were ignorant of everything appertaining to this army, its leaders, its plan, its armament, its effective force. Was it still following the strategy of Gustavus Adolphus? Was it still following the tactics of Frederick II.? No one knew. They

* M. Harwik.

felt sure of being at Berlin in a few weeks. What nonsense! The Prussian army! They talked of this war as of a dream, and of this army as of a phantom.

During this very night, while the French army was sleeping, this is what was taking place.

## CHAPTER III.

At a quarter to two in the morning, at his headquarters at Mouzon, Albert, Crown Prince of Saxony, set the Army of the Meuse in motion; the Royal Guard were beat to arms, and two divisions marched, one upon Villers-Cernay, by Escambre and Fouru-aux-Bois, the other upon Francheval by Suchy and Fouru-Saint-Remy. The Artillery of the Guard followed.

At the same moment the 12th Saxon Corps was beaten to arms, and by the high road to the south of Douzy reached Lamécourt, and marched upon La Moncelle; the 1st Bavarian Corps marched upon Bazeilles, supported at Reuilly-sur-Meuse by an Artillery Division of the 4th Corps. The other division of the 4th Corps crossed the Meuse at Mouzon, and massed itself in reserve at Mairy, upon the right bank. These three columns maintained close communication with each other. The order was given to the advanced guards to begin no offensive movement before five o'clock, and silently to occupy Fouru-aux-Bois, Fouru-Saint-Remy, and Douay. They had left their knapsacks behind them. The baggage-waggons did not stir. The Crown Prince of Saxony was on horseback on the heights of Amblimont.

At the same time, at his headquarters at Chémery, Blumenthal was having a bridge built over the Meuse by the Wurtemburg division. The 11th Corps, astir before daylight, crossed the Meuse at Donle-Mesnil and at Donchery, and reached Vrigne-sur-Bois. The artillery followed, and held the road from Vrigne to Sedan. The Wurtemburg division kept the bridge which it had built, and held the road from Sedan to Mézières. At five o'clock, the 2nd Bavarian Corps, with the artillery at its head, detached one of its divisions, and sent it by Bulson upon Frénois: the other division passed by Noyers, and drew up before Sedan, between Frénois and Wadelincourt. The artillery of the Reserve was drawn up on the heights of the left bank, opposite Donchery.

At the same time the 6th Cavalry Division was sent from Mazeray, and passing by Boutancourt and Bolzicourt, reached the Meuse at Flize; the 2nd Cavalry Division quitted its encampment, and took up its position to the south of Boutancourt; the 4th Cavalry Division took up its position to the south of Frénois; the 1st Bavarian Corps installed itself at Remilly; the 5th Cavalry Division and the 6th Corps were posted to observe, and all in line, and in order, massed upon the heights waited for the dawn to appear. The Crown Prince of Prussia was on horseback on the hill of Frénois.

At the same moment, upon every point of the horizon, other and similar movements were taking place from every side. The high hills were suddenly overrun by an immense black army. Not one shout of command. Two hundred and fifty thousand men came silently to encircle the Givonne Valley.

This is what the circle consisted of,—

The Bavarians, the right wing, at Bazeilles on the Meuse; next to the Bavarians the Saxons, at La Moncelle and Daigny; opposite Givonne, the Royal Guard; the 5th Corps at Saint Menges; the 2nd at Flaigneux; the Wurtemburgers at the bend of the Meuse, between Saint Menges and Donchery; Count Stolberg and his cavalry at Donchery; in front, towards Sedan, the 2nd Bavarian Army.

All this was carried out in a ghostly manner, in order, without a whisper, without a sound, through forests, ravines, and valleys. A tortuous and ill-omened march. A stealthy gliding onwards of reptiles.

Scarcely could a murmur be heard beneath the thick foliage. The silent battle swarmed in the darkness awaiting the day.

The French army was sleeping.

Suddenly it awoke.

It was a prisoner.

The sun rose, brilliant on the side of God—terrible on the side of man.

## CHAPTER IV.

Let us review the situation.

The Germans have numbers on their side; they are three against one, perhaps four; they own 250,000 men, and it is certain that their attacking front extended for 30 kilomètres; they have on their side the positions, they crown the heights, they fill the forests, they are covered by all these escarpments, they are masked by all this shade; they possess an incomparable artillery. The French army is in a valley, almost without artillery and without supplies, utterly naked beneath their hail of lead. The Germans have on their side the ambuscade, and the French have only on their side heroism. Death is glorious, but surprise is profitable.

A surprise, that is the true description of this brilliant exploit.

Is it fair warfare? Yes. But if this is fair, what is unfair warfare? It is the same thing.

This said, the story of the Battle of Sedan has been told.

I should have wished to stop there. But I cannot. Whatever horror the historian may feel, History is a duty, and this duty must be fulfilled. There is no incline more inexorable than this: to tell the truth; he who ventures on it rolls to the very bottom. It must be so. The guardian of Justice is doomed to justice.

The Battle of Sedan is more than a battle which has been fought; it is a syllogism which is completed; a formidable premeditation of destiny. Destiny never hurries, but it always comes. At its hour, there it is. It allows years to pass by, and at the moment when men are least thinking of it, it appears. Of this character is the fatal, the unexpected catastrophe named Sedan. From time to time in History, Divine logic makes an onslaught. Sedan is one of those onslaughts.

Thus on the 1st of September, at five o'clock in the morning the world awoke under the sun, and the French army under the thunderbolt.

## CHAPTER V.

Bazeilles takes fire, Givonne takes fire, Floing takes fire; the battle begins with a furnace. The whole horizon is aflame. The French camp is in this crater, stupefied, affrighted, starting up from sleeping,—a funereal swarming. A circle of thunder surrounds the army. They are encircled by annihilation. This mighty slaughter is carried on on all sides simultaneously. The French resist, and they are terrible, having nothing left but despair. Our cannon, almost all old-fashioned and of short range, are at once dismounted by the fearful and exact aim of the Prussians. The density of the rain of shells upon the valley is so great, that "the earth is completely furrowed," says an eye-witness, "as though by a rake." How many cannon? Eleven hundred at least. Twelve German batteries upon La Moncelle alone; the 3rd and 4th *Abtheilung*, an awe-striking artillery, upon the crests of Givonne, with the 2nd horse battery in reserve; opposite Doigny ten Saxon and two Wurtemburg batteries; the curtain of trees of the wood to the north of Villers-Cernay masks the mounted *Abtheilung*, which is there with the 3rd Heavy Artillery in reserve, and from this gloomy copse issues a formidable fire; the twenty-four pieces of the 1st Heavy Artillery are ranged in the glade skirting the road from La Moncelle to La Chapelle; the battery of the Royal Guard sets fire to the Garenne Wood; the shells and the balls riddle Suchy, Francheval, Fouru-Saint-Remy, and the valley between Heibes and Givonne; and the third and fourth rank of cannon extend without break of continuity as far as the Calvary of Illy, the extreme point of the horizon. The German soldiers, seated or lying before

the batteries, watch the artillery at work. The French soldiers fall and die. Amongst the bodies which cover the plain there is one, the body of an officer, on which they will find, after the battle, a sealed note, containing this order, signed NAPOLÉON: "To-day, September 1st, rest for the whole army."*

The gallant 35th of the Line almost completely disappears under the overwhelming shower of shells; the brave Marine Infantry holds at bay for a moment the Saxons, joined by the Bavarians, but outflanked on every side, draws back; all the admirable cavalry of the Margueritte Division hurled against the German infantry, halts and sinks down midway, "annihilated," says the Prussian Report, "by well-aimed and cool firing." This field of carnage has three outlets; all three barred: the Bouillon road by the Prussian Guard, the Carignan road by the Bavarians, the Mézières road by the Wurtemburgers. The French had not thought of barricading the railway viaduct; three German battalions have occupied it during the night. Two isolated houses on the Balam road could be made the pivot of a long resistance; but the Germans are there. The wood from Monvilliers to Bazeilles, bushy and dense, might prevent the junction of the Saxons, masters of La Moncelle, and the Bavarians, masters of Bazeilles; but the French have been forestalled: they find the Bavarians cutting the underwood with their billhooks. The German Army moves in one piece, in one absolute unity; the Crown Prince of Saxony is on the height of Mairy, whence he surveys the whole action; the command oscillates in the French Army; at the beginning of the battle, at a quarter to six, MacMahon is wounded by the bursting of a shell; at seven o'clock Ducrot replaces him; at ten o'clock Wimpfen replaces Ducrot. Every instant the wall of fire is drawing closer in, the roll of the thunder is continuous, a dismal pulverization of 90,000 men! Never before has anything equal to this been seen; never before has an army been overwhelmed beneath such a downpour of lead and iron! At one o'clock all is lost! The regiments fly helter-skelter into Sedan. But Sedan begins to burn; Dijonval burns, the ambulances burn, there is nothing now possible but to cut their way out. Wimpfen, brave and resolute, proposes this to the Emperor. The 3rd Zouaves, desperate, have set the example. Cut off from the rest of the army, they have forced a passage, and have reached Belgium. A flight of lions!

Suddenly, above the disaster, above the huge pile of dead and dying, above all this unfortunate heroism, appears disgrace. The white flag is hoisted.

Turenne and Vauban were both present, one in his statue, the other in his citadel.

The statue and the citadel witnessed the awe-striking capitulation. These two virgins, one of bronze, the other of granite, felt themselves prostituted. O noble face of our country! Oh, eternal blushes!

---

## CHAPTER VI.

THIS disaster of Sedan was easy of avoidance by any other man, but impossible of avoidance for Louis Bonaparte. He avoided it so little that he sought it. *Lex fati.*

Our army seemed expressly arranged for the catastrophe. The soldier was uneasy, ignorant of his whereabouts, famished. On the 31st of August, in the streets of Sedan, soldiers were seeking their regiments, and going from door to door asking for bread. We have seen the Emperor's order announcing the next day, September 1st, as a day of rest. In truth the army was worn out with fatigue. And yet it had only marched by short stages. The soldier was almost losing the habit of marching. One corps, the 1st, for example, only accomplished two leagues per day (on the 29th of August from Stonne to Raucourt).

During that time the German army, inexorably commanded and driven at the stick's end like the army of the Xerxes, achieved marches of fourteen leagues in

* The Franco-German War of 1870-71. Report of the Prussian Staff page 1087.

fifteen hours, which enabled it to arrive unexpectedly, and to surround the French army while asleep. It was customary to allow oneself to be surprised. General Failly allowed himself to be surprised at Beaumont; during the day the soldiers took their guns to pieces to clean them, at night they slept, without even cutting the bridges which delivered them to the enemy; thus they neglected to blow up the bridges of Mouzon and Bazeilles. On September 1st, daylight had not yet appeared, when an advance guard of seven battalions, commanded by General Schultz, captured La Rulle, and insured the junction of the army of the Meuse with the Royal Guard. Almost at the same minute, with German precision, the Wurtemburgers seized the bridge of La Platinerie, and hidden by the Chevalier wood, the Saxon battalions, spread out into company columns, occupied the whole of the road from La Moncelle to Villers-Cernay.

Thus, as we have seen, the awakening of the French Army was horrible. At Bazeilles a fog was added to the smoke. Our soldiers, attacked in this gloom, knew not what death required of them; they fought from room to room and from house to house. *

It was in vain that the Reboul brigade came to support the Martin des Pallières brigade; they were obliged to yield. At the same time Ducrot was compelled to concentrate his forces in the Garenne Wood, before the Calvary of Illy; Douay, shattered, fell back; Lebrun alone stood firm on the plateau of Stenay. Our troops occupied a line of five kilomètres; the front of the French army faced the east, the left faced the north, the extreme left (the Guyomar brigade) faced the west; but they did not know whether they faced the enemy, they did not see him; annihilation struck without showing itself; they had to deal with a masked Medusa. Our cavalry was excellent, but useless. The field of battle, obstructed by a large wood, cut up by clumps of trees, by houses and by farms and by enclosure walls, was excellent for artillery and infantry, but bad for cavalry. The rivulet of Givonne, which flows at the bottom of the valley and crosses it, for three days ran with more blood than water. Among other places of carnage, Saint-Menges was appalling. For a moment it appeared possible to cut a way out by Carignan towards Montmédy, and then this outlet reclosed. This refuge only remained, Sedan; Sedan encumbered with carts, with waggons, with carriages, with hospital huts; a heap of combustible matter. This dying agony of heroes lasted ten hours. They refused to surrender, they grew indignant, they wished to complete their death, so bravely begun. They were delivered up to it.

As we have said, three men, three dauntless soldiers, had succeeded each other in the command, MacMahon, Ducrot, Wimpfen; MacMahon had only time to be wounded, Ducrot had only time to commit a blunder; Wimpfen had only time to conceive an heroic idea, and he conceived it; but MacMahon is not responsible for his wound, Ducrot is not responsible for his blunder, and Wimpfen is not responsible for the impossibility of his suggestion to cut their way out. The shell which struck MacMahon withdrew him from the catastrophe; Ducrot's blunder, the inopportune order to retreat given to General Lebrun, is explained by the confused horror of the situation, and is rather an error than a fault. Wimpfen, desperate, needed 20,000 soldiers to cut his way out, and could only get together 2000. History exculpates these three men; in this disaster of Sedan there was but one sole and fatal general, the Emperor. That which was knitted together on the 2nd December, 1851, came apart on the 2nd September, 1870; the carnage on the Boulevard Montmartre, and the capitulation of Sedan are, we maintain, the two parts of a syllogism; logic and justice have the same balance; it was Louis Bonaparte's dismal destiny to begin with the black flag of massacre, and to end with the white flag of disgrace.

* "The French were literally awakened from sleep by our attack."—HELVIG.

## CHAPTER VII.

THERE was no alternative between death and opprobrium; either soul or sword must be surrendered. Louis Bonaparte surrendered his sword.

He wrote to William:—

"SIRE, MY BROTHER,

"Not having been able to die in the midst of my troops, it only remains for me to place my sword in your Majesty's hands.

"I am, your Majesty,
"Your good Brother,
"NAPOLEON.

"Sedan, 1st September, 1870."

William answered, "Sire, my Brother, I accept your sword."

And on the 2nd of September, at six o'clock in the morning, this plain, streaming with blood, and covered with dead, saw pass by a gilded open carriage and four, the horses harnessed after Daumont fashion, and in this carriage a man, cigarette in mouth. It was the Emperor of the French going to surrender his sword to the King of Prussia.

The King kept the Emporer waiting. It was too early. He sent M. de Bismarck to Louis Bonaparte to say that he "would not" receive him yet awhile. Louis Bonaparte entered into a hovel by the side of the road. A table and two chairs were there. Bismarck and he leant their arms on the table and conversed. A mournful conversation. At the hour which suited the King, towards noon, the Emperor got back into his carriage, and went to the castle of Bellevue, half way to the castle of Vandresse. There he waited until the King came. At one o'clock William arrived from Vandresse, and consented to receive Bonaparte. He received him badly. Attila has not a light hand. The King, a blunt, straightforward man, showed the Emperor a pity involuntarily cruel. There are pities which overwhelm. The conquerer upbraided the conquered with the victory. Bluntness handles an open wound badly. "Whatever was your reason for declaring this war?" The conquered excused himself, accusing France. The distant hurrahs of the victorious German army cut short this dialogue.

The King caused the Emperor to be reconducted by a detachment of the Royal Guard. This excess of ignominy is called "an escort of honor."

After the sword the Army.

On the 3rd of September, Louis Bonaparte handed over to Germany 83,000 French soldiers.

"In addition" (says the Prussian report):—

"One eagle and two flags.
"419 field guns and mitrailleuses.
"139 heavy pieces.
"1079 vehicles of all kinds.
"60,000 muskets.
"6000 horses, still good for service."

These German figures are not wholly to be depended upon. According to what seems useful at the moment, the Aulic chancellors swell or reduce the disaster. There were about 13,000 wounded amongst the prisoners. The numbers vary in the official documents. The Prussian report, reckoning up the French soldiers killed and wounded in the battle of Sedan, publishes this total: *Sixteen thousand four hundred* men. This number causes a shudder. For it is that very number, *Sixteen thousand four hundred* men, which Saint Arnaud had set to work on the Boulevard Montmartre upon the 4th of December, 1851.

Half a league to the north-west of Sedan, near Iges, the bend of the Meuse almost forms an island. A canal crosses the isthmus, so that the peninsula becomes an island. It was there that there were penned, under the stick of the Prussian corporals, 83,000 French soldiers. A few sentinels watched over this army.

They placed but few, insolently. These conquered men remained there ten days, the wounded almost without care, the able-bodied almost without nourishment. The German army sneered around them. The heavens took part against them. The weather was fearful. Neither huts nor tents. Not a fire, not a truss of straw. For ten days and ten nights these 83,000

prisoners bivouacked with their heads beneath the rain, their feet in the mud. Many died of fever, regretting the hail of bullets.

At length ox-waggons came and took them away.

The King placed the Emperor in some place or other. Wilhelmshöhe.

What a thing of rags and tatters, an Emperor "drawn" like a fowl!

---

## CHAPTER VIII.

I WAS there, thoughtful. I looked on these fields, these ravines, these hills, shuddering. I would willingly have insulted this terrible place.

But sacred horror held me back.

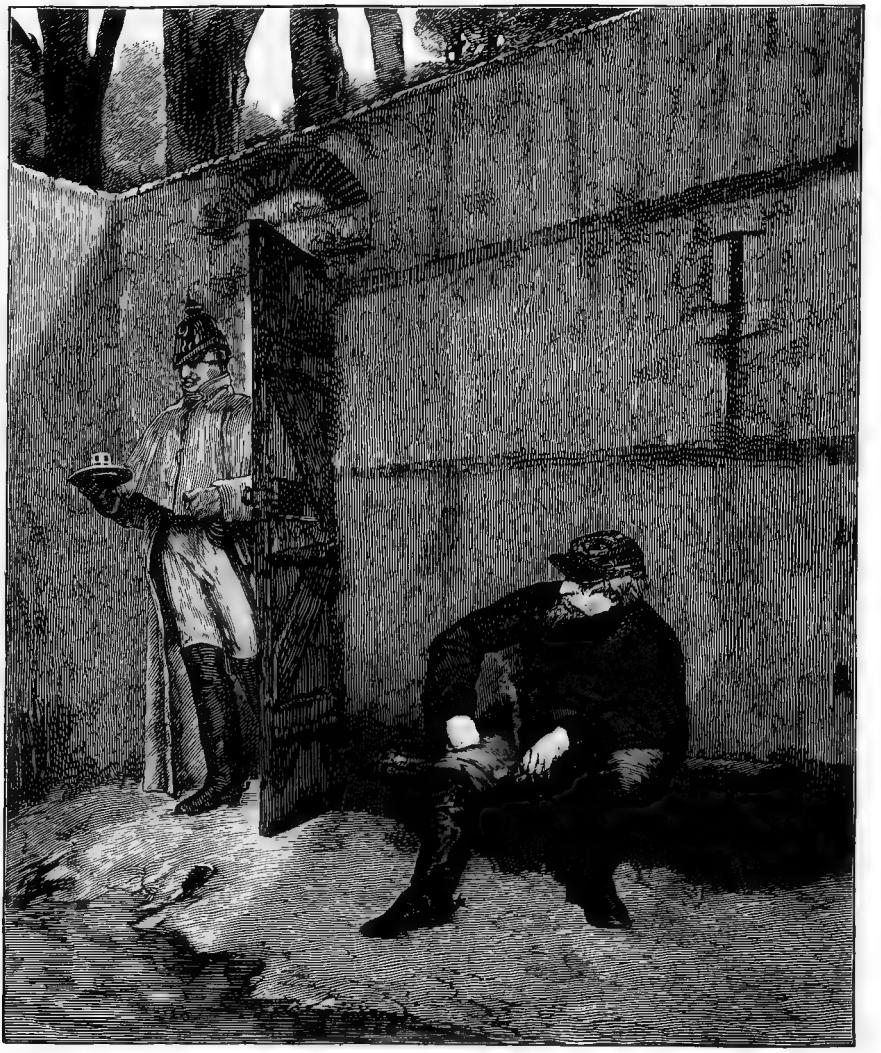
The station-master of Sedan came to my carriage, and explained to me what I had before my eyes. I seemed to see, through his words, the pale lightnings of the battle. All these distant cottages, scattered about and charming in the sun, had been burnt; they were rebuilt; Nature, so quickly diverted, had repaired everything, had cleaned everything, had swept everything, had replaced everything. The ferocious convulsion of men had vanished, eternal order had resumed its sway. But, as I have said, the sun was there in vain; all this valley was smoke and darkness. In the distance, upon an eminence to my left, I saw a huge castle; it was Vandresse. There lodged the King of Prussia. Halfway up this height, along the road, I distinguished above the trees three pointed gables; it was another castle, Bellevue; there Louis Bonaparte surrendered to William; there he had given and delivered up our army; it was there that, not being immediately admitted, and requested to exercise a little patience, he had remained for nearly an hour silent and wan before the door, bringing his disgrace, and waiting until it should please William to open the door to him; it was there that before receiving it the King of Prussia had made the sword of France dangle about in an ante-chamber. Lower down, nearer, in the valley, at the beginning of a road leading to Vandresse, they pointed out to me a species of hovel. There they told me, while waiting for the King of Prussia, the Emperor Napoleon III. had got down, livid; he had gone into a little courtyard, which they pointed out to me, and where a dog growled on the chain; he had seated himself on a stone close by a dunghill, and he had said, "I am thirsty." A Prussian soldier had brought him a glass of water.

Terrible end of the *coup d'état!* Blood when it is drunk does not quench the thirst. An hour was to come when the unhappy one should utter the cry of fever and of agony. Disgrace reserved for him this thirst, and Prussia this glass of water.

Fearful dregs of Destiny.

Beyond the road, at a few steps from me, five trembling and pale poplars sheltered the front of the house, the single storey of which was surmounted by a sign. On this sign was written in great letters this name: DROUET. I became haggard. *Drouet* I read *Varennes*. Tragical Chance, which mingled Varennes with Sedan, seemed to wish to bring the two catastrophes face to face, and to couple in a manner with the same chain the Emperor a prisoner of the foreigner, to the King a prisoner of his people.

The mist of reverie veiled this plain from me. The Meuse appeared to me to wear a ruddy reflection, the neighboring isle, whose verdure I had admired, had for its subsoil a tomb. Fifteen hundred horses, and as many men, were buried there: thence the thick grass. Here and there, as far as could be seen, mounds, covered with ill-favored vegetation, dotted the valley; each of these patches of vegetation marked the place of a buried regiment. There Guyomar's Brigade had been annihilated; there, the Lhéritier Division had been exterminated; here the 7th Corps had perished; there, without having even reached the enemy's infantry, had fallen "beneath the cool and well-aimed firing," as the Prussian report states, the whole of General Margueritte's



A PRUSSIAN SOLDIER BROUGHT HIM A GLASS OF WATER.

Hugo, vol. I., p. 484

cavalry. From these two heights, the most elevated of this circle of hills, Daigny, opposite Givonne, which is 266 mètres high, Fleigneux, opposite Illy, 296 mètres high, the batteries of the Prussian Royal Guard had crushed the French Army. It was done from above, with the terrible authority of Destiny. It seemed as though they had come there purposely, these to kill, the others to die. A valley for a mortar, the German Army for a pestle, such is the battle of Sedan. I gazed, powerless to avert my eyes, at this field of disaster, at this undulating country which had proved no protection to our regiments, at this ravine where all our cavalry were demolished, at all this amphitheatre where the catastrophe was spread out, at the gloomy escarpments of La Marphée, at these thickets, at these declivities, at these precipices, at these forests filled with ambushes, and in this terrible shadow, O Thou the Invisible! I saw Thee.

---

## CHAPTER IX.

NEVER was there a more dismal fall.

No expiation can be compared with this. The unprecedented drama was in five acts, so fierce that Æschylus himself would not have dared to dream of them. "The Ambush!" "The Struggle!" "The Massacre!" "The Victory!" "The Fall!" What a tangle and what an unwinding! A poet who would have predicted it would have seemed a traitor. God alone could permit Himself Sedan.

Everything in proportion, such is His law. Far worse than Brumaire, it needed a more crushing retribution than Waterloo.

The first Napoleon, as we have said elsewhere,* had faced his destiny; he had not been dishonored by his punishment, he fell while steadfastly regarding God. He came back to Paris, appraising the deserts of those men who overthrew him, proudly distinguishing amongst them, esteeming Lafayette and despising Dupin. He had at the last moment wished to see clearly into his destiny, he had not allowed his eyes to be bandaged; he had accepted the catastrophe while making his conditions with it. Here there is nothing of the kind. One might almost say that the traitor is struck treacherously. In this case there is a bad man who feels himself in the grasp of Destiny, and who does not know what it is doing to him. He was at the summit of his power, the blind master of an idiot world. He had wished for a *plebiscitum*, he had had one. He had at his feet this very William. It was at this moment that his crime suddenly seized him. He did not struggle against it; he was the condemned man who obeys his sentence. He submitted to everything which terrible Fate exacted from him. Never was there a more docile patient. He had no army, he made war; he had only Rouher, he provoked Bismarck; he had only Lebœuf, he attacked Moltke. He confided Strasburg to Uhrich; he gave Metz to Bazaine to guard. He had 120,000 men at Châlons; he had it in his power to cover Paris. He felt that his crime rose up there, threatening and erect; he fled, not daring to face Paris. He himself led—purposely, and yet despite himself; willing and yet unwilling, knowingly and yet unknowingly, a miserable mind, a prey to the abyss—he led his army into a place of annihilation; he made that terrible choice, a battle-field without an outlet; he was no longer conscious of anything, no more of his blunder of to-day than of his crime of former days; he must finish, but he could only finish as a fugitive; this condemned one was not worthy to look his end in the face; he lowered his head, he turned his back. God executed him in degrading him. Napoleon III. as an Emperor had a right to thunder, but for this man the thunder was ignominious—he was thunderstruck in the back.

---

* "L'Année Terrible."

## CHAPTER X.

LET us forget this man, and let us look at Humanity.

The invasion of France by Germany, in 1870, was a night effect. The world was astonished that so much gloom could come forth from a people. Five black months—such was the siege of Paris. To create night may prove Power, but Glory consists in the creation of daylight. France creates daylight. Thence her immense human popularity. To her Civilization owes the dawn. The human mind in order to see clearly turns in the direction of France. Five months of darkness, that is what, in 1870, Germany succeeded in giving to the Nations; France has given to them four centuries of light.

To-day the civilized world more than ever feels the need which it has of France. France has proved this by her danger. The ungrateful apathy of Governments only increased the anxiety of nations. At the sight of Paris threatened, there arose among the peoples dread that their own heads were in danger. Would they allow Germany to go on? But France saved herself quite alone. She had only to rise. *Patuit dea.*

To-day she is greater than ever. What would have killed another nation has hardly wounded her. The darkening of her horizon has rendered her light more visible. What she has lost in territory she has gained in radiancy. Moreover, she is fraternal without an effort. Above her misfortune there is her smile. It is not on her that the Gothic Empire weighs. She is a nation of citizens and not a flock of subjects. Frontiers? Will there be any frontiers in twenty years? Victories? France counts in her past victories of war, and in her future victories of peace. The future belongs to Voltaire, and not to Krupp; the future belongs to the book, and not to the sword. The future belongs to life, and not to death. There is in the policy opposed to France a certain amount of the tomb; to seek life in the old institutions is a vain task, and to feed upon the past is to bite the dust. France has the faculty of giving light; no catastrophe, political or military, will deprive her of this mysterious supremacy. The cloud passes away, the star is seen once more.

The star possesses no anger; the dawn bears no malice. Light is satisfied in being light. Light is everything; the human race has no other love. France knows herself beloved because she is good, and the greatest of all powers is to be loved. The French revolution is for all the world. It is a battle perpetually waged for Right, and perpetually gained for Truth. Right is the innermost part of man; Truth is the innermost part of God. What can be done against a revolution which has so much right on its side? Nothing. To love it. That is what the nations do. France offers herself, the world accepts her. The whole phenomenon lies in these few words. An invasion of armies can be resisted; an invasion of ideas cannot be resisted. The glory of barbarians is to be conquered by humanity; the glory of savages is to be conquered by civilization; the glory of darkness is to be conquered by the torch. This is why France is desired and assented to by all. This is why, having no hatred, she has no fear; this is why she is fraternal and maternal; this is why it is impossible to lessen her, impossible to humiliate her, impossible to irritate her; this is why, after so many ordeals, after so many catastrophes, after so many disasters, after so many calamities, after so many falls, incorruptible and invulnerable, she holds out her hands to all the peoples from above.

When our glance rests on this old continent, stirred to-day by a new breath, certain phenomena appear, and we seem to gain a glimpse of that august and mysterious problem, the formation of the future. It may be said, that in the same manner as light is compounded of seven colors, civilization is compounded of seven peoples. Of these peoples, three, Greece, Italy, and Spain, represent the South; three, England, Germany, and Russia, represent the North; the seventh, or the first, France, is at the same time North and South, Celtic and Latin, Gothic and Greek. This country owes to its heaven this sublime good fortune, the

crossing of two rays of light; the crossing of two rays of light is as though we were to say the joining of two hands, that is to say, Peace. Such is the privilege of this France; she is at the same time solar and starry. In her heaven she possesses as much dawn as the East, and as many stars as the North. Sometimes her glimmer rises in the twilight, but it is in the black night of revolutions and of wars that her resplendence blazes forth, and her aurorean dawn becomes the Aurora Borealis.

One day, before long, the seven nations, which combine in themselves the whole of humanity, will join together and amalgamate like the seven colors of the prism, in a radiant celestial arch; the marvel of Peace will appear eternal and visible above civilization, and the world, dazzled, will contemplate the immense rainbow of the United Peoples of Europe.

